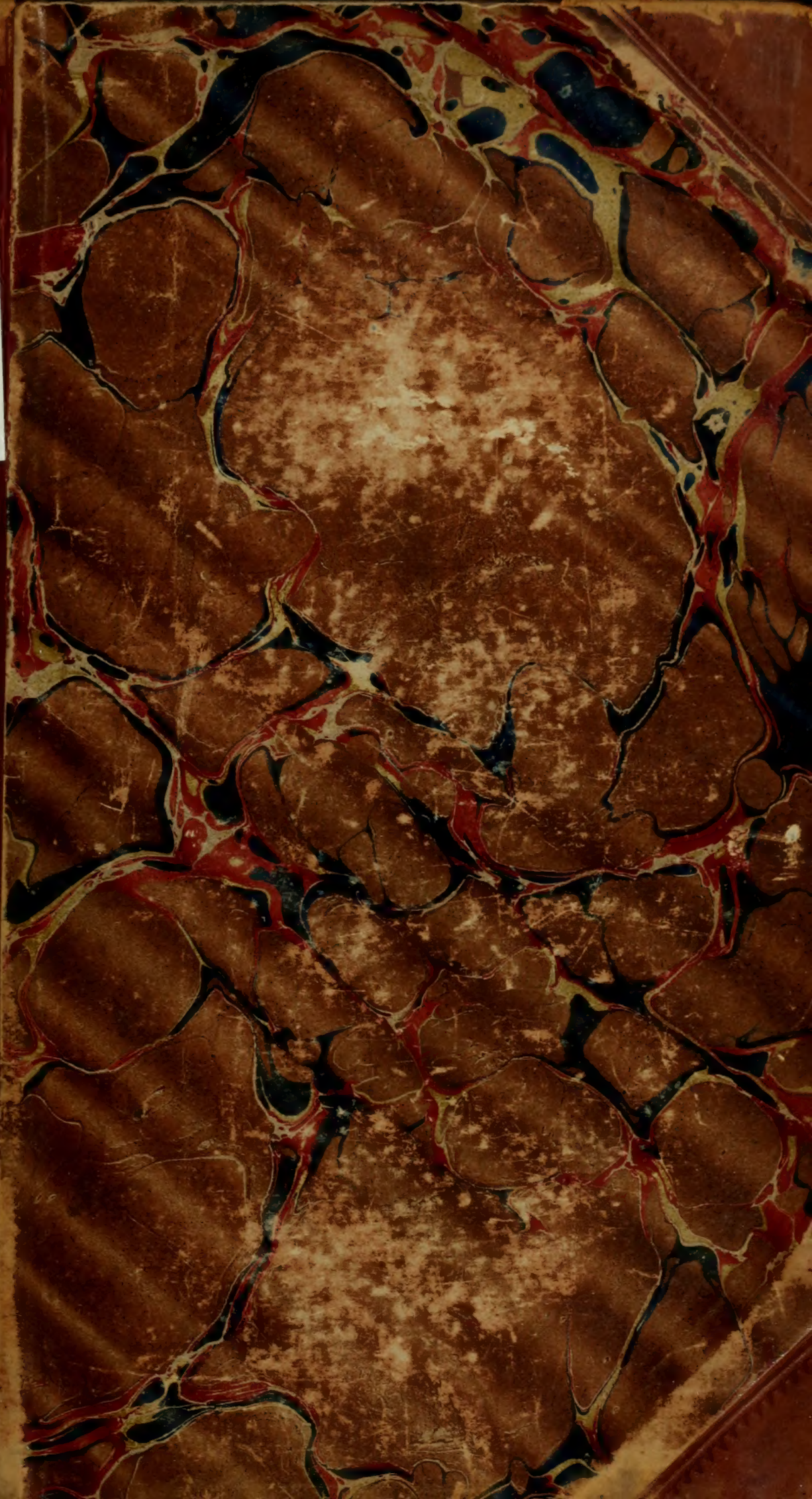
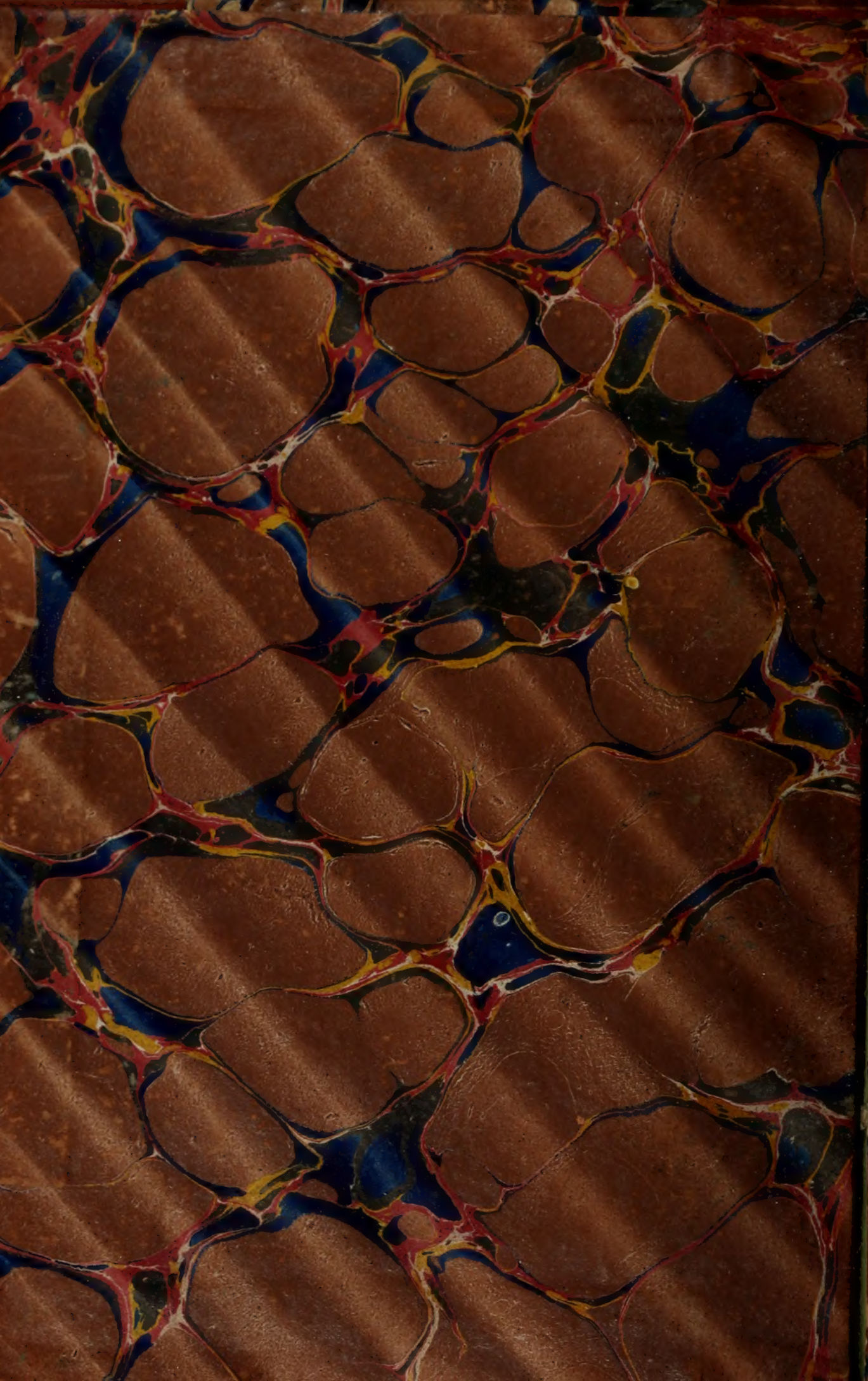




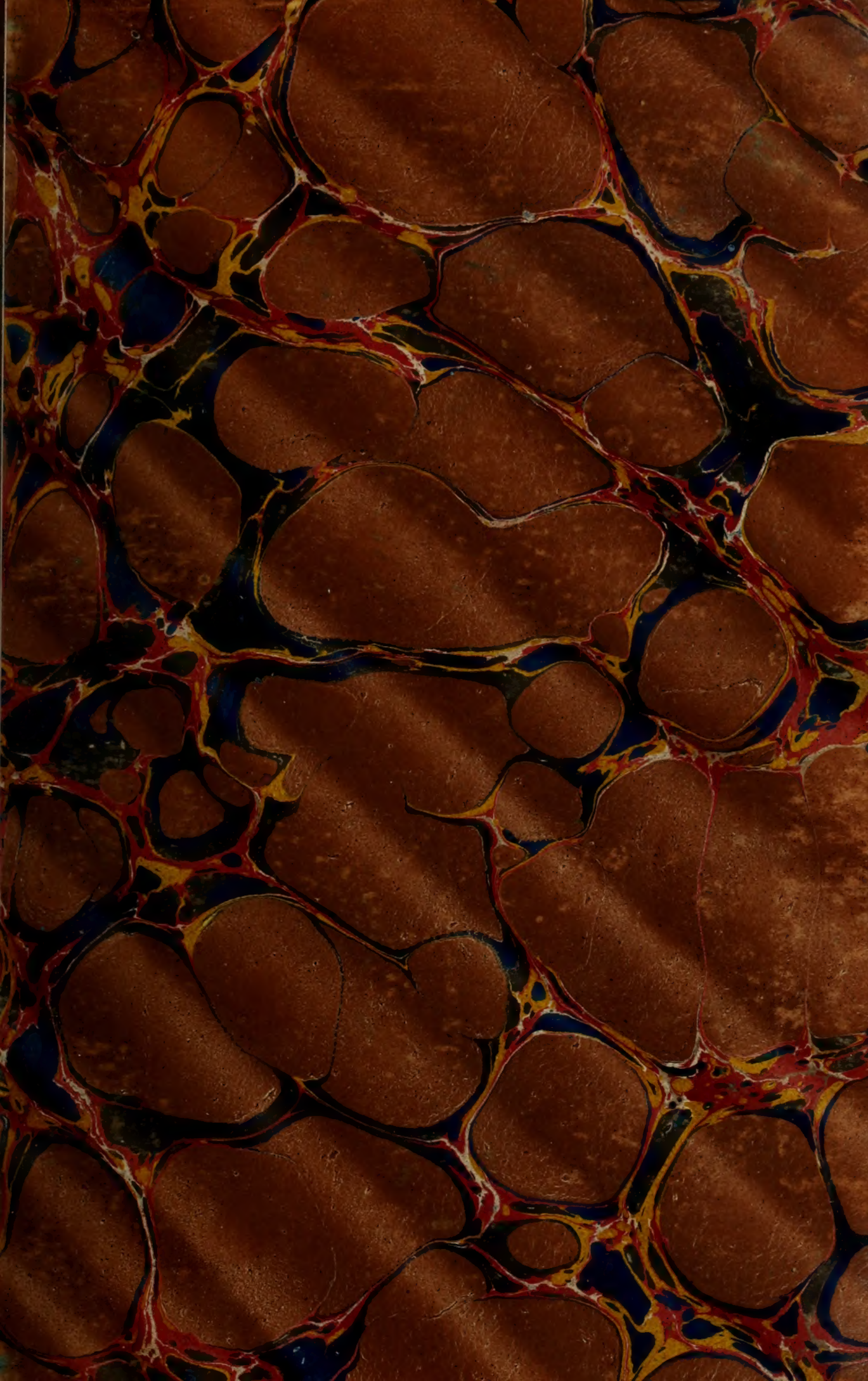
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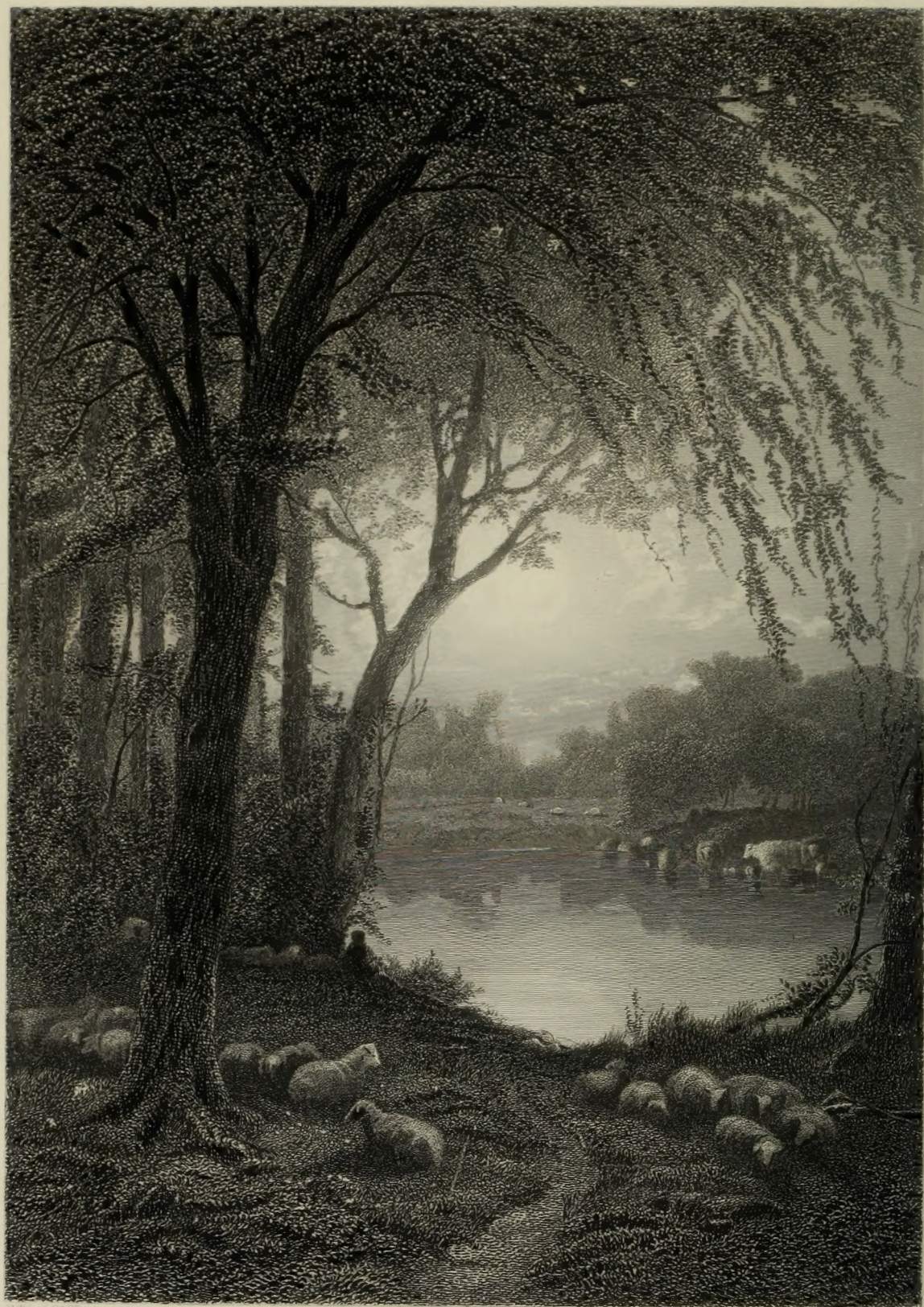












THE PATH BY THE RIVER SIDE

ENGRAVED FOR 'THE LADY'S REPOSITORY' CINCINNATI FROM THE PAINTING OWNED BY J. J. NEWMITHES



The  
LADIES' REPOSITORY  
1875.



OLNEY.

"Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells  
Just undulates upon the listening ear."

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,  
Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis.

NELSON & PHILLIPS,

NEW YORK.







THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY

REV. E. WENTWORTH, D.D.

JANUARY—JUNE.

VOLUME XXXV. THIRD SERIES, VOLUME I.

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NEW YORK:  
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1875.





# CONTENTS.

## ENGRAVINGS.

THE PATH BY THE RIVER SIDE.  
OLNEY, THE HOME OF COWPER — VIGNETTE.  
VIEW ON THE KISHACOQUILLAS CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA.  
BO-PEEP.  
LAKE FARM, GREENWOOD.  
THE VESTAL.

UNLOADING A MERCHANTMAN.  
THE RUSTIC ARTIST.  
SOUTH MOUNTAIN, CATSKILLS.  
WARWICK VALLEY, ORANGE CO., N. Y.  
THE SHADOW PICTURE.  
PORTRAITS.  
BISHOP JESSE T. PECK.  
HERMAN M. JOHNSON, D. D.

## PROSE.

	PAGE.
Africa and the Africans, Editor, . . . .	159
African Discovery and its Literature, Editor, . . . .	1
After Cardinal Flowers, Jenny Burr, . . . .	156
ART NOTES, . . . . 76, 173, 268, 364, 462, 552	
Baxter, Richard, Rev. W. H. Withrow, . . . .	481
Belligerent Bishop, A, Prof. Wm. Wells, . . . .	387
Burden-Bearers of the Old World, Prof. Wm. Wells, . . . .	50
Ceylon and Padmanee, the Beautiful Cingalese, Mrs. E. J. Humphrey, . . . .	436
Childhood Memories, Mrs. Mary W. Alexander, . . . .	214
"Circumstances Alter Cases," Helen V. Osborne, . . . .	60
Civilization and Nature, G. M. Kellogg, M. D., . . . .	6
Colonna, Vittoria, Mary Lloyd, . . . .	22
Common Sense and Fashion, Mrs. O. W. Scott, . . . .	146
Confessions of an Artisan, From the French, Mrs. E. S. Martin, . . . . 65, 120, 251, 314, 418, 528	
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE, . . . . 87, 184, 279, 377, 473, 565	
CURRENT HISTORY, . . . . 79, 176, 271, 367, 465, 555	
Diary Fragments, Ellen M. Soule, . . . .	33
Doctrine of Recognition, Bishop R. S. Foster, . . . .	218, 289
Dreams, Good, Rev. Emory J. Haynes, . . . .	520
Dress Reform, Miss N. C. Wentworth, . . . .	542
EDITOR'S TABLE, . . . . 91, 186, 282, 379, 475, 567	
Educated to Death, Sarah H. Stevenson, . . . .	536
Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville, Mrs. H. S. Lachman, . . . .	349
Election of a Pope, The, W. P. Morris, . . . .	206

	PAGE.
Feminine Influence in the Seventeenth Century, Julie Anneville, . . . .	104
Facts and Fancies of Life in the Old Dominion, Miss N. C. Wentworth, . . . .	46
George Thayer's Vacation Work, Lu White, . . . .	56
Gerhardt, Paul, A Life Story, From the German of Krummacher, Catherine E. Hurst, . . . .	200
Glimpses of a Swiss Village, Mrs. Corintha A. Lacroix, . . . .	409
Golden Vials full of Odors, Bishop Gilbert Haven, . . . .	97
Gothic Cathedrals, The Great, T. A. H. Brown, . . . .	427
Growing Old Gracefully, Mrs. Katie Clark Mullikin, . . . .	335
Helen's Golden Tripod, From the French, Mrs. Belle Tevis Speed, . . . .	439
Highways and Byways around the World, Mrs. J. P. Newman, . . . .	42, 143
Hopedale Community, The, N. S. Wentworth, . . . .	321
Jacob at the Brook Jabbok, B. F. Sanford, . . . .	407
Johnson, D. D., Rev. Herman M., Mrs. H. Callista M'Cabe, . . . .	454
Letter to Editors, Eliza Woodworth, . . . .	245
Liszt and Chopin, a Musical Souvenir, From the French of Charles Rollinat, . . . .	496
Livingstone's Last Journals, Editor, . . . .	342
Loves of the Lowly, Rev. H. H. Moore, . . . .	225
Martin, Sarah, The Prisoner's Friend, Maria Keep, . . . .	405
Medea, Pamela Helen Goodwin, . . . .	326



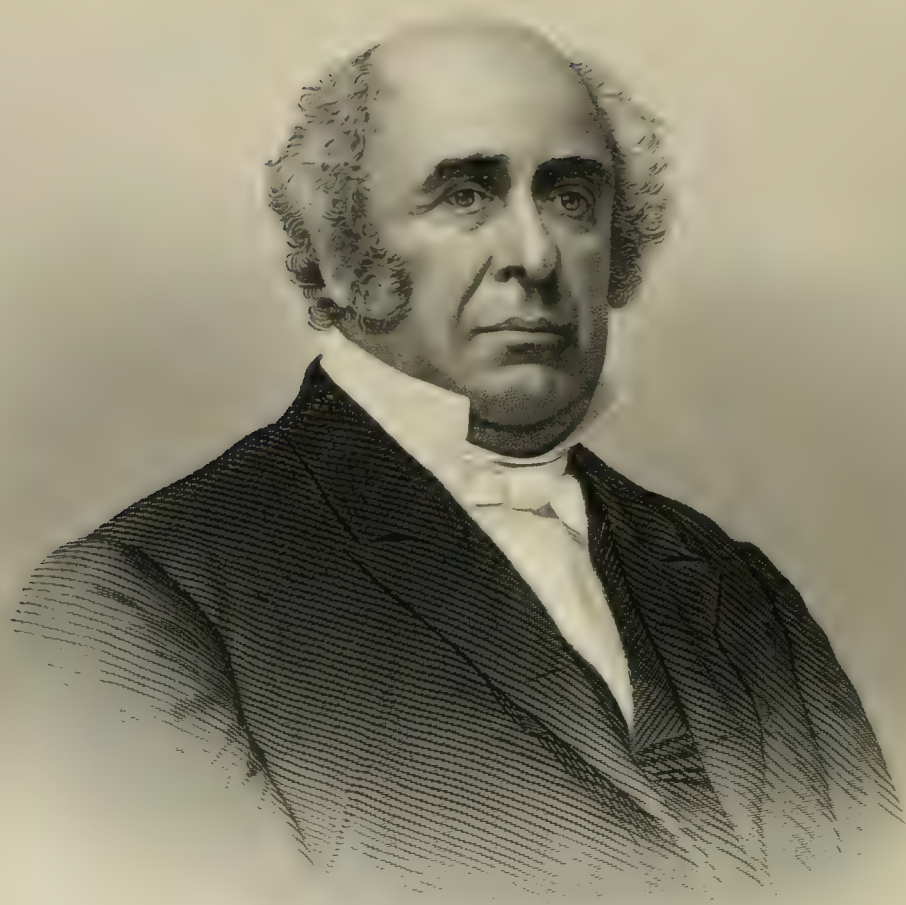
	PAGE.		PAGE.
Merrimack River, The, Fred Myron Colby, . . . . .	499	Secret of It, The, Mrs. Olive Stewart, . . . . .	158
Methodism and Missions, Editor, . . . . .	255	SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG, 85, 182, 277, 375, 471, 563	
Mormon Problem, The, Rev. J. W. Mendenhall, . . . . .	306	Siege of Londonderry, Dwight M. Lowrey, 28, 114	
Nation Born in a Day, A, Rev. R. H. Howard, 412		Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, Harrington Putnam, . . . . .	231
NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT, . 81, 178		Son, Mother, and Wife, Mrs. E. W. True, . . . . .	261
273, 370, 467, 558		Soul Sensitiveness, Bishop Jesse T. Peck, . . . . .	385
Old Catholics, The, Rev. Gideon Draper, . . . . .	140	Spirits of the Old World and the New, Lou W. Pearce, . . . . .	545
One of the Least, Erskine M. Hamilton, . . . . .	238	Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic, . . . . .	448
OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT, . . . . .	71, 167	Sulks, Mrs. H. C. Gardner, . . . . .	394, 503
263, 359, 457, 547		Temperance Movement, The, E. D. Mansfield, LL. D., . . . . .	127
Phases of Modern Skepticism, Professor George C. Jones, . . . . .	193	Three Wise Men of Gotham, Kate W. Hamilton, 17	
Pilgrimage to Mariage, Sue M. D. Fry, 67, 151, 356		Vatican and its Treasures, The, T. A. H. Brown, 107	
Record of a Crusade, Mary B. Ingham, . . . . .	490	Vesuvius, Mount, Sophia Moore, . . . . .	515
Religion, Natural and Supernatural, W. D. Godman, D. D., . . . . .	154	Walks about Constantinople, Rev. Albert D. Long, . . . . .	524
Rhetorical Honesty, Rev. J. W. Heath, . . . . .	539	Was he a Hero, or only an Oddity? Mrs. Olive Stewart, . . . . .	37
Roman Baths, The, Rev. J. W. Heath, . . . . .	12	What We See, Mrs. Ellen T. H. Harvey, . . . . .	133
Sacred Drama, The, Hon. M. J. Cramer, . . . . .	298	WOMAN'S RECORD AT HOME, . . . . .	74, 170
SCIENTIFIC, . . . . .	83, 180, 275, 372, 469, 561	266, 362, 460, 550	

## POETRY.

Above all Price, . . . . .	523	Land, The, that is very Far Off, . . . . .	348
Among the Corn, . . . . .	535	Life a Summer Day, . . . . .	527
Among the Heather, . . . . .	502	Light in Darkness, . . . . .	425
Children Gone, . . . . .	426	Nearest and Dearest, . . . . .	150
Coming Home, Alice Cary, . . . . .	70	Out-bound Ship, The, Flora Best Harris, . . . . .	502
Come to my Grave Alone, . . . . .	262	Petrel's Last Voyage, The, Henry Gillman, . . . . .	213
Died Young, Presbyterian, . . . . .	320	Repose, . . . . .	132
Drawing Water, George MacDonald, . . . . .	70	Saturday Evening, . . . . .	212
Give me the Lowest Place, Christina G. Rossetti, 217		Saturday Night, . . . . .	16
God's Peace, . . . . .	125	Sentinel, The, Flora Best Harris, . . . . .	45
Golden Sunset, The, H. W. Longfellow, . . . . .	213	Shadows, . . . . .	126
Gone Away, . . . . .	393	Solitude, . . . . .	358
Good-Night, but not Good-bye, . . . . .	244	Sunset Land, The, . . . . .	426
Humility, . . . . .	546	Waiting, Jean Ingelow, . . . . .	45
Hush, . . . . .	393	Work, . . . . .	348
Ideals, . . . . .	126		
In June, . . . . .	535		









THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1875.

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AFRICAN DISCOVERY AND ITS LITERATURE.

FOR thousands of years the land of Cush, Mizraim, and Ham, the broad peninsula, itself a continent, whose shape on the maps reminds us of the huge, pendulous ear of one of its own elephants, has been the study of the trader, historian, explorer, and geographer. From the days of the Phœnician navigators to the present, expeditions have sought to trace the sinuosities of its coast, and to map its bays, capes, rivers, and harbors; while adventurous tourists have assayed to penetrate its dark and forbidding interior. Settlements from Europe and Asia belt its coast; and the followers of Mohammed have pushed their trade and religion far beyond the northern desert; but a vast area still figures on the maps of the continent as regions "unexplored." Since the day when we commenced the study of Morse's Geography, with its diminutive atlas, this central *terra incognita* in the heart of Africa has steadily decreased, and the diligence of the present century in discovery has threatened to extinguish it entirely. The nineteenth century has been more eager for discovery, and more systematic and sacrificing in its pursuit, than any of its predecessors. A peculiar feature of the century is associated effort on a grand scale, and more generous government aid in the work, not merely of commercial, but of scientific exploration. The ardor for Arctic discovery seems but slightly, if at all, abated

by scores of successive failures, and the dismal fate of so many costly fleets, and the sacrifice of so many noble lives.

Modern science has contributed to the energy, efficiency, and certainty of modern exploration. Geology and meteorology become the handmaids of geography, and savants speculate confidently upon the features of an unknown continent, as Newton did upon the shape of the earth without stirring from his arm-chair; and map down rivers and water-sheds as Maury charted the currents of the winds and seas.

Actuated by various motives, daring adventurers, single and in companies, have streamed into Africa, and every appliance of these latter days has been called into requisition to insure success in each undertaking. Steam carries the traveler and his outfit quickly to the coast. Weapons, instruments, furnishings—scientific, economic, artistic, personal—the thousand conveniences and inventions of modern art, are all at command, to expedite his journey, and to substitute or mitigate the want and savagery he is sure to encounter, more formidable than the dangers of the desert or the perils of the ocean.

On the frontiers of the dark realm into which he courageously, and often alone, ventures, stand the post, steam-winged, the telegraph with harnessed lightnings, the press and the public eager to receive

and scatter the report of his every discovery, to learn the results of his every venture, and to profit by every new observation. Where he goes, what he sees, what he says, what he hears, what he does, his company, his transits, his haps and mishaps, his serious reflections, and his most trifling gossip, fly on the wings of the wind to the ends of the earth, and become the conversation of street-corners, and the animating theme of public societies, tea-table talk, and fireside discussion.

The age is novel-devouring; but it is a redeeming reflection that books of travel were never in greater demand, never more eagerly sought and read, than now. Books on Africa have been almost as numerous as travelers in Africa; Nile voyages are as common as Nile floods; and home readers are as familiar as howadjis with every rood of the river from Alexandria to the Cataracts.

Mungo Park (1795-1805), his journeyings, his discoveries, his sufferings, and his untimely death, were familiar to the youth of this country half a century ago, and are read with avidity now.

In Harper's Family Library, probably the most useful and popular set of works ever published in this country, no less than five of the series are devoted to Africa; namely, "Discovery and Adventures in Africa," compiled for popular use by three learned Scotchmen; "Life of Bruce," by Sir Francis Head; "Life and Travels of Mungo Park;" and "Travels of the Landers," in two volumes. These convenient manuals condense from larger works and the most reliable authorities the main facts of African exploration and discovery, the gist and marrow of the entire subject, from the earliest times down to the year 1830, the period of the settlement of the long-contested course and mouths of the Niger by the adventurous brothers, Richard and John Lander.

The publication in England and America, of "Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa," by the father-in-law of Livingstone—the distinguished Scotch

missionary, Robert Moffat, D. D., (1817 to 1842)—excited extraordinary interest; and the work, one of great information and tragic power, ran through many editions on both sides of the Atlantic, and is still a standard authority, though in a measure superseded by later works and fresher material.

Within the last thirty years, in addition to the numberless issues of the press in all civilized lands, the Messrs. Harper have published a whole library of voluminous works on Africa, done up in the best style, and filled with instructive illustrations. Barth in the north; Livingstone, Cumming, and Baldwin in the south; Speke, Grant, and Burton in the east; Wilson, Andersson, Chaillu, and Winwood Reade in the west; and Schweinfurth on the Nile and its tributaries, have opened up new vistas into the far interior of this dark and mysterious land, and permitted us to form personal acquaintance with its mountains and lakes and rivers and skies, its numerous tribes with their singular customs and peculiar history, its trees and flowers and shrubs, its animal and insect world, and settled a thousand doubts and conjectures in its geography, ethnology, and history.

In these popular works we discover the motives to adventure, the obstacles to travel, the martyrs to endeavor, the achieved success, and its faithful and sometimes piquant and brilliant record. Tourist writers are of several classes,—the adventurer for the mere love of adventure, the worshiper of gain, the student of science, the seeker after man's welfare in the name of God. We find the traveler who goes with the inborn restlessness and unflagging steadiness of the Flying Dutchman or Wandering Jew, filled with a curiosity, perpetually gratified but never satiated, to see distant countries, and to become acquainted with unknown lands; the merchant, thirsting for acquisition, ever on the scent for new and untried fields of trade and speculation, ever anxious to be before his fellows in regions where ignorance of values



enables him to secure rich spoils and fabulous returns for meagre outlay; the scientific explorer, ignoring and despising trade, and only solicitous to discover new territories, new configurations, new facts, new species, new data for substantiating old theories, or materials out of which to fabricate new formulas, or deduce new principles; the hunter, wild with the excitement of the chase, anxious to "bag" the biggest game, and to make the most of sport and rugged adventure; and, finally, the missionary of the cross, freighted with solemn message to the wild and wandering, thoughts to the unthinking, salvation to the ignorant and unsaved.

Great diversity exists in these works on Africa; and naturally enough, from the diverse nationality of their authors and their diverse objects and aims. Some of them were temporary sojourners in the regions they describe, and some of them residents for years amid the scenes they portray. This diversity of view gives the reader opportunity to see all sides of the subject, and enables him to make up an opinion often less biased than that of the individual authors themselves, by adopting the resultant of the views of several or all.

A classic on North Africa, the Barbary States, Sahara, and the portions of Central Africa immediately south of the Great Desert, is the learned and copious work of Dr. Henry Barth, Professor and Lecturer in the University of Berlin. These three ponderous volumes cover a period of travel, research, and adventure, beginning with 1850, and reaching to the middle of 1855. Profound learning, patient search, and German care and minuteness, verging to prolixity in description, characterize these bulky volumes—standards for fullness and accuracy, and indispensable to the general reader. No well-selected library, public or private, can afford to be without the volumes of Dr. Barth.

Equally important are the publications of the celebrated Dr. David Livingstone. "Missionary Travels and Research in South Africa" (1840-1856) is the fruit of

sixteen years' residence, study, and peregrination, extending from Cape Good Hope to Lake Ngami, and from Loanda, on the Atlantic, eastward to where the Zambezi debouches into the Indian Ocean. Thousands of copies of this able work were sold within a few weeks after its publication, and the interest in it and its distinguished author is unabated. He also is regarded as a standard of the highest authority. The second work of Livingstone is entitled a "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries" (1858 to 1864). We await with what patience we may command, and hoping we may live to see the publication of the posthumous papers of the great African traveler found by Stanley in 1872, released from earthly toil in 1873, and honored, above all contemporaries and predecessors in the same field, with humation in that wilderness of sepulchred heroes, artists, nobles, and kings,—Westminster Abbey.

Gordon Cumming (1843 to 1849) and William Charles Baldwin (1852 to 1860), Nimrods of the inter-tropics, have given us romantic details of hunter-life in South Africa. Boys devour these pictures of adventure, courage, and hair-breadth escapes, with greediness; and it must be owned that, notwithstanding their occasional tendency to the marvelous, they afford infinitely better pabulum for healthy mental growth, and fairer material for the foundation of manly character, than floods of the shoddy literature of the circulating and Sunday-school libraries.

A modest duodecimo of five hundred pages is the work "Western Africa," by Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, eighteen years (1834 to 1852) American missionary, and, after his return, one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Of this useful work—a perfect hand-book and thesaurus on African matters, geography, discovery, early enterprise, languages, and Christian missions—Dr. Livingstone, in the *London Times* and also in the Introduction to his "Zambezi," says, "It is the best work on the West Coast that has yet appeared."

Winwood Reade, certainly no prejudiced advocate, speaks of "Mr. Wilson, an American missionary, who has written an excellent work on 'Western Africa.'" Wilson's work needs no indorsement; its merits are patent; it is high authority on African matters generally, especially as they existed twenty years ago.

Another well-informed and attractive writer on Western and South-western Africa is the author of "Lake Ngami," Charles John Andersson (1850 to 1854). This traveler started from Walvisch, Walvisch, or Walwich Bay, on the Atlantic sea-board, and made his way north-eastwardly to the lake discovered by Livingstone, Oswell, and Murray in 1849. Five years later, the same writer published "The Okavango River, a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure" (1856-1858), in which the author accomplished a journey unsuccessfully undertaken by himself and Mr. Francis Galton in 1850, some eight years and a half before. Excepting the being obliged to utter at every few pages Thomas Carlyle's distressful prayer, "O for a date!" Mr. Andersson's books charm us with lively description, useful fact, and picturesque effect.

Two other popular writers on Western Africa claim our attention. Some ten or twelve years ago, Paul B. Du Chaillu's "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," with the author's experiences in gorilla-hunting, excited extraordinary attention, and provoked no small amount of hostile criticism. The Preface to the first edition bore date "New York, January, 1861." In the Preface to a revised edition, published by Harpers, in May 1871, the author says, "After a lapse of more than ten years, and still further explorations, I find very little to change, except by way of explanation." In common with many critics, Winwood Reade, a rival traveler in the regions visited by Chaillu, expresses the conviction that M. Chaillu "never killed a gorilla," that his testimony touching the great African ape is "worthless," and that he has "sacrificed truth to effect, and the esteem of

scientific men for a short-lived popularity."

In 1863, Chaillu started on a second tour of exploration in Western Africa, and gave the results in an octavo volume entitled "Journey in Ashango Land." He complains, in the Preface, of the way in which his former work was received by many in Germany and England. The fate of an explorer in unknown countries is difficult. "If he returns home with nothing new or striking to relate, he is voted a bore; if he has wonders to unfold in geography or natural history, the fate of Abyssinian Bala too often awaits him: his narrative is held up to scorn and ridicule." Chaillu's narrative describing unknown animals was condemned, his journey into the interior was pronounced a "fiction," and the learned geographer, Barth, published his disbelief in his "interior explorations altogether;" his visit to Ashango Land, and discovery of a hitherto unknown river, were stigmatized as "pure inventions." To silence these growlers, Chaillu undertook a second journey, which, on account of accidents, ended most prematurely and unfortunately, but of which he has given a dramatic story in his "Ashango Land." A cool critic sees no more reason for discrediting M. Du Chaillu's books than those of any other African traveler; each of whom is his own hero, each of whom is a new Marco Polo, with the wonders of untried regions to relate, and each of whom has his own hair-breadth escapes and wonderful adventures by forest, savage, wild beast, and flood. M. Du Chaillu certainly had the advantage of Winwood Reade in one regard. Reade knew no language but the English, and perhaps a smattering of French; while Chaillu had a sort of claim to three nationalities,—American, French, and African,—like the border Leatherstocking, who was "half horse, half alligator, and half snapping-turtle." At the mouth of the Gaboon River the French founded a settlement and built a fort in 1842. Under protection of this, the senior Chaillu had a factory, and for several years carried on



trade with the natives, and here his son Paul, the traveler and author, gained a knowledge of the languages, habits, and peculiarities of the coast natives, as well that accimatization that eminently fitted him for the business of exploration. M. Chaillu's pictures may be overdrawn, and painted with "too much red in the brush," but they are lively, and, if fictitious, very agreeable fiction, and evidently "fiction founded on fact." We read his second book with profound, heart-felt regrets that one so well qualified to explore should not have been permitted to penetrate the vast interior eastward to the Nile Valley. He was turned back—the fate of Park, Livingstone, Barth, Schweinfurth; in fact, of almost every African traveler—just on the eve of important discoveries and the solution of important problems.

A fourth authority on Western Africa is the single volume of Mr. Winwood Reade. It is the work of a modern newspaper reporter. It has no little of the *ad captandum* and slashing style of that useful yet often pernicious craft. Aside from the testimony of others, Mr. Reade's only evidence of the existence of the gorilla is, that he heard one run away; and his argument appears to be, that because he did not succeed in shooting one, no one else ever did; and so he sets down M. Chaillu's accounts as fable, and accepts the statements of the American missionaries resident in the country for years, with large discounts. It would sound too much like a pun to say that Mr. Reade's book is *readable*. It is more: it is full of the keen observations of an eye-witness, and as full and accurate as an imperfect acquaintance with languages would allow the knowledge of a constant and patient inquirer to be.

On the east coast we have "The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration," by Richard F. Burton (1857-1859). Here are between five and six hundred pages of lively description of a journey from the sea-coast, opposite Zanzibar, to Ujiji and Lake Tanganyika, over nine hundred and fifty miles, and occupy-

ing eight months—at the slow rate of African travel, about two and a half miles per hour, on the average. Captain Burton was accompanied by Captain Speke, against whom he seems to have some grudge, whom he never names in the body of his work, if he can help it; but invariably speaks of him as "my companion," and in all ways intimates the worthlessness of said "companion" to the expedition, exhibiting, at every turn, a jealousy not uncommon among travelers. The dangers and labors of the journey were shared in common by these courageous adventurers; both achieved success and fame. The field is a wide one. There is no need, in this case, any more than in a thousand others, of depreciating one to build up the other. Burton's work is a learned and masterly contribution to the knowledge of mankind on the subject of Africa.

There was abundant room also for the issue of Captain Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile" (1859-1863). Captain Speke was accompanied by Captain Grant, and every-where generously gives Grant his full share of credit for the success of the expedition. These intrepid adventurers, experienced in African travel (it was Speke's third trip), found their way to Lake N'yanza, discovered by Speke in his former journey, July 30, 1858, and thence northward to Gondokoro, where he met Samuel W. Baker, who had reached the same point by the way of the Nile Valley; the result of whose explorations was the conviction that the equatorial lakes feed the Nile and Egypt, but that the Blue Nile, the Atbara, and other Abyssinian affluents of the parent stream, cause the annual inundations.

Dr. Schweinfurth—"Heart of Africa" (1868-1871), two volumes, octavo—is an explorer whom Winwood Reade declares to be in the highest rank, worthy to be classed with "Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, Livingstone and Burton, Speke and Grant, Barth and Rohlfs." He opened up the country of the Niam Niam, the Monbutto, and dem-

onstrated the existence of a race of pygmies or dwarfs, rumors of whose existence have been current from the earliest times.

Such is a comprehensive statement of the literature of African discovery, issued by the Harper Brothers, one of the most enterprising publishing houses in the world. Stanley's "Coomassie and Magdala," though not directly in the line of exploration and discovery, throws much light upon geography and native

character, in Abyssinia in the east, and Ashantee in the west.

With such a wealth of information within his reach, the American reader—scientist, merchant, or philanthropist—need not remain in ignorance of the great Continent of Africa, and what has been done, and is doing, to open it up to civilization and to the universal comity and brotherhood of tribes and nations, which is one of the pet ideas of the modern world.

EDITORIAL.

### ARE CIVILIZATION AND NATURE IN CONFLICT?

SEVERAL years ago, Sir William Armstrong entered upon a careful investigation of the time the coal supply in England would last, at the present rate of consumption. Making due allowance for all possible economies, he arrived at the startling conclusion, that in two hundred years England will be destitute of coal, and that from simple deprivation of fuel her proud civilization must end. So impressed were some with this reasoning, that they at once commenced both to preach and practice economy in the use of coal.

Beyond peradventure, in less than five hundred years England will be embarrassed to sustain her pre-eminence in manufactures. Her rapid decadence from that epoch may be surely predicted. It is simply a question of time how soon civilization elsewhere will give way to the inevitable consequence of exhaustion. Doubtless the coal supply in the United States may last fifteen hundred years longer. The ultimate extinction of fuel, however, must render all the temperate zones uninhabitable.

At the present time, the cost of fuel in many parts of Europe precludes competition in many branches of industry. Indeed, the rapid dwindling of forests, upon which they once relied, in France and parts of Germany, renders the importa-

tion of coal from a distance already necessary.

Coal and iron have made England what she is. The reaction of her great mineral resources is to develop science as well as commerce. Men like James Watt, Brummel, Stevenson, and Arkwright, were as surely the outcome of her great mineral wealth as are her manufactures and her shipping. Although blood and race will tell in a thousand ways, it is incontestable that the Gulf Stream, by modifying their climate, and their rich resources in coal and iron, have saved the inhabitants of England from a condition of mind and body no whit in advance of that of the Esquimaux.

A substitute for coal must soon be found, or the days of England's supremacy are surely ended in a few years. The evil day may be staved off for a period by the discovery of more and more economical modes of using fuel; for it is notorious that at least four-fifths of the consumption is at present a direct waste.

It is true the enthusiastic look forward, in the near future, to the discovery of some other fuel than coal and wood. But it is unreasonable to blink the fact, that vegetation and coal occupy too large a place in the economy of nature ever to be dispensed with in her plan. If this is so, it is incumbent upon all governments



to anticipate such results as the total exhaustion of fuel. Nature can not be greatly interfered with in her plans with impunity. If the balance of the two kingdoms—the vegetable and animal—are not kept rigidly adjusted, her revenges will be severe and certain. It is incontestable, that the great coal-fields of the earth must be ultimately exhausted; for the supply is limited, and is not renewed. The only apparent security against the extinction of the race is in the preservation and renewal of forests upon such a scale as will keep up with animal life and the necessities of human civilization.

The animal and vegetable kingdoms should have strict and proportionable relations with each other. Carbonic acid exhaled by animals—a deadly poison to themselves—is the chief food of plants; at the same time, the exhalation of oxygen by plants, restores it to the atmosphere, its vivifying properties being thus continuously renewed. Not only this, but the *debris* and *exuviae* of both the animal and vegetable world must be returned to the soil of a country, or it soon runs to waste.

It is well known that the exudation at the roots of many plants is a poison to the plant which eliminates it, though a necessary stimulus or *pabulum* to another. Hence arises the necessity and practice of rotation of crops. It is not improbable, that lands long in cultivation, should be returned to the forest condition every few hundred years.

Forests are the nurseries of species, both vegetable and animal. Their immense variety of life restores to the soil all the needed elements of continuous fertility. Few can realize the enormous amount of animal life thus immediately dependent upon forests for subsistence. Beast, bird, the reptilian and insect hordes, are designed only to flourish therein. That they are inherent factors in the economy of nature, does not admit an instant's doubt.

Human wastefulness and greed will soon make a desert of our beautiful earth, unless restrained by the edicts of wisdom. It is but the question of a few cent-

uries, when the proudest nationalities of Europe will follow the *effete* races of the East in the road of decadence. It has been already indicated how rapidly and surely their manufacturing industries are devouring the stores which provident nature has laid away in the hills and in her mighty forests. Already the soils are too greatly impoverished to supply even the human inhabitants without the stimulus of imported fertilizers and chemicals, the supply of which is expensive, and so limited as to be soon exhausted.

The earth is being robbed of the most precious salts. A short-lived energy to our soils is secured only by stimulants. It is in the near future when even this answering power of the soil to stimulants will be lost, and the lands of Europe become as unprofitable as the sands of the sea-shore. A veritable bankruptcy of earth is rapidly approaching, brought on by her favorite but spendthrift children. The essential elements of vegetation have long since been gone in the European States. Resort is had to restoratives, rallying but for the moment, at the expense of constitution. Bread, meat, and vegetables, produced at the expense of the elements of nutrition, now, even in the United States, anticipate harvests which should have been spread over centuries. In a word, nature is being beggared, and the time swiftly approaches when life will go out on earth, save in the tropics.

The influence of forests can scarcely be overestimated in mitigating the rigors of our Winters, and in initiating a due amount of rain-fall, as well as in retaining the moisture which else would be swept too rapidly to the sea. By the evaporation of this moisture, also, the severity of Summer heats is greatly moderated.

As yet, man is only familiar with the surface features of the great ocean of life, of which he is a portion. He has carefully examined but a few of the myriad forms that await his investigation. The results, so far, are greatly encouraging toward further research. Nearly all the more important remedial agents are

directly derived from the vegetable world. Each form or species in nature is an integral part of that divine order or arrangement which we denominate Cosmos. A species can not be removed or changed, save with violence or disorder in the scheme of which it is a part. Very many forms of animal life peculiar to forests may be, and undoubtedly are in some important ways, necessary to restrain the undue multiplication of particular species, or for the dissemination and fructification of others.

With the disappearance of forests, the myriad pests of the insect world are let loose upon the husbandman, despoiling his orchards and destroying his crops. Nor is at all unlikely that many diseases afflicting man or the domestic animals have some such an origin. How indispensable, for example, are India-rubber, madder, indigo, and many other vegetable products, to civilization! The cochineal and the silk-worm,—how important are these insects to humanity! How many more such important relations to man may yet be found in the insect world! With the destruction of our forests, many thousands of species must surely be exterminated, no single one of which is without its special mission, bearing, either directly or indirectly, upon human destiny. Such striking interdependencies exist in organic nature, that no signal interferences can occur without disturbance of the general plan. Hence it is incumbent upon us to investigate carefully every species in its relations with surrounding life; which relations, although we may not immediately perceive them, are the same in kind, and as real, as the more striking interdependencies which we observe between the animal and vegetable world, which have been already referred to. It is the investigation of such relations that gives dignity and importance to natural science, and not simply the enumeration and classification of natural forms, however important and interesting.

Though contained in nature, man's position is so far outside as to possess great controlling or modifying powers. He can

direct the great forces of nature in a war upon herself. Beast, bird, fish, and the vegetable kingdom are, in great measure, subject to his control, or at his mercy. Through greed or caprice he can burn, ravage, and destroy in a year, what it has taken ages to produce. It is against this senseless waste attendant upon civilization that science must set its face like a flint, else the short career of man on earth is a foregone conclusion.

The United States possesses more rich, virgin soil adapted for immediate cultivation than any other equal area of the earth's surface. In many of the Eastern States the lands are already worn out, or are only kept up by guano and other expensive appliances. In the far interior of the continent this short-sighted process of restoration will be impracticable. It is beyond controversy that in a century and a half, with existing management, the great prairies of the North-west will become deserts of desolation. It is incumbent on the General Government at once to look to it that large reserves for the growth of timber shall be left throughout the country to be held intact for the benefit of posterity. Every State might make it incumbent upon every landholder to devote at least a third of his landed property to the cultivation of timber. Every school section might also be devoted to this purpose. The railroad companies which are receiving such large land subsidies should be obliged to devote half of such areas to the cultivation of trees. All thoroughfares should be lined with the more valuable forest-trees; and in particular the railroads should be forced to cultivate as much timber along their lines as possible, and cease to be propagators of worthless weeds and general unsightliness. Lines of forest should be connected in order to effect as nearly as possible conditions observed in nature, that every species of animal and plant may find its secure and natural range and *habitat*. If the maxim of "live and let live" be carried out, it will react in every way favorably upon the human race. It is pitiable to see how many interesting and



valuable animals and plants have been exterminated over very considerable areas with a short-sightedness which can be called little else than barbarism. Thus the beaver, a gregarious animal, with the most extraordinary instincts for self-preservation and multiplication, has been utterly exterminated over the entire areas of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, through the most reckless and indiscriminate slaughter. They were trapped, shot, and killed, whole societies at a time, with no regard to age, season, or condition. Thus an animal which, with a little pains, might have been fostered and utilized by man with the certainty of any domestic animal, is now only found in the distant frontiers of the far-away North, where it is still pursued with the same ruthlessness as of old. The old woman of the fable who killed her auriferous hen for a large immediate profit is a fair representative of the average sagacity.

The American agriculturist is little else than a land-skinner, as though he had but one maxim, "After me comes the deluge." We are very apt in calculating prospective values, even a half-century or so ahead. The spirit of speculation is no way backward. We are adroit in drawing on posterity for national, state, and city improvements, believing that in some mysterious way nature will honor our drafts. Were we as ready in forecasting in the interests of our remote descendants as in our own, our memory might be held in higher esteem hereafter.

The question of lumber and fuel can not be blinked much longer. Already through the North-west these two items are three or four times as expensive as in the days of our immediate progenitors. The sources of supply are becoming more and more distant. Their increase in cost from thirty to fifty per cent in the near future is as certain as sunset.

Forests should be planted throughout the whole of the prairie section on a scale commensurate with its area. A third of that area would not be too great an estimate for the purpose. The effect of such

forests, if laid out to intercept the prevalent winds, would be to mitigate the rigor of our Winters in the North-west, and render the climate as genial as that of Central Europe.

It is fortunate that Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas are supplied to a certain extent with coal. This affords these States an opportunity to initiate forests before the evil days come. The demand for wood as lumber and fuel is steadily increasing with population. Its cost is also increasing as rapidly. When I was a boy, the best hickory wood could be bought in any Ohio village for a dollar a cord. In the same sections it is now worth four or six. In that State and Indiana, in their haste for clearing, large and magnificent forests were burned up for potash alone. Such utter disregard to the near future, such extreme wastefulness of the best gift of God to man, was never before witnessed.

Within the limits of the United States there are three hundred and sixty-five species of forest-trees, two hundred and thirty-four of which belong to the Eastern section. No equal area on the globe outside of the tropics possessed so rich and varied a flora. The different purposes to which our native woods are adapted have been but slightly investigated. Believing with the optimist that no organism exists in vain, without some special relation to human needs, or an indirect one through other plants and animals, I have no hesitation in asserting that many years must elapse before the varied capabilities of our forest-trees are discovered. Consider for a moment the applications of a single plant. The bamboo to the Chinaman has become indispensable. From it he builds house, roof, siding, flooring, matting—all. It is used for bridges, aqueducts, fans, hats, paper, and his chopsticks. Every article of furniture is made of it, as well as nearly every implement used in agriculture; and of its seed he makes excellent bread. It perhaps took a thousand generations for the Chinese to discover all these adaptations. In the mean time, doubtless, many trees as

useful have been exterminated in China. Perhaps we are following in their footsteps. We certainly are, if we imagine that the great variety of forest-trees in the United States are of little importance, or that a half-dozen species are all that an advanced civilization requires.

Forests, maintained in good condition, will yield about five thousand pounds of dry wood per acre. Two sections of land in every township would yield a sufficiency of fuel, and two sections more would suffice for lumber, for present contingencies. The best wood equals about half its weight of anthracite coal. Two hundred and forty millions of acres devoted to forest would supply the population with fuel and lumber for all present purposes. Sufficient forests exist; but these are distant from the heaviest centers of population. Moreover they are being utterly destroyed, instead of being renewed. Such prodigal wastefulness as at present practiced will, in a century and a half at most, sweep away all our most valuable timber. At present our greater supplies of lumber are obtained from Maine, Michigan, and Minnesota, the larger portion of which has now to be transported six hundred miles to reach the nearest market.

We strip our land of forest as though there were no limit to the bounty of nature. We might as well exhaust the atmosphere of oxygen, and then expect to keep on breathing, as to suppose we can continue to exist in temperate climates without lumber and fuel. There is no good reason to suppose that any other sources of heat than coal and wood will ever be discovered so economical as these. We might as well expect that we could dispense with sight and hearing, or with our feet and hands, as with fuel.

Let it be remembered that every species in nature has the most intimate and perfect relations with surrounding nature. These look toward the past, the present, and the future. As an example, let me indicate a single plant form, growing in the interminable forests of the Amazon. It has innumerable relations, through the

soil in which it grows, to the *whole past*, which geological science may serve to indicate and explain. Its relations in the present to surrounding life, insect, vegetable, and animal, are most intimate and varied. It affords sustenance and shelter to insects, birds, and beasts. These in turn have as intimate relations with other forms of life through habits and instincts. Through its very decay, it reacts as certainly upon other forms of life; which forms, in turn, react as surely upon others. This view of cosmos is well illustrated in the couplet,—

“Big fleas have little fleas—these, lesser fleas—to bite 'em;

These fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.”

I would indicate a single plant, the caoutchouc, or India-rubber. This plant secreted for ages a milky sap in its tissues. At last civilized man appears upon the scene; he discovered how to utilize the dried sap. And now it is found that the relations of this plant to civilization, in a distant age and zone, are strangely interesting and important. It is also discovered that this rubber has a peculiar affinity for sulphur. By vulcanization, the manifold applications of this substance to human wants are at once increased a hundred-fold. This rubber has definite attractions and repulsions to all known chemicals, and will as surely exhibit decided relations to all which yet may be discovered. Thus a single plant, which seemingly filled its place for untold ages completely, had positive relations to humanity, which we may designate as prophetic. How completely do such fulfilled prophetic relations establish the evidences of design in nature! Indeed, we may well declare that the casual is therefrom entirely extruded.

I do not purpose to review the whole animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms to indicate the thousand similar marvelous co-ordinations which exist. I simply would suggest, as a fundamental creed, that all created forms have just such interdependences, taking hold of the past, the present, and the future; moreover, that it is essentially impious to designate



any form in nature as incomplete or of little value.

Human sagacity has so far been able to point out but few of these important relations. Still, by analogy, we may well conclude that the same perfection in generals and details exists throughout the economy of nature. If this is so, how important is it that man should be a true husbandman! He must, on every side, sedulously seek to preserve whatever he may find in nature, and to abstain from the reckless waste which so largely characterizes the history of our present civilization. Let every form of animal and vegetable life be scrupulously preserved, until it has been most thoroughly investigated touching all its possible relations. It is reasonable to suppose that many species have already fulfilled their important offices in nature. For instance, the more powerful predatory animals, which seem to have been created to counteract the undue multiplication of some species, may have become unnecessary under the intelligent domination of man.

It is not improbable that many of the simpler and cruder vegetables and fruits adapted to the infancy of the human race have also served their purpose, and are no longer necessary in the economy of nature. However, if we adopt the motto, "Live, and let live," it may be found that many things, against which we now are waging a relentless war of extermination, should rather be most scrupulously fostered.

The rehabilitation of our forests, and the establishment of new ones, can not be effected save by the united action and well-timed movements of both State and National Governments. There should be extensive and regular national parks, reserved throughout the whole national domain. These should be under the direction of capable naturalists, whose duties should be to see to it, that our species do not run out, and that the excess only is used. Foresters and game-keepers should be employed freely to watch over these parks, and to take

charge of their produce. We have a native race of foresters—namely, the Indians—with which the nation is at present greatly embarrassed. These people might be trained to this duty under the supervision of enlightened supervisors, who should be all excellent naturalists.

A solemn and important duty is ours, as a civilized and Christian nation, to take charge of the aborigines, and force them, if necessary, to become purveyors to civilization. They certainly do not seem to have any bent toward agriculture, but they have certainly the most extraordinary skill in wood-craft. With some oversight and training, they might be made a useful portion of the body politic.

If, as I have indicated, a due regard to the future interests of the nation requires that at least one-tenth of our area be devoted to the propagation of forests, an abundant range would thereby be afforded to these children of the forest. They might then become in truth the sturdy, generous, manly race which poetry and romance have delighted to paint. That such qualities are not entirely ideal, we have excellent reasons to maintain. Let no one think it wild and visionary to suggest that these children of nature should be returned to our midst, and be made honored custodians of a great and important interest. I would most solemnly invoke all compatriots to the importance of an early attention to this matter. The future can not take care of itself. We hold our magnificent territory as a heritage; but as custodians in the interest of posterity, whose interests are as large as our own. Let us see to it that we do not leave behind us a diminished inheritance. It is indisputable that in our keen race for present profits, we are rapidly stripping our soils of the elements of fertility. The strength of the fabled Titan was redoubled each time his feet regained his mother earth. It is even so our soil must be returned again and again to the bosom of nature in order that the strength of the mighty mother may be transfused into its exhausted veins. Let us prove

by practical sagacity, that we are worthy of our fair heritage. Let us demonstrate, through forethought, that civilization is not a mistake in the New World, however it may prove itself in the Old. We are,

most certainly, unworthy the endowment of reason, should we fail to exercise it in the interests of a near or remote posterity.

GEORGE M. KELLOGG.

## THE ROMAN BATHS.

AN account of the Roman baths separates itself into two periods, which, for want of better names, may be designated the period of the *balneæ* and the period of the *thermæ*. The former were the simple and unadorned structures of the Consulship and Republic, whose only object was cleanliness, and whose only convenience water. The latter were the more costly and extensive establishments of a later age, and were furnished with every appliance which refined luxury could devise and imperial wealth command. Baths are as old as rivers. Long before either *balneæ* or *thermæ*, the limpid stream was at once labrum and mirror; the dry sand which lined its shores, at once unguent, strigil, and towel. Thus Europa bathed in the Anaurus, Helen and her maids in the Eurotas, and even the daughter of Egypt's king bathed among the reeds of the Nile. Moreover, the intimate connection between cleanliness and godliness seems to have been very early appreciated. The purity of the body symbolized, if it did not accompany that soul-purity which even a pagan thought a prerequisite to the propitiation of offended deity. Lustrations, which, at least originally, were purifications by ablution in water, became religious duties. The neighboring ocean furnished the Greek with orthodox salt-water for his lustrations, and Romans performed them to invoke the favor, as well as deprecate the anger, of their gods. But natural baths are generally cold, and the tender flesh, even of an heroic age, shrank from their chilly embrace.

Only one stream of the Scamander flowed with a warm current,—

"Which hot through scorching rocks was seen to rise,  
With exhalations steaming to the skies."

Art soon supplied the deficiency of nature. Ulysses, enumerating the luxuries of Circe's enchanted palace, tells how

"An ample vase received the smoking wave,"

in which he bathed, and while Andromache waits with painful eagerness the coming of Hector from the Trojan walls,

"Her fair-haired handmaids heat the brazen urn,  
The bath preparing for her lord's return."

The first public baths of which we have any record, were connected with the Grecian gymnasia, which came into existence with the nation, and which were subjects of legal regulation in the time of Solon, B. C. 570. These, doubtless, had for their primary object mere bodily purity and vigor. We have no means of ascertaining when public buildings for bathing were first erected in Rome. During the earlier period of Roman history, Greek gymnastics had already become so corrupted by age that the stern Romans looked upon them with little favor; perhaps they included in one denunciation the gymnasia and all their connections. Seneca, however, tells us that, in the time of Scipio, structures for bathing formed a part of private residences; and the comedies of Plautus, who was nearly contemporary with Scipio, bear constant reference to the public bathing customs. We may assume, then, that public *balneæ* were at that time in common use. In the age



of Crassus, one Sergius Orata is said to have discovered the method of preparing a sudatory by means of the hypocaust; and we learn from Cicero that, in the last days of the Republic, public and private, cold and warm baths, were in general use, and adorned with some degree of taste and luxury.

The *balneæ* were originally a plebeian institution, patricians and men of wealth using the private baths of their own houses. But the people did not long enjoy their monopoly. In process of time we find even the mother of Augustus and niece of Cæsar using the public baths, and emperors and senators did not disdain to bathe with the farthing herd.

Seneca's description of the bath of Scipio will give us some idea of these public *balneæ*. "It was," he tells us, "a little bath, contracted and gloomy, after ancient usage. For to our fathers the bath did not seem warm, unless it was somewhat dark. Into this primitive bath, light was admitted through narrow cracks, rather than windows, that its solidity might not be impaired." And the philosopher, gloating over the simplicity of the good old times, exclaims: "In this little corner that man, the terror of the Carthaginians, to whom Rome owes it that Carthage was ever destroyed, bathed a body wearied with rustic toil. For he strengthened his muscles by labor, and, as was the custom of the men of elder days, himself subdued the soil." Though more extensive than the bath of the sturdy Scipio, the public *balneæ* were at first characterized by the same republican modesty and lack of adornment. They were built, says Seneca, "for use, not for pleasure." And as in their construction, so in the laws which regulated them, the simple delicacy of an uncorrupted age was manifest. For a father to bathe in the presence of his matured son—even for more distant relatives to bathe in company—was deemed an outrage upon decency. The malaria of Oriental impurity and sensual degradation, borne by the Eastern breezes across the *Ægean*,

while it had pervaded the atmosphere of Greece, had not yet reached the Lavinian shores. But growing power and accumulated wealth corrupted the chastity of early virtue, until, in the later days of the Empire, the Roman baths were sometimes made the theater of scenes which the pen refuses to record, and at which the most abandoned of modern sensualists would blush.

The *thermæ* originated, lived, and died with the Empire. Opulence and luxury had worn off the early Roman antipathy to what were deemed the corrupting and enervating tendencies of later Greek gymnastics, and the *thermæ* became to Rome what the *gymnasia* were to Athens. Baths and *gymnasia*, museums and libraries, arcades filled with the noblest productions of art, and groves adorned with natural beauties, grouped on a scale of magnitude and splendor of which their remains afford us but a faint conception, conspired to place the *thermæ*, from the time of Agrippa, who first gave them to the people, to the time of Constantine, among the noblest edifices, even of imperial Rome. Augustus, Nero, Titus, Domitian, Trajan, successively presented the people with new *thermæ*, each more splendid than those of his predecessors; and the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian excelled even these in the multiplicity and grandeur of their arrangements.

Though differing in detail, the *thermæ* were all constructed upon the same general plan, and from the remain which exist we are able to form some idea of these enormous edifices, which have been likened, by wondering historians, to provinces. They seem to have been surrounded by a rectangle of exterior buildings, some fifteen hundred feet long by twelve hundred wide, and inclosing a space vast in extent. Within this inclosure were temples dedicated to Apollo and *Æsculapius*, the tutelary deities of the place; private baths, where the exclusive could enjoy their solitary ablutions, and long porticoes of graceful composite, or stern old Doric, where the idler

lounge and chatted. It also contained schools, where rhetoricians declaimed, philosophers held subtle disputations, and poets recited never-ending verses; silent arcades, where men of thought might meditate; and libraries, stored with all the learning of the past. In the center of the exterior rectangle was a semicircle of marble seats, rising in tiers, from which eager spectators looked down upon an arena where the youth practiced their manly sports. The central building, fronted by another portico, was surrounded by plane-tree groves and shaded walks, enlivened by the play of many fountains, and decorated with costly statuary.

Upon entering this building, the bather found himself in a large circular vestibule, supported by enormous columns, and over it a roof of copper. Here he waited until the signal was given that the baths were prepared. Then, passing this vestibule, he entered the apodyterium, or undressing-room, where, unless he was rich enough to have an attendant slave, he left his clothes, from toga to calceus, with one of the capsarii. On each side of the vestibule and apodyterium were four halls, forming a double set of cold, tepid, warm, and sweat baths. Connected with these were rooms for anointing, where the bather anointed himself with oils and fragrant unguents. If Galen was his family physician, he entered first the laconicum, or sudatory. In this room, which was heated by the fires of the hypocaust beneath, and by the hot air inclosed within its hollow walls, he lingered awhile, enjoying the luxury of a thorough perspiration, and then passed into the adjoining caldarium, where a warm bath steamed up from a large basin in the center. This basin was surrounded by stone steps, just below the surface of the water, where the bather sat while the warm water and the assiduous efforts of a slave, who scraped his body with the strigil, removed from it what the perspiration of the laconicum had ejected. Next to the caldarium was the tepida-

rium, a room of moderate temperature, and at each end of which little streams of tepid water flowed into alabaster labra. In this room the bather spent a short interval, either in gentle exercise or in examining the sculpture and frescoing of the walls, and the curiously wrought mosaic of the pavement; and from it he passed into the frigidarium, and, plunging into the piscina, he revelled in the pleasing sensations of its cold, bracing waters. Thence, having gone back through the tepidarium into one of the clæothesia, and anointed himself with sweet-smelling ointments until redolent with perfume, he re-entered the apodyterium, and resumed his clothing.

In the center of the building, and in the same line with the apodyterium, was a large tepidarium, with circular rooms in its four corners, containing either sudatories or caldaria. Adjoining this tepidarium, in a position similar to that of the apodyterium, was a monstrous natatio, or plunge-bath, some two hundred feet long by one hundred in width, lined with costly marble, and beneath whose crystal waters pouring through the mouths of sculptured lions, the party-colored stones of the bottom could be clearly seen. Spacious ephebia, or indoor gymnasia, lay on either side of the central tepidarium, and flanked the building. Something must be said of the Roman bathing customs. The bath was always taken after exercise and before eating. The regular hour for bathing was the eighth, about two P. M., which preceded the dinner hour. But the baths were open all day, sometimes all night; and some, who had nothing else to do, used them three, four, even six times in the day. Probably most of the baths built by the emperors were entirely free. Admission could be obtained into any of them for the smallest Roman coin. The peculiar whims of different persons, or of their medical advisers, seem to have determined the order in which the baths should follow each other.

We have already indicated the order



advised by Galen. Many, no doubt, used only the natatio, or piscina. During the early part of the afternoon, the baths must have presented a lively scene. The exhalations from the caldarium, of steam and sound, the cheerful splashings of the piscina, the natatio crowded with athletic swimmers, and the exhibitions of manly strength and beauty in the ephebia, made the thermæ a theater of energetic life; while the cries of excited ball-players, the groans of those who were exercising severely, the splash of swimmers, and the plunge of divers, songs, shouts, disputes, and the persuasive eloquence of anxious peddlers, echoed among the massive columns with a confused and deafening sound.

To paint the magnificence of the Roman baths is impossible. Seneca, complaining bitterly of the effeminacy of his time, says: "We deem ourselves poverty-stricken or miserly, unless the walls of our baths glitter with great and precious mirrors; unless Alexandrine marbles are inlaid with Numidian shells; unless the vaulted roofs above us are every-where wrought with laborious art, until adorned like a painting; unless the Thasian stone, once rarely seen even in temples, lines our piscinæ, into which we plunge bodies wasted by excessive sweating; unless the water flows through silver mouths. We have come to that pitch of luxury that we seem unwilling to walk, unless on jewels." And Seneca's picture is no exaggerated one. Troops of frantic corybantes, and the stately processions of Juno, uncouth satyrs and lovely female forms, reveling bacchantes and chaste vestals, scenes from the heroic age and representations of imperial victories, looked down from marble walls upon the bathers; while above them stretched vaulted ceilings, frescoed with glowing colors; and beneath lay pavements whose fine mosaic was curiously wrought into fantastic or tasteful traceries.

Whatever the baths did for Roman manners, they doubtless worked well for Roman health. The human frame, in its delicate structure and liability to varied

evil, was comparatively little understood even by Celsus and Galen. The common people relied more on charms and incantations than on draughts and boluses. But the daily exercises, practiced by all classes, prevented what could not be healed. In Greece, gymnastics formed a branch of medical science, and were deemed as necessary to preserve health as medicine to restore it. The Roman physicians prescribed labor as much as physic, and Germanicus and Cicero are said to have been cured of specific diseases by the use of particular exercises. To the poor man the daily bath was a real health-giving luxury, invigorating his frame and removing disease through nature's own channels. And, while the rich lazily compelled, in the sudatoria and warm baths, the perspiration and appetite which bodily exertion and agricultural toil gave to the men of earlier times, the same sudatoria and warm baths rooted out the diseases implanted by excess. The bath, after the feast, did as much to prevent gout as the bath before did to create appetite.

The æsthetic tendencies of the thermæ are not to be lightly esteemed. Setting aside the fact that a vigorous mind generally dwells in a vigorous body, it is hardly possible that galleries and libraries filled with the best works of art, and groves where nature had been trained into beautiful forms, could have been thrown open to the people without doing something to sharpen the appreciation and elevate the taste. But in Rome art was too intimately associated with despotism and with luxury to inspire in the Roman mind that independent acuteness which made the Greek a natural sophist. The luxurious debauchery induced by the baths themselves, and which they represented, did as much to unnerve and degrade as the artistic beauty of their surroundings to strengthen and elevate.

Perhaps this very plastic art, whose works were so freely exhibited, devoted, as it then was, to the expression of the sensual and the physical, kept alive in the people that grossness and brutality which delighted in the most disgusting

forms of vice, and gazed with eagerness upon the cruel conflicts of the arena. The brutal and the refined are sometimes strangely associated. The Roman looked calmly down on bloody scenes in grand old amphitheaters. The Spaniard is celebrated for gallantry and bull-fights. Politically, the thermæ were decidedly a democratic institution. Poverty was brought into immediate enjoyment of the pleasures of wealth. The meanest Roman could sit upon marble seats, surrounded by a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia, and fancy for a while that it was all his own. Like the continually recurring gifts of corn and wine, the thermæ were the expressed homage of the rich for the political power of the poor.

But democratic as the baths were, they became the efficient instruments of tyranny. They served to keep in subjection a lazy and corrupted populace. While the easy reveling in the comforts of riches without the toil which earns them excited that keen sense of individuality

which made these gifts to the people necessary, it also produced in some the indolent apathy, in others the gaping gratitude, which made them effectual. They were, first, the bribes with which aspiring candidates bought popularity; afterward, they became the hush-money with which tyrants bought the silence of the oppressed. The emperors gave the people bread, baths, and amphitheaters, and the mutterings of discontent were drowned in the clamorous applause of the circus, or the confused noise of the thermæ.

It is said that some of the most splendid of the Roman baths were built by Christian slaves. By a species of retributive justice, of which history furnishes numerous examples, around and above the ruins of these baths, churches now rise dedicated to the Christ for whom their builders were persecuted, while the glad *Te Deum*, and the mournful *Miserere*, wake again the echoes which once blended with the contending voices of the Roman thermæ. J. W. HEATH.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE work-day week has cast its yoke  
Of troublous toil and careless quest;  
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak  
Trails o'er the dreary West;  
The curfew clock with measured stroke  
Chimes in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells  
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;  
The kine come up with tinkling bells,  
Through all the loamy ways;  
The buckets dip by busy wells,  
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops;  
The smith his silent anvil leaves;  
His ringing ax the joiner drops;  
No more the weaver weaves;  
His loaded wain the peddler drops  
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,  
As if the week-day cark and care  
Were lifted off and left us calm,  
Pervades the quiet air;  
A sense as of a silent psalm,  
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,  
Seems brooding like a tender dove,  
While the last hours of Saturday  
Shut in the homes of love,  
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way  
To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below  
Few Saturdays are ours at best,  
And out of pain and earthly woe  
Few days of Sabbath rest!  
God teach us! that we yet may know  
The Sabbaths of the blest.



## THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

NAY, we were not men,—only boys; and not so wise, alas! as we became afterward through the bitter experience of that voyage in a bowl.

It was a perfect day—the sky a sea of tender blue, with fleecy cloud-sails flecking it, the trees bowing a gracious assent to some whispered message of the breeze, the air sweet with the breath of hidden flowers, and musical with bird-songs. Vacation had set us free; we had fishing-tackle in our hands, and a basket daintily packed with Hester's choicest sandwiches, tarts, and jellies. What more could boy-nature ask? Aunt Prue's dear homely face looked out on us from an open window.

"Duke, don't lie on the damp grass, or there will be another attack of neuralgia. And, boys, be sure to come home before the fog settles heavily upon the river; it is positively poisonous, and I can't have you all sick at once. Good-bye, now, and a pleasant time to you."

We were Aunt Prue's boys—a trio of orphaned nephews whom she had adopted into her home, her life, and the inmost depths of her heart, and whom she and old Hester had, for half a score of years, done their best to spoil. That day, at least, three unclouded faces turned to her.

"All right, auntie. Good-bye."

Along the quiet street of the sleepy old town we passed, across sandy roads that the sunshine seemed trying to turn into grains of gold, down within sight of the sparkling river, and then—it must have been the voice that found its way into Paradise and tempted Eve with an apple, that suggested lemons to us that day. Karl caught the whisper.

"O, lemons! we shall be sure to want some."

"Fortunate thing you thought of it in time," said Duke, halting. "We can get them at 'Zekiel's."

'Zekiel Green's little dingy sign hung just across the way, and 'Zekiel's larger,

dingier self was visible through the open door. He was leaning on the counter as we entered. He was nearly always leaning on the counter, and kept the articles most frequently in demand lying near him, that he might not have to move from his favorite position. The small grocery supported him, in every sense of the word.

"Lemons," said 'Zekiel, lazily. "Wa-al, yes; I've got some. Prime lot, too, I call 'em. Lemme see where they air," shifting a little on to one elbow, and running his eyes over the shelves. "I like to know where to put my hands on a thing 'fore I start for it—best way, hey? Goin' to the cove a-fishin'?"

"Yes," Karl answered, perching himself on a barrel, and awaiting 'Zekiel's slow movements.

"'Clare I'd like to go myself if 'twasn't so exertin' like, and if I had time—there's the rub. You boys do n't know what it is to be tied down to business."

"It always does seem as if *you* were tied down," condoled Duke, mischievously.

"Yes," answered 'Zekiel, unconsciously. Then, having discovered the lemons, he cautiously, and with no unseemly haste, transferred the box that contained them to the counter, and resuming his accustomed attitude, proceeded deliberately to select and wrap in paper the desired number. "It'll be shady and cool at the cove. Fine old place, that is—leastways it was in yer gran'father's time; it's kinder ruined now. I wonder what he could ha' done with his money?" continued 'Zekiel, dropping the parcel, and meditatively surveying his thumbs.

"Whose money?" I questioned.

"Why, yer gran'father's. Folks always 'lowed he had consid'able; but when he died, it did n't seem to be nowhere. And your great aunt,—she was one of the kind that never tells a word,

and she did n't say nothin' about it; though, to be sure, she could n't, seein' she was took with paralysis at last, and could n't move nor speak."

"I wonder what made people think there was much money?" said Duke, lingering.

"O, wa'al, a good many things, off an' on. He 'd been a sea-captain, and there was other things that I do n't rightly recollect. There's curious events in this world. But when I think about the old captain, someway that 's always the p'int I stick at,—what could he ha' done with his money?"

"Swallowed it, probably!" laughed Karl, carelessly; and, taking our purchase, we turned away.

But when we had pushed out from the gray pier, passed under the shadowy arch of the bridge, and rowed up the river until the noise of the town died away, and only the bright rippling water was around us, that last question lingered dreamily. We were far enough out of the world to be beyond reach of its hard facts; all things seemed possible between that sunny sky and river.

"What a queer old story it would make!" said Duke, breaking a long silence.

"And what if it were not a story, but true?" I answered, not needing to ask his meaning.

"Who knows?—if we could only find the end to it," Karl added.

We began to speculate and wonder, idly enough, about the matter, as we sailed; and our talk presently drifted into a sea of "Arabian Night" visions and Australian adventures magnificently boundless. We were quite at the other side of the globe by the time we had reached the cove, and drawn our little boat upon the beach. The shore of the small inlet was a pleasant but solitary spot. Trees grew almost to the water's edge in some places, and farther back, surrounded by its neglected grounds, stood the old stone house that had been our grandfather's. Around the curve of the river, at the foot of a rugged hill, was a tiny village of coal-

miners' huts; but they were not visible from the cove where the grim old mansion held its lonely state.

It had been a fine place once, but proved of little present value. No one cared to live there; so it could not be rented. Neither, for the same reason, could it be readily sold. But we boys took great delight in it, and felt a pleasant sense of proprietorship, since it belonged to our family, and prospectively to us. We had often taken shelter in its wide hall from storms, had kindled many fires on its old hearthstones, and we used it generally as a dining-place on our fishing and nutting excursions. We carried our basket there now, passing up the narrow path overgrown with vines and shrubbery, and unlocking the heavy, weather-stained door. Once inside, we lingered.

"No use of being in a hurry; let us rest awhile," said Duke, throwing himself upon the floor, and meditatively surveying the apartment.

The rooms had been divested of most of their furniture long before; only a few articles, too cumbrous or of too little value to pay for removal, remained. We had examined these often. The tall desk had served for a chariot, and the large side-board for a hiding-place in many a childish game; but we scrutinized them more carefully now.

"Suppose we search the old place, and see what we can find," said Karl, hesitating a little to put our common thought into words. Once spoken, however, it seemed transformed from a shadowy ghost into something real and tangible, and we began our exploration eagerly, though gayly and with many a jest. Closets were opened, old drawers pulled out, and the dust brushed from many a nook and cranny that had been undisturbed for years. By and by, from a narrow shelf, a bit of paper, yellow with age, soiled and torn, fluttered down to our feet.

"Something in a lady's handwriting—recipe for pickles, I expect," laughed Karl, straightening out the fragment. But in a moment his eyes were riveted



upon it, and his brows knitted as though trying to decipher its meaning.

"Any thing interesting in the preserve line?" questioned Duke, watching him.

"Come and see what you fellows can make of this," answered Karl, slowly, the puzzled look still in his eyes.

It appeared to have been a letter or message of some kind; but address and signature were missing, and the sheet had been torn lengthwise, so that not a single sentence remained entire. The disconnected bits were legible enough, written in a stiff, cramped, old-fashioned hand.

"If my nephews will look—  
they can find a—  
has been in the family—  
of great value to—  
must soon leave it—  
used by my descendants—"

Duke turned the paper, and found a name faintly traced upon the other side,—  
"Annie." That might have been part of a signature: we could not tell.

"That was our great-aunt's name," said Duke, musingly. "If she wrote this, then the 'nephews' must have been your father and mine, Max. I wonder what it was about."

Who could answer? A strange sensation crept over us, sitting there in the desolate house, pondering that scrap of writing, penned doubtless by a hand that was only dust now. What had the communication been? Why had it failed to reach those for whom it was intended? Was it something that a palsied tongue had afterward tried vainly to repeat? The garrulous grocery-man's story took new shape and coloring with this mysterious hint in our hand, and from thenceforth the old place seemed always guarding a secret that we were trying to force from it.

"'Look' where? 'find' what?" I spoke my thought aloud, and Duke answered it slowly.

"Something 'of great value' that she wanted her 'descendants to use.' We are not likely to use it, unless we can discover what it is, and where; but we will do that, if it is possible."

"I should n't think any paper of importance would have been tossed about so carelessly," said Karl.

"Who knows where it has been, or how it came here?" rejoined Duke, folding up the scrap, and carefully placing it in his wallet. "We will keep it, and see what comes of it."

What came of it that day was, that our fishing-rods lay where we had first thrown them, neglected for hours, while we wandered about, examining tiny mounds in the garden and lawn, hollows in the trees, and crevices in the cellar-walls, until the sun sank low, and dusky shadows came stealing in and took possession of the place; then we went back to our boat, and, pushing out, floated down the river, tired, discontented, and silent.

"'Clare, yer like dem Galilee fishermen, what toiled all de night, an' took nuffin'," commented Hester, lifting our empty basket, and bestowing a wondering glance upon us.

"We did n't find any thing worth taking," Duke answered, briefly.

Aunt Prue's eyes were heavy that night with the pain that was throbbing in her temples. She tried to hide it, fancying that we were weary and dispirited with our unsuccessful fishing excursion; but she was obliged to bid us good-night early, and we, who usually counted the long evening with her our greatest pleasure, were glad to be left free to seek old Hester in the kitchen. Questioning Hester was a work requiring time and patience. We did not wish her to suspect our motive, and we cautiously mentioned our sailor grandfather, and the days when the cove was tenanted.

Hester was in one of her talkative moods, and seized upon the subject readily enough; but the result was an odd mingling together of personal reminiscences, old stories, and queer moral reflections; for Hester had her own ideas of making her conversation "'structive to de you'ful mind," as she expressed it. "She told us every thing that we did n't want to know, and nothing that we did,"

Duke declared impatiently, when we had left her in despair.

"We shall have to depend upon ourselves; but we won't give it up yet," we said to each other.

Again and again we renewed our search, fruitlessly; yet our faith in our final success deepened. It was a fever that burned more and more fiercely in our veins as the days went by. Ordinary plans and pursuits lost their interest. It was useless to talk of our preferences for mercantile or professional life in the old way, when we might at any hour come into possession of wealth that would change all our plans. Karl's book-keeping and penmanship were neglected, and Duke's geology only saved from oblivion by the partial excuse it afforded for some of our many absences and explorations.

It required many trips to examine minutely so large a house, and search the grounds with any thing like thoroughness; and this we had fully resolved upon doing. Visions of the hidden treasure haunted us constantly, and ordinary possessions seemed contemptible in the light of our vague, wild dreams. Those must have been hard days for Aunt Prue. Her step was slower than usual that Summer, her cheek paler than it had ever been before; but we gave little thought to it. Her light-hearted, affectionate, boyish boys had disappeared. We were restless, discontented, and moody; and she must have grieved and marveled at the sudden change, and missed us sorely in many a lonely hour: for we seized upon every available plea to escape from the home she had made so pleasant for us. There were few long talks with her then; no more of the old merry hours; her wistful eyes and gentle suggestions were unheeded. Sunny-haired Karl, the most tender-hearted of us all, was troubled.

"Boys, we are worrying Aunt Prue to death, with all this. She does n't say much; it is n't her way; but it's troubling her all the same; and she is n't strong this year, either."

"She is n't well," Duke answered, half impatiently, half remorsefully. "We can't do any thing just now; but if we find what we are looking for, we will all go off somewhere, for change and rest. That is what she needs—dear old Aunt Prue!"

With all our expedients and excuses, we could not frequent the cove as constantly as we wished, without exciting too much notice and inquiry, and we finally adopted the plan of visiting it at night—clambering from a chamber-window out upon the sloping roof of a back piazza, and slipping down one of the pillars; and then away to row up the river, and steal back again in the gray of the early morning. It was little wonder that we were growing worn, gloomy, and irritable.

"If only we could find the other half of that paper to explain the whole thing, and then get Aunt Prue off somewhere for a good long rest, I'd be thankful," I muttered, as we pushed our boat away from the shore and out into the river, one moonlight night.

It was such a night as many before had been, warm and close, and we were weary. A toilsome, unsuccessful night, too; for all our skill failed to detect any hidden drawers or sliding panels, any concealed treasure in floor or wall. If the old house had its secret, it kept it well. After an hour or two, the stillness was broken by a sudden sweeping gust of wind, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and Duke's voice summoned us hurriedly.

"Max! Karl! We must be off at once! There's a storm coming up, and it will never do to be weather-bound here; besides, we may be missed at home."

We hastened our departure, and were speedily in the boat, but not soon enough to escape the storm that had come up unnoticed. Drops of rain began to fall before we left the shore, and dense, black clouds shrouded the sky above our heads. Suddenly a vivid, fearful flash rent the darkness, and seemed to wrap us in a



sheet of fire, while a deafening peal of thunder shook the earth and heavens. Stunned and blinded, we dropped our oars for a moment, then recovering our senses pushed forward again, while flash after flash, peal after peal, followed each other in quick succession. On through the gloom, with the rain beating upon us, we rowed, scarcely speaking a word, our eyes bent upon the dark water before us, when an exclamation of amazement and dismay burst from Karl's lips.

"O, the cove! Look!"

A gleam of lightning revealed his white, excited face turned shoreward, and following his glance we saw a slender spire of flame shoot up from the roof of the old house, and grow broader and higher even as we looked. Involuntarily we dropped our oars, though in the midst of that terrible storm, and let the boat drift at will while we gazed. That first fiery shaft had pierced the building immediately after we left it, and the dry floors and wainscoting had ignited rapidly. The flames were soon holding a wild revel there—whirling and dancing in mad glee, glaring forth at the windows, bursting through the roof, and throwing a red glow far down over the water.

We could only watch—no help could reach it; and all our homeward way was illuminated by the lurid light that not all the drenching rain could drown.

"I'm afraid the storm or the fire will have wakened Aunt Prue; she will be wild if she misses us," Karl said, hastening forward as soon as we stepped upon the shore.

Lights were moving to and fro in the house we had left so silent; and before we had time to fear or question, old Hester came and sat down in the doorway, crossing her arms upon her breast, and rocking to and fro. As she saw us, she broke into a little cry: "O, dem poor boys, done been to look at de fire, an' dunno what 's happened ye; dat bressed saint gone home fru de wind an' de storm!"

Duke pushed past her with blanched

cheek, and we followed him into the room where two or three neighbors were conversing in low whispers, and where Aunt Prue was lying, her plain, worn face grown wondrously beautiful under the touch of an eternal peace. Even so, quietly sleeping, Hester had found her half an hour before.

O, hidden treasure! what was all that the wide world held beside this which we had lost—this that had silently slipped away from us while we so madly pursued the other?

Days afterward, looking listlessly over some papers that required examining and arranging, Duke paused over a little yellow scrap, folded around a broken ring, smoothed it out, and motioned us to look, while he drew from his pocket and placed beside it the mysterious bit of writing he had carried so long. The page was complete, and easily read.

"I shall be greatly pleased if my nephews will look in Boston, and see if they can find a cream-pitcher to match my pink china bowl. It has been in the family many years, and so is of great value to me. I must soon leave it to others, and I should like to have it *used* by my descendants; but I am afraid a single piece will be banished from their tables on account of its oddity, and I wish to find something to match it.

"ANNIE SHIRLEY."

That was all—just an old woman's whim about a bit of china—and in that fragile bowl we had drifted out on such a wide sea of discontent, disobedience, and unavailing grief. I had my wish; the paper was explained, and Aunt Prue had gone to a better country for a long and perfect rest. But in what a strange light our answered prayers sometimes stand!

Over our buried treasure, grasses and forget-me-nots have grown for years; but daily in the city's crowded streets I am jostled by men who, neglecting family and home in their eager haste for wealth, are setting forth on the same wild voyage.

KATE W. HAMILTON.

## VITTORIA COLONNA.

**I**F by some possibility or other the sixteenth century were to be blotted out from the history of the past, what a blank would remain to us! what a record of glorious deeds that fire the heart and warm the blood would be forever lost to us! And, it must be confessed, there were many things which might well be allowed to sink into oblivion. Without a knowledge of that wonderful century, the significance of many things now perfectly clear and plain to us would be but incomprehensible enigmas. In order more fully to realize the stirring spirit of those times, we must remember that the latter part of the century immediately preceding had witnessed some remarkable changes. The invention of printing, the fall of the Eastern Empire, and the discovery of a New World, had prepared the way for still greater events. The old order of things was breaking up; thought, which had long been in bondage, was asserting its right to be heard. Conscience, that most inestimable prerogative of mankind, won for itself some victories, though at the price of blood. In short, there was an upheaval of all society in Europe; and the seed was then planted, the fruits of which have not yet all been gathered. It was a Renaissance in more senses than one. And then the men and women who figured in that eventful century—the actors in the real life-drama—they were kings and queens, Popes and emperors, soldiers and statesmen, poets and philosophers, artists and reformers. In what picturesque guise they appear to us now, toned down by the mellow tints of three intervening centuries!

It is not a titular sovereign with whom I have now to do; but one who reigned by virtue of her worth alone, a very queen among women. A rare combination of circumstances had bestowed upon her birth, rank, beauty, and the very highest qualities of heart and mind. But all these, did not exempt her from the

ordinary lot of man. Trouble and affliction were hers in no small measure; so that she was as eminent for her sorrows as for her virtues.

Vittoria, Marchesa di Pescara, was a daughter of the princely house of the Colonnas, between whom and their fierce rivals, the Orsinis, there raged for centuries the most deadly hatred. The whole history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is filled with the records of their feuds and their struggles for supremacy. Petrarch, as it would be expected of him, belonging to, or sympathizing, as he did, with the Ghibelline party, celebrates the praises of the Colonnas.

Vittoria's parents were Fabrizio, High Constable of Naples, and Anna di Montefeltro, daughter of the Duke of Urbino. She, the youngest of six, was born at the Castle of Marino, in 1490. Her childhood here must have been a happy one; for we find in her later poetry many expressions of tender attachment to this place. Ferdinand of Aragon, King of Naples, in whose armies Fabrizio had signalized himself, was anxious to bring about a marriage between the Colonna family and that of the Marquis of Pescara, in order to bind them still more closely to his service. Accordingly, when Vittoria was but four years old she was betrothed to Ferdinand Francesco d'Avalos, son and heir of Alphonso, Marquis of Pescara, who was her senior by one year. Her education was partly carried on with his, under the direction of his widowed aunt, Costanza, Duchess of Francavilla, on the island of Ischia. Here, surrounded by the gentle influences of this most lovely spot, their tastes and characters were developed, and the foundation laid of that romantic attachment which outlasted death itself, and forever preserved the name of Vittoria as a model of conjugal faithfulness. When still very young she showed the same modesty and sweetness of manner for



which she was afterward so remarkable. Classical culture was then the rage and fashion among the nobility of the Court of Naples, as well as in the luxurious halls of the Medicis at Florence. Vittoria could not help being affected by the tastes and literary ardor of the times; and added to this, too, was the fact that, while she possessed talents of no mean order, Costanza, who was one of the most cultured women of the age, knew how to train and develop them.

The graces of her person and her mind, the charm of her manners, together with the distinctions of birth and fortune, drew around her hosts of suitors eager to claim her hand. Among the most illustrious of these were the Dukes of Savoy and Braganza, one of whom besought the intervention of the Pope to secure the prize which he so ardently coveted. But all their efforts were unavailing. That love which so many sought for had long ago been transferred to one whom she had been accustomed from her earliest years to regard as her future husband,—a love which burned passionately long after its object was dust and ashes, and kept his name alive to many who would have never known him save as the husband of Vittoria. To escape from the importunities of these wooing admirers, Vittoria was married to Francesco while yet in her seventeenth year. The nuptial ceremony was celebrated at Naples with all the splendor and magnificence befitting the high rank of both parties. One of Vittoria's biographers details with gossiping minuteness the costliness of the wedding-gifts, the length of the trains, and the color of the dresses. It seems Vittoria, like Dante's Beatrice, was partial to red. The young couple, after the feastings and rejoicings were over, retired to the island of Ischia, which formed part of the estate of the young marquis, who had now, by the death of his father, succeeded to the title. Here, for a period of four years, under the purple skies and amid the verdure-covered rocks of Ischia, their life was one of almost Arcadian happiness.

In 1510, the armies of the Venetians, the Pope, and of Ferdinand of Naples, united for the purpose of expelling the French from Italy. Here was scope for the military talents and enterprising spirit of the young marquis, and he ardently longed for an opportunity to display his valor. Vittoria tearfully surrendered her claim to him, now that duty called him, though no doubt she wished to see him in his true position in the world. Upon his departure for the field of action, among other tokens of her love for him she presented him with a standard wrought by her own hands, and a pavilion, over the entrance of which, in embroidered letters, were the words, "*Nunquam minus otiosus, quam cum otiosus erat.*" There were also some branches of palm, as a sign that he should return crowned with victory. However, these bright anticipations seemed at first destined to be blighted, as in the first years of the war the allied armies were repeatedly defeated.

At the battle of Ravenna, 1512, Pescara was taken prisoner, and he, together with the Cardinal de Medicis, afterward Leo X, was detained for some time at Milan. To while away the tedium of his captivity he composed, and sent to his wife, "Dialogue d'Amore;" while she, in her retreat at rocky Ischia, in turn, indited a poetical epistle to him. These effusions, while of no high order of merit as poetical compositions, are an indication of their mutual dispositions and feelings; and display great delicacy and purity of sentiment. This captivity was not of long duration; but for the next twelve years, which were among the busiest and most eventful of that eventful century, the young husband and wife were not allowed many opportunities for enjoying the society of each other. It was only at long intervals that the soldier could tear himself away from the duties of his command, to snatch the luxury of a little repose with Vittoria in her peaceful seclusion at Ischia. But these reunions, brief as they were, served to keep alive in their bosoms the ardor of their youthful love.

During the absence of her husband, Vittoria spent her time alternately at Naples and Ischia, and occupied herself in the assiduous cultivation of her mind. She pursued her classic studies, and especially the study of Tuscan literature, of which she was particularly fond. She found time besides to write a number of sonnets, in which she celebrates her husband's fame, and says that, if she can not be the mother of sons to keep alive his name, she will, at least, incite him to great and noble deeds. She adopted the nephew of Pescara, who afterward became his heir, and who showed, in his subsequent career, the result of her patient and loving care, and her gentle tact and influence. In the mean time, Pescara was winning a name for himself, and had been made one of the chief commanders of the imperial armies. He was instrumental in bringing about the total overthrow of the French forces at Pavia, in 1525, which gave occasion for that memorable letter written by Francis I to his mother, "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur," which has since passed into a proverb, although that is not precisely what Francis wrote. Pescara was the idol of the hour. His soldiers yielded him the most unbounded admiration and devotion. Bold, generous, and daring, he won the hearts of his brave, rough men, and they would have followed whithersoever he would lead.

At this time there existed a party in Italy favorable to throwing off the yoke of Charles V, and they promised the Kingdom of Naples to Pescara for his aid and countenance. Proud, high-strung, and impulsive, and feeling that his services had not met with the consideration they deserved from his imperial master; flattered, too, and dazzled at the idea of possessing kingly power, which seemed indeed almost within his grasp, he, for a moment, wavered in his allegiance to the emperor, and lent himself to the scheme. He wrote to Vittoria, begging her to decide for him. It was his wish, he said, to place her on a throne which she would so eminently adorn by her high qualities.

But her sensitive soul, keenly alive to the smallest taint of dishonor, took alarm at once. She implored him not to barter his allegiance for a kingdom. For her part, she would rather be the wife of a man with a spotless name than sit on the proudest throne in Europe. The conspiracy came to naught.

The wounds which Pescara had received at Pavia, added to exposure, imprudence in drinking water, and, no doubt, unquiet thoughts, hastened his death. He sent for his wife to join him at Milan; and she, with all the speed possible, set out on her journey thither. She had proceeded no farther than Viterbo, when a courier met her with intelligence of his death. The shock was so great that she fainted away, and for a long time remained in such a stupor as to give rise to alarming fears for her reason and her life. After this violent excess of grief was over, she retired, broken-hearted, to the Convent of San Silvestro in Capite, in Rome, which had been founded for the use of the daughters of the Colonna family. She entered this convent with the design of putting on the religious habit; but the Pope, Clement VII, sent a brief to the abbess forbidding her, under pain of the greater excommunication, to allow Vittoria to take the veil; but to offer her all temporal and spiritual consolations. After remaining here some time, she went to Ischia, now doubly endeared to her as the early home of her Pescara, and also where she too had spent so many happy hours with him. Here, for several years, she dwelt constantly upon his memory, and writing those poems which called forth the enthusiastic praises of Ariosto. Speaking of her "sweet style," he says, "And better know I none." He ranks her higher than all those heroines of antiquity, Laodamia, Portia, Evadne, Arria, and Argia, who courted death and burial with their lords.

"How much more fame is to Vittoria due  
That from dull Lethe and the river's shore  
Which nine times hems the ghosts, to upper light  
Has dragged her lord in death and fate's despite."

—*Orl. Furioso*, c. xxxvii, st. 19.



Artemisia built a sepulcher for her dead hero; therefore Vittoria is to be accounted greater,—

“By so much greater as it is more brave  
To raise the dead than lay them in the grave.”  
—*C. xxxvii, st. 18: Rose's Tr.*

She seemed, in common with all others who have sustained some deep grief, to take delight in keeping alive her sorrow by constantly dwelling upon it, and by recapitulating the virtues and excellencies of her husband, who, although dead, still lived to her and in her heart. In answer to those who repeatedly aspired to her hand, she said she would remain a true wife to him who still had possession of all her thoughts. Trollope sneeringly remarks that “some monstrous illusion must have obscured Vittoria's mind and judgment,” and that her glorification and apotheosis of “the late cavalry captain” was merely brought out for effect, and formed a part of her stock in trade for the manufacture of poetry. He intimates pretty plainly that Pescara was not worth all the sorrow and devotion lavished upon his memory. True, Pescara's character, like that of many others who have been obliged to run the gauntlet of public opinion, does not appear to advantage, when viewed in the cross lights of contending historians. Some of these declare that he was gloomy, haughty, and treacherous; while others claim for him the possession of the rarest virtues: and surely the man who could inspire such a woman as Vittoria Colonna with so deep and abiding an affection could not have been intrinsically wicked or ignoble.

As years elapsed, the struggle with her sorrow became less severe, and her mind, purified and exalted by the very violence of her grief, rose to nobler themes, and sought the consolation only to be found in religion; and the excellency of her poetry, as it had a higher source, rose higher. Her *Rime Spirituale* have been much admired, especially the sonnet on Good Friday. In these poems she acknowledges that her long-cherished grief has perhaps led her to neglect the Cre-

ator for the creature, and resolves henceforth to dedicate her powers and gifts to God's glory.

At this period of her life she numbered among her friends all the good and great men of the time; and her house at Ischia was the resort of all who were estimable for their worth or talents. Poets, scholars, literati, artists, and ecclesiastics corresponded with her, and all bore tribute to the excellence of her character, and her gracious, gentle demeanor. Bernardo Tasso, the father of his still more celebrated son, Torquato, was one of her warmest admirers. She had befriended him in his sorest need, and had given to him that assistance which she so readily tendered to all in affliction. Among others who were proud to be reckoned her friends, were the poets Marini and Galleazzodi Tarsia, and the witty and versatile Aretino, the noted prototype of the modern *litterateur*. She was still a woman of surpassing loveliness; what she had lost in youthful bloom, she had gained in the higher beauty of grace and expression. Her features were of the Roman type, with that mobility which betokened a poetical temperament. Her hair was of that rare shade in Italy, but which is so frequently seen in pictures by the old masters—a pure golden color, and which is consequently so much admired. All the wealth of exaggerated epithets and superlatives of which the Italian alone is capable, was exhausted, and yet failed to do justice to the peerlessness of her beauty, if we may credit but half of what was written in its praise.

But above all mere personal beauty was the charm of her manner. Dignified without being severe, winning and gentle without being frivolous, she drew all hearts to her by the power of that “love diffusive” which reigned in all her looks, words, and actions. She seemed to possess some fascination which was as subtle as it was indefinable. I feel that it would be unjust to class Vittoria Colonna with those celebrated ladies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Mesdames de Maintenon, de Sévigné,

dé Krudener, Recamier, and de Staël, with whom she is sometimes compared. Their salons were resorted to by the great, the titled, the intellectual; there was wit, gayety, vivacity, and brilliancy of thought; and although the tone of their society did not degenerate into levity or frivolity, there was something forced and artificial about it—an absence of that clear, calm, earnest, yet cheerful spirit which characterized the circle of which Vittoria was the center. It lacked that elevated religious tone which represses all petty jealousies and self-seeking, and which is an epitome of that virtue so highly eulogized by the apostle. There was no self-assertion in Vittoria's nature. Her quick, instinctive sympathy, ever ready to do justice to the half-concealed beauties and excellencies of another's character, sought to draw them out without that vanity which would then prompt to put self foremost. Her presence alone was a benediction.

In 1536, we hear of the marchesa at Naples, in sympathy with the promulgators of the new ideas in religion; and her name is incidentally mentioned in connection with that of Valdez, the Neapolitan reformer. Before the close of this year, while on her way to pay a visit to the court of Ferrara, she turned aside on her journey for a short stay at Rome, where Charles V paid her the honor of a visit at the house of her relative. Hercules was the reigning Duke of Ferrara at this time. His wife, the intimate friend of Vittoria, was Renè, the daughter of Louis XII of France, and mother of that Leonore d'Este whose beauty struck the soul of poor Tasso with madness, and to whose influence over him we owe some of the most impassioned strains. Renè's life was a sad one, both in her husband and her children. Hercules treated her with great cruelty, on account of her obnoxious opinions with respect to the reformed doctrines; and he deprived her for some years of the society of her children and confidential servants, making her virtually a prisoner in her own palace. After his death she returned

to France, where she openly joined the ranks of the Reformers. Some writer calls Renè of France, Margaret of Navarre, and Vittoria, the Marchesa di Pescara, a Triumvirate. I do not know how he regards them, unless it be as touching their eminent worth, their acceptance of the new faith, and their great sorrows.

While Vittoria was at Ferrara she enjoyed with keenest zest the congenial society then assembled there. It was at this time her distinguished friend, Cardinal Ghiberto, of Verona, sent his secretary with a message to induce Vittoria to visit Verona. The Cardinal Bembo, in writing to a friend some years after, said that the people of Ferrara were highly incensed—nay, were ready to stone him—for so much as wishing to deprive them of the brightest ornament of their court. About this time, too, she formed a project of going to visit the Holy Land, but was dissuaded from it by her relative, the Marchesa di Vasto, on account of her delicate health. She returned to Rome in 1537.

People of all classes vied with each other in proffering her the most affectionate and exalted homage. The journey from place to place had something of the appearance of a triumphal procession, and her arrival at Rome was hailed as an event of no common interest. And now began her acquaintance with Michael Angelo, which was to exercise the most benign influence over the whole of his future life, social and religious, and was to be the source of the most refined pleasure to her. She was just such a woman as was fitted to bring out the many virtues hidden beneath the seemingly rugged nature of M. Angelo. Stern and unbending as he sometimes was,—in her society, under the influence of her gentle, sympathetic moods, won over by her most exquisite tact, the grand old genius unburdened his soul to her, and, forgetting the harsh rebuffs of the rude world without, became the cheerful, genial companion. So thoroughly earnest as he was by nature, his religious feelings



were quickened and intensified, and he became a most devout Christian.

While Vittoria remained in Rome, and, in the intervals of her absence, while she took up her abode at Orvieto and Viterbo, he must have had frequent access to her society. She consulted him in the plan of a convent which she wished to build at Viterbo; she sent him any thing which she wrote, and he, in return, made many copies of his drawings for her. A "Pieta" which he executed for her, was one of his best works. He admired her beyond all women he had ever seen; indeed, as his biographer remarks, he was enamored of her divine spirit. He addressed to her many of his finest sonnets; he wrote letters to her so frequently that it drew from her a playful remonstrance, reminding him that he could not devote himself so unrestrainedly to his duties (he was then engaged upon his great work, the decoration of the Sistine Chapel), and she could not very well spare the time, as she had the care of the young at the convent. Yet it must be borne in mind that the feeling which M. Angelo entertained for Vittoria was purely Platonic. He dared not aspire to any thing more. Her high rank, her widow's dress, her devotion to the memory of her husband, and her well-known resolve never again to enter the married state, forbade him to form any anticipations. She gave him her friendship, which included a great deal, and the warmest admiration of his genius. And he—well, we do not know what he might have secretly longed for, for he was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve; but in all his letters to her, as in his poems, there is not a word which might not be read by all the world, all alike breathing the truest and most reverential respect.

Part of the year 1541 was spent by Vittoria at a convent in the romantic old town of Orvieto, with its grand old mediæval cathedral and associations; and the same year she removed to Viterbo, where Cardinal Pole was resident legate. Contarini, Carnesecchi, Peter Martyr, and the elegant Latinist Marco Flaminio,

were some of the choice spirits who assembled around her. Ochino, too, the Capuchin friar, whose preaching at Naples Vittoria had attended, sometimes appeared among them. It would seem that all these were more or less committed to Protestant principles. Indeed, Pole and Contarini were censured for going the length they did. No doubt they saw the errors of their Church, but could not bring themselves to separate from her communion. Pole is associated in the minds of most Protestants with the Marian persecutions in England; but there is reason to doubt the harsh opinions formed of him. At the Council of Trent he warmly defended the doctrine of justification by faith; and, from many passages in her poems and conversations with M. Angelo and others, we must infer that Vittoria held to the same belief.

Giannone, the historian of Naples, tells us that her house and that of Giulia Gonzaga were the places of meeting for the followers of the monk Ochino. When Ochino left Italy to go to Germany, there to join the Lutherans, he published a letter justifying himself, and sent a copy of it to Vittoria; and she, by the advice of Pole, sent it to the Pope. No doubt the high rank of Vittoria, and her intimacy with the most eminent prelates and churchmen—to which intimacy, indeed, many of them owed their preferments—shielded her from the rebukes which would have fallen upon others.

The last years of Vittoria's life were fraught with sorrow. The reigning Pope, Paul III, belonged to the Farnese family, which had always been at enmity with the Colonna family; and now an open war broke out between them and the Pope, who caused all their castles and fortifications in and near Rome to be destroyed. The Marchese di Vasto, whom Pescara had made his heir, died, and his widow retired to Ischia to mourn her loss, as Vittoria had done.

In 1546, Vittoria once more went to Rome, where, in the Benedictine Convent of Santa Anna Funari, she was seized with what proved to be her last illness.

She was removed to the Palace of Giuliano Cæsarino, who had married one of the Colonnas. The utmost concern was evinced for her throughout all Italy, the most renowned physicians were sought for; but all earthly remedies were ineffectual, and in February, 1547, her wearied spirit sank to rest. M. Angelo visited her daily throughout her whole illness, and when at last her eyes closed upon him forever, he was almost beside himself with grief at his loss. Years afterward, he told Conditi, his biographer, that he regretted nothing so much as that he had not, for the first and last time, kissed her forehead and cheeks as well as her hand.

In her will, of which Cardinal Pole and two others were executors, she directed that her funeral should be conducted without customary pomp and unnecessary display.

As a poetess, Vittoria Colonna ranked high in the esteem of her contemporaries. In a time of unexampled literary activity she outshone all others. Among those

who took Petrarch for their guide and model, she approaches most nearly to the beauty of his style; but there is in her poetry a purity and delicacy not equaled in his. Her verse is distinguished for brilliancy of imagination, grace and elegance, and the high degree of finish to which it is carried. Indeed this last qualification perhaps mars the vigor of the thought by its very excess, especially in the sonnets dedicated to her husband. It is in her religious poetry where the whole force of her genius is displayed; for here, obtaining inspiration from higher than earthly themes, she rises to true sublimity of feeling.

It is not, however, as a poetess that Vittoria Colonna deserves to be remembered as much as for the goodness, the transparent loveliness, which crowned her character, which gave her that beneficent, spiritual, religious influence over the minds of men, and which has made her name a synonym for all that is sweetest, purest, and most noble in womanhood.

MISS MARY LLOYD.

## THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

### FIRST PAPER.

THE only pledge of stability which a government can possess is the respect and affection of the governed. Political institutions which depend upon extraneous force for their continuance are certain, in the mutation of human affairs, to pass through scenes of the wildest anarchy, or even to experience a total overthrow. A long and instructive series of revolts has taught imperial nations the lesson of moderation and magnanimity toward their subordinate provinces. The policy of European cabinets is no longer to rule by a system of terrorism their subjugated dominions, but rather by a process of absorption to incorporate them as integral parts of the original body pol-

itic. So Prussia swallowed up the Rhenish provinces in 1870, and Schleswig-Holstein in 1866. So England swallowed up Scotland in 1707, and Ireland in 1801.

But no such enlightened idea mitigated the rigor of British rule in Ireland during the seventeenth century. The distinction between Saxon and Celt was as strongly marked as between the South Carolina planter and his African slave. The acts of oppression which were necessary to preserve the supremacy of the dominant caste served only to harden the hearts of the tyrants, and confirm the diabolical hatred of the oppressed. This state of things naturally eventuated in an uprising of the poor, and civil commotion.



In order to appreciate the full significance of the outbreak of the aboriginal Irish in 1688, it is necessary to consider the social and political relations which the two races sustained to each other. Politically, the Irish were disregarded; socially, they were despised. Religious differences widened the estrangement between the two classes; the English were Protestants, and the Irish, as a mass, were Catholics. The unequal division of wealth was another source of discord. The Protestants, constituting one-fifth of the population, owned four-fifths of the property. Much of the real estate was held under the Act of Settlement. This was an act which Cromwell had passed, by which the estates of persons engaged in the rebellion and massacre of 1641 were forfeited and conveyed to the attendants and supporters of the Protector. The native aristocrat was consumed with envy when he beheld lands, which once had been his, covered with the harvests and lowing herds of an alien, while he himself was glad to share with his former dependents their potatoes and sour whey. Too lazy and proud to work, these men roamed the country, living on the bounty of the peasantry, and fanning everywhere the flame of discontent. It must be here acknowledged that the insolent demeanor of the Protestants operated to materially intensify the general disgust.

Many persons welcomed the coronation of James II as a harbinger of more quiet times. And, truly, he was the proper man to mollify the severity of the conquest, which the victorious race would never suffer the conquered to forget. As an Englishman, he was allied by consanguinity to the rulers of the misgoverned isle; as a Catholic, he was bound by religious ties to the suffering mass of the population. Had he been a wise monarch, he might, in the course of a long reign, have allayed or completely dispelled the mutual fear and distrust with which the opposing factions regarded each other. He chose rather to fan their rancor into fury. It was his darling plan

to provide in Ireland a refuge for his religion should any untoward event occur in England. In pursuance of this policy, he filled all the offices of State with Roman Catholics, disbanded the Protestant regiments, and supplied their place with battalions of Papists; and, lastly, sequestered the charters of the incorporated towns and made them dependent on the royal will. Above a hundred municipal corporations had been instituted by his predecessors as the strongholds of Protestantism in Ireland. Here the wealth and refinement of the country centered, and from hence emanated whatever of civilization and commercial prosperity there was in the nation. But James designed for them a bitter humiliation. Towns where every householder was an English Protestant were presided over by Irish Roman Catholics. Many of these new officers had been menials in the houses of those over whose lives and property they now exercised a supreme control. Some of them, it was insinuated, had been branded on the hand for theft. The coarse insolence and vulgar ostentation of men elated by an unexpected elevation to power, excited the disgust and bitter irony of their former masters, and filled the minds of respectable citizens with the most gloomy forebodings.

All over the country the order of society was inverted; and as the Winter of 1688 drew on, outrages and tumults became frequent. Bands of marauders traversed the open country, burning barns, slaughtering cattle, and sacking the houses of the gentry. Rumor was rife that the 9th of December had been set for a general massacre of the Protestants. In anticipation of this misfortune, every manor-house was turned into a fortress; and on the eve of the day in question there was not a Protestant dwelling in all Ireland in which lamps were not burning from dark till dawn, and armed men watching for the appearance of danger. A state of society existed exactly similar to that of the New England colonies when they anticipated an Indian outbreak. The report proved to be unfounded.

Though the terrified Protestants rejoiced in their deliverance, the signs of the times were too ominous to permit them to rest supinely in fancied security. The temper of their enemies was unmistakable. As December wore on, timid and quiet people crossed over to England in large numbers. The English who remained drew closer together. The concentration of forces went on at Londonderry, Sligo, Enniskillen, and one or two minor points. The fastnesses of Protestantism and the English interest, however, were Londonderry and Enniskillen. The other places succumbed early in the struggle. Enniskillen felt but lightly the severities of the civil war; but against Londonderry were hurled with terrific violence and persistency the combined forces of the Papists.

The latter city, having been burned about eighty years before, was rebuilt by the Council and guilds of London, and in consideration of this fact its previous name, Derry, was changed to Londonderry. Situate on a hill which sloped down to the right or north bank of the river Foyle, in the fertile district of Donnegan, it became the metropolis of a thrifty agricultural community. Though nine miles from the sea, the tide brought up to its quay ships laden with rich and valuable cargoes. The fisheries were so fruitful that fish had frequently to be thrown from the overburdened nets back into the sea. Its proximity to the shore of Scotland, and the magnificent harbor which was formed by the Lough or Bay of the Foyle, rendered it a strategic point of great importance to James in the contest which followed. It was his intention, had he obtained possession of the place, to cross over from thence into Scotland with his army, that he might assist the insurgent Highlanders. To him the town was the key to three kingdoms. To be sure, the town was of unpretentious dimensions; the wall which surrounded it was not more than a mile in circumference: but the enterprise and industry of the inhabitants had established its prosperity on a sound basis.

The people were uncompromising Protestants, and regarded with extreme distrust the innovations introduced by James and his lord deputy, Tyrconnel. This spirit Tyrconnel determined to subdue; and early in December he sent a regiment of Papists, under Lord Antrim, to be quartered on the town. The same experiment had been tried at Enniskillen, and had resulted in a bold resistance on the part of the inhabitants, and the disgraceful retreat of the king's troops.

When the news of Lord Antrim's approach was received, the hearts of the Protestants sank within them. The Roman Catholics sauntered about the streets with a triumphant swagger, and consoled their terrified fellow-citizens with the comforting prediction that when the soldiers came their throats would be cut. What was to be done? Could they dare to resist the vice-regal mandate? On the other hand, could they submit to the rioting, abuse, and oppression of a brutal and licentious soldiery? Conflicting counsels agitated the minds of the citizens. All was consternation and uncertainty. Like every other Irish city, Londonderry had been reconstructed. Not a single Protestant held office under the corporation. The Council, of course, favored submission; and the Episcopal bishop urged the people to go like lambs to the slaughter, rather than resist the Lord's anointed. The Papists had appeared on the opposite banks of the Foyle, a detachment had crossed over the stream, and the voice of an officer was heard at the gate demanding quarters for his troops, and yet no decision had been reached. It was then that the saviors of Derry arose.

Thirteen young apprentices, having waited patiently for their superiors in age and position to take the decisive measures which the imminency of the danger demanded, resolved, in the impetuosity of youth, to emulate "the brave lads of Enniskillen," and take upon themselves the responsibility of defying the emissaries of the king. Their enemies were at the open gate. Not a



moment was to be lost. In a body they bounded across the public square, entered the guard-house, seized the keys, and rushed toward the city gates. Just in time. The ponderous gates swung to with a bang, down fell the portcullis, the key was turned in the lock, and from the top of the wall the discomfited intruders were ordered to retire. They demurred, and insolently persisted in their demand for admittance. But when a citizen called out, "Bring a great gun this way," they prudently departed.

Animated by this noble example, the whole city rose in arms, and shook off the torpor which had so nearly proved fatal. The arsenal was opened, muskets and ammunition distributed, and the city placed in a posture of defense. During the night, word was sent to the Protestant gentry of the vicinage; and before forty-eight hours, horse and foot came crowding into town, ready to defend it to the last. Their services were not required, however; for Lord Antrim, unwilling to commence a conflict which he foresaw would result in civil war, withdrew, without attacking the town.

Tyrconnel raged like a madman when he learned that his scheme to gain possession of the Irish Gibraltar had been balked by a parcel of boys. But the fever of his wrath was somewhat cooled by the tidings of the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay. His perplexity was by no means dispelled when he learned the subsequent flight of James and the doings of the Convention, by which the latter was deposed. Much against his inclination, he determined upon a course of moderation. He deputed to the Viscount Mountjoy, an eminent Protestant and a steadfast supporter of the Stuarts, the task of quieting the North Country. Mountjoy could make no impression on the men of Enniskillen, who still maintained their attitude of defiance. But he persuaded the citizens of Londonderry to admit a small garrison, composed exclusively of Protestants. The chief of the garrison, Robert Lundy, assumed the title of governor.

Tyrconnel, for a time, was seriously inclined to declare for William and Mary; but, after some negotiation, he decided to hold the island for King James, and carry out the original policy of Catholic supremacy. In fact, he had no other choice; for he had excited the Irish to such a pitch of frenzy that, at the least intimation of his defection, his life would not have been worth a pica-yune. That he might be untrammelled in the prosecution of this phantasmal scheme, he sent Mountjoy to France, ostensibly to persuade James to make his appearance in Ireland. But secret dispatches were conveyed to James denouncing Mountjoy as a traitor; and, immediately on his landing in France, this estimable and unfortunate gentleman was incarcerated in the Bastille.

James, by this time, had heartily repented of his precipitate abandonment of the English throne. He wished now to regain by force the suzerainty he had lost through cowardice and stupidity. He therefore asked Louis of France for men and money to reconquer his kingdom. Louis had not the highest respect for the judgment and abilities of his kinsman, nor had he complete confidence in the feasibility of an attempt of a sovereign to recover, by means of a horde of savages, a mighty empire which he had alienated and outraged by his folly and tyranny. Considerations of personal advantage induced him to lend the requisite assistance for the Irish campaign; for if James were established King of Ireland, and Louis hoped for little more, the island would be virtually under French protection. The Irish peasantry would furnish recruits for his army and navy, and Irish harbors would afford safe refuges for his ships. He resolved, therefore, to venture a small stake.

On the 12th of March, James landed at Kinsale. He brought no army, for Louis could not spare a single battalion; but he brought money, arms, and munitions of war. Four hundred officers accompanied him, whose duty it was to drill the raw Irish levies. Count of

Rosen, a soldier of fortune and a native of Livonia, was chief in command. The country between Cork and Dublin was a perfect waste, having been devastated by the Merry Boys, as the wandering bands of marauders were facetiously styled. The march from Cork to Dublin was, in every respect, a triumphal one. The only drawback to cold, unimpressible James, was the persistent embraces of the women, who were wont to throw their arms about him, with much detriment to the immaculate purity of his linen.

Everywhere the royal standard was hailed with delight, and James felicitated himself with hopes of an easy victory. Tyrconnel had prepared every thing in expectation of his coming. The whole country, said the lord deputy, was subdued, except Londonderry and Enniskillen. Richard Hamilton was marching against the malcontents with an overwhelming force; and it only required that his majesty should present himself before these places, and they would instantly succumb. This James determined to do; and, together with his French auxiliaries, he started to join Hamilton: another instance of his delusive confidence in the affection, which he imagined his former subjects bore to his person and his house. This confidence was the mainspring of all his attempts at reinstatement.

He reckoned without his host. True, scarcely a Protestant was to be found in the open country; but, for all that, they were not subdued. They had betaken themselves to the citadels of their faith, and there the battle must be fought. The flower of Munster and Connaught took refuge in Enniskillen. The chivalry of Leinster sought safety behind the walls of Londonderry. It was toward the latter city that the Irish army directed its march; and here James, with his characteristic egotism, expected those whom he had vilified and degraded to receive him with open arms. Little did he understand the temper of the people with whom he had to deal. Hunted down, but not intimidated; distressed, but not

despairing; desperate in their last extremity, "the imperial race turned at bay." On the shore of old ocean, they would make their last stand, and resist, in the throes of death itself, the encroachments of the Papist. For them, submission was impossible; though, during the darkest moments of that awful siege, it seemed as if extermination was inevitable. No mercy could be expected from their antagonists. The fierce passions of the Irish peasantry, continually aggravated by the philippics of an incendiary priesthood, had overleaped the control of those leaders who had incited them, and the English knew that, should they yield, nothing awaited them but banishment or butchery. They were fighting for their homes and their lives. The spirit of the race was aroused. Never would they own allegiance to a king whom they esteemed a traitor to their country, the persecutor of their Church, and the author of their misery.

When William and Mary were elected to fill the vacant throne of the Stuarts, Lundy was unable to withstand the popular sentiment, and declared for the new sovereigns. He received from England a commission of governor in their name. Though not sympathizing with one party more than with the other, Lundy was too craven-spirited to face the dangers which were thickening around him, and he entered into secret correspondence with the Jacobites. He did every thing he could to discourage and disconcert such of the citizens as favored an obstinate defense of Londonderry. When Cunningham, according to the instructions of Parliament, appeared in the lough with two English regiments, and put himself under the governor's authority, Lundy dissuaded him from landing his men. He declared that the place could not hold out; and obedient to his orders, in spite of the expostulations and entreaties of the citizens, Cunningham sailed away. Major Baker, Captain Murray, Rev. Walker, prominent Protestants in the north of Ireland, having raised companies to augment the garrison, met with



similar opposition. Captain Murray, in particular, led a most gallant cavalcade to the gates, and requested admittance. He was told to climb in over the wall. The high-minded soldier could not brook the insult, and he turned his back on the ungrateful city. But the young apprentices again interfered, and threw open the gates. At the earnest solicitation of the inhabitants, Murray was prevailed upon to enter. The largest company of the three was headed by the Rev. Walker, an Episcopal clergyman, the Parson Brownlow of his times. It was his preaching which inspirited his fellow-sufferers in their deepest adversity, and his earnest labors which especially contributed to preserve in the defenders the spirit of unconquerable resistance. Yet this man, Lundy likewise ventured to

insult. By this contumacy and recklessness in the face of a hostile army, he lost the respect and confidence of his subordinate officers and of the people themselves.

One night, the officer of the watch discovered that the gates were open, and the keys missing. The officer who made the discovery secured the gates. When this neglect was known the next morning, the whole town was in an uproar, and men openly denounced the governor as a traitor. To add to the general confusion, word came that the Celtic host was only four miles away. Lundy's authority was at an end. The exasperated populace accused him of having betrayed them; and had he not secreted himself, his life would have paid the penalty of his perfidy. That night he escaped over the wall. DWIGHT M. LOWREY.

## DIARY FRAGMENTS.

FEBRUARY 25, 1874.—Kate and I have been to the Pantheon. In the piazza before it, a hundred lazy Italians were sunning themselves. Bird-fanciers, picturesque Campagna peasants, artists' models, and beggars who beset us every-where, were grouped on the steps of the fountain around the little obelisk. On the frieze above the portico of this grand old rotunda we read the inscription, "*M. Agrippa L. F. cos tertium fecit.*" Twenty-eight years before Christ, the son-in-law of Augustus built this dome, and for nearly thirteen centuries it has been a Christian Church. We paused beneath the portico, which Forsyth pronounced "more than faultless—the most sublime result ever reached by so little architecture." Its sixteen granite columns, with marble capitals and bases, are forty-six and a half feet in height, and five feet in diameter. They look so old, so gnawed by time, yet so mighty in their patient strength, that I felt like laying my hand upon them and saying: "Old stones, I

pray you tell me your story. What have you heard? What have you seen? What have you done all these long ages?" And their answer came: "Look at us. We bear the burden given us, and so form part of a great whole. That is all. Your age, too, is heroic; and grander temples there are than any built by the hand of man, be it this fragment of pagan strength and superstition, or that building which proudly claims supremacy to-day over all earth's temples, yonder new St. Peter's."

In the niches, on either side of these same bronze doors, once stood the statues of Agrippa and Augustus. Passing through the massive portal, we were within the sweep of the rotunda, in ancient Rome. The bold, independent spirit of the Empire of the World needs no better exponent than this—the most perfectly preserved of its architectural achievements.

"Let us sit down and talk about it," said Kate.

We walked beneath the one opening across which the dark clouds of a frowning sky were sailing, and sat upon the altar-step of a side chapel. The floor, rounded toward the aperture above, was wet with the rain of heaven, which filtered through the tiny holes in the marble prepared for its exit. There are paintings in a few of the niches, and several altars, before which an occasional worshiper kneels to mumble prayers to the Virgin and the holy martyrs. The *giallo-antico* columns, so unequaled in quality, could hardly have looked stronger eighteen hundred years ago; and even the stone pavement, with cracks like spiders'-webs, appears equal to the wear of another million feet, and the patter of the rain for another thousand years.

I do not like to think that the unique window of the Pantheon has ever been, or will ever be, closed. Yet certain antiquarians suppose it to have been originally covered by a bronze pine cone, *pigna*, similar to that which to-day stands in the formal garden of Pius IX. This once crowned the mausoleum of Hadrian. From that post of honor it descended to adorn a fountain constructed for the refreshment of weary pilgrims before the old basilica of St. Peter's, and now it stands, strange and useless, among dusky cloisters, musical fountains, and fragrant flowers. It is this *pigna*, eleven feet in height, which Dante makes the measure of the face of Nimrod in the "Inferno." If, above this dome of Agrippa, a similar cone was placed, with what undiscovered wonders of art and architecture does it still lie buried? Let it rest. The Pantheon would be a dungeon covered so; for whence could come the light and air which from the heights of heaven flood it now with peculiar peace and purity?

Sitting there, we read again the outline of the Pantheon's history: How it was built by Agrippa in the midst of the Campus Martius, and dedicated, as its name indicates, to the worship of all the gods; how statues of Jupiter and his galaxy of associates were brought on cars to the portico, between the great Corin-

thian pillars and the statues of emperor and builder, to these niches in the temple—vacant now; how, for two hundred years it stood unused for Pagan rites or Christian ceremonials; how, in the year 608, Pope Boniface IV was permitted by the Emperor Phocas to consecrate the building to the new worship, and the name it still bears, "*Sta. Maria ad Martyres*," was given to it; how, in place of mythical gods and goddesses, deified men and women were enshrined and worshiped here; how the Emperor Constans stripped off the gilt-bronze tiles, and carried them to Syracuse, and Urban VIII despoiled the portico to make the baldachino of St. Peter's, and cannon for the Castle of St. Angelo; how this rotunda has been converted into fortress and election-hall for anti-popes; how the "successors of St. Peter" used, in the Middle Ages, to officiate here on the day of Pentecost, "when, in honor of the descent of the Holy Spirit, showers of white rose-leaves were continually sent down through the aperture during the service;" how, in spite of plunder, desecration, and the wear of ages, the Pantheon is to-day the most perfectly preserved building of the ancient city of the Cæsars.

It seemed to me a somber monument of dead ages, and, as such, an appropriate mausoleum for illustrious men who sleep with their ancestors. Before us was the tomb of Raphael,—

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci,  
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori."

A fever seized the great artist in the midst of his years. The delicate body, the untiring brain, yielded quickly to disease, and the world's light went out. Raphael was gone. "Ancient Rome will never be restored without his guidance," they said. "He has left St. Peter's unfinished." "The 'Transfiguration' is not completed." "I can not believe myself in Rome," mourned Count Castiglione, "now that my poor Raphael is no longer here." His works were regarded as inspired revelations of God to the Apostle of Art.

Three days the precious remains lay in



a costly catafalque, over which hung the "Transfiguration." Du Pays speaks of the group gathered in the Pantheon on an April day, in 1520. "Au moment où l'on s'apprêtait à le descendre dans sa dernière demeure, on vit arriver le pape (Leo X), qui se prosterna, pria quelques instants, bénit Raphael et lui prit, pour la dernière fois, la main, qu'il arrosa de ses larmes. On lui fit de magnifiques funérailles, auxquelles assistèrent les cardinaux et les artistes." And Rogers,—

"All Rome was there. . . . And when all beheld  
Him where he lay; how changed from yesterday,  
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head  
His last great work; when entering in they looked,  
Now on the dead, now on that masterpiece;  
Now on his face, lifeless and colorless;  
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,  
And would live on for ages,—all were moved,  
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations."

The scholars and admirers of Raphael surround him even in death. Giovanni da Udine, his talented assistant; Pierino del Vaga, whose inspiration died with his master; Annibale Caracci, in whose admirable work the results of close study of Raphael and Michael Angelo are everywhere apparent; and others, are honored in death by resting near the dust of the wonderful young man beneath this "venerable dome."

Historian, artist, antiquary, poet, and humble student have written about the Pantheon. They find in its long record and imposing presence appropriate inspiration. Hawthorne wrote in "The Transformation:" "The world has nothing else like the Pantheon. . . . The rust and dinginess that have dimmed the precious marbles on the walls, the pavement with its great squares and rounds of porphyry and granite, cracked cross-wise and in a hundred directions, showing how roughly the troublesome ages have trampled here; the great dome above, with its opening to the sky, as if heaven were looking down into the interior of this place of worship, left unimpeded for prayers to ascend the more freely,—all these things make an impression of solemnity which St. Peter's itself fails to produce."

Byron, too, beautifully addressed this representative of the past:

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—  
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;  
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man  
plods  
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!  
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythes and tyrants'  
rods  
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!  
Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!  
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
To art a model; and to him who treads  
Rome for the sake of ages, glory sheds  
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those  
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;  
And they who feel for genius may repose  
Their eyes on honor'd forms, whose busts around  
them close."

*February 28th.*—It has been an evening starred in the long catalogue of memorable evenings in the Old World. The Triton Fountain, before our home in the Piazza Barberini, sends up its column of water into clearest moonlight, and it falls with a tinkle and a plash on the heads of the quaint old dolphins below.

"This is an evening for the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Pantheon," we said.

At night one must gain access to the Church of Sta. Maria ad Martyres by a rear door, having no apparent connection with the rotunda. A pleasant-faced monk admitted our party of seven, and after passing, by the light of a tallow candle, through a small room, where we encountered a party of tourist friends, and groping our way down a narrow flight of steps, we found ourselves again in this strange place. The contracted mode of entrance served to enhance the grandeur of the dome. There is no light here save one red glimmer before the shrine of the Virgin, afar off. Now let us be still. This an hour for reverent meditation, for the vast rotunda is a holy place. It is an inspiration of grandeur and simplicity. It is an index of human power and aspiration. It looks upward. Come snow, hail, or rain, the blackness of tempest, the glare of day, or the transcendent beauty of the moonlight, the great

round eye of the Pantheon is always open—open toward heaven, the world shut out. Can it be one hundred and forty-three feet above me; can it be twenty-eight feet in diameter—that circle which frames the full moon as it is never framed elsewhere, and across which float the fleecy clouds of this peerless night? One clear ray of brightness falls aslant before the dark bronze portal, and shivers on the polished pavement. It clings to the niches in the wall; it touches the *giallo-antico* columns; it is a wonderful enchanter. Were Doré here, he would see that path of glory peopled with angels ascending and descending. How deep the vault grows, as we sit on the marble steps of the high altar, feeling, with Pliny, that it is one of the wonders of the world! In this dimness, the mind instinctively peoples the recesses with the statues of the gods, for whose reception they were built. Fancy the Jupiter Stator of the Vatican installed at the high altar; the Apollo Belvidere, “god of the unerring bow,” full of action; the perfect Mercury (Antinous), as full of repose; the dignified Minerva Medica; the Barberini Juno; the noble Venus di Milo, and other members of the heroic mythology, filling the Pantheon with their presences. Why should not this building become the home of the richest art-relics of the Empire?

Think, too, of the men and women who have breathed the spirit of this spot. I fancy Michael Angelo coming in at the portal, his rugged face full of the enthusiasm of great souls, his eyes aglow with genius. O, the uplifting of such a spirit in such a place! He looks, he thinks, he speaks—“I will hang the Pantheon in the air;” and he turns away to plan the dome of St. Peter’s.

We, too, reluctantly turn away. The moon is clothed in royal apparel to-night. A ring of softest tints of green, brown, pink, and yellow, surrounds her; beyond this is yet another of deeper colors, and encircling all is a wide diamond of cloud-flecks, so light they seem white air set on the deep background of an Italian sky,

and studded with stars. All the remains of ancient Rome are more fitly seen by the chastened light of night than by the glare of sunshine. It hides the dinginess and squalor around; it best accords with the weird traditions, the fantastic legends, and the dark deeds which haunt the ruins of the old city. At such times the past becomes present, to-day is lost in the crowd of ages.

*April 4th.*— . . . Thence through the Piazza Navona—a market-place. I paused in the shadow of the Palazzo Doria to conjecture how this vast square looks when flooded by its three great fountains, and the carriages of the rich are rolling through cool water in the old Roman Circus Agonalis; and so, walking on, suddenly the Pantheon was before me.

This is the moment for farewell, I thought; Tivoli and the shows of Holy Week will hardly allow another opportunity. A little, weazen-faced monk, with keen black eyes, stood inside the iron fence, the keys in his hand, and the gate was locked. The piazza was nearly deserted. At my unhesitating approach he scanned my face, slowly turned the great key, and allowed me to pass. The shadow of the portico was cool and damp. Once devotees went up five steps to the Pantheon. We go down. As I enter, a solitary worshiper passes out, and I sit alone on that altar-step, perhaps for the last time. Hare’s words concerning the Coliseum are equally applicable to the Pantheon: “It is not a hurried visit with guide-book and *cicerone* which will enable one to drink in the fullness of its beauty, but a long and familiar friendship with its solemn walls in the ever-varying grandeur of golden sunlight and gray shadow—till, after many days’ companionship, its stones become dear as those of no other building can ever be.”

Many times returning from the Palace of the Cæsars, the Capitol, or the Campagna, we have lingered awhile in the calmness and coolness here. Hours for a life-time they have been, making the place forever to me a sanctuary of rest. It is Good Friday. Here, as in other



churches, the pictures are curtained, the altar-lights are extinguished, and every candlestick is overturned. One great drop of sunshine leaves a dusty track across the vault and the carved marble cornice, and nestles in an empty niche. The priest crosses the mosaic floor, and disappears again. I am alone in the Pantheon. In that last half-hour of priceless solitude I thought of the future of this "Niobe of nations," and prayed

that, as the false gods of the ancients have been dethroned, and their consecrated homes and treasures of art have become the heritage of modern superstition, so another mightier change may speedily be wrought, the King of kings making even the wrath and the foolishness of men to praise him, and establishing the reign of pure and undefiled religion, even in the temples of Rome.

ELLEN M. SOULE.

## WAS HE A HERO, OR ONLY AN ODDITY?

A TRUE HISTORY.

**T**HIRTY-FIVE years ago, or thereabouts, a rowdy of the superlative degree (a drunkard, of course), and a carpenter by trade, was leading a vagabond life, roving about from place to place among the towns and villages along the Ontario frontier of Canada.

A vagabond he was, but by no means a lazy one; for though he detested regular employment, no dare-devil prank or drudgery of mischief was too hard for him; and so it happened that he had drifted into the line of doing odd jobs of the desperado order, in the service of a distant relation—a scheming, rapacious rascal, but an energetic, plausible man, who knew how to use a tool and keep his own hands unsoiled.

At his chief's bidding, Billy Orr, the vagabond and bully, would pick a quarrel and thrash the victim of a grudge, or head a petty mob to browbeat and drive off competitors, intimidate voters, etc. (the chief was for one or two terms a member of Parliament); and, in return, the bully was always possessed of ways and means for hanging about whiskydens, and drinking at will.

One evening, when, by some unusual chance, he was sober, as he was walking along a street of Oakville, a small village between Toronto and Hamilton, his atten-

tion was arrested by the sound of voices singing a hymn. He looked around, and discovered that the psalm-singing was going on in a church opposite, where a Finneyite Presbyterian clergyman was holding evening services of a revival character. As he looked and listened, he heard, or fancied he heard, a voice say in his ear, "Billy Orr, go in there!" He was a man of quick resolves and instant action; so in he went, and before he came out he had not only formed a resolution to change his whole course of life, but had also responded to the minister's invitation to any who wished to become Christians, by rising to his feet and astonishing that congregation with his concise yet distinct declaration, that, by the help of God, he was going to quit drinking, and be a new man.

Now, if old Nick himself had appeared in the meeting and made that little speech, he would scarcely have excited more wonder or been received with less faith as to the genuineness of his conversion.

However, Billy Orr returned to his inn, and went quietly to bed. The next morning he presented himself in the bar-room; but instead of calling for his bitterns, he told his old cronies that he was done with that game, and had drunk his

last glass of any thing that could intoxicate. The crew stared, and were frightened. Surely the man was gone mad, and he would be a dangerous lunatic. Having made this avowal, Orr walked off, sought out the preacher of the preceding night, and asked for a temperance pledge—an institution that was then in its infancy.

The instrument was soon produced; and when, with much gravity and evident earnestness, he had placed his name upon its roll, people began to believe that he meant business. He attended those special services as long as they lasted; and though he never made any noisy demonstrations, he was several times much moved, even to tears.

It must be mentioned that he was an Irishman though a Protestant, and he said to the clergyman who had been the instrument of his conversion: "I doubt the divil has n't manny better subjects nor I've been to him, an' I'm purty ignorant of any other sarvice; but by the help of the Almighty, I'm done with the ould fellow."

As soon as the meetings were at an end, he gathered himself up and addressed himself, like Bunyan's pilgrim, to tread the new and untried paths of righteousness and peace. His first step was to seek his wife; for he was then a man of thirty-five, and had been married some ten or twelve years. The wife, a tidy, brisk little woman belonging to a respectable and somewhat ambitious family, had long been living among her friends, and had quite given up all hope in regard to her scape-grace husband. Accordingly, he presented himself before her and announced his intention of resuming his office as her protector, with this preamble:

"Well, Ann, you need n't be afeard to go with me this time; for, by the grace of God, ye've got a new husband."

She looked at him very dubiously, and replied:

"May be so, William; but that'll be seen better by and by."

"Ah, Ann," returned he, gravely shak-

ing his head, "ye ought to have more faith in the Almighty. You could n't keep Billy Orr straight, but *He* can."

He was a new man, but made out of the old materials; and original these were, in every sense of the word. He was an ingrain fighting character; and, to put the case in his own figurative way, he no sooner ceased fighting for the devil than he turned his weapons against his old master; and on no account did he owe so strong a grudge, and fight so vehemently, as on the score of intemperance: yet to his mind there was nothing figurative in this warfare. He fought the old serpent as really; and worsted him with as much exultation, as ever he had felt in thrashing a fellow-mortal. Nor was this a freak of insanity, or, if it were, it had not prevented a great moral revolution in the man's life and disposition; and, besides, he was in every thing, save these visionary contests, a steady-going, shrewd man of business.

He was a pushing and capable mechanic; and now that he set vigorously about his work, he was exceedingly successful, and soon had from two to four apprentices in his employ, and obtained the best jobs in the market.

He was a man of rather more than medium height and of a muscular build, with a springiness about the knees, and a kind of sturdy teeter in his gait that is not easily described, but which to initiated eyes was suggestive of boxing. His head was large, square, and crowned with a shocky mass of brown hair; his eyes were deep-set, intensely blue, and wore a pleasant expression when one met them fairly, as in the act of greeting or in friendly conversation; but at most other times those eyes of his were either half-shut, or else, aided and abetted by his mouth and hands, were engaged in the struggle unto death that he was waging against the enemy.

His favorite appellation for the Deity was "the Almighty" (he pronounced the *A* short), as though his combative spirit rejoiced particularly in this title, which embraced within itself both power and



victory. His pet names for the evil one were "Satan," "the divil," and "the ould fellow."

As soon as he had settled his habitation in the village which was thenceforth his home, he and his wife joined the Methodists; and there were two or three families of the Church membership in whose houses he was a sort of commoner, coming and going at will; for when not at work he was apt to be restless, never staying long in one place. One of his favorite resorts was the house of a widow lady nearly opposite his own home; this lady having sense enough to appreciate his character and cultivation, that led her to treat him with politeness on all occasions. When he was about home, two or three times in the course of the day and evening, he would cross the road with that peculiar gait, his eyes shut, and singing at the top of his voice some favorite hymn. Sometimes the singing would suddenly cease, his eyes would roll upward, his hands clench nervously, and if you were near enough you might hear a heavy groan or sharp ejaculation. At other times, the pantomime would be varied; he would possibly cast a sidelong glance at some invisible foe, accompanied by a contemptuous curl of the lip, and followed by a snap of his fingers and a short derisive laugh. Then he would enter the house radiant or chuckling, and relate his encounter and victory.

One evening, when there had been a fair held in the village during the day, and sounds of revelry and riot were rising from the precincts of the inn in the valley, he happened to be *en route* to make one of his flying visits; and he made his entrance with this salutation:

"Sister W., what do you think the ould fellow said to me whin I was comin' over?"

Sister W. could n't imagine; so he enlightened her thus:

"Well, he says to me, 'Hah! Billy Orr, I've got some good fellows down there.' 'Have ye, Satan?' says I; 'thin you jist go down there, an' if ye find Billy Orr, send him home to his wife.'"

And he laughed in downright glee at the rebuff he had given his Satanic majesty.

One afternoon he came in, and after the usual greeting, sat in silence for a minute or two, then broke out with,—

"I settled him there awhile ago. I was chappin' fire-wood, an' the divil, he says to me, 'Billy Orr, ye're a poor man; ye have to chap ye're own wood. Ye did n't do that whin ye were in my sarvice; and ye do n't get much in sarvin' the Lord.' I did n't think him worth reasoning with; so I jist lifted me eyes to the Almighty, and thin I looked down at him, and says I, 'Satan, will ye spell Bill Berry?' That was a poser; and the ould fellow wint off, like a dog with his tail between his legs."

Bill Berry was a youth of the village whose name Mr. Orr had that morning enrolled on the temperance pledge, and therefore he now threw this name in the teeth of his adversary.

His education, outside his trade, had been limited to the three R's; and as he, after his conversion, acquired quite a taste for reading, he found himself frequently at a loss, and used sometimes to apply for information to the elder of his friends' little ones, especially on questions of History and Geography. On one of these occasions, all at once he closed his eyes and actually put out his tongue as if in derision; then he looked round and said:

"Ye could not guess how the ould fellow kem at me a minit ago. He suggests [this was a new word he had lately picked up], 'Ye're an ignorant crayther, Billy Orr; ye do n't know half as much as that child, and the Lord did n't get any great shakes whin he got you, after all.' So I jist put out my tongue at him, an' I says, 'That's none o' yer business, Satan; but poor craythur as I am, may be ye'd take me back if ye got the chance; eh, ould fellow?'"

One pitch-black night, in the early Spring, when the roads were so bad that he would not take his horse out, he trudged home on foot, a distance of five miles to attend an evening prayer-meeting. His

wife, a little vexed to see him use his strength and his clothes so hardly, told him that it was scarcely worth his while to come so far after a day's work to a meeting where there would not be more than two women and a child or two. His reply was:

"Now, Anne, you know very well that Satan 'll be there to see who comes an' who does n't; an' it ill becomes you to be takin' the divil's side agen me. Where'd ye have been an I'd stayed in his sarvice? An' did n't I come all the road this night bekase I knew that if I did n't he'd be thrapin' it on me for a month, that I'd done more nor that for him manny's the time?"

He was not fond of referring to the days of his mad career; and whenever he did so, or if by chance the subject was broached, a solemn horror would seem to seize upon him. His eyes were pretty sure to give a quick, upward roll, the eyelids would flicker, and the lips utter some such exclamation as "Glory be to 'God! praise the Almighty!" in a reverential undertone.

Two or three times he was heard to thank God earnestly that his hands had been kept from blood-guiltiness; "and," he added, "I har'ly know how I missed it, ayther; for I was up to ivery divilment."

Once only was he known to repeat an incident of those days of darkness, and this, too, with some humorous perception of the ludicrous.

It was on a Sunday afternoon. He was sitting apparently ruminating and muttering to himself, as was his wont, when, uttering a gurgling little laugh, he said: "Before the Almighty opened me eyes, I did n't know, nor stop to think, much about what 'ud be plazin' to him; but one Sunday I thought I done him a good turn. I was purty dhrunk, an' I h'ard a poor chap of a Frenchman blowin' a thrump [a Jew's-harp], an' I licked him for blowin' the thrump on Sunday. Was n't that Satan reprov'in' sin?"

He was not in the habit of recounting

his battles with the enemy to every ear; and was not by any means garrulous. He was, on the whole, dignified in his general intercourse with his fellows, and among his apprentices and journeymen he was every whit master. True, while at his work, he not seldom rolled his eyes, heaved a sighing prayer, or perhaps muttered, snapped his fingers, and laughed; but he made no explanations there, and none of his workmen would have presumed to notice such eccentricities. However, notwithstanding these oddities, it was little less than a miracle, in the estimation of many of his old acquaintances, to see the formerly drunken, brawling rowdy, settled down into a peaceful and industrious citizen, always cheerful, never trifling; and all his quarreling, even his scolding, confined to that "ould fellow." He was very kind-hearted, and not only neighborly, but generous to a fault. He would at any time sacrifice his own convenience for others; but never his conscience.

At that time, and in those parts, it was customary to raise the frames of buildings by means of a concourse of friends and neighbors, denominated a raising-bee; this bee generally ending in a drinking carouse. This was a state of affairs not to be tolerated by a man of his principles and caliber; yet the custom was so deeply rooted that no man could, without incurring the odium of stinginess, refuse to provide liquor on such occasions. Mr. Orr was therefore driven to seek out some way of raising his buildings without outside assistance. To this end, he introduced the machine called a tackle, which did away with the necessity of a raising-bee; and thus he banished alcohol from his domains. Thenceforth he would take no jobs where his *takle* (he pronounced it) was not accepted in the contract; and for months—even years—he threw that tackle at the devil's head, as his most demolishing weapon.

He was no speech-maker; but he would go far and near to give his testimony against the evils of dram-drinking, and he



grudged neither time nor toil to further the cause of temperance.

Whether or not he ever felt any returns of his old appetite for drink, was known only to himself; and what fierce uprisings of deep-seated, long-indulged evil propensities were disposed of in his own quaint way, no mortal may presume to say, perhaps few can conjecture; but one thing is quite certain: he suffered none of the pangs of faint-heartedness or indecision, and he never once relapsed into any of his former vices. His faith, too, in Divine assistance, was just as direct and unflinching as was the exercise of his own volition; and both were grand in the might of their simplicity.

For two or three years after his conversion, he continued to use tobacco, and was rather a hard smoker; but one of the circuit preachers having rallied him on the subject, he began to consider the question of to smoke, or not to smoke. He was not long in arriving at the conclusion that the use of tobacco was a bad habit. Then he went to a physician, and asked what effect a discontinuance of the weed would be likely to produce in his case; and was advised not to leave off smoking, or, if he did, to do so gradually. The sequel must be told in his own words.

He came one afternoon to the house of the before-mentioned widow lady, with a more grave and thoughtful face than usual, and his first words were, "Well, Sister W., I've done it."

"Done what, Mr. Orr?" was the response.

"I've stopped aff the tobaccy," he replied. "I was ridin' along this mornin' smokin' me pipe, an' the ould divil, he says to me, 'Ye're a slave, Billy Orr, an' all yer religion won't save ye. Ye quit the whisky, but ye can't drap the tobaccy.'

"Who says I can't?" says I.

"It'll harrm ye, if ye quit, an' may be it 'ud kill ye," says he; an' jist that minit I saw that he was laughin' at me, bekase he thought he had me, an' that I bid to do what he liked for fear, if I did n't, it 'ud

be the death o' me. So I lifted me heart to the Lord, an' then I says, 'Satan, I'll lave the tobaccy, an' if the Almighty wants me to live he'll keep me from harrm; if he do n't, it's all the same to you any way, but he'll take care o' me—I'm not afeard.'

"Thin, I thought with meself what the docther said, an' I detarmined to smoke out what was in me 'baccy-box; but in half a minit, I thought again, an' says I, 'If I'm goin' to trust the Lord, I'll do it out an' out, an' no half-way;' so I pulled the 'baccy-box out o' me pocket, an' heaved it over the fence into a field. Thin the ould fellow says, 'Finish yer pipe at anny rate;' an' with that I whips out my pipe, an' throws it afther the 'baccy-box.

"There now, ould boy," says I, 'in the name o' the Almighty, that's done with; an' I do n't believe I'll ever be the worse, or long afther the flesh-pots of Egypt, ayther.'"

He was right; his health did not suffer; neither, if his word was to be credited—and why should it not be?—did he have any hankering after the discarded indulgence. Yet he took none of the credit to himself; he seemed quite unconscious of the power of his own will. When the topic chanced to come up, he would freely speak of the matter, but would say, "I lifted me heart to the Lord, an' axed him to take away the leken [liking] for the tobaccy; an' he did."

He lived thus, pursuing the even tenor of his way, for about fifteen years, more or less, after the great and sudden revolution in his life, which he always termed his conversion; and was ever a healthy, cheerful, and busy man.

One Winter it happened that he was appointed to be one of the school trustees; an honor which pleased him not a little. And at a time when he already had such a cold that he had been obliged to leave the job he had on hand, and return home, he thought he might venture to take his horse and haul fire-wood for the school-house. He said there should be nothing left undone or slighted while he

was a trustee; but he came home that night, and took to his bed, to rise no more. Pleurisy set in, and within a few days his warfare was accomplished, his last victory won.

He had no children, but he left his wife comfortably provided for; and it is but about five years since she followed him to the grave.

Little and unknown he lived, and was

regarded as an oddity. There were few, if any, of his friends to understand and appreciate the strength of his character; but if "he that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city," then was quaint, illiterate Billy Orr's true rank in the scale of human greatness higher than that of many a man with a resounding title.

OLIVE STEWART.

### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS AROUND THE WORLD.

NO longer threading the *pleasant pathways* on the sea-girt islands of "blissful" Japan, we find ourselves amid the highways and byways of the "Flowery Kingdom," where rivers and canals form a perfect net-work all over this gigantic land of the "Celestials." What a strange race of beings!—physiognomy, speech, manners, customs, all new. The Japanese language was musical; but how fearfully this Chinese grates upon the ear! Every sound is hard. Will we ever be able to pronounce with any kind of graceful intonation such names of cities, rivers, and persons, as Kiukiang, Hong Kong, Kwang-tung, Yangtz, Cheng, Hwang, Jung? As for trying to learn to speak the language, if one desired to do so, it would be a mountain far too high to attempt to scale in a sojourn of a few brief months. It is very difficult to learn to read, as it contains about forty thousand characters, mostly composed of monosyllables. The writing, as far as our knowledge is concerned, is heliographic; they write with small brushes dipped in India-ink—the writing extending down the paper from right to left. Added to all this, as if to link perplexity into perfect mystery, nearly every province throughout the vast empire has a dialect peculiar to itself. The result is, a Pekinese from the north, and a Cantonese in the south, can no better understand each other than we can either

of them. Not long since, two Chinamen from different provinces met, and, in their dilemma, what is known here as "Pigeon English" came to their rescue. We are constantly amused with the use of this mysterious compound of Anglicized Chinese, or literally rendered English. By many a "heathen Chineese" it is considered an accomplishment to acquire a facility in speaking this barbarous jingle of words. We are informed that schools are instituted where it is taught, and the fact was manifest when we were shown highly illuminated pictorial cards that are used in said *institutions of learning*. What would Confucius say to such a *literature*? Foreigners have learned to practice it in communicating with servants. A gentleman at the breakfast-table wishes a newspaper; he says to John, "Go topside and catchee me one piecee of that talkee." The servant hastens without delay to the upper room, and brings the paper. A telegram was sent not long since, from the East, bearing an earlier date than when it was received, whereupon the Chinaman, not comprehending, sought explanation of his master, in these words: "Blong foolo! My have catchee that talkee, before he own talkee begin walkee."

An entirely different costume is also worn in nearly every province; but invariably the men wear the queue, and all who, can afford it cultivate long nails,



which indicate aristocracy, and is a proof that they are not obliged to gain a living by manual labor. The women generally have the small feet, which are compressed to from two and a half to three inches in many cases. The queue may be received, in a limited degree, as a practical benefit to society, as something to catch hold of in case of a runaway; or the long nails, in a hand fight, in place of hooks and spears. But the forced construction of the little feet can work no possible good, as they are of no more use as feet or any thing else than two stumps. Nor can we conceive of a greater evidence of totally depraved heathenism than this fearful deformity forced by parents on childhood. We had always supposed that only the families of the nobility, or those possessing wealth, practiced this, as it almost entirely unfits a child for labor or walking, and thus they could the more easily be kept apart from the lower classes. This, however, is not the rule; as I was informed by Mrs. Yates, who has been in China for years, that any one who wished his daughters to have any pretensions to gentility as they reached womanhood, secured for them the legacy of small feet in childhood; but as girls of all classes are bargained for in marriage by parents, the worth of the bride is not unfrequently reckoned by the smallness of her feet, if the families have any aspirations or position. The same lady related to me this incident:

A family occupying a house into which she could look from one of her windows, were shopkeepers, with scarcely business enough to supply the large family with food and but little clothing; and yet they decided that the youngest, a girl, should receive this legacy of gentility bequeathed by them. They commenced the horrid work of deformity at an early age, but not until the child had enjoyed the bliss of running free and uncrippled wherever she pleased. The process of binding and compressing is always gone through with every day or two, and is very painful, as the toes are cramped under, and the heel thrown back, and

thus, in time, the great toe only becomes the foot on which the tiny shoe is placed. When the set time came to operate on the poor little "innocent," the whole family, from the least to the greatest, seemed frenzied with the idea of doing their part in bestowing this great favor. The child, evidently not considering it in the light they did, would attempt to hide or run away as the time approached; but of no avail, as all work was laid aside until the helpless victim of torture was secured. Then, not at all inclined to be a martyr, she would shriek, strike, and kick, so that it often took the entire family in turn to hold her, as in a vise, until the cruel process was completed by genuine Chinese rule. The struggle once over, the child would sink on the floor perfectly exhausted, sobbing and moaning, fall asleep, and awake to hobble around until the day came for a like operation.

The Chinese, as a nation and as individuals, are proud, arrogant, and conceited. If some of the conceit were knocked out of them as the English took it out of India, it might do them good. They vainly imagine that their "world" is the center of the universe, and that all other peoples and nations revolve around what they call the "Middle Kingdom." They also denominate China the "Celestial Empire," "The region of eternal Summer," and in proud soliloquy felicitate themselves that they were born in the "Flowery" and "Heavenly Kingdom"—"flowery" presenting the idea of beauty and refinement; "heavenly" that of authority. They reluctantly acknowledge that their strength is not in military prowess; but boast that it is mightier to be a great literary nation, and assume that arguments will do more to settle difficulties than the sword. The latter idea may at no distant day suddenly upset them, if it is true that "coming events cast their shadows before."

Of the greatness and vastness of their empire there can be no doubt. For centuries has it resisted foreign invasion and maintained its unity. And by a single glance we can see that it occupies no

inconsiderable space on the map of the earth's surface, comprising, as has been computed, an area of nearly five million square miles, and teeming with a population equal to one-third of the human race.

The impression of vastness and extent of territory deepens and assumes a peculiar interest as we travel over the country, and hasten from one city to another. Nearly every available foot of land appears in a state of cultivation, and while the entire country seems to be overburdened by swarms of human beings, it is asserted that the resources are adequate to all demands. The empire is divided nearly in the center by the Yang-tz, one of the noblest rivers in the world. From its central position, it is called the "Girdle of China." Three thousand miles in length, it is fed by mighty tributaries on either side. This, with other rivers and canals, interlaces the entire empire. The Grand Imperial Canal alone is six hundred miles in extent, and farmers have even constructed branch canals which run through their land and to the doors of their houses, taking the place of roads as the boat does that of the cart or wagon. Men do the work of horses, and either track or tow by line the boats on the canals and streams. They also use a scull, which is a broad wooden blade with a handle turned on a pivot in the stern, and with this they propel their boats. Oars or sweeps are occasionally used, and sails hoisted in favorable winds.

Throughout the vast empire, nearly every peculiarity of climate is experienced, which is said to arise from the fact that a northern and southern monsoon prevails; one during the Winter, the other in Summer. The soil produces all kinds of fruits, vegetables, trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers found in the temperate and torrid zones; while every variety of scenery meets the eye, from the grand mountains of the north to the low lands of the south. The commerce of

the sea is represented by every form of sailing-craft, from the cumbersome junk to the tiny sampan, and the more elegant home boat. The currency in mercantile transactions is tael, equal to nearly one dollar and a half of our money. They have also what is known as sycee, in solid lumps of silver, cut up and used by weight without being coined. A copper coin called cash is used extensively, as it takes from one thousand to twelve hundred to equal one Mexican dollar. The Chinese Empire, which is twice as great in extent as the United States, is divided and subdivided into provinces, the capital of each being a walled city. The entire length of these walls, including the great wall which is over fifteen hundred miles, is equal to the diameter of the earth.

Pre-eminent over all the nations of the world the Chinese triumphantly boast of their "antiquity." That they had a history several hundred years before the Christian era, is no doubt true; but that they have existed many millions of years, as they claim, can not be proved from any records they can produce. Some do not hesitate to affirm that they are at least a "hoary million," a very modest estimate in national longevity; these must have been the "dark ages." It is but too plain to be seen, and also by authentic history, that the China of to-day is not what she was only three hundred years ago. Her palaces, bridges, and roads are all rapidly falling to ruin, and will continue to, so long as the present system of corruption rules the public mind, which is undermining the very foundation of the Empire. From the highest mandarin to the lowest coolie, bribery, or what they call "squung," is practiced. The emperor on the throne is but a mere boy, who not long ago, for some trivial offense to the empress dowager, was ordered by her to be flogged,—which was done (but of course by proxy). "Woe unto a nation when her king is a child."

MRS. J. P. NEWMAN.



## THE SENTINEL.

"O DARK-PLUMED bird of Sorrow,  
I fancied thou wert flown ;  
But, like a dove unmated,  
Thou comest back to moan.

Unfurl thy drooping pinions,—  
Heavy with mist and rain ;  
Hence, with thy ghostly music !  
I weary of the strain."

Thus sang a lonely watcher  
Upon the towers of Time ;  
For midnight knell was sounding,  
Instead of morning-chime ;

And Pestilence was howling,  
A hungry wolf, for prey ;  
While, with a train of phantoms,  
Death rode upon his way.

She heard the martial tramping  
Of tempests o'er her head ;  
Below, the infant's wailing,  
The mother's cry for bread.

The midnight dirge grew silent,  
The winds forgot to speak,  
And starlight's shining tresses,  
Played on her forehead meek.

The golden sails of morning  
Were lifted to the breeze,  
And vanished from her vision  
In purple, western seas.

Days, weeks, white-bearded ages  
Passed onward to the dead ;

She heard the *miserere*  
Of every heart that bled.

And yet, in patient waiting,  
She stood with prayerful eyes ;  
Her soul seemed ever scaling  
The walls of paradise.

Its sweetest leaves of healing,  
The many-fruited tree  
Dropped, at her silent pleading,  
On sick humanity.

The battlements are hoary,  
And crumble to decay ;  
Still, in her lonely turret,  
She watcheth, night and day.

God's angels come to soothe her,  
With ministries divine ;  
She feeds on bread of heaven,  
And drinks immortal wine.

And still goes up to Heaven  
Creation's groan of pain,—  
"Where is his promised coming,  
Whose right it is to reign?"

O Hope, the tireless watcher !,  
O, gift of love and grace !  
We read a radiant morning,  
Foretokened in thy face.

"Good cheer," we hear thee utter ;  
Earth's grief is all her own ;  
Her tears arise transfigured—  
The rainbow o'er the Throne.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

## WAITING.

GRAND is the leisure of the earth :  
She gives her happy myriads birth,  
And after harvest fears not dearth,  
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.  
Dread is the leisure up above,  
The while He sits whose name is Love,  
And waits as Noah did, for the dove,  
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things,  
We beat about with bruised wings  
On the dark floods and water-springs,  
The ruined world, the desolate sea ;  
With open windows from the prime,  
All night, all day, he waits sublime,  
Until the fullness of the time  
Decreed from his eternity.

JEAN INGELOW.

## FACTS AND FANCIES OF LIFE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

A "BIG preaching" had been announced to take place at "Old Barn" on the fourth Sunday of the month. In the vernacular of the country, a big preaching meant a sort of Sabbath picnic; and all the housekeepers within a circuit of five miles busied themselves during the preceding week in preparing a substantial feast to which they might invite their friends. Tables were laid in the grove that surrounded the church, from which were to be served the tempting viands intended to satisfy the cravings of the physical nature between the morning and afternoon refreshings of the spiritual. So to Old Barn we went.

Originally built for a tobacco-barn, it had retained the appellation, and the exterior did not give the lie to the name. Wooden shutters were at the windows, the doors had neither latches nor knobs, and the whole structure was innocent of paint. Within, it was ceiled; the benches were rough and uncushioned, and the floor uncarpeted. The few gentlemen who had come to worship were seated in what one of our party irreverently styled the "amen corner," while the majority of the sex were wandering about the grove discussing politics and fast horses. Ladies, poor whites, and servants filled the rest of the seats. The poor whites, or "Tuckeys," as the servants contemptuously styled them, bore the disconsolate air and sallow complexion of dirt-eaters, and looked about as antiquated as might have been expected of Mrs. Noah, had she suddenly descended from the ark into our midst.

At one entrance an arbor had been built for the accommodation of those that could not get into the house; and at this entrance the sermon was delivered by the veritable Mr. Jones whom tradition records as coming late to dinner one day at the house of one Mr. Owl, and finding but sorry picking upon the carcass of a

turkey, varied the usual formula for grace, "Good Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive," in the following manner:

"Lord, bless the Owl  
That ate the fowl,  
And left the bones  
For Billy Jones."

His subject to-day was the Resurrection. Taking the ground of the future reconstruction of the whole body, he exclaimed:

"Yes, my brethren, in that day you will see thousands of bodies flying through the air to reach the appointed place: and if a poor soldier has happened to lose a leg on one battle-field, and an arm on the other; a finger in one place, and a toe in another,—you will see these various members flying to find the body from which they were separated."

After the sermon, came the following hymn:

"On the land or on the sea,  
Or wheresoever you may be,  
You will hear the trumpet sound  
In that morning,  
Crying, O Lord! and how I want to go  
To hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

See the moon turned to blood,  
And the saints a-praising God;  
And you'll hear the trumpet sound  
In that morning.

See the stars begin to fall,  
And the Lord begin to call;  
And you'll hear the trumpet sound  
In that morning.

See the world all on fire,  
And the saints a-rising higher;  
And you'll hear the trumpet sound  
In that morning.

Sinners in that day  
Will be willing then to pray;  
But O! 't will be too late  
In that morning.  
Crying, O Lord! and how I dread to go  
To hear the trumpet sound in that morning."

While the white people are partaking at noon of the good things spread in the grove, the servants congregate near the church for their worship. Their prayers are good and sincere; their shouting is not forced, but genuine; and their expe-



rience is novel. One says that when he was converted he was taken up to heaven in a golden chariot drawn by white horses. The chariot was up in the air, and he was conveyed into it by unseen hands. At the gate of heaven, Peter let him in, and a shining angel took him around to show him where he was to rest forever. It was in a large airy room, having a golden bedstead with a beautiful white cover and base. Close by this bedstead hung the white robe and starry crown which were laid up in store for him. Then he was sent out, and brought back to earth in the same chariot of gold; and now he is sure of salvation, because he has been admitted into heaven itself. This seemed to be the main experience of each. Rest formed the only idea of heaven with these poor ignorant souls. They sing,—

"We are lookin' to the east to see King Jesus comin';  
Tell by the rockin' of the chariot-wheels,  
Amin' for Zion's hill, tank God."

Then,—

"I'm goin' to see Mass' Jesus in the mornin';  
I long for to see him rise."

Next they sing,—

"Whar now is de good ole Mary?  
Way ober in de promused land;  
She went up for to play on the organ,  
Way ober in de promused land."

But the climax of enthusiasm is reached when they strike up,—

"Just let me shake off dese old black rags,  
And neber turn back no more,  
No more, no more, and I tank God Almighty,  
I'll neber turn back no more.  
We'll ride King Jesus' milk-white horse,  
And neber turn back no more,  
No more, no more, and I tank God Almighty,  
I'll neber turn back no more."

At first they only keep time with their heads; but soon they all take hold of hands, and begin in good earnest to shake off the old black rags, not figuratively but literally, dancing around after the Shaker style, gradually increasing their velocity until they come to the last verse, commencing,—

"Just let me put on my stairry crown,  
An neber turn back no more,"—

when their excitement knows no bounds,

and they part hands, and each jumps and dances till he falls down exhausted.

The next Sunday we go to "Dry Bread" to hear the Rev. Mr. Brewer. "Dry Bread" is "Old Barn" reproduced. Wandering thoughts can never be the bane of attention to the sermon in this old house; for attractions it has none, either outward or inward. Its appointments are of the humblest; its service for the communion consisting of an ordinary plate, a common tumbler, and a green glass bottle.

Mr. Brewer being a curiosity, every body within ten miles attended service on this occasion. As we drove along, we first overtook gayly dressed servants wending their way on foot to "preachin'." Pious uncles and aunties going to hear "the word ob de Lord;" flaunting ebones, young and old; defiant-looking half and quarter bloods, bearing the unmistakable features of the Anglo-Saxon, under a skin scarcely distinguishable from a pure Caucasian,—were all out in their best, this fine Sabbath morning. Here we passed good, old, white-headed Uncle Doctor—his real Christian name—whom a Sabbath or two before we had seen officiate as deacon to the colored part of the congregation, at the sacrament in the Baptist Church. There we left behind us "Old Jack," who, a short time since, having, as he averred, been taken up to heaven, and shown his robe and room, wished to join the Church, and asked his master for the necessary certificate of good character. On receiving it, he carried it triumphantly to his minister, who hesitated, when on opening it he read: "This certifies that my Jack is the biggest liar in the county." Next we passed old Mrs. —, who owns but one negro, and of course belongs to the "poor white folks," riding in her little two-wheeled cart, drawn by one steer, which the negro rides, and guides with a rope. Then we overtook poor white folks and clay-eaters, some in farm-wagons with white covers, some on horse-back, and some on foot. There we saw tattered carriages, with lean horses an

sleepy drivers; giving evidence of hard work through the week, and of the vain endeavor of some impoverished F. F. V.'s to keep up with the style of their more fortunate neighbors. Here we saw luxurious carriages, with outriders and liveried coachmen, come gayly along, bearing the *elite* of that part of the county.

One side of the church was nearly filled with poor whites, many of whom had babes in their laps, whose shrill cries were discordantly joined with the singing. Such a motley group I had never before beheld. All kinds of costumes, in fashions varying from those of the last year to ten, or even twenty, were before me. Some wore aprons, and some had all the colors of the rainbow about them.

Mr. Brewer is evidently one among them, for he appears in a ragged coat and seedy pants. When he was married, he did not even know how to read; but his wife soon taught him, and as the result he became a preacher. His genius was peculiar; but the verbatim report here given of his sermon on this occasion shows that he was not without that essential quality.

"My text you will find in Ecclesiastes vi, 12: 'What is good for a man all the days of his vain life?' I intend to give every one his meat in due season. From little boys, men have been asking what is for their good. To qualify, we shall take this ground, that what mankind deem to be good will never make them happy.

"First: what is good? Men say power is good, and have many notions about it, and build many air-castles upon it. Well! power is good when it is not abused. A man starts for power, and he says, If I could only be a constable, a sheriff, or a mail-agent, I should be exactly what I want to be, and would be happy—I reckon that is the matter with some of the demagogues at the present day—but when they get the power they are not happy; and sometimes they get all the funds in their hands, and then run away. Don't you see? Natural power can never make any man happy. Napoleon heard the groans of the dead and the

dying; but yet he was not happy, with all his power.

"What is good for a man all the days of his vain life?" Some want to be rich. I have never tried it very extensively myself; but I do n't think it can make a man happy. The author of our text had money, and plenty of association; yet he says all is vanity, in the chapter from which our text is taken. Do n't you see? Riches can never make any man happy.

"One young man wants to be a limb of the law. He thinks he has 'genus;' but when he comes to have a bad case, he will scratch his green gourd of a head, and say that being a lawyer can't make him happy. Another wants to be a 'politicianer;' but they are all the time in a great stew; like a man with a deformed foot, they do n't know half the time which way they are traveling. Another wants to read a few chapters on fevers, and be a doctor. And sometimes they make money enough to feed their horses; and when folks say that they kill more than they cure, they wish they had never started to be doctors. Another thinks that if he could go to a new country, he would be a great man. Another wants a little corner of land that runs from his neighbor's farm down into his; and he sits up night after night makin' long strings of figures, contrivin' how he can straighten that line; and he will keep on multiplyin' and addin' till he proves that land is his, and gets the line straight. Some want to administer on other people's estates, and often perjure themselves swearin' there is nothin' left. Do n't you see? They are not happy; for they dream of the orphans and widows they have robbed. Ah! how will it be at the bar of God? They may build a fine house, and buy fine furniture out of the widow's money; but they can not be happy. Another wants wisdom; but if he could get between the sun and the moon, and stand there, and see the world move along, he would not be happy; for comprehension is one thing and wisdom is another. Do n't lean on none of these props or hobbies



or crutches; for you will fall, and be dashed to pieces. Another wants to marry; and I am led to think there is more fraud in matrimony than in any thing else. They hear the marriage ceremony read; but it seems an idle tale to them. They marry farms and slaves and money, instead of each other; and, instead of getting a Bible and a hymn-book, and setting up a family altar in the house, they buy a barrel of whisky, and bow down to it night and morning. 'What is good for a man all the days of his vain life?' Another wants to be highly respected; but 'cursed is he who follows a crowd to do evil.' There is more fraud now than ever before. The heart is like a whirlpool: the central point draws a ship along gradually; then a little faster, till it suddenly swallows it up. So it is with a sinner, drawn on and on by Satan.

"Then 'what is good for a man all the days of his vain life?' It is the Christian religion. The man who has this may be happy; he may be the President of the United States, and be happy and be a good man. This would have been best for old Napoleon, in the island of St. Helena; best for Alexander, and then he would not have died drunk. It is best in every sphere: best for a rich man, and then he won't oppress the poor; best for a poor man, and so he will be contented; best for a man on the burnin' sands of Arabia, as he leans against a tree, ready to die of thirst; best for one in a frozen region, his blood coadulatin' in his veins, and the skin comin' off his shoulders. What say you, Daniel? what was best for you in the lions' den? And, Shade, Meshack, and Abednego, what was best in the fiery furnace? And, Paul, what was best in the prison? And Paul answers, 'Haint you heern me sung songs in the prison?' 'And Peter says I was in

a cellah, and found religion the best for a man all the days of his vain life.' Whitefield thought it the best when he established the first Baptist Church in America; and the lady of my acquaintance, who is now in the poor-house, found it the best for her when she lost the fifty slaves and the seventeen hundred acres of land she had inherited.

"Ah! my friends, when the great white throne is planted, methinks many from this neighborhood will declare with their speaker that religion was the best for them. You send your children away off to school, and when the time arrives for them to come home, they will be watching for the carriage that is coming for them, and they will be happy when they see it winding along the road up the hill. So, when your Heavenly Father sends the golden chariot to carry you to heaven, you will be happy, and say that religion is best for a man all the days of his vain life."

The sermon concluded, that part of his audience that had never enjoyed the luxury of a carriage was filled with joy at the prospect of the golden chariot; and old Dry Bread resounded with shouts and groans; women hugged and kissed; men clapped each other on the shoulder; husbands and wives embraced; some shook hands, and some shouted for gladness, while frightened children cried aloud.

On another occasion, Mr. Brewer exhorted as follows: "O, you sinners! you may walk 'round yere, wearin' yer shanghai coats and chawin' yer honey-jew tobaccer; but when you get to the New Jerusalem, and see yer preacher walkin' the golden streets, while you are sent away, you'll wish you'd done got religion while you could."

RUTH RAMBLE.

## THE BURDEN-BEARERS OF THE OLD WORLD.

THE position of women, and the general respect paid to them in Christian lands, is one of the brightest and most encouraging features of Christian civilization. Indeed, we are accustomed in some measure, to gauge the Christianity of a country by the way it treats its women. And we are sorry to say that this test does not always prove encouraging and satisfactory. We think it reaches its highest standard among ourselves, and believe that foreigners generally accord to us this credit. And we know this to be true from the shock given to our sensibilities the moment we land on foreign soil, at seeing so many women engaged in the most severe and menial occupations.

The world has been surfeited with the stories of the fearful labors of women in the coal and other mines of England and Wales, where they perform the most cruel and laborious tasks; and pen and pencil have been busy, of late years, in presenting their sufferings and trials to the reading public of England and America. The result of these benevolent labors has been beneficial, and the condition of women in these countries and these spheres has been greatly ameliorated by the power of public opinion, although matters are still lamentably bad. The general tendency throughout Great Britain is to improve the condition of working-women in these menial branches of labor, and either to demand less of them, to give them the benefit of machinery or animal labor, or to relieve them entirely from toil so unbefitting their sex and so repulsive to every sensitive and Christian heart. The result is, that one may travel the highways of England without being seriously wounded at the inhumanity of man to laboring women.

But the moment we step on the Continent, another atmosphere seems to obtain. There, women are virtually divided into two classes,—those who are acknowl-

edged to have sex, and who mingle with men as their equals, and exert their charms and influence on society; and those who are regarded only as burden-bearers—literally, hewers of wood and drawers of water. The position of many of the laboring women of Europe is clearly so low that they seem to be regarded by the more fortunate of their own sex as of another race, to whom it is not necessary to accord the usual civilities and regard natural between man and man. And we have many a time been outraged in our feelings at certain conduct of men supposing themselves to be gentlemen, in the presence of and toward the serving-women of the land. The most ordinary modesty of personal demeanor is frequently disregarded in their presence, as if they had no feelings to be shocked and no sensibilities to be wounded. On our remonstrances to men whom we have known well enough to permit this liberty, the reply has been a surprise that we should notice a thing of the kind, and that these women were used to it, and thought nothing of it. And just there we saw the pitiful feature of the case,—that the customs of society could thus harden the feelings of both parties to this abuse; and we felt it equally degrading to the violator and the violated.

In Holland it is no uncommon thing for a woman and a horse or donkey to be harnessed together, pulling the boats on the tow-path of the numerous canals. To the natives it is so ordinary an occurrence that they laugh outright at the sensibilities of an American who protests against it, and prefers to walk rather than to pursue his journey in this way. In the market-places of the prominent cities, the tourist has too good an opportunity to see the vile drudgery performed by women. Long before daylight, they come trudging into these centers with immense loads of produce on their heads, which



seem heavy enough to crush a Hercules. These they will carry for miles, swaying under their burdens like movable pillars, and adjusting their head and body to the load as they tramp up hill and down dale, in a way that must be a dreadful strain on their muscles, and rack their very frames, which seem to be of any other material than flesh and blood. This superhuman strength is only acquired by practice from early childhood, and little girls of tender years are seen following their mothers with loads on their heads or backs, which are gradually training them to be the burden-bearers of their localities. In some regions, the women train the dogs to do for them what the men will not. This is especially the case near the cities, and markedly so in Berlin. There the dogs are the working-woman's best friends, and on market-days hundreds of them may be seen harnessed to small wagons, drawing produce to market. Not unfrequently the woman takes her dog at her side, and they pull together quite a respectable load. No one leaves the Prussian capital without a vivid recollection of dog-teams engaged in many kinds of small traffic about the city.

In the capital of Austria the women figure largely as stone and mortar carriers. For months we watched the construction of a large building, where women did the heavy, unskilled labor, and the men the skilled and comparatively lighter work. Women dug the excavations, and, harnessed to wagons with horses, drew away the earth, and drew back the heavy stone for the foundation. It was so common an occurrence to see women and beasts of some kind drawing stone through the streets, that nobody noticed it in the least. And again, they brought the heavy stone for the lower walls, and placed them at the masons' feet; and, as soon as the scaffoldings were raised, women ascended the ladders with heavy loads of stone or mortar on their backs, up, up, up to the fifth stories, until the eye became giddy at watching the long troops of them

going up and down in this perilous and severe labor. Such work they, of course, could not perform in garments suitable to their sex, and their skirts were so short of necessity, that they might not trip on the ladders, that they were exposed in the most unseemly and immodest way. And they seemed to make no effort to avoid this by suitable under-garments, of which, to all appearances, they were entirely destitute. But of this fact neither they nor any body else seemed to be in the least aware; all went on as if they were not women, and as if the exposure of their person in this way was a natural and necessary thing. In short, these poor creatures did not seem to be women, in our sense of the term.

One would think that this is the worst phase of the story; but not so. But little is seen in the cities of this abuse against nature, and the ordinary traveler meets only an occasional thing of the kind, and may perchance avoid the most of it. But let him go into the rural regions, and he will find much of the work done by women which we are accustomed to consign to oxen and horses. In the agricultural regions, women digging potatoes and all kinds of roots is the most common sight; and these are nearly all transported to the barns and cellars on women's backs. A woman will carry almost as much grass, hay, or any kind of grain on her back as would an ordinary mule, and the expense of keeping is much less, besides the saving of capital invested in vehicles, and the wear and tear all around. To a certain extent, much of this labor on the part of women is a necessity, from the fact that hundreds of thousands of men are always in the army, and are thus permanently drawn from the producing classes. Nearly all the great powers of Europe have standing armies approaching or exceeding five hundred thousand men, the most of whom would be employed in heavy labor were they not under arms. This forces the women into many occupations because there are not men to perform them; but the principal reason is poverty on the one

hand, and a total disregard of a woman's claims on the other. In most parts of Europe, the agricultural classes can not be supported by the labor of the men alone; a father can not feed and clothe his family from the product of his toil; wife and children must help to keep the wolf from the door, and to this they become so accustomed that they take to it as their ordinary lot.

For this reason, every locality develops some species of industry to give support to its population, and it is seldom indeed that the women are not foremost in the work. The Hartz Mountains, so famous as a place for Summer tourists in North Germany, are noted for their wild berries, the gathering of which is a source of occupation during the season to thousands of women and children. The first that come are the huckleberries, which play a very important part in the life of these mountaineers; the time of gathering is fixed by the public authorities, who announce in the newspapers when the work may begin each season, so that no injustice may be done to those who wait till they are fully ripe. In some seasons, a late frost kills them all in the higher regions, and the loss becomes a public calamity to the surrounding country. On the southern declivity of the Brocken they ripen fully two weeks earlier than on the northern, and here consequently the work begins. In the early morning women and children from all the adjacent hamlets, armed with all sorts of vessels of wood, tin, and earth, or stone, may be seen wending their way, in troops, up the mountain-side, singing and chatting about the returning season which is to replenish their slender chests and wardrobes. The berries are mostly picked with the fingers; but when they are very plenty, they are stripped with a species of comb, which greatly expedites the work. These berries are not only used as food for the season, but are dried or preserved for home use, and also very largely used to produce in their juice a coloring matter employed to change white wine into red; and for this purpose

large quantities are sent to other localities. In good years, the profits of the berry season are quite considerable. A merchant in one of the towns reported, for a season, five hundred dollars' worth of berries bought, and fifty hogsheads of juice sent to other parts. And so other towns reported a like or a greater amount, until the berries sold from the Upper Hartz amounted to at least five thousand dollars, giving to each family an average of ten dollars,—a sum that our readers will sneer at, but one that will make these poor families happy for a goodly period.

As soon as the huckleberries are gathered, comes the season of cranberries, which grow on the Hartz Mountains in great quantities. They are picked before they are fully ripe, because most of them are sent to distant cities for sale, as they are so good an article for transport, besides being a general favorite as a relish on the table. To these may also be added the raspberries, which grow wild in great profusion in certain regions of the Hartz; so that the Summer affords a round of occupation and support. The latter berries are bought in large quantities by the apothecaries, who make a raspberry liquor, which is sent as far as the East Indies, to give relish to Oriental drinks.

A very large part of these fruits are carried to distant places on the backs of the toiling women, or at least down the mountain, where they are sometimes transferred to little wagons, and then drawn by them. This gives rise to what are known as berry-roads, leading to certain places in the lowlands surrounding the mountain, where many of their products are exchanged for flax in various stages of preparation, which the women and children spin in the long Winter evenings. And the poor women are not even permitted to return always to their elevated berry-grounds without heavy burdens on their backs. That part of the Hartz Mountains known as the Brocken is renowned for its beautiful views and its specters, so popular as a means of illustrating the laws of light in our school-works on Natural Philos-



ophy. For these reasons it has become a very popular place of resort for tourists from all parts of Germany and even more distant countries. For this reason the roads to the Upper Hartz in the Summer season are often crowded with all sorts of vehicles and beasts bearing the fair sex and their attendants to the summit for a day or more among the mountain air and scenery. This creates a demand for luxuries that do not grow in these elevated regions; and many of the poor women take advantage of this fact to earn a trifle by transporting fruit in their berry-tubs on their backs, from the valley to the summit, a distance in some places of twelve miles. Having arrived at a frequented spot, they display their apples, pears, or plums, and, with a pitiful and downcast look, solicit the throng of gay visitors to purchase of them.

But few of the ladies who enjoy these luxuries amidst frivolity and merriment have the least idea of the labor required to bring them to the summit of the mountain. Some of their baskets contain such loads that the women, while ascending the steep paths, look like very camels trudging along, half-bent over in the effort to keep their burdens on their backs; and, for this reason, these women in caravans are sometimes called the "Camels of the Hartz." They present, with their fearful burdens, a picture of misery—panting and toiling up the rugged steep, which prove a painful task to the free and unburdened travelers. It is seldom indeed that one meets a native woman on the Upper Hartz without an enormous basket on her back. And no age seems exempt from the task; sometimes it is the girl of twelve or fifteen, and thence to the poor old woman of eighty.

We remember a characteristic picture of a scene in the Hartz Highlands, which tells the whole story. In the upper distance is a mule-train, each beast with its heavy sack of merchandise or produce across its back, guarded and driven by a stout, comfortably clothed man, with no other burden than his cracking whip.

Far behind, painfully toiling up, come the camels heavily laden. The first is a young girl about sixteen, with an immense barrel-shaped basket strapped to her back and shoulders, extending from the small of her back to about a foot above her head. It is filled with produce, and on the top is bound her cloak, a loaf of rye bread, and a small basket; from her waist hang and dangle her heavy, thick-soled shoes, which she does not wear over the sharp rocks of the ascent, that she may preserve them to put on when she arrives among those to whom she will sell her wares. Her burden is so heavy that she needs to support it with both hands bent back under it as she strains in some unusually steep ascent. Behind her come mother and grandmother, both heavily laden as herself, but the mother strong enough to be plying the knitting-needles as she climbs with her load, while the poor old half-bent woman needs the support of a heavy cane to help her over hard places. Thus three generations come tugging and toiling in the same train. We need scarcely add that all trace of female beauty and delicacy disappears under this fearful ordeal, and that the appellation of camel to some of them does not seem so inappropriate after all.

The only genial interlude that the stranger sees is an occasional demonstration of family love and care, not to say a necessity: it is a little flaxen-headed, fat-cheeked boy, or a chubby, blue-eyed girl peeping out of a half-loaded basket; for it is frequently necessary for mothers to take their little ones with them on these marches, when there is no father at home to take care of them, as many of these women are widows, who need to provide food for their children in this way.

Another source of labor for these burden-bearers of the Hartz is found in the transport of the numerous birds that are raised on the mountains by the fanciers, for the bird-trade of the world. Many of the villages on the mountain-sides are occupied almost exclusively by the bird-raisers, who in the season send large numbers, almost exclusively on the backs

of women, to the depots in the valley, and sometimes to quite distant points. A well-known bird-road leads over the southern declivity of the mountain to a railroad station at its base, where very many birds are collected for further transport to all parts of the country. They are carried on a sort of rack consisting of a wooden framework on which are fastened the little cages containing the birds in three tiers or stories, and about seven lines of cages on a story, and these three deep. The weight of all these, with the birds and their food and drink, may be easily imagined; and yet one of these great racks is fastened on the woman's back; and with this unseemly load she labors up hill and down, panting and struggling over the rough and stony footpath, traveling with her burden from ten to twelve and even fourteen miles a day. The birds must be carefully protected by covers and cloths from wind and weather, and be regularly fed. As to the women, they may seek their comfort and protection from Providence; for man seems in no way to consult their interest. A few dead birds would be quite a loss to the owner; a few dead women would simply be some burden-bearers less, soon to be made up by others.

Indeed, the whole Hartz region seems to be one vast work-house for women; for those who remain at home to take charge of domestic matters are but little better off, if any. They have a fierce struggle for existence from the scanty soil of the mountain, which yields a meagre pasturage for their cows, and here and there a little spot for a house, and a patch for potatoes and cabbage. But these will not grow without some artificial nourishment to the soil; and the problem is to obtain this. In many regions the peasants are permitted to gather the moss and leaves of the forest for bedding for their cows, and the means of collecting and securing the manure; but this is not permitted in general in princely domains, as are those of the Hartz. The cows of the region have therefore to content themselves with hard beds for the night; and scarcely

with the morning light have they been collected from the neighborhood by the cowherd, to be driven to their pasturage for the day, when the girls and women proceed to the work of cleaning their stables and gathering the collection of the night to be transported in tubs on their backs to the little field or garden in the distance, either up or down the mountain, as the case may be; and day after day, during the season of pasturage, is this repulsive and severe labor to be performed. And when the earth thus fed produces its harvest, its products are all brought to Winter quarters on the backs of women; for the peasants themselves are in general too poor to have beasts: and for those who till the ground in a larger scale, it is cheaper to hire women than mules, for it costs less to keep them.

Throughout the Hartz, there are certain days and seasons when the peasants are allowed to gather wood from the mountain forests for their Winter use. They are permitted to take only the refuse of the growth, and especially the boughs and brush and branches that are torn off by the Winter storms, or fall by accident. On one of these "wood-days," as they are called, a strange sight greets the traveler in the vicinity of a Hartz village. The women have gone forth early in the morning, miles distant up the mountain, and have labored diligently all day to obtain their loads. At evening they are seen returning from all directions, lugging on their backs great bundles of wood, such as they would scarcely pile on the back of a mule or donkey. The loads are about six feet long by four feet in depth and breadth. They consist, of course, of brush, branches, and roots, seldom thicker than the arm; for solid wood of much size they could not lift: but even these make a weight for a giant's rather than a woman's back. And still poor old women, who, one would think among us, could scarcely walk alone, trudge and stagger down the steep declivities under great bundles of wood that almost hide them. The younger and stronger women will often have on



the top of the wood a bundle of grass for the goat, and in their arms their youngest child. And with this worse than slavish life they seem still to enjoy a certain species of happiness; for, with all their toil and fatigue, they often come in singing evening songs, which, in the distance, seem quite melodious and pleasing. But, in all these cases, distance surely lends enchantment to the view; for as they approach we perceive, from the coarse, ungainly limbs and wiry features, that all the external charms of womanhood have been worked out of them, and that they seem physically to be just what they are,—beasts of burden.

The peasant women in many regions of Germany and Switzerland, among the mountains, are absolutely barriers to the enjoyment of the traveler, because of the coarseness of their appearance, and from the fearful deformity of their persons. As a result of these herculean labors, and especially this practice of bearing all loads on the back and head, the women are almost all deformed in a way peculiar to the mountainous countries. All through the Hartz, one sees numerous women and girls suffering from the effects of cretinism. This displays itself generally in the form of immense swellings in the neck and breast, which may be explained as an enlargement of the "Adam's apple," in the first place, which extends finally to all the glands of the lower neck, causing this part of the person to swell to enormous proportions. Young girls of twelve years may be seen with "crops," as they are popularly called, as big as two large fists. This swelling will then increase, so that one can scarcely discover any neck at all, the whole being one swollen mass from head to shoulders; and finally a "crop" will grow so large that it resembles a great bag of ungainly flesh hanging down on the bosom, outside of the garments, so that one is often forced to turn away in disgust at the deformity. This is thought to be the result of exhausting labor, insufficient food, and bad water. This disease is worse in certain localities; so that

some places are actually notorious for it. Medical science has done much of late years to alleviate it; but until woman can be treated with a little more humanity, it is doubtful whether it can be entirely conquered.

The evil results of these abuses frequently appear in the form of diseases of the brain, idiocy, and general deformity; so that, in passing through some of these villages in the valleys among the mountains, it really seems as if one were in some retreat of the maimed, deformed, and idiotic. This evil has of late years attracted the attention of some of the governments, who have appointed intelligent commissions to investigate the whole affair from a scientific standpoint; and the result is a marked improvement in many places.

The roads in some districts have been greatly improved, so that it is possible to draw four-wheeled wagons more easily than formerly; and efforts have been made to induce the women to adopt this mode of transport, instead of their backs and heads. It seems scarcely possible that a woman could carry great weights running up almost to a hundred pounds, on her head, without serious danger to the brain and all the organs of the head and neck; and yet many of the market-women will bring to the town on their heads such burdens as a man scarcely cares to lift. Some of these loads also are in high baskets or tubs; there is then a constant and fearful strain on the muscles of the neck and back to keep them in equilibrium, so that they would seem to resemble the tortures of an inquisition. Where the women have been willing to listen to the advice of scientific men, there has been marked improvement; so that, in some places where cretinism was once about universal, it is now to a large extent disappearing. But we regard the disease, in large measure, as a moral one. Until a better appreciation of humanity obtains, and there is more disposition to place woman in her true sphere, instead of degrading her into a beast of burden, the sin will be visited by a

deformity of body and depravity of mind which will sooner or later punish both those who practice and those who permit it.

The struggle for existence among the lower classes of Europe is so great that, to feed all mouths, all hands must be busily occupied with some kind of actual and practical labor. Thus the father, the mother, and the children, all need to labor at the same calling, or at least for the same purpose, and the result is an absence of home-like comforts, and a toilsome struggle for bread that is truly painful. The only sure cure will be a thorough remodeling of society, in which

the first demand shall be that men, instead of being gathered by millions into standing armies for each others' destruction, shall cultivate the arts of peace; and in doing this, they shall not only remember that, physically, woman has been made by Providence the weaker vessel, but that to her has been assigned the holy duty of maternity, which unfits her for the continued muscular exertion which man alone of our race can bear, and which he, in these cases disdaining, cruelly turns over to the weaker sex, whom it should ever be his pride and his effort to spare for holier and higher purposes.

WILLIAM WELLS.

#### GEORGE THAYER'S VACATION-WORK.

THE long clock in the hall of the Douglass farm-house struck three, and, true to her appointment with herself, Maggie Douglass woke and sprang out of bed, rubbed her eyes, and looked at the sky. "Fair," she muttered laconically; then shook back her long, yellow curls, and ran across the hall to her twin-brother's chamber, the door of which she proceeded to shake vigorously.

"Malcolm! Malcolm! three o'clock. Hurry down; but come softly, and do n't disturb Aunt Sarah."

Malcolm muttered something about Aunt Sarah's nerves, but rose at once, and stole out in the darkness and silence to feed, water, and groom his fleet Morgan, with which he hoped to outstrip the rest of the party. Coming in, he found Maggie getting an informal breakfast, and making large quantities of coffee in the big party coffee-pot.

"Is the luncheon ready, Mag?"

"All ready but the coffee, and that will be ready soon," she said, as she poured the clear amber fluid into large tin pans containing cream and sugar. She then set them in the dairy-sink to cool, and

they then proceeded to discuss their early breakfast.

"Let us have no undue ceremony," said Malcolm; "for we were to be at Charlestown at five o'clock."

Accordingly, the meal was quickly dispatched, and Maggie, equipped in water-proof, sun-hat, and rubbers, stood waiting on the piazza, with baskets and hamper beside her; and just as the morning's gold was changing to gray, the high-stepping Prince drew up to the door. The boot of the jaunty empire buggy seemed of endless capacity; for it swallowed the hamper, the baskets with the coffee-bottles, the fish-baskets and pails, rods and tackle, a rubber-blanket, umbrella, and other articles supposed to be useful on such an excursion. For we should have explained to the reader that a fishing excursion had been planned to "Warren's Pond," a beautiful little lake about twenty miles distant. The self-reliance derived from their Scotch ancestry made them unwilling to disturb others at this hour of the morning; consequently we see the twins their own servants, which, indeed, was their usual way.



"What's in the hamper, Mag?"

"O, roasted chicken, tongue sandwiches, and lots of good things. You boys will find out soon enough."

Malcolm retaliated on her for the word "boys" by tossing her like a ball onto the seat of the buggy, and they drove away. O, the beauty and joy of that ride on the eastern shore of the Connecticut! The air was fragrant as June; every leaf and spire of grass was wet with dew, and little wreaths of mist were curling softly on the river, which mirrored so perfectly every object on the banks that it was difficult to define the margin. Beyond were the broad, green meadows of Vermont, with Skitchewang's rocks and woods in the background; and to the north rose blue Ascutney, clear and bold against the sky, thus giving promise of a pleasant day.

They rode for some time, wondering whether they were first or last, when Robert Bonning, and his cousin, Fanny Keyer, rolled up alongside them, in a light, rundown carriage, drawn by a spirited dapple-gray. Mutual inquiries as to health, and congratulations on the loveliness of the day, ensued.

"Who are going besides us?" asked Malcolm, whose mind had been engrossed in the oat-harvest for a week past.

"Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee; their cousins, Jane Lyon and George Thayer; the Parkers; and Charley and Marion Mann."

"A good company! All sorts of theology, though."

"Yes, certainly," returned Robert slowly, as if enumerating them. "Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee are Methodists, and you and Maggie, I suppose; and George Thayer is a class-leader. The Parkers and Jane Lyon are Congregationalists; the Manns are Baptists; and Fanny and I are Episcopalians. A mixed company; but I guess we shall not quarrel."

"How strange it seems, to think of George as a class-leader, and Charley as a deacon!—they used to be so merry and light-hearted at school."

"They are just as merry now, and happier-hearted," said Robert.

"I never knew a deacon under sixty years of age before," said Fanny; "but I suppose old men are an unknown commodity in the Far West."

The clock in the church-steeple struck five just as they entered Charlestown—beautiful, sleepy, old Charlestown!—a true Rip Van Winkle, morals and all. Robert pointed out the site of old "Fort No. 4," the old jail and the block-house, and told legends of Revolutionary times, as the two carriages, side by side, rolled slowly down the elm-shaded streets.

"There come the Parmelees, all in the barouche together," said Fanny. "How cozy they look! And Mr. and Miss Mann are close behind."

Maggie felt a disagreeable thought toward Jane creep into her heart, but thrust it out as unworthy the day.

"How lightly Will's bays step this morning!" said Malcolm, inwardly resolving that his black should beat them.

They rode on for miles through the green valleys and over the hills of New Hampshire; sometimes one horse leading, and again another. There was no urging with the whip; but horses, masters, and mistresses seemed half intoxicated with the bracing air. The Parkers, who were city boarders, were constantly exclaiming at the beauty of the scenery; the others were too much accustomed to the outdoor life in New England to remark upon the commoner objects, but were equally charmed. Robert's memory of the road brought them in due time to the "Lake House," where the horses were given a cool stable, and promised a good dinner. The party then passed down the little path behind the house, where the lake first comes to view, when they all stopped, entranced with the beauty of the sight. The lake lay calm and blue before them, dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, which tipped every tiny wavelet with gold. Just at the point of the island, the fresh breeze had curled the waters and flecked them with foam. A few ducks were sailing and diving in the shadow of the pines on the opposite shore; and all seemed keeping time to

the music of the birds, in the trees by the boat-house.

Two boats were engaged; the parcels were piled in, and Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee, their friends, and Maggie and Malcolm, put off in the *Chippesnip*, while the rest of the party embarked in the *Phaeton*. They were never far apart—always within call; and jests flew faster than fish, though many of the gilded beauties had been taken, the ladies being most successful.

Eleven o'clock, and the sun poured its heat and brightness upon them till the ladies longed for shelter, and the gentlemen began to clamor for dinner.

"If they are hungry, let us feed them," said little Mrs. Parmelee; "for of all disagreeable and dangerous animals I ever encountered, a hungry man is the worst."

"Yea, verily," said Mrs. Parker; "but tell it not in the ears of these young ladies; for ignorance is bliss. Let us land before these gentlemen expose themselves."

A few bold sweeps of the oars brought them into a little cove in the island, where they disembarked. Choosing a mossy knoll, under a group of pines, for a dining-room, the ladies laid the cloth, and spread a repast fit for an epicure. Ducks and chickens, cold mutton, sandwiches, sardines, pickles, cakes and pies, lay in confusing nearness. Bottles of coffee filled all spare room; while the napkins, forks, spoons, and a variety of drinking utensils, lay on the moss near. Every thing was pronounced "splendid." The ladies praised each other's cooking; and the gentlemen proposed ridiculous toasts, and drank them in glasses of iced Java. When they had finished, and even the slices of rosy watermelon had failed to tempt them farther, they gathered up the fragments, and reclined on the moss—sometimes talking, sometimes silent. But the jest and laugh had ceased; for somehow the sighing of the pines had entered and wrought its spell on every heart. The conversation soon turned on charitable and religious subjects. Mrs. Parmelee spoke

of their efforts to build a parsonage; Charley Mann of the work his Church was doing among the poor in the city where he was studying medicine. Mrs. Parker told of the heroic self-denial practiced by their millionaires to buy a chime of bells and a painted window. Malcolm's cynical lip curled; but George Thayer claimed their attention by telling how his Church had fitted out a young missionary—one of his own friends—the first one who gave him a friendly hand among strangers, and helped him to remember his mother's lessons. Others now spoke of their own heart's experience; and Malcolm said he saw "more plainly the clouds and darkness than the glory and brightness around the throne."

"But you will see," said Jane Lyon; "because you are willing to look."

"You are a Methodist, are you not?" said Mr. Parker to Maggie.

"No," and her cheek flushed with something like shame; "no, I am not a communicant."

"Indeed!"

"No," said George Thayer kindly but firmly, and with the air of one who intends to do his duty *now*; "no, Margaret, you shirk the responsibility of taking up the cross, but rather drag it instead. You have kept the first part of the commandment and neglected the other—have repented, but not been baptized. You not only retard your own Christian progress, but you hinder others."

"Hinder others, George!" said Margaret, in a stifled voice.

"Yes, Maggie, I must say it; for it is not a week since I was urging a friend to begin a Christian course, and he began to make excuses by saying that you were more generous, good, and true than any other one he knew, and you made no pretensions to being *pious*. Forgive me, Maggie. I have no right to lecture you; but I have been so pained, as I have been home year after year, to see you, whom I know to be capable of doing so much, doing so little. O, do forgive me, Maggie," said he, as he saw her distress and tears.



"There is nothing to forgive," said Maggie; "you are right," as, sobbing, she moved away.

Silence for a time wrapped the whole company. Maggie soon returned, looking troubled and thoughtful. They then fell to talking of indifferent subjects,—of the various points of interest in the landscape, and of the music which came floating over the water from a boat in the distance. Fishing seemed to have been forgotten in the quiet and peace. Hours had been spent in this way, when the distant thunder warned them to set their faces homeward. The ride home was a pleasant ending to a pleasant day. Happiness filled all their hearts; but, mingling with it all, in Margaret's heart was a deep and settled purpose.

August, glad month of vacations, when the heated clerk cools himself beneath his native trees, and the overworked teacher and preacher gain a little strength for another year—August was nearly gone; and so happily had our friends spent their time, that it seemed "swifter than a weaver's shuttle." The last excursion was over; but they met once more ere they separated to their respective duties. The time was Sunday; the place the little Methodist Church. The last note of the hymn had died on the air; the white-haired pastor was reading the baptismal service, while before the altar knelt Margaret Douglass and her twin-brother: for the clouds and darkness had been dispelled from Malcolm's sky by the breath of prayer, and the Sun of righteousness had risen with healing in his wings. The fishing party were all there—Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists—drawn by a feeling of one common brotherhood, children of one Father, members of the great Church militant.

As they passed through the church-yard gate, after service, Maggie heard a rich low voice at her side asking:

"Do you walk home, Maggie?"

"Yes: across through the orchard."

"Our roads lie together, then. Permit me to join you."

Maggie bowed assent, wondering at

the unusual stateliness of George Thayer's demeanor; and the three, now joined by Robert Bonning, passed through the orchard-gate together. Robert and Malcolm were discussing some plans for the relief of a poor neighbor, and Maggie turned to her other companion.

"George, I want to thank you for your kind reproof at the picnic. I think you made me see myself as others see me."

"No: forgive me, rather. I know it was cruel to speak to you so, in the presence of others; but I dared not trust myself to speak to you alone, lest I should tell, or you should guess, how much I love you. I promised my mother, Maggie, on her dying bed, that I would never ask a woman not a professing Christian to be my wife; and I ask you now: for, O Margaret, I love you, and I want to love you forever. Can you forgive my harshness enough to marry me?"

Maggie's answer was almost drowned in happy tears. Then, sitting down on the shady grass, they spent an hour talking the fond, sweet talk of lovers.

"I have prayed for you for years, and came home heavy-hearted. When my sister told me you had indulged a secret hope for months, I felt almost indignant with you at first, as if you had wronged me; but afterward, sorely grieved that you had so wronged yourself and Christ and his Church."

"The promise?" said Maggie, interrogatively.

"My mother asked of me, because her own experience had taught her the wisdom of the apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

Maggie saw she had touched a tender chord, and they walked on in silence.

Shall we lift the curtain again from the little church, and show you a happy bride, a happier bridegroom, and a tearful company? Hardly; for each reader's imagination will supply that. We will only say that our friends thankfully remember the "word spoken in season;" and Maggie ever commends to others George's example.

LU WHITE.

### "CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

SCANNING the columns of a New York daily, in search of a situation, the following advertisement attracted my attention :

"No. —, Fifth Avenue. WANTED.—A Nursery Governess, to take charge of an active little boy of three years of age—one who has a voice for singing him to sleep."

Two months previous to this, I had lost a position on a popular magazine, which I had held for four years, and which had brought me a yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars. Magazine had changed hands, and new proprietor had a wife who would take up my work and ignore my pay. I was needed no longer. I shook hands with the old proprietor, and shook hands with the new; parted friends with both. With Mrs. New Proprietor I left my blessing and good-will: I even helped her a week without pay or thanks. The overlapping policy has ever been mine: the boys who shovel the snow from my walk are always ordered to clear at least a foot beyond what the law requires. I felt unkindly toward no one,—a little strange to have my accustomed burdens uplifted,—a little awkward, at first, with time unfilled on my hands; yet glad of a brief rest, and with not the slightest fear concerning the future. "There is always work for willing hands," was my pet theory at that time. Fortune had been kind to me—I spoke from experience *then*. "Willing hands;" yes, that was the term I used: for I had not sought work from necessity; had not been driven to it by a miserly or impetuous father. I had sought employment from choice, and because an idle life was to me unendurable. At least these were all the reasons I had urged for joining the army of toilers—an action which had met with such bitter opposition from my friends that the home-threshold had not been crossed by me during all those busy years, though letter after letter had been received urging me to return

and abandon my foolish whim of independence. I loved my home, but I wanted to prove myself. If, as one had implied, I had no strength of character sufficient to carry me out in my *role* as worker, then I wished, without prop or home-help of any kind, to develop it.

Four years had done much for me; had brought me letters from strangers as well as friends, congratulating me on my success as a writer; and had given me a certain confidence in my own ability, which I, as a trembling, home-protected child, had hitherto lacked. I claim that self-appreciation is needful, that we may use ourselves to the best advantage. I do not mean self-conceit. Some of us should know ourselves, if only to keep humble.

To save money I had never learned—at home there had been no occasion; and with my salary in hand, I had said, "One may do what she will with her own," and with a free hand I had scattered it. Give me no credit for unselfishness; there was a pleasure to self in giving I could find in no other way. Fifteen hundred dollars do not go very far, however, spread on the slice of humanity's needs; and I had my own music-bills to cancel—not trifling sums at all—and there were lots of little things at big prices, of which I did not deny myself.

I had laid up no money for a rainy season; had always experienced such fair weather, I looked for nothing foul. The storm was upon me. Should it be of any duration, I was unprepared to meet it. I must exert myself. The sun would shine directly; I would support myself by my pen—*of course!* I collected the chapters of several stories I had intended to publish as serials in my magazine, and made a raid on the prominent book-publishers of New York and Boston, hoping that a small sum might at least be realized from each. Awaiting their replies, I was not idle. I wrote



stories for youths and ex-youths, stories for fashion papers and insurance journals, sketches, poems, reviews, and even attempted a play!

Weeks passed. I had a hundred dollars when the siege begun! I could count less than a tenth of that now, and was worn and tired from the very self-denial I had practiced. I held on file the following letters, and others of the same description:

"BOSTON, MASS., June, 187-.

"E. N. TORRANCE, — *Madam*: Your chapters of book entitled 'Never a Coward,' we beg to decline, with thanks. We are more than supplied.

"Respectfully, BERRY & Co."

"NEW YORK, July 187-.

"DEAR MISS TORRANCE,—We have had your story, 'Crises,' carefully examined; the reader says it is interesting, but does not advise us to venture its publication. Thanking you for favor shown us, we return the chapters herewith. Very truly,

"MILLINGTON, BAKER & Co."

"NEW YORK, July, 187-.

"E. N. TORRANCE,—*Sir*: Plot to story, 'Friction,' very improbable. Whole thing too sensational for our house. Try Snarlton—he publishes any thing.

"Yours, CUT & FLING."

There were more letters, some refusing little sketches; some accepting short stories—"to be paid for when published." When would *that* be? Months and months, perhaps. This girl, who was going to live *by her pen*, bowed her head one night in a very discouraged way, and declared that literature, as a profession, might be all very nice; but as a medium through which to obtain bread and butter, it was a first-class delusion. She felt better after thus relieving her mind; and for further proofs of her assertion, started for the evening's mail.

People who met her as she journeyed office-ward, envied her. "She's an authoress," they whispered: "nothing to do but take her ease, and write beautiful stories." The little misses passed her, or followed close after, whispering, "She writes, that lady does; she writes—she's

awful rich!" The shop-girls who met her, murmured discontentedly, "Why was n't we born with brains an' a chance for big learnin', an' we could get rich without workin' at all! Look at her as writes, an' has every thin'!" And all this time Edith Torrance was inwardly exclaiming against the gift of brains, which denied her the right, as she felt, to mechanical labor, by which she might at least eke out some kind of an existence.

I had received no letters for several days. Postmaster, bowing and smiling, put into my hands a thick packet, upon which three cents' worth of dues had settled, and remarked that I "ought to be very grateful, at last, for such a big letter!" Bless his heart, that postmaster never would recognize a "rejected MS." I thanked him as cheerfully as I could under the circumstances, drew my veil closer, and walked out into the street, holding the last and brightest hope lifeless in my hand (the story of "Tim Dodger, the Boot-black," into which I had put my heart and soul, was returned), with the heart well-nigh broken, and the soul utterly cast down.

I returned to the house. I did n't cry! I stood "Tim Dodger" up on end, and fixed quills at him! The poor, tired, way-stained little traveler fell wearily forward. I lifted him up,

"Tim Dodger," said I, "literature, as a bread-and-butter giver, is a humbug! You were wiser than I! Tim Dodger, you blacked boots for a living! You turned many a penny in an honest way; your money was sure every time! But the men who smiled on you as you toiled, the men who tossed you extra dimes as you shuffled away, the men whom you dusted and polished—you ragged, dirty urchin—turn coldly from me, Edith Torrance, the authoress; and with a wave of their hand, a sweep of their pen, use my brains for a foot-ball; and with those same polished boots which brought you a living, send my stories spinning back, and deny me bread. Tim, be thankful you ask no favors of boots, or the men who wear them, and that they are never

so highly polished as to render your services 'unavailable.' O Tim, take my brains, take my education; give me your little outfit, you ragged boy-elf, and let me shine for you, while you shine for me."

Though "Tim Dodger" gave no sign that he noted my appeal, I all at once fell to imagining what the life of a boot-black would be to me, and how I would act were I to join the shining throng. From this I was led to consider other kinds of employment; and before the hour was up, had fully decided that, inasmuch as my intellectual work had proved inexpedient, I was perfectly justified in looking for support elsewhere. To this end I picked up my daily paper—not yet discontinued—turned to the column of "Help Wanted," where the advertisement which begins this chapter at once riveted my attention.

It was n't the "Nursery Governess" that attracted me, but the little sentence, "One who has a voice for singing him to sleep," touched me as nothing else could. I saw before me the active little fellow—a black-eyed, curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boy, I imagined—restless and care-requiring; I saw him in the arms of a coarse, common nurse-girl, whose high-toned voice and low-toned ballads were any thing but soothing to the child. I saw the fashionable Fifth-avenue mamma, dressed for party, flutter through the nursery with, "Take good care of baby, Honora," and a good-bye duty-kiss laid on the little one's mouth. "In case any thing should happen, it would be so dreadful to think I did n't kiss darling good-night!" O yes: I saw it all! I hated that woman, notwithstanding her beauty and wealth, that she should advertise for some one to sing her baby to sleep, that she might continue in the world.

"Who but a mother has a voice so sweet to her baby's ear? who but its mother a voice for singing him to sleep? O mother!" I cried, "sing baby to sleep yourself! Let him love no arms, no caresses, no singing voice, better than

yours! Sing him to sleep yourself!" Little nestling heads and reaching fingers grow very still sometimes while others sing: listening for the mother-voice so far away, baby-hearts forget to beat, sometimes. Careless, unloving arms have hushed many a childling into unwaking slumber. Babies are not too little to claim oftentimes the sleep God gives *his beloved*. But the lullabies the angels sing can not be half so sweet to little Innocent as the "Slumber on, baby dear," of the mother, who crushes him to a heart which hath need to pray lest, in its great love, it worship flesh and blood—lest in adoring the gift, it forget the Giver.

"With a voice for singing him to sleep:" again I went back to it, and again sent reproachful glances at the mother who could crave the pleasures of the world, while her baby still lived to bless her.

"Tim Dodger" fell over, and touched my hand. I started, and looked around. How lonely we were—Tim and I! I picked up the poor, despised manuscript; hugged the dead hope to my heart, and sang over it. Yes: and it was a lullaby, too, that I crooned. There were more of Tim's brothers and sisters cradled in my desk. Big and little, I roused them, and gathered them in my arms. They were my own; and they were my all. I can not explain it to another, I know; but it was so lonely and dark and dreadful that night, and the nursery had looked so cozy and bright and attractive, and I had gotten up so much enthusiasm for the neglected baby, and had found my own offspring so unmothered and comfortless. You laugh at the lone woman singing lullabies to her manuscripts—you can not understand how forlorn we were.

Turning from them at last, with a resolute air—born of desperation, perhaps—I marked out a letter to the Fifth-avenue mamma, in which I claimed that I could fully meet the requirements of her advertisement, and begged to be allowed to sing her baby to sleep, stating the



compensation desired, and inclosing references.

Three days' waiting brought me a reply, which stated that advertiser had expected applications to be made in person; but, inasmuch as those who had called had failed to give satisfaction, and as my letter had created such a favorable impression, I might consider myself engaged for the position. "Services required immediately."

"The sooner the better," cried I, and at once commenced packing my trunks.

When evening came over the hills in all the authority of dark-blue and gilt buttons, and arrested and locked up old gray-headed Day, Edith Torrance, Nursery Governess, awaited in a Fifth-avenue parlor the advent of her future mistress. It seemed nice to be surrounded by every luxury once more; she felt more at home than at any time since she had left her father's house. The surrounding splendor did not dazzle the eyes which from childhood had been accustomed to beautiful things. There was a "Steinway Grand" on her right—how Edith's fingers pleaded to be released from gloves to go scaling tone-heights. The music-rack was well-filled. "She sings in the parlor," I remarked to self; "but not in the nursery! She has no voice 'for singing him to sleep!' O, mother in fashion, God forgive you! O, mother singing for worldly praise, learn that the hushed attention your baby gives your cradle-song is far above all! Sing him to sleep while you may, mother! There are days and years coming which shall surely win him from your arms, and return him—never again. What shall be more precious to the weary, care-worn man of future years than thoughts of the time when, clasped to your mother-heart, rest was so sweet; and when, 'with a voice for singing him to sleep,' you denied him not, but kept the parlor waiting that the child might have his lullaby?"

"Miss Torrance," from a low, gentle voice at my elbow.

Startled from my thoughts, and alarmed lest I had expressed them aloud, I arose

and bowed; not with my usual ease and self-possession, but with a flushed face and embarrassed manner. For a moment I did not look up; and not until a "Please be seated" was offered did I realize that it was a gentleman who addressed me.

I breathed more freely then. I detested the Fifth-avenue mother, and dreaded to meet her; but her husband I pitied—for his sake would endeavor to give his child all the love it missed.

I looked up. Yes: I was in the presence of the father; I could tell that from his very face expression—father-love was written all over it. Before speaking, he was regarding me closely. I did not turn away; for the sake of the anxious countenance he wore, I raised frank eyes to his, and in one steady, straightforward, earnest glance, tried to say: "You can trust your boy with me—all women are not alike—he shall never go to sleep unsung."

If he read the look, I do not know; but he at once began speaking of his child: and no mother could have given a fuller account of her darling than did this father. And the love for "little Lou," which every word, tone, and look betrayed, was touching and beautiful. His heart halved his face. "What a glorious man!" I silently exclaimed, and—it's a way writers have, I believe—fell to considering what a fine character he would make in a story, what a contrast his indifferent wife would be; and began to arrange how the father's devotion should at last win the mother-heart for his child—when I, all at once, realized that silence held us both, and looking up, a little confused, again noted that my face was his study. This gaze, however, was so kind, earnest, and anxious, I had no desire to resent it.

"Your little boy and I will be friends, I've no doubt," I murmured; "and I can go away if I do not suit. 'Services required immediately'—may I go to him?"

An hour later I sat in the Avenue nursery with an armful of lilies, rosebuds,

violets, and sunbeams combined in one sweet human flower—"Little Lou." Whether or not I had a voice to sing him to sleep, I did not try just then. I feared to hush him; I was afraid when the little blossom should shut itself up for the night, God might look down, and want it to unfold in heaven. So I held the child close, and kissed him; held him off, and watched him; tasted his sweet, dainty fingers; picked up the bud-words that fell from his lips; told him stories of fairy-land and wonder-town; replied to his dear, odd questions, and laughed out of time and in wrong places, just to hear the music of the voice with which he answered. Did I feel degraded in my new position? No: my heart was so full and so happy, I wondered all the lone ones in the land did n't turn nurses. In little, limping, halting words, almost in a flash, a child may take you prisoner, while an adult may draw up armed forces of words, glittering in their equipments—skillful and perfect soldiers in language—and storm your castle in vain. I drew the little captivator close to the heart he had made his, and my soul broke forth in song. I sung from gladness. I had no power to restrain myself; but what or how I sung, I do not know. I only remember I was startled at last by the fixed gaze of the child's blue eyes. "With a voice for singing him to sleep," at once recurred to me. What if I should fail in this! To sing, and to sing to sleep, were two different things. I began to try my power. I breathed slumber songs over him, and sung him all the hush-a-bys I knew. But the blue eyes did n't offer to close; they seemed riveted to my face, and the little fingers clung to my hand, and ever tightened their grasp.

"What does it mean?" I cried at last, troubled and frightened. I dared not cease singing, and began Gottschalk's "Little Berceuse;" but hushed myself, as looking around helpless and nervous, my eyes encountered Mr. Danforth in the further corner of the nursery. Discovered, he at once came forward. Then,

and not till then, did baby's eyes leave my face, and its grasp loosen its hold.

"Mamma tum back to baby! pritty mamma! Papa teep hold tight; baby so seepy!"

The golden head nestled closer; the blue eyes put on their night-caps; the rosy mouth went back to bud-land, and my little charge was asleep.

"Dear little fellow!" I exclaimed; "then it was your mother you wanted." And more bitter than ever against this woman who could so neglect her own, I observed with apparent innocence: "She will be back I suppose when the Summer is over. Till then I will do my best for little Lou; but a nurse can never fill a mother's place."

"When the Summer is over!" he murmured sadly; "when the Summer is over!" and began pacing up and down the room. After a while he came over where I was sitting with his child still upon my lap. "When the Summer is over she will come back you say; but she has gone where Summer and song have no end."

Then, and not till then, did the truth flash upon me that it was God, and not the world, who claimed that mother's voice.

A year, two years, have passed since then. I still sing little Lou to sleep. He still persists in calling me "mamma." I endeavored for a long time to teach him better, but signally failed. His father says there is only one course to be pursued under the circumstances, and that is "to give the child the legal right." Of course I love this grand, glorious man with all my heart, and I know he thus loves me; but they say people do not marry for love in these wise days. So, if the above is n't sufficient reason for the wedding-cards presented herewith, add that of my great, *great* sympathy for little Lou, obliged to depend upon a nurse for the lullabies that only a mother knows how to sing best.

I have been looking over my old manuscripts with a critical eye, and am convinced that the reason I did not succeed with my pen, was because I con-



stantly contradicted my own assertions. The old habit is in full force to-night, and as I am writing for pleasure instead of for boots, I think it hardly worth while to resist it; so if you have differed from me

thus far, you and I will now agree; for, notwithstanding all I have said against it, I state in conclusion that a nurse *may* take a mother's place. "Circumstances alters cases." HELEN V. OSBORNE.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

WE owe the following communication of memoirs to a friend. Obligated to dwell in the midst of workmen of all professions, his sympathetic nature often led him, not only into purely industrial relations with them, but into more intimate friendships. When first employing a laborer, he interested himself in *the man*, and after forming judgment as to his ingenious skill, observation and philosophy took their turn.

In the year 1846, a certain work of art, executed according to his plan, attracted his attention toward Pierre Henri, surnamed "the honest one," who had in charge several sub-enterprises of masonry. The gentleman at the first experiment remarked his activity, his intelligence, his good temper; later, he learned to appreciate the scrupulous probity which had gained for him among his companions the glorious name of *Le Rigueur*. The daily intercourse between them drew from Henri, unintentionally, a pleasant confidence. In his familiar interviews with the inventor, he related, without intending to do so, a part of his life; while accident revealed it afterward in all its details.

A convention of workmen, which had detained our friend later than his wont, and a sudden shower of rain supervening also, obliged him one day to accept the hospitality offered him by the master-mason. He was received in his dwelling with that kind of self-possession natural to men who, in respecting others, know also how to respect themselves. The wife of Pierre was engaged in

bleaching, and directing, by the aid of her daughter, a dozen work-women; while the son kept watch over the work-yard, superintended the labors, kept the accounts, and wielded, when occasion required, the hammer or the trowel.

They preserved the dress and manners of their profession. The master-mason, enlightened by experience, wished to avoid for his children the dangers of changing the routine of a class of men, by taking them from a well-made and well-known road, and transporting them by ways which become dangerous because they are strange. Perhaps, also, it was repugnant to him to see them desert these more obscure ranks of life, which seemed to him, in the human army, what his regiment constitutes to the true soldier. He had, without doubt, learned that the most sure means of being useful to his companions was to leave among them honorable men. For Pierre Henri knew that the law of progress did not demand abasement of that which is high, but rather the elevation of that which one finds low and degraded.

After the usual exchanges of courtesy appropriate to a first visit were over, our friend, who had certain papers to classify and arrange, was conducted to the apartment reserved as a counting-room and office by the mason and his son. There were here several books of design, which were placed at his disposal by Pierre Henri; and while taking these in hand, his glance fell upon a manuscript, which contained this curious superscription: "All that I can remember of my life

since 1801. By Pierre Henri, called 'The Rigorous.'"

The mason, on being interrogated, declared that these were extracts of memoirs written long ago, during rainy evenings or Winter Sundays, without the least intention of ever arranging them in order as reminiscences. He made no objection, however, to grant his guest, as the latter requested it, the perusal of the document; forewarning him that he would never have patience to get beyond the second page, and yet giving him permission to carry the written book to his own home for a less hasty reading, if he desired it. The inventor promised to take the greatest care of the manuscript; which Pierre Henri protested against, by saying that the boy had made a corrected copy, and that the original paper had long been destined for the furnace of some iron-grinder.

Having thus become the legitimate proprietor of the memoirs, our friend read and spoke to us about them. Only a few months have passed since they were confided to us, and from that time we have been thinking that their publication would, in the present, be both interesting and instructive.

We waited to obtain the consent of the mason, who, after hesitating for some time, acquiesced in our desires, without other condition than omitting some proper names, and a few details too personal. We have taken the liberty, also, to abridge several chapters, and to render the meaning more lucid. We have finished symmetrically certain lines that were left in a confused and incomplete state. But if these additions and retrenchments have slightly changed the form of the manuscript, they have always preserved the spirit of the memoirs, as written by Pierre Henri himself.

The contents include three copy-books of large, blue tinted paper, which are entirely covered with careful penmanship. The erasures are rare—the repetitions numerous. A few changes to the text, and additions on the margin, bear indications of a younger hand. These are

by the son of Pierre Henri, who received a more liberal education than his father, and has taken his place among those poet-mechanics whose existence in these later days is one of the significant characteristics of the present age.

We gladly accept such developments, wherein the manual laborers of our time interpret the delicate yet unspoken sentiment of poesy and romance of the generations of workmen who have preceded him in a more practical career. It seems to us that such comments as these annotated by Pierre's son, cast their sunny rays afar, and lighten up the stern realities which otherwise gather such misty ideas as are contained in the memoirs of Henri, as devised by himself alone; and yet in these comments the son had only rendered in the best terms the recollections of his father, and completed in writing, the confidences reposed in him by the living voice.

Pierre, in his copy of manuscript now in our possession, had simply confined himself to the official items belonging to the domestic archives, arranging each scrupulously according to its date,—his register of birth, the death register of his parents, his certificate of marriage, the contract for purchase of the house which he inhabited and the garden he cultivated, to which were added the principal articles of agreement, made with certain parties in the exercise of his profession.

The manuscript, commencing in the form of a biography, took on later the spirit of a journal, and ended in a budget of miscellaneous items. This transformation of style no doubt has its significance, and corresponds to the preoccupation of mind at different ages. In youth, we take pleasure in stopping by the way to cast thoughtful or merry glances on the horizon left behind us; later in life, with the burden of many years and many cares resting heavily on the heart, we think only of what surrounds us in the present. Later still, the vision gathers entirely around our own footsteps, and we only occupy ourselves



in calculating distances, and how best to avoid the ruts.

And this is the whole of life, alas! Be it longer or shorter, the footprints are just such as are found in the manuscript of Pierre Henri. In its first opening, the contents are filled with tender and touching pictures; its ending is like a dull calculation in arithmetic. We have thought it better to present here only the first tableaux. Not being able to render the entire mason's manuscript in print, we have extracted from it that

which seemed to us adapted to calm restless and rebellious spirits, and to soften hearts that have become almost hardened through much temptation, and perhaps embittered.

We have thought that in the midst of these contemporary agitations of life, nothing could be more opportune, more strengthening, and more beautiful, than the spectacle of one born to a humble destiny, combating sorrow by patience, and gaining the victory through honesty.

FROM THE FRENCH.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO MARIAZELL.

### OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

I HARDLY know whether to say we went over or through the Semmering from Gloggnitz to Mürzzuschlag. Fifteen tunnels and fifteen bridges along and through the precipices, make the favor to either expression about equally divided. Twenty-five miles of zigzagging up 2,894 feet, at a cost of fifteen million florins, affording grand and picturesque scenery, makes up this, the oldest mountain railway, as well as perhaps the most imposing, in Europe. It was a new sensation to be able continually to look across to yawning blackness, where we should go in, or to the dark cavern, from whence we came out; to travel over a green and smiling valley, by an arched viaduct, and in a moment, backward glancing, have a full, swift vision of its loveliness; to traverse long underground galleries, with apertures for light, and in a moment, from the other side of the gorge, behold the rows of eyes into the mountain-side; one moment to be skirting near the dazzling face of the Schneeberg, sending a breath of Winter upon us, and the next to find peasant women hoisting huge bouquets of May-apple blossoms, heath, and blue-bells to the car-windows. And so, shoot-

ing through a tunnel one mile long, we came into Styria, and to Mürzzuschlag, the nearest railroad point to Mariazell.

I thought we were settled here for a week of rest; but the Schneealps came down too close. Two or three weeks of Spring breezes north of the mountain region, made it seem too dreary now to be shut up, shivering, with purple finger-tips. To be sure, there was in the room a green porcelain stove, four feet square, with an imposing dome, set with green balls, and a wood fire was built in a great oven doorway leading into it from the outer wall; and there was a stationary wooden clothes-rack, with a seat attachment, running round the fire-temple, upon which we might sit or hang with our backs to the green god; but, alas! it consumed its own warmth! And so it came that the next morning found us in the post for six miles farther on, the last of public conveyances to Mariazell.

Our companion for the early morning ride chanced to be a smart young girl, with a scarlet umbrella with a bright spangled border of yellow. I was ever more and more convinced that we were nearing the place where colors grow.

We passed big fat women in short blue skirts, scarlet shoulder-shawls, and gay forehead pieces, sometimes surmounted by black slouch hats (men's), decorated with bunches of brilliant flowers. All the facings and bands of the men were green; green woolen leggings and the green feather in the hat added; and they were fine fellows, no matter how dirty and tawdry the make-up. Sportsmen further enhanced their showy appearance by white under-pants, that puffed out at the knee between the leggings, and short upper-pantaloon laced at the side. I knew *color* had become a matter of life and death; for the day previous we had met a man carrying a large coffin painted a brilliant blue.

At the end of the post-route (Neuberg), we played a shabby trick on the custodian of the old Cistercian church, consecrated in 1471, by walking about the cloisters, and up and down the aisles, even seeing the pretty things on the altars, without disturbing the old fellow whom we heard wheezing in an adjoining chapel.

Since, in 1783, the Emperor Joseph suppressed the extensive abbey, and put the houses and lands in his pocket, there is nothing but Kaiser lands, Kaiser wood, and Kaiser works in all this region. For the first six miles along the Mürz, after leaving Neuberg, the stream was full of Kaiser wood. This is the only means of transporting it from the mountains to the imperial iron-works below. Near Neuberg, the river was packed, an immovable mass of cord-wood, over and under which the green water sang on; but not with the wild mountain voice we heard farther up. Men with long iron picks were dragging it out, and piling it in dripping rows. After we crossed the Scheiterboden, through thick forests of beech and pine, we struck only a foot-path on the left bank of the Mürz. Then you should have seen how it came down between the cliffs of the Schneealp, the Seekopf, and Königsalp. A narrow foot-bridge, just at the right place, afforded the best possible point to sit and watch the fantastic thing dashing along over

rocks, and around curves as wild and clear and cold as only a mountain stream knows how to be.

Such a time as the imperial wood had here,—butting the bridge piers, plunging headlong against the rocks, and plowing down deep into the abysses! A still smooth sail, a grand swift rush—sheer upon the rocks—stranded, until another pushes it off! A giddy whirl sends it all helpless into an eddying cove; first to stand still, then swing round and round; then butts a fellow-traveler, butts the bank, butts a rock, and backs out only to be caught by the rush of waters, and sent shooting under a counter-current, from which it frees itself but for a moment, until, upon a point of rocks, it is lifted up and down, up and down; but not off, until a roaring dash sends it lodged upon a heap of other stranded ones, where it must lie and bleach until fresh mountain torrents come to carry it on. How like our own struggles!

The mountains closed in, and crowded, until the stream made a wonderful bustle about getting through, scolding and fuming, and getting as white in the face as white could be, until we thought there was little chance for us that way. The cliffs grew perpendicular, and came down into the water. A foot-path was hewn into them, until no longer practicable, when a little wooden gallery clung along the unfriendly sides, hung by irons—how, I can not tell, only that, with the rushing water below, and the ascending rocks above, we walked and stood and sat and rested upon the hanging veranda, until “Todten Weib” broke in, with its noisy voice, upon the shadows and the sunshine. “The Dead Woman,” so called from the finding long ago of the body of a woman at its foot, leaps right out from the rocks without a moment's warning, down a hundred feet at three bounds, while two hundred feet more of solid rock towers on above. Enterprising wooden steps scaled to its mouth. We fairly put our heads down the cavern's throat, seeking to know where the wild, rushing thing came from. But no one



has seen the birthplace of these ice-cold crystals, that spring full-armed from the giant heads. We scarcely lost the cold breath of one until another sent greetings. No less strange was it to gather snow-bells and violets close by banks of snow, packed for a long stay.

Farther back, four deer were feeding where woodmen had cut the timber. That day, at two o'clock P. M., the crown-prince was to arrive on a grand hunting expedition. We thought of these as among the number beaten in the ring, and on toward the prince, who would fire away and make all Austria ring next day with the number of deer the prince had shot,—imperial deer; for no ordinary sportsman is allowed on these grounds.

Still farther back, a company of women were carrying manure on to a hill-side. They deposited it from the baskets on their backs by the novel method of a kind of a sudden lateral jerk, that sent it out over their heads, without the trouble of removing the basket.

But among the earliest of our impressions was that of being pilgrims. We felt it when H. flung the satchel over his shoulder, and I the shawl, and we set out on foot; but more so when the peasants began to show signs of special deference, and five girls sought to kiss H.'s hand, and two boys did kiss his hand and coat-sleeve. I had known we were coming to this; for far back in Austria I saw fawning old servants, or beggars, kiss the hand of well-to-do looking people; and once, wandering into a church early in the morning, I thought we were alone, when a queer little woman with Rubens's color, and the attitude of a saint, stood before me and kissed my hand. Partly in pity, but more to be rid of her, I laid four kreutzers, only four kreutzers, in her palm, but did not escape until she had kissed the other hand. And now, since we have come into the mountains, the shop-keeper's last adieu is to say, "Kiss the hand;" and women and girls with packs on their backs seize the hand, and kiss it as they pass. But long before we reached the hamlet of Freyn, the half-

way place in the foot-route to Mariazell, peasants and deer, and cultivated fields and fallen timber, had quite deserted us; every thing but the mountains, the water, and the shrines: and the last were only make-shifts of wooden crosses or weather-stained pictures under sharp little dilapidated roofs. But even in that deserted region I counted eleven in six miles.

At Freyn, we were doomed to see a large whitewashed Christ, and to sleep between colored sheets—calico (they were new, I think)—and to pay a little more than Vienna prices. The next morning, we sat out to ascend the Freynsattel, at the beginning of our last eleven miles. The sun was warm, fairly hot, but snow-banks lay across the path. It was amusing to see H. gone down so as to be standing on his coat-tail, though one might be knee-deep herself at the same time. These pulls were interspersed with little walks on two logs, a foot or more apart, stretching over deep gullies. We met a pilgrim, barefooted, with his shoes in hand, who stood on one red foot and dangled the other, while he told us how bad it was on ahead. The lovely mixture of sunshine and snow, and flowers and pines, was new enough to make one almost insensible to fatigue. I can not say so much for the sensation of hunger. Once upon the summit, we sat before an image, where other pilgrims kneel, and contemplated the bold Student's Precipice and the bald summit of Oetscher, 6,313 feet. But I must say that while St. George, slaying the dragon, with Saint Somebody Else presiding near by, did start us out on the right path, yet some of the other saints came near leading us a sorry chase. I have n't much faith in a saint nailed to a pine-tree as a guide. However, the steep descent was made somewhat successfully, and the highway along the Salza to Mariazell reached. After some miles in a green valley, another steep ascent, and in front stood the Dürrenstein, to the left the Hochschwab, and nestled in the mountain-basin lay Mariazell, the most frequented shrine in Austria.

SUE M. D. FRY.

## DRAWING WATER.

DARK as if it would not tell,  
 Lies the water still and cool;  
 Dip the bucket in the well,  
 Lift it from the secret pool.  
 Up it comes, all brown and dim,  
 Telling of the darkness sweet;  
 As it rises to the brim,  
 See the sun and water meet!  
 See the friends each other hail!  
 "Here you are!" exclaims the sun;  
 The water splashes from the pail—  
 Joy has made it wild with fun.  
 You have many a tale to tell:  
 Water, while I take you home,  
 Tell me of the hidden well  
 Whence you first of all did come.  
 You have kept a little taste,  
 Through the distance and the strife,  
 Narrow veins and open waste  
 Of the lovely well of life.

Could you lead me back the way?  
 Through the earth, the sea, the sky,  
 Bring me thither? Happy day!  
 I would drink, and never die.  
 Jesus sits upon the brink,  
 All the world's great thirst to slake;  
 Offering every one to drink,  
 Who will only come and take.  
 Lord of wells and waters all,  
 In the heart or in the meads,  
 Unto thee my soul doth call  
 For the something that it needs.  
 Give me water in my heart,  
 Flowing ever with a song,  
 Bathing it in every part,  
 Till its cleanness make it strong.  
 Come, sweet water, I can tell  
 You will make the cottage shine;  
 Come, O water, from His well,  
 Thou wilt make my soul divine.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,  
 Do you all remember yet  
 That home in the shade of the rustling trees,  
 Where once our household met?  
 Do you know how we used to come from  
 school  
 Through the Summer's pleasant heat,  
 With the yellow fennel's golden dust  
 On our tired little feet?  
 And sometimes in an idle mood  
 We loitered by the way;  
 And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,  
 And in the fields to play;  
 Till warned by the deep'ning shadows' fall  
 That told of the coming night,  
 We climbed to the top of the last long hill,  
 And saw our home in sight.  
 And, brothers and sisters, older now  
 Than she whose life is o'er,

Do you think of the mother's loving face,  
 That looked from the open door?  
 Alas! for the changing things of time!  
 That home in the dust is low;  
 And that loving smile was hid from us,  
 In the darkness, long ago.  
 And we have come to life's last hill,  
 From which our weary eyes  
 Can almost look on that home that shines  
 Eternal in the skies.  
 So, brothers and sisters, as we go,  
 Still let us move as one,  
 Always together keeping step,  
 Till our march of life is done;  
 For that mother, who waited for us here,  
 Wearing a smile so sweet,  
 Now waits on the hills of Paradise  
 For her children's coming feet.

ALICE CARY.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

— 863 —

## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

A GENUINE mother on the throne is not a very frequent occurrence in history; but is a very pleasing one when it appears. The most notable instance in our day is that of Queen Victoria; and much of the popularity of that goodly lady throughout the world arises from the fact that, first of all, she is a mother. But modern annals show no such remarkable example of this kind as that of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. And her people are not yet tired of reading the story of her life, especially where this feature is prominent, as it is in the most recent life of that notable lady. Her life-long antagonist, Frederick the Great, once said of her, that she created plans worthy of a man. At the age of eighteen she was member of the State Council of her father, and thus became educated for the throne, which she ascended five years later. Her struggles for her people were unparalleled during her conflicts with Frederick of Prussia; but though she lost Silesia, she left Austria much stronger than she found it; for she neglected no interest of State, even though it took her late into the night to read the official documents that she needed to sign.

The domestic side of her nature was even more remarkable than her knowledge of civil and political affairs. She was the mother of sixteen children,—six sons and ten daughters. Ten of these grew up to adult age, and survived her; the remainder she buried as infants, or partly grown. She placed the same fidelity in the education of this group of children that she showed in the affairs of government; and, above all, she created a home at the court which was a shining example to her Empire, of genuine domestic life. The very minutiae of her children's education received her attention, and she laid out the daily plan of their studies; and

the very dearest of them she punished in some way for any disobedience. Her instruction to the governess of one of the daughters was, that the young lady and archduchess must be taught to be kind toward the servants. Her son Joseph, who afterward sat on the throne, received her closest attention, and was the cause of many trials; but, thanks to his mother's care, became one of the noblest and best-loved emperors that ever ruled in Austria. In the marriage of her children she exhibited the greatest maternal love; and, long after her favorite daughter, Marie Antoinette, went to France as the wife of Louis XVI, she continued to receive letters from her mother containing maternal reproof or counsel. She restored the beautiful palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, mainly to have a beautiful and attractive home for her children; and many interesting stories are related of the domestic life of her family in that beautiful retreat. To her husband, who was greatly her inferior, she gave nearly all the charge of beautifying the grounds and surroundings, where she delighted to make him and his children happy; and here she dismissed all court ceremonial. On Sundays she went to church with her husband at her side, and a group of happy and respectful children following her, who called her "mother." And we are partly led to these thoughts by the beautiful picture of a modern painting showing the empress in all her courtly robes giving the breast to the child of a poor suffering mother whom she one day discovered sorrowing on the steps of her palace. Seeing the hungry babe vainly striving to obtain nourishment from a weak and sick mother, she gave her own milk rather than see the meanest and lowliest of her people suffer. In the background appear the proud nurses

of the imperial children, gazing with astonishment and scorn at the freak of their mistress, while the weak mother looks on with unfeigned satisfaction peering from her sickly countenance. She thus gained the people's heart, and they all felt her to be what they finally called her, the "mother of her country." For them she abolished serfdom in Austria, put a stop to trials and burnings of witches, and often visited the sick and the poor in their miserable cabins. To these mothers on German thrones, such as Maria Theresa of Austria, and Queen Louisa of Prussia, the nation is largely indebted for the domestic character of the people and the fidelity of its mothers to their social duties. For, as a nation, we venture to say that they are not surpassed in this respect by any other, nor by the desire to cultivate the love of home, one proof of which is the love they cherish for queens who were model mothers.

THE question of fitting employment and sufficient remuneration to the working-women of Paris is now receiving more attention than ever before. French women have in this regard, so far as variety is concerned, comparatively little to complain of; for they have been the bookkeepers and storetenders in the lighter trades for many years, and have always had a larger scope than the women of most countries. But, of late, efforts have been made to make the latitude still greater and the pay more like that accorded to men. The telegraph and the post-office is now open to them; women have for years been clerks in the postal bureaus, and the practice is extending in this, and also to other offices which they can satisfactorily fill. The great defect found in practice is, that women are not sufficiently trained to meet the requirements made of them; and to remedy this, there are now many industrial schools in Paris, as in the larger cities of the provinces. A very intelligent lady by the name of Lemonnier gave all her attention and energy to this experiment some years ago, and was quite successful in finding ways and means to organize institutions as training-schools of the manual arts. At her death her mantle was taken up by the philosopher and author, Jules Simon, who for years has done good duty for the laboring classes, and is the prime mover

in a society for the training of the working-women to skilled labor. So far as this matter regards women, his work bearing the title of the "Working-woman," has been largely circulated and of great influence. These institutions take pupils from their twelfth year, and subject them first to an examination as to their mental capacity and book knowledge, and demand of them a certain number of hours in the elementary branches of education till they are tolerably proficient in fundamental studies, including penmanship and drawing. The schools are in the same building and in close connection with the training-shops, in which they labor in the afternoon. This latter function was begun with a small number of branches of prime necessity for the more ordinary girls. But now the studies are extended to wood-engraving, porcelain-painting, commercial bookkeeping, and even some of the foreign languages, the English especially, so that the girls could carry on the foreign correspondence at the desk, and make their language useful at the counter; for the multitude of strangers ever visiting the Parisian stores makes it quite desirable that every large one should have a few practical linguists. There is also an immense amount of designing done at Paris for the various trades, and much of this is now performed by women who have received their training in these comparatively public schools. A large class of them are now known as pattern-designers, in which occupation there is room for the display of genius as well as talent; and the native taste of women in this regard as to what their sex would best appreciate, makes them valuable adjuncts in this branch of labor. The results obtained by these institutions have fully satisfied the hopes and expectations of their early founders; there is no longer any question as to their utility, and they have now nothing to do but to grow and extend their sphere of influence. The course in some of the best of them lasts three or four years, and the expense is very trifling; so that even the poorest may be able to profit by their advantages. The money to support them is mainly obtained from the contributions of the benevolent. And as to the pupils' own support, this is secured to them as soon as possible in the shape of work given to them by the schools according to their



capacities. The institutions have gained such a reputation for solid work at reasonable prices, that a great many people come right to them for whatever they make in a line that can be there supplied. Even those who have left the schools entirely, still hold a nominal connection with them, and receive their protection in case employers may be inclined to impose on helplessness. In this way, the girls have guardians that protect their rights, as well as teachers to increase their usefulness. The whole result of the system may be summed up as giving to the girls special training and a feeling of independence which makes them much more capable of competing with male rivals.

WHAT do our ladies say to the proposition of one Herr Daul, of the Father-land, who, in a very interesting work entitled "Five Hundred Occupations of Women," suggests that, as a fitting and profitable one, they become barbers, and undertake to shave the men? *O tempora! O mores!* To shave the men! What do they say to it? for it would undoubtedly take two parties to make a bargain in this instance. But Herr Daul thinks well of it; perhaps because he has not often been shaved metaphorically by his better half, and thus sees no danger with the razor in woman's hands. He says that hair-dressing, and hair-frizzing, and the like kindred arts, are frequently practiced by women, and that there is no reason why men should not give up the entire craft to them, and take to manlier occupations. And he strengthens his position by the assertion that in some places in Switzerland and South Germany the women already engage in this employment to the full satisfaction of their customers. He was led to the happy idea by stepping into a barber's shop in Berne of Switzerland, where, to his astonishment a woman came to him with lather and razor. He modestly inquired her intentions, when she informed him, that her husband was too sick to work, and she preferred to continue his occupation rather than let him and the little ones starve. To this touching argument he yielded, and was shaved with a delicacy and care that delighted him; and since that time he has learned that it is no uncommon thing in these regions, and votes for it as a laudable custom.

THE work of female emancipation is moving apace in Russia, and has recently entered into a new stadium. We have hitherto in these pages alluded to the establishment of preparatory-schools somewhat of the character of the German gymnasiums. It is said that the educational authorities are now busy with the plan of a university for young women who have graduated in the gymnasial course and would pursue their studies still farther. In this higher course there are to be lectures on Russian History and Literature, on Universal History, General Physics, Art, and kindred subjects. These branches are all to be obligatory to those who wish to take the diploma of the university. We suspect that this advance is largely owing to the troubles occurring, in Zurich and a few other European centers, with Russian women in the schools. It seems that large numbers of Russian women, especially of the middle classes, are determined to have more opportunity for mental culture and study, and especially in the professions. The Government finds it dangerous to let them pursue these studies in countries of different theories of civil rule from their own. The women at Zurich became fiercely radical, and showed a tendency to become troublesome as political agents. Therefore Russia ordered them home, and is now providing such facilities for all women as shall preclude the necessity of their leaving their native land.

AN article on the personal habits of Pius IX, the Vatican god, is going the rounds of the European press. This god is eighty-three years old, and enjoys good health. His daily life is a pattern to men and angels. He gets out of bed at 5.30 in the morning, Winter and Summer, and dresses himself without assistance. He "nearly always awakens himself," says a short prayer, enters a private chapel ornamented with a piece of the "skull of St. John and the teeth of St. Peter." "At seven o'clock, says mass; at 8.45 breakfasts on broth and coffee, and confers with Cardinal Antonelli. At ten o'clock, reads his letters and the Italian papers, and receives callers. At eleven o'clock, his godship takes a basin of soup and a glass of Bordeaux. At noon he leaves his chamber for a walk in the garden or library. At three he dines, and at nine, sups and retires."

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

— THAT women are coming to be recognized as a power in the land with respect to the education of children, may be seen in their appointment as members of school committees, and in their election as school superintendents. Providence, R. I., has recently elected three ladies to membership of the School Board, and other towns in the State have done likewise. In Iowa, we find the names of Miss Fulton and Mrs. Adair on the list of school superintendents.

— Chicago is the paradise of lady teachers. It has three female principals of grammar-schools, and one of a district-school, the latter receiving compensation equal to the highest salary of the male principal.

— The Misses Smith, of Glastenbury, Conn., who have made themselves famous by adherence to the great principle of "no taxation without representation," have recently appeared as defenders rather than repudiators of the law. The tax-collector having sold some of their real estate instead of levying upon movable property, the sisters prosecuted him, and won their case.

— A lady professorship is to be established in Clinton Liberal Institute, under the patronage of the Universalist Society. This sect recognizes the capacity as well as the success of women in the work of the Church, and urges trustees to consider fitness without regard to sex in their appointment to office.

— At the Women's Congress, recently held in Chicago under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Women, the general subject of Finance was discussed, as to what monetary enterprises a woman can safely undertake, what new element she can introduce into the field of finance, and what part she can take for the good or ill of the country in its financial affairs. Papers were read upon the equal education of the sexes in business matters; reform in the physical training of girls and in their dress was urged; the intellectual cultivation of women combined with household duties was discussed, and a committee appointed to report upon the opportunities, interests, and abilities of women. The influence of modern literature

upon crime was also discussed, and a lady lawyer of St. Louis discoursed on the capabilities of women for the learned professions.

— St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Manchester, N. H., has a Mrs. Ferrin for one of its class-leaders; Lowell, Mass., sends forth Mrs. H. D. Walker as an evangelist; Miss Julia Lore has been sent as medical missionary to India; and Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker has become private physician of the sultan's seraglio.

— Miss L. A. Mason, M. D., has been sent as medical missionary to Kiukiang, China, by the Cincinnati Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

— A move in the right direction has been made by the Woman's Educational Association of the Illinois Wesleyan University, by which it is hoped to raise a fund to provide a home for young women that are striving to obtain an education. Cheap tuition is easily found; but cheap and good board is scarcely attainable. An item has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that a girl entirely supported herself for two years at the normal-school of Salem, Mass., by running a sewing-machine. It has not been told us, however, whether this same girl has any strength or health left to use the education thus gained. The Association above-mentioned proposes to throw open the halls of the home to girls of moderate means, by which such excessive toil will not have to be performed in connection with a severe course of study. This Association also desires to endow a chair in the University, wherein shall be seated a competent woman as professor in the institution.

— Illinois has been endeavoring to right the wrongs of married women. It has given them the privilege of suing as well as of being sued; of acquiring, possessing, and selling property; of keeping their own earnings; and, if they choose, of suing their own husbands. If their husbands desert them, do nothing for their support, or are imprisoned, the wives can manage the property absolutely. They are not responsible for the husband's debts, have the custody of their



own children, and can manage any business independently. Such a multiplicity of rights conferred all at once upon a sex so long kept in subjection, may have as disastrous an effect upon them as did freedom upon the negro, who, when asked how he liked to be free, responded: "I doesn't like it at all. When I was a slave and did wrong, massa whipped me, and there was the end of it; now I'se a freedman, I have to go to jail like de white folks, and be disgraced by it!"

—Market-gardening has been recently recommended by the narration, in one of our weeklies, of the success achieved by some broken-down seamstresses and saleswomen who went into the country in pursuit of healthy and profitable employment.

—Miss Emily Faithfull publishes a paper entitled "Women at Work," in which there appears a record of thirty-nine avocations open to the sex. The *American Woman's Home* suggests the care and training of bees as a business at once profitable and interesting, provided proper instruction has been sought.

—Utah has granted the right of suffrage to the women within her borders; but as the Mormon wives vote only as ordered by the Church, and the Gentile women are only one to five, the gain upon the side of law and order is scarcely appreciable.

—Mrs. Van Cott will have to wait a while longer before receiving deacon's orders, as the Board of Bishops have decided that it is not lawful to ordain a woman to preach. As an offset to this decision, we suppose, the American Female Suffrage Association has elected Bishop Haven for its president.

—The Young Women's Christian Association of Boston has of late opened its new "Home" on Warrenton Street, where it offers a temporary Christian residence for young women while finding positions, or a permanent one at reasonable prices to those that are engaged as clerks in stores, or students of art, or as school-teachers. Thirty lady managers give unremunerated service to the care of the institution.

—The governor of a neighboring State has been blamed for saying that "the Women's Crusade might be pleasing to God, but was an abomination to mankind." Giving a different turn, from the one intended, to

this remark of the governor, we fully agree with him that it is an abomination to man that he has not been in earnest in endeavoring to suppress the traffic in liquor; that it has been from the ranks of men that the army of drunkards has been recruited; that the strong arm of the law has not put the same restriction upon poisoning by liquor as by arsenic or strychnine; that the acquisition of money has been considered of more importance than the salvation, temporal and eternal, of fellow-mortals; and that

"When woman's heart was breaking,  
Her voice could not be still,"

but broke forth in agonized prayer to God for that help which man, created in the image of God, ought never to have required.

—The crusading women of Ohio are held responsible by many for the result of the late election. Just so has it been since the days of Adam. "The woman which thou gavest me" has always been the one to be blamed by the Adams that have, through negligence or cowardice, failed to discharge their duty. In contrast to this view, the *Temperance Era*, of Cincinnati, gives the following summary of what the Women's Temperance Crusade in Ohio accomplished last Spring: "Among human agencies for success, we give the chief place to the women of Ohio. Their Crusade of prayer and song and entreaty with rum-sellers aroused, more than any thing else, the public mind to consider afresh the evils of intemperance, and to seek to abate them. Had it not been for the crusading women, the Ohio Legislature would have repealed the Adair Law, the Convention would have put a mandatory license clause into the Constitution, 'license' would now have been saddled upon us, and the Temperance Reform would have been rolled back fifty years." Temperance Leagues are being organized by the ladies all over the country, and the belief seems to be deepening that the curse of intemperance is to be removed from our land only through the united and persistent efforts of women in the various relations of teacher, wife, mother, and creator of public sentiment. The production of a strong, healthful temperance literature is coming to be considered as an essential agent in the great work of reform.

## ART NOTES.

—AMONG the very best books on the Life, Times, and Works of Leonardo da Vinci is that issued by Macmillan & Co., entitled, "Leonardo da Vinci and his Works:" consisting of a Life, by Mrs. Charles W. Heaton; an Essay on his Scientific and Literary Works, by Charles Christopher Black, M. A.; and an Account of his Most Important Paintings. There is much of common sense in the method of this work. Besides embodying the latest facts that have been discovered by the vast research of the admirers and special students of the great painter, poet, and engineer, the story is told with a straightforwardness that takes this wonderful genius out of the shadowy and awful realm in which he has generally been left by his biographers, and brings him before us as flesh and blood, moved and moving like other men,—with hopes, fears, trials, temptations, yieldings, stumblings, fallings, risings, and triumphs. We see more clearly than we are wont the peculiar mental and moral endowments, the influence of early education, the brilliant flashes of originality, the breaking away from trammels and models into a new and purer region of artistic endeavor and victory. But we are also greatly impressed with the fact that in Leonardo there is not alone the artist living in a realm of ideal beauty, but a sharp, sagacious man of the world, who could penetrate the secrets of the human heart, and clearly see the motives that will control and mold even his patron and prince. At the time of his arrival in Milan, Lodovico Sforza was supporting one of the most profligate and brilliant courts of Europe. Soon Leonardo seemed capable of guiding even this most barbarous yet most refined prince, and succeeded in attracting to his court the most powerful and the most cultured of that age. In this recent account, we have been as deeply interested in this practical element of this many-sided genius as in those characteristics which have chiefly made him famous with the many. We most heartily commend this work to our many readers.

—A writer in the *New York Post*, in discussing "Church Music in New York,"

throws out some most sensible suggestions. After stating what all thoughtful persons have so keenly felt; namely, that we have no distinctively ecclesiastical music, he says: "In those congregational services where the precentor leads the voices of the whole assembly great results are obtained, which are altogether independent of the words, the musical composition, or the character of the individual voices. The sympathy evoked by the sense of numbers alone is so great, especially when a powerful organ combines, directs, and fuses the whole in one solid mass, as to be almost overwhelming. Yet the music employed in these churches is not often the best conceivable for great masses; the melodies seem to be selected because they are popular, though they may demand a range of voice which comparatively few persons possess. And frequently, also, a theme taken from an opera, or other secular work, is chosen, which, though pretty enough in its place, will not bear enlarging, nor will its poverty-stricken harmonies provide parts for those whose deep voices can not execute the melody. The very best tunes for such (congregational) purposes are the old Lutheran chords, which have simple progressions suitable to the harmony of voices, noble and grand harmonies, and stately, dignified cadences. They possess all the elements of popularity found in the *Volkslied*, and yet are capable of the highest conceivable artistic treatment. They were, and are, of great national importance in Germany, and by their aid the great school of music founded by Bach was formed. These chorals being elaborated in various ways, but chiefly in strict counterpoint, led the great German composers naturally to the organ fugue with choral, and to the oratorio."

—In the neighborhood of Eisenstadt, there still exists a little Summer-house which was formerly the property of Joseph Haydn. It is overgrown with ivy, and overshadowed with fruit-trees. The little wooden house, with the garden belonging to it, is now the property of a shoemaker. Its furniture, in



Haydn's time, consisted only of a small piano, a writing-table, a rush-bottomed couch, and two similar chairs. The walls were without decoration, and were pasted over with sketches of music in score, rough drafts of songs, three and four part canons, etc. In this little Summer-house, Haydn created a great part of his immortal works.

—This is the season of art receptions and exhibitions in our large towns. The multitude of artists that fled into distant parts for study and drawings during the last Summer was unusually large. From very widely different regions have these men brought together their wealth of drawings. No class are more busy with their profession, more industrious even in their months of nominal leisure, than the American artists. They allow no opportunity to pass unimproved to place in their portfolios a sketch of some enchanting scene of beauty. The evanescent glory is caught, and perpetuated in the canvas. The quick eye of the student of the beautiful is ever ready to note, and his skillful hand is ever swift to delineate, these revelations of nature. It is reported that some of the Americans, as M'Entee, Launt, Thompson, and Gifford, have been unusually fortunate in their French and Italian studies.

—“Coral hindered the delusions of the devil. Crystal clouded, if evil was about to happen to the wearer; and it was formerly much used by fortune-tellers. Diamond was an antidote against all poisons. Opal sharpened the sight of its possessor, and clouded the eyes of those who stood about him. Ruby changed its color if any calamity was about to happen to the wearer of it. Sapphire possessed the same virtue as the blood-stone of checking bleeding at the nose. Topaz cured and prevented lunacy, increased riches, assuaged anger and sorrow, and averted sudden death. When such blessings as these were supposed to fall to the possessor of one of these precious stones, who can be surprised at the value set upon them?”—*Finger-rings, in the British Quarterly.*

—The English journals recently gave an account of an able discussion in the British House of Lords relative to the genuineness and value of certain pictures in the National Gallery. The subject would be regarded a

curious one to introduce into our United States Senate. It would seem that the discussion arose on the genuineness of a picture attributed to Rembrandt,—“Blessing Little Children.” The opinion expressed by many was that it was a sham and a fraud. The conference was not only singular on account of the subjects discussed, but from the general confession made by the most able men of their number, that it was next to impossible to be assured relatively to the genuineness and value of these old pictures. So closely is the general style of the masters imitated by copyists, and so successful are the dealers in preparing these copies, that many of them go unchallenged for years. The number of counterfeits in archæological and art works is surprisingly and provokingly large.

—John Ruskin has been elected to the newly created chair, the Slade Art Professorship, at Oxford. There were ten candidates. But the University has honored itself equally with Mr. Ruskin in calling to this chair the most distinguished art-critic of this generation. This appointment is eminently proper. For while Ruskin is essentially an aristocrat in taste and feeling, he has done very much to point out the happy possible union of high art with the most ordinary affairs of life. To him are we much indebted for showing in the most practical way that the threefold division of the man into the true, the beautiful, and the good, is not a matter of mere logical classification, but one of vital, every-day fact and experience. To bring the useful and the æsthetic into practical harmony, and make them more mutually helpful, has been one of his studies. To him, and to such men as Owen Jones, Charles Eastlake, and our own George S. Boughton, are we indebted for bringing English taste from the tawdry and extravagant style, that came of the natural reaction against Puritanism, to that chaste, sensible, and eminently harmonious system of decoration that makes some English and a few American homes an education and a delight.

—The Sumner Memorial Committee, of Boston, invite artists to send in models for a portrait-statue of Charles Sumner. The statue is to be a sitting figure, in bronze or marble, and to be placed in open public

ground. Three prizes, of five hundred dollars each, will be given for designs preferred by the Committee, whether either of them be adopted or not.

— The city of Manchester, England, is to have a large marble statue of Oliver Cromwell, executed by Mr. Noble.

— The inauguration of the monument to the memory of Leigh Hunt took place in October, on the eighty-fifth anniversary of the poet's birth.

— A statue of Mr. Peabody is to be erected in Rome, by order of the Pope, who is deeply impressed with the charity of the great American philanthropist.

— The restoration of York Minster, now in progress, was finished early in November, when the old edifice was formally reopened.

— Kaulbach's great paintings in the Berlin Museum have been the admiration of every visitor to that magnificent collection. He carefully studied the religious, literary, and political elements in Germany at the period of the Great Reformation, when he produced his great cartoon. Doubtless in this he represents the new culture and the new citizenship as the base of modern progress and enlightened religion. His last considerable work, "The German Archangel Michael," has produced a profound sensation; and even the Germans of this country are deeply moved by photographs that have appeared. It is a powerful study of the latest conflict between Germany and Rome. It represents Germany as the triumphal archangel standing proudly over the Pope, Louis Napoleon, and the white league of Latin despotism against German liberty. This picture only furnishes another illustration of the powerfully educating influence of art, even on the popular mind.

— The recent experiment of the Royal Academy of England in reducing the admission fee to the galleries to sixpence, that the laboring classes might be benefited, has almost proved a complete failure. Very few of the working-classes took advantage of this opportunity to study the works of art. The marked contrast in this respect between the London and the Parisian or Berlin working-classes has greatly surprised and discouraged some who are not familiar with the facts. The poor of Paris throng the galleries on Sunday when

they are thrown open to them, and the museums of Berlin are free to the poorest. The interest in works of art is vastly greater among the Continental middle classes. The English workman has only occasional opportunities of cultivating his taste for the beautiful.

— A recent writer has tried to institute a comparison between the ancient Athenian and the modern American life in the matter of leisure. After an attempt to show that the free citizens of Athens had more of leisure than any other cultivated people, ancient or modern, he draws from this his lessons relative to the pernicious tendencies of the hurry, the restlessness, and jostle of American life. He attributes the confessedly inferior character of articles of modern handicraft to the haste in which they are manufactured, to the impatience of workmen, and the demand of the public for cheap things that will not allow the expenditure of sufficient time to put them in the best condition. Passing to the department of the fine arts, he believes that the moderns are greatly inferior in their works for a similar reason. In music, time enough is not spent in the perfect mastery of technical difficulties of figuration, which was the great secret of the incredible facility and spontaneity of composition displayed by Handel and Bach. While the substance of modern music is richer, the form has deteriorated. While the music of our modern composers expresses the results of a richer and more varied emotional experience, and in wealth of harmonic resources is likewise superior, in symmetry and completeness of design, and in spontaneousness of composition it is greatly inferior. The moderns are not such patient drudges in counterpoint as the old composers, and by so much as they lack in this must they lack in facility and spontaneousness of composition. So in painting, it is claimed that while the subjects of our modern painters are as noble, and their conceptions of them as elevating as those of three centuries since, our modern artists are lacking in that complete mastery over technicalities of drawing and the handling of the brush that were required in the days of the great artists, Raphael, Titian, and Rubens. So that this chronic hurry not only hinders thorough work, but blunts the edge of our enjoyment of it.



## CURRENT HISTORY.

STATE elections were held, October 13th, in four States; namely, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, and Nebraska. The two former went Democratic, and the two latter Republican. The majority in Indiana was about eighteen thousand, while that in Ohio was seventeen thousand. It is a notable fact that, last year, the Republican majorities in Indiana and Ohio were about the same as the Democratic majorities this year. The true cause of this reverse is a subject for speculation among politicians.

—As the Union now stands, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kentucky, with a total population of 19,290,155, are represented at Washington by only sixteen senators; while the remaining twenty-nine States, with 18,322,486 inhabitants in the aggregate, have fifty-eight senators.

—The magnificent monument erected to the memory of Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois, was unveiled, with great solemnity, October 15th, in the presence of 30,000 people. President Grant and family were present, as well as many distinguished civil and military officials. General Sherman marched on foot, at the head of the Army of the Tennessee.

—In consequence of alleged fraudulent conduct at the late presidential election in the Argentine Republic, an insurrection has broken out, led by General Mitre, a former president. Avellaneda and Mitre were the presidential candidates; but such irregularities were perpetrated at the polls by the constituents of Avellaneda, that the election reports furnished far from a true showing of the popular choice. The results stood: Avellaneda, one hundred and forty-six electoral votes; and Mitre, seventy-nine. The old difficulties, so successfully adjusted between Brazil, Uruguay, and the Republic, at the close of the Paraguayan war, have assumed fresh shape. A few slight engagements have taken place between the Republican and insurgent forces, with success chiefly to the latter. Both parties are arming, purchasing war vessels, and assuming

the most hostile of attitudes. Business is prostrated; newspapers, all over the Republic, are suspending publication; ten millions of dollars have been abstracted from the Argentine bank, and foreign vessels find protection necessary by their own men-of-war. Yet, in the midst of all this disturbance, a hope is entertained that the difficulty may be amicably adjusted. The Brazilian Government has issued a loan of \$25,000,000, at six per cent interest.

—The war in Spain is apparently drawing near its close. German and Austrian recognition of the Republic was worth as much as a great military victory. Without naval support from the great powers, Carlos's position is hopeless. Russian sympathy may be an alleviation of the snubs that have come from Berlin and Vienna, but only a slight one. Already demoralization has begun in the army, and its disorganization is sure to follow; though a few successes in the field might give a little extension of life to the dying cause of legitimacy.

—The following are the leading events of the Spanish war during October: 5th, the Carlists were repulsed, with heavy loss, before the town of Vich, in Catalonia. On the same day, the army of which Don Carlos was commander in person, mutinied. The Carlists suffered two defeats on the 12th; one at Arisja Di Nauarra, and the other at Fortuno. On the 13th, General Dorregaray, the Carlist commander, went over to the Republicans with eight hundred men. Two battalions surrendered on the same day, at Algorta. On the 14th, the city of Durango was in a state of insurrection against Don Carlos. Other Carlist towns have hoisted the white flag, and advised the troops to lay down their arms. It is stated that a conspiracy existed to murder Don Carlos and was frustrated. General Elio has refused to command the Carlist troops, on account of their acts of vandalism. On the 18th, 1,000 Carlists were killed at Amposta. Besides all these calamities, the German Government has required the French Government to station 25,000 troops on the

Spanish frontier, to prevent aid from reaching the Carlists; and, as a final measure, the Madrid Government has sent \$5,000,000 for distribution among Carlist chiefs, for the purpose of securing the termination of the war.

—The Government of France has confidentially informed Russia of its readiness, upon certain conditions, to support Russia on the Eastern questions.

—Hammerfart, Norway, is the most northerly town in the world. It has a population of 2,057. The sun sets November 17th, and rises January 28th.

—The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist cloister at Hanle, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

—During the year 1873, 65,492 travelers crossed the St. Gothard Pass, between Italy and Switzerland; 28,144 the Splugen; and 27,671 passed over the Simplon.

—Dispatches dated October 23d, state that the Turks in Montenegro continue their outrages on the Christians. They have killed eight Montenegrins and some Saxon residents in the neighborhood of Podgorija, and burned a village. The Christians were compelled to flee to the mountains.

—A terrible earthquake shook Antigua, Guatemala, September 3d. The wave-like undulations of the ground rose and fell a foot. Two hundred inhabited houses were destroyed, and thirty-five lives were lost. The villages at the foot of the volcano Del-fengo were also destroyed.

—The Austrian Arctic explorers discovered Franz Josef's Land, under many privations and sufferings, in the Winter of 1872. It is described as very rough, with a reddish-gray beach showing through the snow; and with mountains of various heights up to three or four thousand feet.

—Germany has given friendly and satisfactory assurances to Denmark in regard to the expulsion of the Danes from Schleswig. She has admitted possibility of mistakes, through excessive zeal of local authorities, and has intimated her readiness to examine each case, and to give full satisfaction where wrong has been done. Fervent desire is expressed for the maintenance of good rela-

tions with Denmark. The question will probably be referred to Queen Victoria for arbitration.

—The Turkish town of Akhiolyi, containing five hundred inhabitants, and situated on the Gulf of Buryhas, has been totally destroyed by conflagration.

—The State of California now holds the Yosemite Valley in trust for the nation, and has paid \$55,000 to settle the pre-emption claims of the persons who colonized there.

—The time of the beating of swords into plowshares is still in the future. Last year, Christendom paid, for the support of the war system, \$2,000,000,000, and for missions during the same time, only \$5,000,000.

—Four important Egyptian statutes in sculptured wood have recently been added to the Louvre collection. Three of these statues belong to the earliest Egyptian dynasties, but the fourth is apparently of a more recent date. The Viceroy of Egypt sent a statue somewhat similar to the largest of these to the Paris exhibition of 1869; but it is asserted that, with this exception, no work of this kind belonging to the earlier epochs of Egyptian art has ever found its way to Europe.

—From Temesvar, Hungary, comes the report that an entire sect, formerly Christian, has determined to embrace Judaism. The Sabbatarians have thus far confessed Christianity, believing in the Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth, but celebrated the Jewish Sabbath as the Lord's-day. They also observed other precepts found in the old dispensation. They abstained from eating the meat of animals designated as unclean, and commemorated the Day of Atonement. They had to carry on the practice of ceremonies that are Jewish in great secrecy, in order to escape persecution. They now propose to become fully identified with Judaism. A delegation, representing one congregation of thirty-four families, have arrived at Temesvar, to ask admission to the Jewish fold, and to obtain the means to build synagogues, purchase a Tovahrolls, and to establish such institutions as are deemed requisite to carry out their object fully. The Sabbatarians are agriculturists, and are spread over several villages and townships in Transylvania.



## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

ECLIPSES, IN POETRY.—Shakespeare, during the latter part of his life, made frequent allusion to eclipses, when illustrating any portentous event, or depicting deep emotion. In "Hamlet," Horatio, speaking of the appearance of the ghost of the murdered king, refers to a period in Roman history when

"The moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse."

In the first part of "Henry VI," Lord Talbot, on the eve of battle, tells his son he was

"Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon."

In "Macbeth," one of the witches, in the incantation scene, drops in the caldron

"Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse."

In the sublime tragedy of "Lear," there are three allusions to eclipses. Gloster tells Edmund, "These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us." Edmund, when alone and soliloquizing on the evils of the time, affirms, "O, these eclipses do portend these divisions." In the scene between Edgar and Edmund, the former asks, "What serious contemplation are you in?" Edmund replies, "I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read the other day, what should follow these eclipses."

Othello, after killing Desdemona, is in an agony of grief and desolation, and cries out:

"O, heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration."

A CURIOUS WORK.—There is a curious book in Latin, printed in Germany in 1703, entitled "Nugæ Venales," filled with jests, epigrams, and humorous poems. Among the poems is one entitled "Pugna Porcorum, per Publium Porcium, poetam," or "The Battle of the Pigs, by Publius Porcius, poet," consisting of about three hundred lines, every word in which begins with the letter *p*. The poem bears this motto:

"Perlege porcorum pulcherrima prælia, poter;  
Potando poteris placidam proferre poesin."

Of course the battle described is imaginary, like the "War of the Cranes and Pigmies,"

VOL. XXXV.—6

or the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." If the poet had lived in our day, he might have immortalized himself as the poet of the great "Battle of the Pig-sties," which the police and the Paddies lately waged so fiercely. We can conceive of nothing but German patience and labor capable of producing such a prodigy of alliteration as the poem in question.

THE SHORTEST "GRACE."—Luther, Melanchthon, and Bugenhagen were once invited to take dinner with Camerarius; at the table, one proposed to rival for the most condensed prayer to be used before meal. Luther commenced in Latin.

*Dominus Jesus sit potus et esus.*

(The Lord Jesus be unto us meat and drink.)

Bugenhagen prayed in low Dutch poetry:

*Dit und datt,  
Troken und natt,  
Gesegen uns Gott.  
(This and that,  
Dry and wet,  
Bless unto us, God.)*

But Melanchthon gained the victory—he said:

*Benedictus benedicat.*

(The Blessed bless.)

A PLAY ON WORDS.—An anonymous English writer some years ago declared his objections to the gold coin, the sovereign, in the following vein: "We need be careful of not incurring the charge of high treason by our common expression concerning it. How strangely the following must sound to any loyal ear: 'I have got a dreadfully bad sovereign'—'I wish I could change my sovereign'—'I am sure the sovereign I have got is not worth twenty shillings.' And how many of her majesty's most devoted subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, must cordially and daily wish to have more sovereigns than one! And to console the friends of monarchy, we may be just as certain that every person in her majesty's dominions would rather have one than none."

The following Homeric joke was extensively circulated in the papers a few years ago, but it is good enough to be repeated.

Some person named Homer had become a bankrupt:

"That Homer should a bankrupt be,  
Is not so very Odd d'ye see;  
If it be true, as I'm instructed,  
So Ill-he-had his books conducted."

A FEW MORE OF THE SAME SORT.—In the REPOSITORY for November merited criticisms are made upon certain "Common Improprieties of Speech." This list of "Improprieties" was not quite exhausted. In many of our public journals (some of these of high respectability) it is quite common to find the definite article standing immediately in advance of the name or professional prefix of a correspondent, as in a weekly paper now lying upon our desk, "Mistakes of Ministers, by *The Rev. Edward A. Pomeroy.*" We do not like this; in sound it is at a far remove from the euphonical, and the mere attempt to pronounce it in such connection is a regular tongue-twister. But of this we will say no more. Such use of the definite article is at war with all analogy. Let us look at it. We commence with *The Rev. Didimus Dorithy, D. D.* We give the "learned doctor" the following company: *The Mr. John Smith; the Eugene Egang, Esq.; the Sir Samuel Snaithland, N. G.; the Lord Lowden; the Earl Esmond; the Marcellus, Marquis of Maitland; the Darius, Duke of Devonshire; the Albert Edward, Prince of Wales; the Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.* We might proceed in this direction *ad libitum*; but should we do so, we may have one or other of a *the Rev.* contributor to the REPOSITORY flinging at us the merciless missile of Laurence Sterne, "Of all the cants which have been canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the most disgusting, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." *The R. D.*

[Our correspondent is in error. The title *Rev.* is only an abbreviation, and indicates the fuller statement, *the Reverend*, just as *Hon.* signifies *the Honorable*. We write "Hon. Daniel Webster," but always read it as if it were "the Honorable Daniel Webster." In some cases, for greater dignity's sake, it is written in full. Thus we always write our memorials to the Legislature, "To the Honorable The General Assembly," etc., and not "To Hon. The Gen-

eral Assembly." It is as if "Smith & Co." were spelled out "Smith and Company."]

ARITHMETICAL CORRECTION.—A correspondent from Norwalk sends us the following correction:

*Mr. Editor*,—I was perusing your magazine (September's) a short time ago, when I came across that short article about a billion. My mother was very incredulous as to its taking so many years, days, hours, etc., to count it. So to convince her, and to reassure myself, I worked it out. *Mr. Editor*, according to my solution yours is not correct. First, allowing a count of 200 to the minute, you have 588,000 in one day, and 105,120,000 in a year; or, the whole number in 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes. H. H. Y."

ARITHMETICAL CORRECTION AGAIN.—Another correspondent from this city sends the following: "In your September number, the writer of an article entitled "A Billion," on page 227, is in error if what he styles "English numeration" means the numeration we are taught in the public-schools of this place. He errs first, in stating that a billion is a million times a million, when it is only a thousand times. Second, in stating that it would take 9,512 years, 34 days, 6 hours, and 20 minutes to count a billion (200 to a minute, and 24 hours to a day), when it would really take only 9 years, 187 days, 9 hours, and 20 minutes. And third, in stating that it would take 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes to count it, allowing 12 hours a day for rest, etc., when it would only take 19 years, 9 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes. Moreover his figuring, according to his own supposition, is incorrect."

[The English method of numeration makes a billion to be a million times a million, while in the French and Continental system it is only a thousand times a million. In the United States we generally follow the latter mode of reckoning.]

A DOUBLE-FACED STATESMAN.—Richard Greenough, in studying for the statue of Franklin, found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of Poor Richard.



## SCIENTIFIC.

**CORAL REEFS.**—The causes limiting the growth and distribution of reef-making corals and coral-reefs, which Mr. Darwin has discussed and applied in his work on Corals, are seven in number:

1. Marine temperature.
2. Fresh and impure waters from the entrance of large rivers and muddy bottoms.
3. Deposition of sediment borne by rapid tidal currents.
4. The depth of water along coasts, exceeding one hundred feet; that is, exceeding the depth at which corals grow—a common condition along bold coasts, and which often explains the contrasts between the reef-bordered and open coasts of the same island.
5. Exposure to the heat of submarine volcanic eruptions.
6. The progressing coral-island subsidence too rapid for the polyps to keep the reefs well at the surface, if at all; which cause may lead, in atoll seas, to very narrow fringing reefs, to small sizes in coral atolls, and a more or less complete obliteration of the lagoon, and to a submerging of the coral island beneath the surface; or, finally, to a complete disappearance of the island.
7. The direction and temperature of oceanic currents; this cause accounting for the non-distribution of Central Pacific species of corals to the Panama coast, and the paucity of species there, with the absence of the large *Astræa* group and the *Madrepores*.

**SPIDERS' WEBS AND SPINNERETS.**—The exterior parts of the silk-producing organs of spiders are termed spinnerets. These are four, six, or eight papillæ, or sometimes flat plates, situated on the upper side of the end of the abdomen, in a little depression adapted to their size and shape. On the end of each spinneret are small funnel-shaped tubes, from which silk is emitted. The spinnerets lie in pairs, and are naturally divisible into two sets, upper and lower; the former, containing two pairs, usually; and the latter, one pair; distinguished respectively as first, and second, and third. The spinnerets of the first pair have two joints, and their silk-tubes are situated sometimes on the end of the second joint,

and sometimes irregularly down its inner side. The second spinnerets have but one joint. They are smaller than the first, and have the silk tubes on and around the ends. The third pair have two joints; but the basal joint is always much larger than the terminal, which is very short. Their silk-tubes are on a retractile plate, at the end of the terminal joint, which, when not in use, is drawn inward, until the tips of the silk-tubes are nearly level with the end of the spinneret. This plate has a thickened rim; and on the interior margin, where the rim is broadened for the purpose, are a few holes and two silk-tubes of unusual size. The spinnerets of a spider are mobile, and their movements are effected by longitudinal muscles. The first and second spinnerets always produce plain or non-adhesive threads; if the spider be of a species spinning viscid threads, these are always emitted from the third pair. The web contains three sorts of thread; not two only, as usually stated. Two of these are plain, and stretched out from point to point; and they differ nothing in size, being spun by the first and second spinnerets, of which the first is larger than the second, although in some instances it has fewer silk tubes. The third thread is exceedingly elastic, and studded with viscid globules; or, if these be absent, it is slack, irregular, and sometimes much curled. The apparatus by means of which a spider forms its silk is a series of glands within the abdomen, near and attached to the spinnerets, and immediately beneath the liver and intestinal canal. These communicate with the silk-tubes by ducts, varying in size in different individuals; but in the large, common house-spider 1-100 of an inch is an average length. Each gland has its own duct and silk-tube. On the first pair of spinnerets, there are about sixty silk-tubes; and on the second pair, although the spinnerets are smaller, about eighty; on the third pair there are nearly two hundred and twenty,—thus making, altogether, about three hundred and sixty tubes on the three pairs of spinnerets. The gland is a simple sac, closed at one end, and terminating at

the other in a duct, which carries the secretion to the silk-tube. On the surface of the gland is a coating of cells, surrounded by a very delicate membrane. Those of the third spinnerets are smaller than the others, and inclosed by a sac or case, interposing the actual gland and the uppermost envelope, which is without the membranous covering by which the first two pairs are surrounded. The examination of the web of a house-spider will show that many of its main threads are frayed, like rope worn by use, proving that they are not homogeneous.

**DISCOVERIES BY THE WHEELER-EXPLORING EXPEDITION.**—Professor Cope and Dr. Yarrow, of the Wheeler expedition, have unearthed, in the valleys of the San Juan River, another immense deposit of fossil remains of prehistoric animals. A large number of vertebrates of uncommon size, and of genera unknown to science, have been found, together with others of very rare species, including specimens of mastodons and mammoths in a very perfect state of preservation. The fruits of the discovery are not yet classified and arranged; so that a complete list can not be given: but specimens have been forwarded to Washington, where, we understand, the naturalists have already begun work upon them. The entire collection is said to be a most valuable contribution to paleontology, and will greatly add to our knowledge of that branch of science. The investigations with respect to the living animals of the country explored are also meeting with excellent results. As many as one thousand birdskins have been obtained, including several of new varieties of birds. Five new species of fishes, it is said, have also been discovered.

**THE RUINS OF TROY.**—The researches of Dr. Schliemann on the supposed site of the city of ancient Troy, have been recently rewarded by discoveries which have a world-wide interest, proving not only the existence of the city, so often and so strenuously asserted to be mythical, but the general accuracy, both of the Homeric and Virgilian, the Greek and Latin, accounts of the people, their celebrated citadel, and its celebrated siege. These revelations prove incontrovertibly that the site of the city,

supposed by Herodotus, Xenophon, Plutarch, and many other writers to be on the heights now called Hissarlik, was accurately laid down by these writers. Indications of a destruction by fire, terrible enough to have justified Virgil's tremendous description, have also been found; and the Trojan goddess, Minerva, is exhibited in the form of her favorite owl, on vases and earthenware utensils, on metal implements and trophies, and in every possible form. Several large earthen jars were exposed, discovered by Dr. Schliemann, arranged in a row, projecting from the side of an embankment.

**A MINE OF LIQUID SULPHUR.**—In the vicinity of San Martino, near Palermo, Sicily, a mine of liquid sulphur is being worked; or, in other words, large collections of the substance are being made at points where it flows from fissures in the rocks, in quantities of from four hundred to five hundred weight per day. The sulphur comes from a burning mine within the mountain; and, in order to give it time to cool, so as to admit of gathering it, the outlets are frequently closed for brief periods. Quite recently, on opening one of these closed fissures, it was found that the sulphur had disappeared; and, in order to renew the flow, it was suggested to tunnel down toward the mine. Hardly was the work begun, however, before the pressure in the rear of the obstructing mass became too great for the latter to withstand, and a terrific explosion ensued, hurling the workmen into the air, killing five and wounding badly six more.

**PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHY IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The annual report of the Western Union Telegraph Company shows 175,135 miles of wire; and 71,585 miles in use, with 6,188 telegraph offices. The total receipts for the year were \$9,262,653; expenses, \$6,755,733. The Stearn's duplex telegraph apparatus, by which messages are sent both ways on one wire, and at the same time, is in extensive operation. But the past year has produced an invention still more wonderful than the duplex. Thomas A. Edison and George B. Prescott, the electricians of the company, have discovered processes and invented apparatus, by means of which two messages can be sent in the same direction, and two others in the opposite direction, simultaneously, upon the same wire.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE MISTLETOE.

THE oaks and beeches, firs and pines, in the forest are strong, vigorous fellows, who know very well how to get their own living, and so may bid defiance to wind and frost. They stretch long roots down into the fruitful soil, clasp the rocks in their embraces, and wring from the earth moisture and nourishment. All this goes on very calmly and with no noise; but they are always working, and working hard too. Think how many pounds of sap the roots of a single great tree send up into its trunk, the greatest part of which passes off in its breathing, while it makes out of the rest numerous leaves, fruits, branches, and new rings of wood. Besides these strong, self-sustaining dwellers in the wood, there are others who are weak, and can not earn their own daily bread. These go to board and lodge with their rich relations, just as other poor, miserable people do.

Such a poor dependent is the mistletoe—a short, insignificant, bunchy growth which is green during the whole Winter. Yet there may be strange and wonderful events in the life of a mistletoe. It lies at first as a little seed imbedded in one of the white berries of the parent growth. If the berries fall to the ground, they rot there, and no new plants grow from the seeds. If these seeds ever grow, they must get upon the bough of a tree—a pine, birch, maple, or other strong, well-to-do lord of the forest. But how can they ever do that? I will tell you. In the forest, one helps another; all creatures are children of the same Father; and, as among the children in a family, the larger and stronger help the smaller and weaker, so has the dear Father of us all ordered it among his other creatures. So then the thrush comes flying, hungry and greedy, sees the snow-white, juicy berries, and begins to eat them at once as if they were made only to feed him. When he has gotten all he wants, he flies on, and cleans his bill on the bough of a neighboring tree. So he carries the seeds of the mistletoe from tree to tree through the forest, and often long distances.

After the seed has lain awhile on the bark of the bough, held fast by its sticky juice, it begins to sprout. If it were unhappily a decaying branch to which the thrush carried it, and if the fresh, vigorous limbs of the tree are not far off, then the little rootlet creeps away to one of them, and at once presses through the bark into the wood. So far, it has lived from the nourishment which it brought with it from the mother plant; but from now on, the strange tree upon which it has established itself must foster and sustain it.

The mistletoe grows quite into the texture of the branch that bears it, and lives upon its sap. It puts forth a short stem, and upon this two fork-like, off-standing boughs. On each bough are again two spade-shaped, yellowish-green leaves, and in the middle, between them, an insignificant bud-shaped blossom. Out of the corners of each leaf springs again another bough. The little mistletoe thicket is thus formed of merely twice-divided, forked branches; and when it is old enough it ripens in its turn, food for the thrush, which it eats or carries away to another tree. The great, strong tree minds nothing about it that he lodges the little guest; it needs scarcely more food than a single unimportant branch. When the dry foliage of the tree falls to the ground, and the giant of the forest stands cold and sorrowful in the Winter storm, then is the evergreen mistletoe its adornment—a memorial of the joyful, green Summer-time.

A long, long time ago, this strange growth awakened attention, and the old Germans told wonderful stories about it. Baldur, the good god of the sun and of the cheering Summer, had subdued the gloomy, bad Loki, the sovereign of the night and of Winter, and compelled him to make terms of peace. He was obliged to vow, with a sacred oath, that he would in the future do no harm to Baldur with any kind of weapon which was made from any growth which grew upon the earth or in the water, taken neither from a tree nor from a shrub, nor from any thing which grows green at the coming of Summer. Loki vowed; but thought in

secret of malicious revenge. The mistletoe grew green in Winter; it was neither tree nor shrub; grew neither upon the earth nor in the water. Of it, Loki cut his destructive arrows, and severely wounded the glittering sun-god—the hero of the day—so that he lingered long on the borders of death, till the healing power of Woden, the god-father, restored health to him. At the time when the sovereignty of the sun-god begins again to increase, when he again recovers from the wounds of Loki, and the days begin to lengthen, they ascribe to the mistletoe no longer a destructive, but a healing, magic power. At many festivities, the priest then cut from the tree in the sacred grove the mistletoe twigs, and distributed them among the superstitious people. Against all kinds of illness, against sorcery and evil spirits, which were at that time very much feared, the mistletoe-bough was an unfailing protection. Even the mere touch of the mistletoe had healing virtue.

In England, a mistletoe-branch is hung to the ceiling of the room, and serves for all kinds of jesting; and in many parts of Germany it is still a custom, on the 6th of January, to stroke with green boughs; but instead of mistletoe, branches of the Christmas-tree are now generally used.

#### THE DATE-GARDEN OF THE DESERT.

AN Arab had lost his way in a journey across the desert. Half-fainting with thirst, he came, toward evening, into a desolate vale in which the sand, in a hollowed place, was moist. He halted for the rest of the night, and scooped a hole in the sand. The deeper he dug, the wetter it became. After he had eaten from his scanty store of food a few dates for his evening meal, and given a few others, with the kernels of his own, to the hungry camel, he wrapped himself in his mantle and went to sleep. Near him slept the camel, till the early dawn awakened both. What he hoped had happened. Into the hole which he had dug had flowed together a little supply of water. It tasted brackish indeed, and was warm and muddy, but it quenched the violent thirst of himself and his beast. A few dates furnished again the breakfast for both. After offering his morning prayer, he began again his journey,

and, happily, at the going down of the sun the man reached the tents of his family.

But a date-kernel had remained lying unnoticed in the moist sand of the desert. Sun and water took charge of the lonely seed, and cherished it. The sleeping germ within it was awakened. Soon a tiny rootlet crept forth, and sent numerous little fibrous threads down into the ground. Upward rose a little stem with, in the beginning, little shovel-shaped leaves; gradually it grew into a little trunk, which became stronger and higher, and unfolded a delicate crown of feathery fans.

Years passed. The date had grown into a majestic palm-tree. Round about the ringed trunk hung dead-brown leaves; but overhead spread a magnificent tuft of undecaying greenness which waved, nodding, in the wind. Between the leaves stretched upward stout sheathes, which, opening, unfolded many branching, luxuriant clusters of blossoms, which exhaled their fragrance far out over the sad, deserted waste. The perfume lured from far insects, which hummed and buzzed about, and laid their eggs among the fallen foliage or the loose stones of the desert. Far away, too, wandering birds spied the swaying top of the palm. Its nodding and beckoning was to them a salute and an invitation, and they came flying to find here refreshment and rest. They found rich food in its ripening fruits, which hung down red and golden-yellow among its tufted foliage. Each separate fruit was about the size of a large plum, sweet as sugar, and contained a long, hard stone, or kernel. Other birds came, and fed upon the beetles and other insects which swarmed upon the tree. Many of these wandering birds had fed elsewhere upon many kinds of berries and seeds, and some of those were brought with them and scattered here, and sprang up and grew in the moist sand in the shadow of the great palm. Acacia-shrubs, coarse grasses, and the prickly agul formed a turf upon the ground, while vines clambered up the trunks of tree and shrubs, and other twining growths crept about over the moist ground, and protected it from the too scorching beams of the burning sun. Out of the fallen date-kernels also sprang up numerous young palms, and others rose from the roots of the old tree. To this little woodland came now fleet



gazelles to refresh themselves with the young green herbage; swift-footed ostriches tasted the buds of the shrubbery; birds of passage stopped to feed upon the grass-seed and berries; gold-hammers built their nests in the thickets, and added the twittering of their lovely songs to the bleat of the young antelopes.

Long years had passed. The Arab who dropped the date-seed in the desert had become an old man. Around him were gathered his stalwart sons, his daughters, and his children's children. But his look was dark and troubled; for, round about, the springs had dried, the sward was parched and withered, and hostile tribes made wretched his life by their unceasing annoyances. They laid waste his plantations, robbed him of his herds, and at night threatened his tents with fire, and his people with abuse and death. The old man was deeply troubled, and called the men of his tribe to counsel with them. He told them of the many dangers and distresses from which he had been happily delivered in the past, and expressed his trust for the future and hope of relief from their present perils; and all at once he remembered the night's rest so long ago, and the moist sand in the desert valley. He wondered if they might not find in that direc-

tion a place of rest and pasturage for their herds. He remembered well the place, and men were sent out to find the moisture, and, possibly in its neighborhood, some traces of life and greenness.

But who can tell their joyful surprise when they, instead of the desert valley of sand in which the Arab had encamped, found a green, blooming, and fruitful date-garden, which had risen out of the lost kernel? Here they built their peaceful homes, and planted their orchards round about rich palm-trees.

"God be praised!" said the old man, with tears of thankfulness in his eyes. "He has made the date-palm for our deliverance. She is a sister of man. She gives us bread; she satisfies us and our beasts with food. Her fibers furnish us mats and ropes, her leaves give us baskets, and her sap cheers the heart. Therefore is the palm-tree blessed above all other creatures upon the earth. When at last you shall lay to rest my weary body under the sands of the desert, plant no quickly withering flowers upon it; but plant around my grave date-palms, with slender trunks and fruitful crowns. Beneath the rustling of their leaves I shall rest as if I were in the presence of the Eternal in the garden of paradise."

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## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

GERMANY is a country that, from its connection with Protestantism, its relations to America through inter-migration, its philosophy and literature, its universities and schools, its unification as an empire, its ascendancy in European and world politics, claims extraordinary attention in these latter days. Just at this juncture appears, from an American pen and an American press, one of the fullest histories of that land and people to be found in the English language,—*A History of Germany*, by Charlton T. Lewis (Harper & Brothers), a condensed narrative of the history of the German people, from the first that is known of them down to the present time, founded on Dr. David Müller,

embodying what was suitable for American readers, freely translated, inserting many facts not given by Müller, and bringing the history down to the latest dates. Probably there is no other book in the language that gives so full and so accurate a history of Germany as this, or one that is withal more readable, notwithstanding its evident compression and condensation. Mr. Lewis brought to his work great love for his subject, vast general erudition, and a knowledge of German language and literature, second only to that of his mother-tongue, together with a style molded after the best classic writers, and polished by taste and long practice in writing. We think he has

done his work well, and the public may not only thank him for this, but justly expect and demand something more of the same sort from the same facile pen. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

IN the *Life of Rear-admiral Andrew Hull Foote*, by Professor Hoppin, of Yale College, we have the rare combination of the Christian and the military hero. Commander Foote passed his naval novitiate on the Atlantic waters and achieved his first renown in the severe chastisement he bestowed upon Chinese insolence and arrogance in the destruction of the Barrier forts in the Pearl River, below Canton. His latest and most successful work was in the gun-boat service on the Western rivers, where, in conjunction with Grant and the land forces, he broke the chain of rebel defenses, and opened up the upper waters of the Mississippi, while they were cleared of similar obstructions by Farragut below. A brave officer, Admiral Foote was also a consistent Christian. Personal acquaintance with the subject lends a charm to biography similar to that which attaches to a portrait. We may look at a portrait as a picture for the sake of the work of the artist, and we may read the biography of unknown individuals for the charm of the style or the lessons inculcated; but our interest is largely enhanced when we have personal knowledge of the subject portrayed. We met Captain Foote, and entertained him at our own house on the other side of the globe, when he was in command of the *Portsmouth* in Chinese waters, and were delighted and edified with his Christian bearing, his capacity to sing, exhort, preach, and pray, as well as fight. Professor Hoppin's book is a capital accession to American biography. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

IN his *Life on the Plains*, General Custer has given evidence of his ability to write as well as to fight. It is a serious question what civilization is to do with barbarism, how the enlightened races are to deal with those who are still in a state of nature. The problem would be a simple one, were it not for human greed, cupidity, lust, and passion. Bad men of the higher race corrupt the lower for their own ends. The red men are plundered, in their simplicity without rec-

ompense, imposed on, cheated, made the subservient tools of one party to defraud or war upon another, and at length turn upon their oppressors, and are slaughtered by superior skill and force as they stand at bay. General Custer's book is full of stories of Indian prowess and Indian treachery, and shows the way in which the troops of the Government are accustomed to deal with the hostile tribes. (Sheldon & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

IN the structure of the Wesleyan system, classes are a vital element. Good leaders are essential to the existence and life of the classes. If the class system dies, it will be for want of leaders, or the material to make them of. The leaders of the Church are its actual pastors. The itinerant is a preacher, an evangelist, only a temporary pastor; the permanent pastorship of the Methodist Church resides in the leaders. There is no membership in the Methodist Church independent of, and outside of, the classes. Every member's name must be attached to a class-roll. Like every thing finite and human, the class-system has its weaknesses, defects, and abuses; but of its efficiency, when properly worked, there can be no doubt. To aid its effective working, Rev. John Atkinson has written a work titled *The Class-leader*. The author notes defective and inefficient leaders, the loafer, the trickster, the falsifier, the irregular, the unsympathetic, the dull, the tedious, the loquacious, and so on, on the one hand; and the magnetic, vigorous, enthusiastic, pious, consistent leaders, on the other. There are leaders whose classes every body wants to join; there are others whom nobody wants to meet with. It is not the most eloquent, learned, or gifted that make the best leaders. Preachers are favorite leaders; but it is not the preacher's business to lead any one class. He should rather aim to infuse life into all. Better than work done by his own hands is the possession of the faculty of getting work out of others. Talmage and Spurgeon are great workers, as was Wesley; but the great excellence of these gifted men is the power to multiply themselves tenfold by their rare ability to make others work. It is a good thing for a preacher to know how to lead a class; but blessed above measure is he who, having a



corps of leaders under his command, is able to utilize their power. Methodism has had tens of thousands of class-leaders. It is a singular phenomenon that out of these multitudes only two have reached noticeable fame,—Reeves and Carvosso. Is this an unwrought mine? (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

EMORY'S "History of the Discipline" was written a generation ago. Dr. David Sherman blesses the Church with a *History of the Revisions of the Discipline*, brought down to the present time, arranged in most convenient form for reference and study. Life is perpetual motion, perpetual accretions and assimilations, and the perpetual sloughing off of the old and dead, of that which served the purposes of life in its day, and is now ready for the grave, and fit only to be thrown aside as dead and useless. The bane of ecclesiastical organizations is cherishing the conviction that every thing that was once useful is sacred forever, and the effort to struggle on under the burden of many a "body of death" that ought to be consigned to the cemetery. As long as it is a living organism, the Church will exhibit the phenomena of constant change. It is the law of life, this perpetual renewal. It is only on the platform of a few broad, general principles that any generation can found a Church or an organization for future generations. Constitutions should be free from special legislation. Legislators return often to the people, and are the living representatives of the existing order of things. The history of these changes is useful to those who would study the past, who would be familiar with the present, and who would forecast the alterations needed for life and prosperity in the future. God forbid that the Methodist Church should ever become a fossil or a fungus! May its growth be constant and healthful! (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

CHARLES BARNARD'S interesting *Life of Madame Camilla Urso*, the distinguished violinist, belongs to a class of works which we seldom review at length in our periodical. But there are a few facts connected with a musical education, not peculiar to Madame Urso, but belonging to the entire fraternity of artists, to which we wish to call attention.

The principle we want to bring out and enforce on the attention of all is, that whatever one's natural genius for any art, there is no excellence to be attained without severe labor; and that labor, added to natural genius, pays, and, in proportion to its use, enhances natural excellencies, and in due time brings sure reward. In handicraft, professional study, preparation for pulpit or bar, the lesson drawn from the life of the child Urso will be found alike valuable. The education of ancient rhetoricians for the forum and stage is the only parallel to the labor and pains bestowed on modern musicians to fit them for the public exhibition of their powers. This little French girl exhibited an extraordinary passion for playing the violin when she was five years old, and at her own earnest solicitation, it was resolved to gratify her passion, and put her under the instruction of a competent master. Three hours a day, for three months, this child did nothing but learn how to stand firmly on her left foot, with the right so lightly poised that her weight would not crush a saucer, in which her right foot was placed, to prevent her from shifting her position. She broke several saucers before she acquired the right poise. Three other months were spent in learning how to draw the bow, how to sustain long, full, sweet, and pure sounds. "Seven hours' practice a day;" "three lessons a week;" "scales in every key;" "not a single piece, song, or melody of any kind;" "a year of dry scales." In preparation for a concert, she played one air through hundreds of times; "every phrase was studied; hours were spent over one note; a week on a single page was good progress; one little passage cost her many a sorrowful hour; once she played it over forty-seven times before her master would let her off." When she was between six and seven years, application was made to the Paris Conservatory of Music for a place for her. She was too young, and (mortal offense) was a girl! There were seventy-six applicants, and only nine could be admitted. After a world of objection, she was examined and admitted, with eight boys. For the next three years she practiced from six to ten hours a day. At ten years old she graduated, having won prizes and honors all the way through her course. But even after she began to play

in public before enraptured crowds in Europe and America, she practiced incessantly, "the long, slow notes," "the patient finger exercises," "months of hard study." What a lesson is the history of this world-renowned *artiste* to those who would acquire excellence in art or science! Natural genius is naught without labor, and well-directed labor pays. (Loring, Publisher, Boston; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

OLIVER DITSON's graded *Musical School Readers*, numbers one, two, and three, are a step in the right direction; but they do not satisfy us. They are too American; and when we say they are too American, we mean that their standard is too low. They are too concrete. They are too much after the order of "Arithmetic Popularized," "Reading made Easy," "French without a Master," "Greek in Six Lessons," and all those transparent humbugs that palm upon the people the impression that knowledge is to be gained in any other way than by slow elementary instruction, long practice, severe study, and constant drill. The a b c of music should be learned like any other a b c—first letters, then syllables, then words, then sentences, then meanings, then syntax, then logic, rhetoric, and prosody; climbing slowly upward, in due order, from six years to sixty. There is too much mass-singing and mass-instruction. Children will never learn to be independent singers as long as they depend on others. What is needed is individual drill; capacity, acquired by instruction and practice, to read notes as one reads print. These books have a few good lessons, and in the hands of faithful and conscientious teachers, disposed and able to give each pupil in the class thorough solo drill, would be highly useful. The great mass of the pages, however, instead of being fitted up, as they should be, with lessons and scales, for dry practice, abstract exercises in intervals and chords, is filled up with songs and tunes with fancy names and fancy words, which teachers will teach their classes to sing by rote, and which will be learned by rote, and sung by rote, and used to show off schools to visitors, and to entertain admiring parents at public exhibitions and examinations. We long to see the day when school instruction-books in music shall pre-

sent solid pages of lessons for dry practice to be learned by sheer industry and daily study and drill, as we used to spell through the dry, staring columns of words in Webster's spelling-book graded in hardness all the way from *bag* and *baker* to *hypochondriac* and *incommunicability*.

"WHITTIER" is one of the names, the pronunciation of which causes the blood to tingle in American veins with a gentle thrill—a philanthropist, a poet, a creator of American name and fame. We experience a sensation of genuine pleasure as we take up a little hundred-page volume, titled *Hazel Blossoms*, by John Greenleaf Whittier. (Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1875.) How natural that these poetical "blossoms" should be headed "Sumner," "The Prayer of Agassiz," "John Underhill," "Conductor Bradley," "The Golden Wedding at Longwood," and so on, commemorating men and events, particularly such as add a single spray to the wreath that crowns with everlasting flowers and perfume the old Bay State Commonwealth! Welcome, Whittier! A brother's love has added to this volume a few posthumous pages, written by a sister, that show that she might have rivaled the brother had she given herself up to the poetic muse. Her "Address to Lady Franklin" is one of the most touching and pathetic of the collection.

A REVIVAL of the study of the Latin authors of the early and middle Christian centuries is doubtless desirable. In pursuance of this object, a benevolent gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Douglas, has endowed a chair for the study of Latin Christian Authors in Lafayette College; and the first outcome of the project is a volume of *Latin Hymns*, with English notes, for use in schools and colleges, by Professor F. A. March, LL. D. (Harper Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Every clergyman should be familiar with these songs of the early Church. *Dies Iræ*, the sublimest, and *Stabat Mater*, the most pathetic of these compositions, are well-known through frequent translations. It is better so to familiarize one's self with these effusions that their meaning will shine directly on the understanding, through the Latin, without translation.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW SERIES.—With the current number of the REPOSITORY commences a new series—the third since the establishment of the magazine, thirty-five years ago. The cover, the size of the page, the size and form of type, and general make-up of the volume, can not fail to commend themselves to good judgment and refined taste. Sixteen pages have been added to each number, and yet the price remains unchanged. Indeed, the price is actually reduced, as the Government compels a prepayment of postage, and the agents offer to send the magazine, postage prepaid, to every subscriber who will send three dollars and fifty cents in cash when he sends his address and order. Nothing could be more liberal than these terms. Every magazine of the same size and character in the country is four dollars a year; and not another in the land goes to the same expense to secure steel engravings of first quality for its pages. This is, and ever has been, and the agents intend shall continue to be, the specialty of the LADIES' REPOSITORY. A large corps of writers assist the editorial staff in supplying ability and variety, and our only regret is that we are not able, for sheer want of space, to print a tithe of the excellent material sent for insertion. Every class of readers will find something in each number that will please their fancy, instruct their minds, and better their hearts and lives; something that combines entertainment with instruction. If one encounters an article not in his vein, he is not obliged to read it. We are differently constituted, and in matters of taste should be catholic to each other. "One man's meat is another man's poison." Some like the didactic, some the romantic, some the biographic, and some the poetic. We study variety in the monthly repast; and that must be a morbid appetite that fails to find something fitted for its gratification.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE, MIDNIGHT.—Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-four has numbered his appointed days, and is about to take his place with the many, many years that have rolled away since the Creator said, "Let

there be light: and there was light." Gone, we know not whither; for, like death,

"He keepeth his secrets down below."

Sometimes we have been petulant with the good Old Year; but he has kept on his way dispensing blessings, "seed-time and harvest, the sunshine and shower," alike upon the grateful and upon the unregarding. He has brought young life, full of hope and promise, into many a household; has filled many a cup with bliss to overflowing; but has also cast athwart many a hearth-stone the gloomy shadow of death; has raised to our lips the mingled cup of pain and pleasure; and though we would fain have quaffed the one without the other, we have been forced to drain to the very dregs the bitter as well as the sweet. With tenderness do we think of him as he passes away, leaving, like man when he dieth, but a ripple upon the wave of time, that shall speedily be replaced by another, and soon be utterly forgotten. And now, as the solemn tones of the belfry clocks measure slowly off the death-knell of 1874, there comes one of those

"Strange, melancholy times, when serious men  
Sink out of depth in their own spirit, caught  
All unawares, and held by some strong thought  
That comes to them, they know not how or when,  
And bears them down through many a winding cell,

Where veiled growths and thickly sprouting seeds  
Are strewn, in which our future life doth lie,  
Sketched out in dim and wondrous prophecy."

"METHODIST PREACHERS AND POETRY."—A serio-comic, semi-caricaturing, would-be-complimentary writer in the *Daily Commercial* of November 4th, heads a column with the above title, and tails it with the *nom de plume* "Festus," whether the ghost of the "most noble" Roman with whom St. Paul bandied compliments, or the spooney hero and disciple of the Mephistopheles of Philip James Bailey, we can not determine, nor is it of the slightest consequence. This dashing correspondent, who, like many another of his tribe in these days when it is necessary to raise a sensation at whatever cost, hesitates not a moment to sacrifice truth to

point, to impale a father or flay a brother, rather than lose his joke, wonders, somewhat wooden-headedly, why there is so little affinity between poetry and theology; why Methodist preachers have so little appreciation of poetry; and above all, why Methodist editors and their columns are so lacking in the management of this important article. Of the entire succession of editors of the *Western Advocate* and REPOSITORY—men whom “Festus” compliments for other qualifications without stint—only one, Dr. Tefft, had any poetry in him; he alone “held the strings tight on his poetical contributors, and compelled them to furnish a respectable article, and wrote good verses himself.” It will doubtless astonish Dr. Tefft, in his maturity and retirement, to learn that he was ever regarded as a poet, great as was his literary ability in other respects; and as for his judgment of the article in question, it is impeached by the fact that, while editor, he published in the REPOSITORY sundry rhymes, embellished with capitals, sent him by the present editor in the days of his verdancy.

All the other editors fare hard at the judgment-bar of this astute fault-finder. Bishop Morris did not read poetry in his old age, for the very sensible reason furnished by “Festus” himself, that, when editor of the *Western Advocate*, “he was not much encouraged to print poetry, or to love it, considering the samples sent him by poetical correspondents.” We doubt not many an editor besides Bishop Morris, secular and religious, has sickened of “poetry” for the same valid reason. Mercilessly does this critical Mohawk go through the succession of editors, with whose histories he seems perfectly familiar, scalping each in his turn, dead and living, and decrying all for reasons most contradictory and antipodal. Bishop Simpson, when editor, “had no fondness for poetry. He left that department to his assistants; and “any sort of jingle from an aspiring sister would pass muster in the Church organ.” Bishop Kingsley “was not critical in poetry. If the tone of a versicle was pious and sweetly sentimental, that was all-sufficient.” Bishop Merrill probably “never read a line of poetry in his life;” had “not a particle of poetry in his disposition, and never put any into the *Advocate*, when editor.” Dr. Hoyt, the

present editor, follows in the footsteps of his distinguished predecessors—“poetry he avoids.”

Bishop Clark, when editor of the REPOSITORY, “never trusted his own taste in the selection of poetry for his magazine.” “Not seldom a poem would be inserted because written by some influential preacher, and not on account of its merits; and in this way some very ludicrous verses got into the magazine.” “Bishop Wiley was more careful in his poetical selections. They were smooth, correct, religious, solemn, stately; cold as ice-cream, and not nearly so sweet.” The present editor dislikes the “jingle and flow of rhymes;” and hence we “can not expect much poetry from him, and that little will be as correct and profound as prose.” “The poems of the REPOSITORY are, and will be, philosophical disquisitions, heavy as lead, dry as chips, profound as metaphysics, deep as theology, and beautiful as night.” This concise inventory of the excellencies of their productions will doubtless charm the two or three contributors who have written most of the fugitive pieces published in the REPOSITORY for the past two or three years; while those whose rhymes have been rejected (“Festus” included) may congratulate themselves that their effusions, had they seen the day, might have been yeast to the dough, dew to the desert, wings to the leaden, light to the abysses. The imputation is, that the editors prefer the silly, the religious, the metaphysical, the leaden; while the real poetry, of which they are no judges, lies in their office pigeon-holes. We believe that every editor has published the best that has been sent him. Alas, for the lack of Teftian power to “compel” correspondents to furnish the right article!

For ourself, because we dislike “silly jingle,” it is taken for granted that we have no feeling for the beauties of poetry. True poetry, poetry that is poetry, we love now as well as in the days when we were class-poet at an Alumni festival, when we mouthed Shakespeare by the yard, quoted the dramatists, ancient and modern, devoured Milton and Pope, Scott and Burns, took in all of Byron but the turn-down shirt-collar and the lanky hair which so often replaced his natural curls, and filled commonplace books with extracts and annotations



from every bard from Geoffrey Chaucer to Tennyson. Like Milton's Lycidas, we aspired, ourself,

"To sing and build the lofty rhyme,"

and failed so signally that we concluded to leave the business to those inspired geniuses whose whole being is permeated with poesy, as Handel's was with music. We hold to the doctrine, *poeta nascitur, non fit*, Doctor Beattie to the contrary notwithstanding, who said he knew "no inspiration but hard work." "It is vain," said Addison, "to make all men poets." Milton pronounced Dryden "a good rhymers, but no poet." Ralph Waldo Emerson said to us forty years ago that he was "poet only by the sufferance of partial friends."

But why are Methodist preachers not poets? One might as well ask why poets are not Methodist preachers! In this limited state, heaven's gifts are bestowed somewhat charily. It is rare that two Divine accomplishments fall to the share of the same individual. Now and then an exceptional genius, the wonder of a world, like Michael Angelo, may be poet, painter, sculptor, architect, statesman, and great in all; Milton may be statesman, poet, and organist as well; Disraeli may be novelist and prime minister. But, as a rule, nature contents herself with bestowing a single gift—power to shine in a single department. And "Festus" himself intimates that poet-preachers were not much in the line of theology. It is true that men perpetually mistake their calling. Southey was a beautiful prose writer, but a second-rate poet. Like West, as a painter, he sketched out large and lofty schemes which he lacked the genius to fill up. In wading through his ponderous epics, we share Byron's agony when he exclaims:

"In mercy spare!

A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear."

But is there any incompatibility between poetry and theology? Montgomery, a fine prose writer, but second-rate poet, says very truly: "The ideas of theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, too majestic for ornament." Hymn-writers have never been ranked among the world's poets. Outside of the Jewish bards there is very little sacred poetry. Poetry belongs to the

domain of fiction, theology to that of literal truth. Poetry belongs to the imagination, theology to the understanding. Poetry belongs to the youth of the individual and the race, theology to its maturity. The older men and the race grow, the less poetical they become. The best poems, Homer and Job, were written in the world's infancy. The present age is adult, deals with facts, arithmetic, logic; and facts, logic, and arithmetic kill poetry. The world has seen its last epic. It is as impossible to build an epic in America and the nineteenth century as to create a new order of architecture, or to revive one of these Middle Age poems in stone, a Gothic cathedral.

Poetry not merely tends to the childhood of the race, to the fictitious, the fanciful, it has an inherent, constitutional leaning to the bad. Its favorite themes are love and war—attraction and repulsion—the two great forces that control the universe; and it finds its choicest material on the destructive side of these forces. "Death," says one, "is the chief hero of poetry, though life be its perpetual theme." The finest strains in the "Iliad" are rife with agony, blood, and carnage. The "Inferno," like the picture of a Buddhist hell, revels in horrors. The tragedians, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, borrow their sublimest inspirations from terror and death. Milton's devils are greater heroes than his angels. "Paradise Lost" is vastly more attractive to the reader than "Paradise Regained." Dante's "Inferno" possesses far more interest than the "Paradisio;" and even Barrister Bailey, the progenitor of "Festus," could create a fascination with his devil-world which in his Angel-world he could not keep alive. But we are wasting paper talking about poetry, the genuine article, which the school-girl offerings to the American press, such as this grumbler talks about, do not come within a thousand miles of.

OUR NEW-YEAR'S GIFT to patrons in this year of grace, 1875, is one which will be welcomed with delight by thousands,—the portrait of Bishop Peck. We had expected a brief *resume* of the life and labors of the bishop from another pen, but are disappointed, and find ourselves compelled to fling together a few particulars at the last

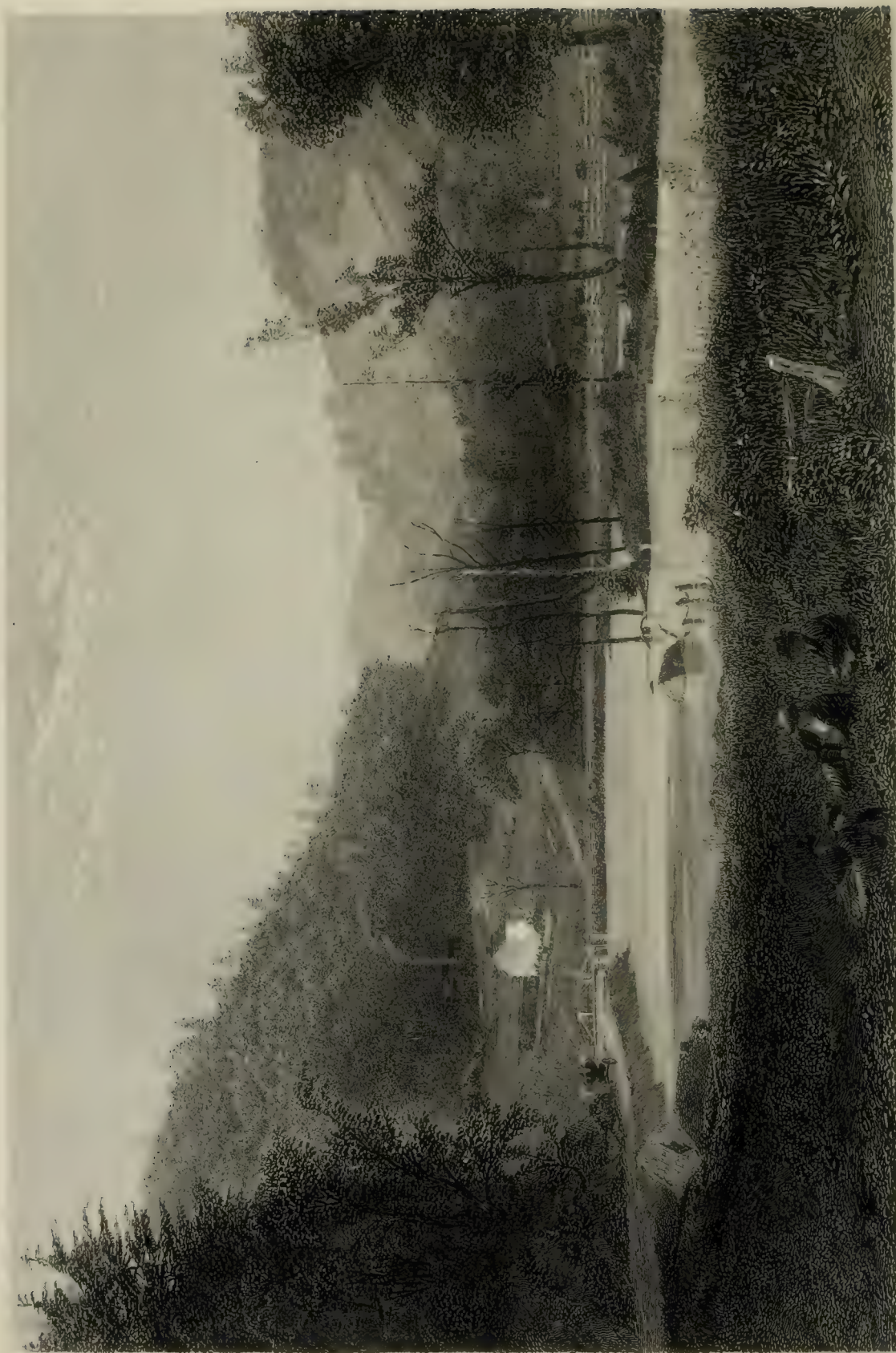
moment before going to press. Our trouble is not lack of material, but superabundance; not what we shall say, but what we shall leave unsaid. Years of personal association would furnish memories for a volume rather than a few paragraphs to accompany an engraving. Something we must say, or the *Northwestern* will be after us, most righteously, as in the case of Bishop Andrews, whose fine portrait, through inadvertence, went to our readers without any "life and labors," though he has been abundant in both. And now, as we study the splendid production of the graver before us, the characteristic expression of which is earnest meditation and deep thought, as though cogitating some useful scheme or elaborating some profound idea, what are the reflections and memories suggested? The earnest face suggests, first, the log-cabin home of the Otsego County blacksmith overflowing with romping girls and boys, yet made jubilant on the 4th of April, 1811, by the appearance of another boy, destined, in the order of Providence, to lend luster to the entire circle. It suggests boyhood, school-life, limited education, conversion, and the call to add one more preacher to a family as naturally addicted to preaching as the Beechers. It suggests 1832, and membership, on trial, in the Oneida Conference; 1833, and the walking along the streets of Auburn of two tall, slender young men, neither of them particularly graceful in gait or carriage, talking over their future prospects,—the writer and the future bishop, twenty-two years of age and happy in recent marriage, and saying to his companion that it was the highest ambition of his life to be at once "a good preacher and a good pastor." It suggests laborious charges in Central New York, Manlius, Newark, Skaneateles (1832-3-4); the long removal to the St. Lawrence region (1835-6), which appeared to the untraveled, before railroads, frightfully near the North Pole, the Chateaugay woods, bears and panthers, and John Brown's tract—a remove that must have cost some tears, and about which Bishop Hedding said, "It is good for Jesse, let him bear the yoke in his youth;" the Black-river Conference Seminary, and the almost forcible diversion of the young itinerant from the regular pulpit (1837) to supply the pressing necessities of education; the burning of the old academy,

and the labor to rebuild; the transfer to Troy Conference Academy (1841), and years of effort to save the institution, a work now happily accomplished by Rev. Dr. J. Newman; the presidency of Dickinson College (1849); pastorate at the National Capital (1852); Tract agency (1854); California, with its sierras, its big trees, its geysers, its Yosemite and its moral earthquakes, its valleys and mountains of sin, its triumphs and its trials; warfare (1867-8-9) with social and political corruption at the capital of the Empire State; and, finally, the tenacious exertion to endow Syracuse University (1870-2), and lay a foundation, which, filled up, will make a university worthy of the name. Of General Conferences from 1844 to 1872, and his labors as bishop since his election to that important office, we need not speak. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Peck brings to this office the same intensity of purpose that has characterized his labors in every other. Whatever industry and effort can achieve, he will achieve. He has what all successful men have, a trinity of faiths,—great faith in himself, faith in his mission, and faith in God. He has all the elements of an orator,—presence, voice, matter, manner; power, like all other orators, at times to fail; power, at other times, to be overwhelmingly eloquent. As he aimed to combine the pastor and the preacher, so in preaching, he aims to combine profound reasoning with burning exhortation. All these things, and a thousand more that we might dilate upon, the picture before us suggests. It suggests another thought, always conspicuously present at the junction-point of the Old and the New Year; it is, that the picture will soon be all that is left to remind us of the mortal shrine. But, thanks be to God, the written words, the preached sermons, the fervent prayers and exhortations, the pastoral charges and offices, will live and form and sway and influence forever! Dying, we live and rise to die no more!

A GOOD PICTURE is itself a poem, and the artist who paints it is a poet. If Cowper, whose home at Olney we represent in our vignette, was a poet, no less is our American painter, Hart, one of whose pictures we reproduce in this number. The one sketches in words, the other paints in colors.

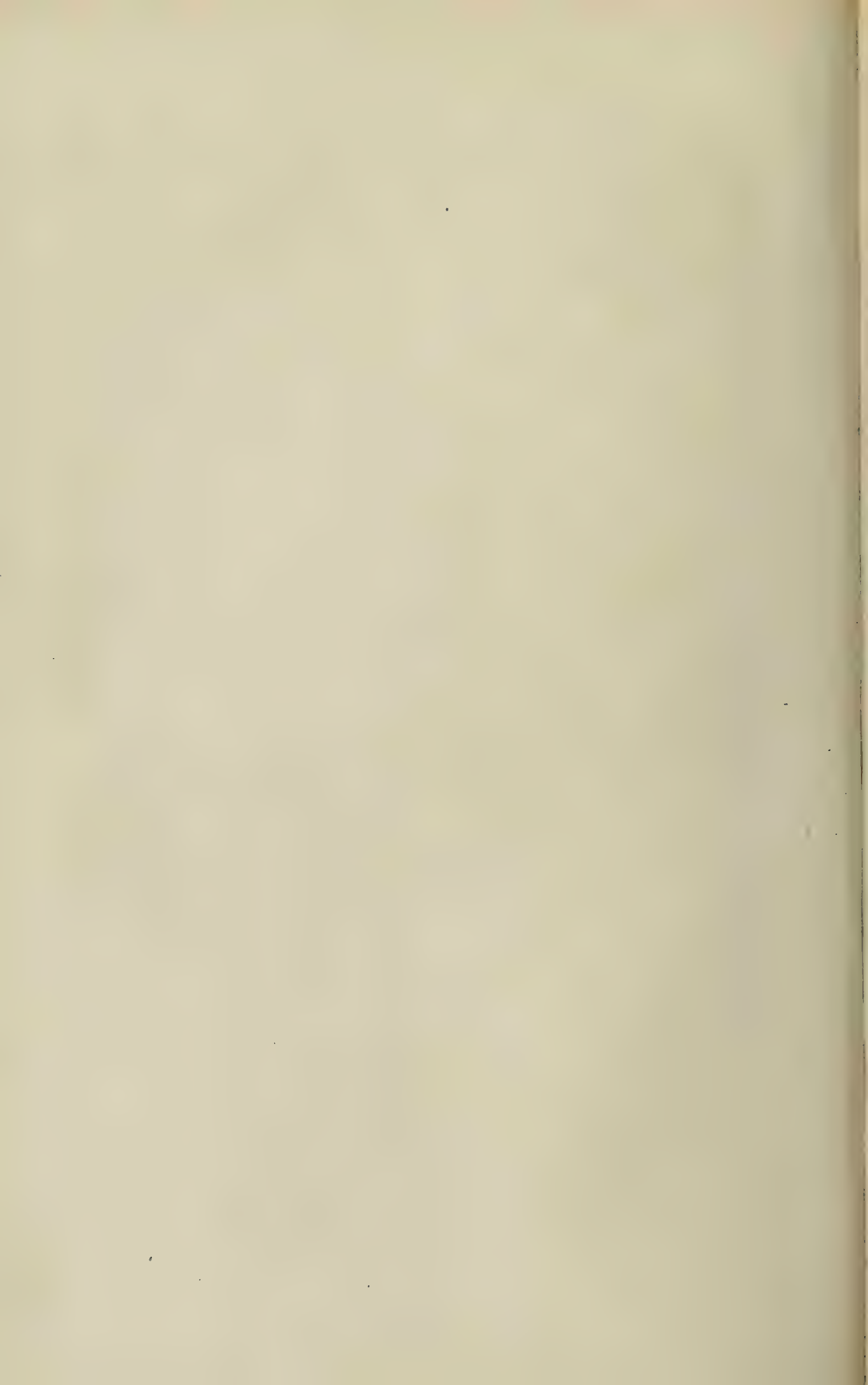














THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

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GOLDEN VIALS FULL OF ODORS.

BY BISHOP HAVEN.

THE eyes of the Patmos captive, looking steadfastly into heaven, saw visions such as poets dream. Homer's blind eyes beheld horses and chariots flying over the celestial plains, guided by creatures of unspeakable beauty and strength. It is strange that the closing pages of inspiration should so strikingly resemble the opening pages of Greek mythology and poetry. Here are horses flying like eagles over the upper meads,—of various colors, majestic, terrible, and swift, with chariots of war at their heels. Here, too, are other materialities—harps, robes, crowns, trees, fountains, rivers, crowds, songs; the variety and intensity of earth reproduced in more vivid and attractive colors. What this means, we know not. Does it signify that the heavenly is strangely like the earthly state?—that there is intense interest, intense activity, both in their own sphere and in respect to ours?—that there is not the lifeless life which many imagine, the weariness of spiritual *ennui*; but a variety and grandeur of energy, beside which the vivacity of man is as the activity of childhood beside that of empires? It may be, too, that the gloomy visions of the neighboring Sciote were but the shadowy foregleamings of the clear light that shined upon Patmos. Homer saw through a glass darkly; John, face to face. Homer's gods, which were but angels, inferiors to the Supreme

Deity, were engaged in earthly conflicts for earthly dominion. John's angels contend in spiritual as well as earthly conflicts; for spiritual, no less than earthly dominion.

Among the marvels of this book of wonders is that of our text. Before the august throne of the Lamb are four *Zoa*, or living beings, most basely translated beasts. The farthest possible from our idea of beasts is the idea of these words. They are life itself, the highest and fullest expression of creative power. In them is life; not uncreated, as in Christ, but above all other creatures. Far more proper would it be to call archangels beasts than to call these beings.

Four of them, with the four and twenty elders, stand before the throne, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. Praise and prayer thus unite in the heavenly worship; though the prayers are not their own, but those yet struggling below against sin and Satan.

Many precious thoughts, like sacred odors, seem to stream forth from this word. Shall we meditate upon them? May our hearts find great sweetness and refreshment as we inhale the precious influences!

The subject thus brought before us, is prayer, as estimated in heaven. We seldom know the value of things common

to us, except by looking at them from a point of view different from that which we ordinarily occupy. To see our American institutions aright, we must look at them across the seas; to feel the enchantments of ancient art, we must visit them from a new and unhistoric land. So prayer is esteemed by many one of the cheapest commodities. It is despised and rejected of men; it is flippantly and formally performed by multitudes, or profanely abused and abandoned. Like water, like air, like friends and kindred, held in the lightest esteem and consideration when present and abounding, they become rarest of treasures, incalculably valuable when lost. "Alas!" said the starving Arab in the desert, on picking up a bag of diamonds, "alas! I thought it was dates!" Yet in the garden and marketplace dates are trodden under foot with indifference and contempt. So the thirsty shipwrecked on the salt sea longs for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue; and the value of all the cargoes that swim the deep is not to be compared with that one solitary life-giving bead. To estimate the value of prayer, we may consider it from his point of view who is dying, and has no other grasp on heaven than that which it affords, or from the estimation in which it is held in heaven itself. The last is the one here suggested. We find certain exalted spirits, while prostrating themselves before the throne of God, hold in one hand a harp, and in the other a golden vial full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. The choicest gifts they can present to Christ are praises and prayers—praises from their own lips, prayers from yours. These are the most acceptable to him. No telegrams of victories in the battle-fields of the universe; no development of the minds of his creatures through the discoveries of science, or the inventions of genius; no progress of this or any other race in civil or social ideas, compares with the service of prayer. This he pre-eminently delights in. It is a communication directly to him; it is communion directly with him. Others look through nature up to nature's God;

he, straight to God himself. If those admitted to this glorious presence find their most acceptable gifts of this sort, we can properly judge of their value. What a potentate of earth would select out of all his treasures, to have set before him, may be rightly considered to be held by him in highest esteem. Had he range of all treasures; were he able to command the cabinets of all other kings, and pick from the world's collections its choicest gem, we should properly say, that what he elected was what he preferred before all other treasures. If, in addition to this, he were endowed with the highest possible wisdom, so that what he selected was not the result of mere caprice, but of a judgment the most perfect, we should rightfully judge that this was indeed the most valuable present that could be offered.

We do not say that other treasures from other parts of the universe do not surpass this; but those who fall before the Lamb, recognizing his relation to humanity, offer this as the choicest gift that earth can afford. They could give him words of wit and wisdom. They could utter eulogies of verse, beside which Shakespeare's are childish, and offer fruits of genius that would make Raphael's cheap, and present results of research into the realm of creation that would diminish the triumphs of Newton, and all other scholars, to a measureless littleness; yet none of these they give. One thing surpasses them all; one act of man is greater than all his wit, his imagination, his invention, his valor:—it is his prayer. This, rightfully prepared and presented, finds welcome, gives delight to the Creator. This is the choice treasure brought in the hands of worshipping angels.

The question naturally occurs here, Why is this preferred before all other gifts that men can bring? Is not the laugh of childhood, the deed of charity, the act of patriotism, the martyr's cheerful sacrifice, greater than prayer? What are words to deeds? Nay, we judge not wisely, so judging. The unconscious gladness of childhood bespeaks the good-



ness of God, but does not respond intelligently to God himself, any more than the fragrance of flowers or the gambolings of lambs. The deeds of mercy or patriotism, though full of delicious qualities, may have no heaven-looking or heaven-reaching element to saturate and sanctify them. They may be like peach and pomegranate, of the earth solely, though of its subtlest and sweetest juices; while if done in the name of a disciple, and so like a martyr's consecration, they are all embodied and expressed in their primitive act,—prayer. This is the seed of which they are the luscious fruit. It is, therefore, as the seed that God thus elects and honors it. It expresses the essence of every other human thought and thing that is in the image of the Redeemer.

It does more than this. It is the confession, at once, of the need and the fact of redemption—of our sin and our Savior. It is the only perfect way we can make this acknowledgment. Our souls find exit through eyes and lips. But eyes can not look to God. We are blind in this faculty. Lips can talk with him, they only. Hence, thus we make our allegiance; thus we confess the depth of our depravity, the infinitude of His sacrifice. We ally ourselves to the atonement and the Atoner.

Prayer is therefore rightly elected as the chief favor we can bestow upon God. The prayers of saints—that is, of contrition, of faith, of thanksgiving—these float higher, nay, rise by inherent force communicated by the Creator of all force, spiritual and physical, rise steady and swift through all space and all ranks of intelligence, straight to the throne of God.

But the manner in which these prayers are presented suggests many precious reflections,—golden vials full of odors.

1. This teaches that our prayers are a delight to God. No figure could do it better. They steal up insensibly in perfumes. The words ejaculated from feverish lips, whispered from dying mouths, panting forth, with strong cries and tears, from bursting hearts, or stammered in human lowliness and contempt,—these

all change into richest odors, that salute delightfully the soul of Christ. As Isaac smelled the smell of the raiment of his son, and gratefully inspired the healthful fragrance, saying, "It is as the smell of the field which the Lord hath blessed," so Christ smells the sweet odor of saintly prayers. They have the fragrance of heaven; they are filled with the perfume of his own love and sacrifice; they breathe no other breath. "Thou art worthy, thou inspirest, thou enlivenest, thou perfectest my petition. It is to thee, and of thee, and in thee." He is well pleased with this recognition of his services and sacrifices; not because a sinful vanity fills him, but because this is on a line with the laws of spiritual and eternal life. In these he freely abides; in these we must freely abide. Confession of salvation only through him is simply confession of the eternal verities of righteousness, justice, holiness, and love. These are revealed to us solely in Christ; are obtained by us solely through Christ. Prayer recognizes this, and puts the suppliant soul on the grooves of eternal truth and life. So the Author of this truth and life acknowledges, in that he enriches the atmosphere of his presence with the breathings of such confession.

2. We learn that prayers have a long life in heaven. Nothing lives longer than perfume. The tombs of Egypt disclose vials of odors that have been sending forth their sweetness for thousands of years, and the vial is yet full and the fragrance perfect. So do the prayers of saints. The prayer of Abraham for Ishmael yet appeals to the sensibilities of God. His children, occupying that vast peninsula of fragrant Arabia, shall yet feel its effectual fervency in their regeneration. The prayer of Jacob for his children yet avails for the yet rejecting Israel. The prayers of Paul for the Gentiles daily float up to Christ in all their refreshing urgency. Those of all ages are thus kept in remembrance before God. Years can not impoverish their richness or weaken their strength.

That mother's prayer offered for you

in infancy, yet unanswered perhaps, are offered for you still. Though she has long since changed her prayer to a harp, she yet holds in her vial the odor of that early petition. It comes up in sweet remembrance before God; it stays his hand of judgment that might otherwise cut you down; it keeps the spirit still, though grieved, patiently pressing home upon your careless heart the conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. How can he leave you as he inhales this precious balsam? How can he slay you when your mother cries forbear?

This long life of a fervent prayer should encourage Christians to pray. The words you thus pour forth are not as water spilled upon the ground, nor as pulsations of the air; they abide forever. They ever stand before God; they ever work on and with him. The work may not be seen immediately; it is none the less energetic. It may not accomplish its whole result on the object for which it is engaged; it does on the heart of Him to whom it is addressed. Without any diminution of thought or feeling, it ever ascends and affects the Lamb; it ever descends in effusions of the Holy Spirit on the beloved object: it may yet win them to holiness and heaven.

3. There is great delight in preparing this precious ointment. This fact or symbol shows that prayer is the most agreeable work that we can be engaged in. The man is then employed in preparing perfumes for the Lamb of God; he is like one engaged in the manufacture of delicate and delicious odors. How rich must be the air of such a chemist! How pleasant his vocation! So, far more so, is this work of the Christian. He is conversing with his Creator. His poor words put on the royal purple of God; they are filled with the unutterable pulsations of the Holy Ghost. Their native beggary is turned to the gold of heaven by this alchemy. See the lives of saints. How their faces glow, like that of Moses, as they ascend these heavenly hills! The hour and bower of prayer are the audience-chamber of God, and audience

itself with God. They are filling their own golden vials held in angelic hands. Their souls are bathed in perfumes.

A bath-tub is shown in a royal palace of France where Louis the Great was accustomed to take baths of wine, spiced with rich drugs. Prayer is a soul-bath of perfumed wine—at once a bliss, a delicacy, a refreshment, a ravishment. It is purifying as was Esther before it appears before its King. If you be thus engaged, the rich words of the Psalmist are eminently true: "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." We come before Christ, as the wise men, with our gifts of frankincense and myrrh; only it is the aspirations of our souls, nay, the souls themselves, that go out in such celestial odors. What work can compare with this? None more delicate or delightful. At once the rarest and the sweetest; transforming and translating the spirit into these divinest ecstasies; floating up a celestial odor, through ranks of appreciative angels, to the very throne of Jesus, and there abiding like an eternal halo of richness, sweetly ravishing even the Son Divine. For he thus perceives of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied.

4. There are varieties of prayers, making varieties of vials and perfumes. As many modifications of pleasant odors are within the skill of the perfumer, so many combinations of heavenly odor are within the reach of the praying Christian—all in golden vials, all pleasant to the Savior. There is the golden vial, labeled "Family Prayer." This is filled, when,

"Kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,  
The saint, the husband, and the father prays."

God the Father, God the Son, is well-pleased with this recognition of him as the one that setteth the solitary in families, as the one that creates fatherhood and sonship, parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister,—all the precious influences that bind souls in sweetest unity, and make the earth, in spite of sin and sorrow, pain and death, still a paradise and a heaven.



There is the vial of secret prayer, when the soul distills its secretest and most vital perfumes. Those which no soul else perceives. For, near as we come to each other, we never know each other. Frank as we mean to be, and are; perfect as is the reciprocity of married souls, still it is partially and painfully true that between the closest souls is a great gulf fixed.

"Heart to heart can never teach  
What unto itself is taught."

We can get up a blended vial of precious odors in our blended prayers. But there is another of a deeper, more pervasive, more Divine quality, which the soul presses from its rarest juices in its secretest communions with God. There it lays open its whole nature. It needs no words; it says: "Lord, thou knowest me altogether. Thou knowest my wants, my woes, my wishes, my gratefulness, my penitence, my confidence. Thou hast beset me behind and before. Thou hast laid thine hand upon me." Such confession, contrition, and consecration are pre-eminently well-pleasing to God. If you thus pour out your soul before him, he will hear in heaven, his dwelling-place. He will answer on this earth, his footstool. This full and secret confession shall ascend as sweet incense before him. It shall descend in sweeter influences of grace upon your communing heart.

Another vial is social prayer. The communion of saints has a separate vial and perfume. It is different, though like its kindred prayers. There is something more fraternal and heavenly perhaps about such a service than any other. We are too solitary for angels when alone with God; we are perhaps too much separated, and also too much connected, in family devotion quite to typify the heavenly state. There are distinctions in the family,—old and young, master and servant; parent claiming, and child yielding, obedience; brother and sister, husband and wife, male and female: and then all this little congregation is but an earthly unit, separated from all other households by the unpassable walls

of blood and feeling. In the prayer-meeting this is broken down. There we feel, as nowhere else, that in Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free, white nor black, male nor female, Greek nor Jew, but Christ is all and in all. They are a type and forerunner of the society of the just made perfect. Their prayers have a peculiarly celestial fragrance. The Master delights in this transformation of earth to heaven; he finds here the realization of his labors. Their service is like the service of the angels, and "earth sweeps high as heaven on solemn wing."

The prayers of the great congregation have their own vial. Though something of the unity of the worship of the Church is lost when crowds of prayerless spectators gather with us, yet these prayers, if rightly performed, go up as a rich perfume unto God. Their confessions of Christ as head of communities and nations, their prayer for his universal reign, their own personal petitions as a congregation of saved though sinful mortals,—all give this a character of its own, and, when rightly engaged in, fill a golden vial marked, "The Prayers of the Sinning and Repenting Race." The Savior does not object to be acknowledged as Sovereign, even by those who refuse to obey. It is one of the objects of his mission to become King of nations. "Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess." When the knees really bow, and the tongue humbly and heartily confesses, then comes the petition with acceptance before God. It is a golden vial, labeled, "The World's Prayer."

Other vials are set before him. Other combinations of fragrant prayer, morning and evening prayer, ejaculatory and prolonged, or conversational communion; prayer in sickness, in sorrow, in joy, in health, on week-day, on Sabbath, when at ease, when in trouble; in fine, every separate prayer is a separate effluence of the soul, differing from all its kindred as the members of the same family differ. Each of these, if offered aright, is sweet to the senses of Christ. He loves to detect these differences in

unity. He smells the sweet odor of each prayer. They come up before him. They hang around him—a cloud, whose every particle is independent, and apprehended in its full character, apart from every other particle, while the whole is one grand unit of sweetness and of strength.

Such are some of the thoughts the figure awakens. Do they meet with a response in your soul? Do you thus engage with conscious pleasure in this most pleasurable service? Or do you find the duty wearisome, and abandon it in disgust? How many are busy preparing, from their soul's experiences, deadly fumes,—as one walking in an ordinary laboratory among the dissolving elements of the chemist is met with sickly, offensive, pungent, and sometimes fatal, effluvia of destroyed unity and material life! So the soul that ceases to pray is constantly throwing off these sinful and deadly effluences, that are abhorrent to God, and destructive to him that inhales them. Thus the prayers of saints are offset by those of sinners. They, too, have vials, which they fill with odors that go down to him whose they are and whom they serve. Every word you speak is really a prayer. It is affected by the tone and disposition of your soul. If you neglect the right, you pursue the wrong. If you refuse to make your soul a well-watered garden, glowing with flowers, and redolent of heavenly fragrance, out of which every morning sun draws to God the perfumed dews of grace and gratitude; which rise on evening exhalations of peace and joy; which are formed into special bouquets of social and family and public prayer, that send forth their mingled richness of odor; if in all this fragrant service you do not share, then do you as carefully educe from your life, the pestilential and horrid odors of corruption.

Cultivate, then, this sacred garden. Present ever before Him some new drop of richer fragrance, some new vial of purer gold. If, too, there is a beating of the affections, remember that the finest

odors only come from bruised leaves and drugs. There is something exquisite in the natural outflow of flowers. Stand in such a garden, or in a great, blossoming orchard, and the senses float in a sea of sweetness. But when the fragrant leaf is pressed, the gum dissolved, and the grain ground to powder, far deeper and more delicate are its issues of life. Every imperceptible fragment is powerful in perfume. So the natural breathing of the sanctified heart is sweet and satisfying to its Redeemer. Dwelling amid earthly delights, with home and friends and fortune smiling in unbroken abundance, that heart may yet preserve its saintly sweetness, and emit unconsciously the most heavenly balms. But let it be stripped of friends and home and fortune and good name; let it be driven forth from men, a despised thing,—and the sweetness that seemed but the slight and indifferent element of its character, of far less consequence than its beauty of color or form or taste, suddenly stands forth its real and deepest element.

Job's piety was noticeable when wealthy and honored, and surrounded by his family; but wealth and honor and home seemed, to most observers, greater than the piety. But Job, stripped of all these, covered with sores, lying at the door of death, reveals the grandeur of his nature, and stands forth the most eminent among the forerunners of Christ, as the clear percipient of the great doctrine of redemption and immortality.

Christ dwelling in the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, receiving the adoration of angels, was exalted in majesty. But Christ passing by the nature of angels; Christ humbling himself to the estate of man, and to the condition of a slave; Christ becoming obedient unto death,—this gives him a name that is above every name; this presses the richest juices from the divine soul; this overwhelms the angels with amazement; this crowns God himself with a diviner glory. So you, if called to submit to the painful pressure of the hand of God, may find that, ground in



his mortar, your outer natures vanish; but the deep richness of your life is wonderfully disclosed. Yourself, others—yea, the Son of God—discerns a sweeter and deeper character in you than could otherwise be revealed. The elder who presents your prayers in his golden vial perceives a far richer perfume arising from it—a humility, a trust, a patience, a meekness, a profound and spiritual peace and joy, that it never before gave forth. Your earthly friends and kindred and Church perceive like increasing richness, and bless God for the strength of grace that you have been enabled to exhibit.

Christian, see to it that your heart thus ever floats up to the throne of the Lamb, and to Him that sitteth thereupon. Let no temptations empty those vials. How sad to think that the elders have to remove golden vials that have been labeled with some holy names, which were once full and fragrant; but have become odorless; nay, worse, offensive! Let us each ask: "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Has my vial become dry, and been set aside with my name on its label,—a blank thing, proclaiming my state of spiritual death; proclaiming my neglect of the closet, the class, the social circle of prayer, the breaking down of my family altar?" Alas! alas! my brother, you fancy you can do these things, and God not know it. Why, the very first offense becomes "rank, and smells to heaven!" The very first sin is a dead fly in that pot of heavenly ointment, and gives forth before Christ an offensive odor! The offensiveness increases with your neglect; and he says to the worshiping elder: "Take away that man's vial. It corrupts the very air of heaven. How rich it was once; how fetid now!" Is that said of you, backslider? Return, and, with tears of penitence and deeds of reform, cleanse out that golden vial, and beg Christ to refill it with acceptable prayers.

And you, sinner, take heed how you restrain prayer. You restrain it before God. You pour it forth before Satan. No vial in heaven; but vials full of curses, pouring forth the effluvia of hell! Now is your gracious chance to please Christ and save your soul. Hasten to him. Press out your soul before him. Ask him to take your wicked soul—a mere weed, fruitless, flowerless, fragranceless of sweetness—and make it a flower of luscious odor, exquisite beauty, and refreshing fruit; like the orange-tree, at once full of fragrant and beautiful blossoms, and more fragrant and beautiful fruit. Then, when the earthly service of filling these sacred chalices is ended, you shall take your place among the elders who swing this incense of struggling and triumphing souls in the cathedral service of heaven, and walk amid gardens of such beauty and perfume as earth has never seen nor dreamed.

"There gardens and the goodly walks  
Continually are green;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.  
There cinnamon and sugar grow;  
There nard and balm abound.  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
What pleasures there abound.  
There nectar and ambrosia spring;  
There musk and civet sweet;  
There many a fine and dainty drug  
Is trod down under feet."

The service of earth enriches the gardens of heaven. Let it be ours joyfully to engage in this fragrant duty. Hold the right estimate of prayer, not as made by disbelieving chemists of earth, but by angelic chemists in heaven. In laboratories below, its efficiency may be questioned; in laboratories above, its efficiency is made deliciously known. Turn your souls into prayer, and the august spirits about the throne will fill from these communings golden vials full of freshest and most delicate odor, for the increasing delight of that celestial society.

## FEMININE INFLUENCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE hotel, or mansion, of the Marchioness of Rambouillet had at least as great an influence on the French language as the French Academy. Already, at the end of the sixteenth century, the Marquis of Rambouillet, after he had vainly tried to shake the well-deserved trust that Henry IV gave to his minister Sully, retired from the court with his beautiful wife, Catherine of Vivonne. To compensate the sacrifice she made for his sake, of the pleasures and admiration she would have enjoyed at the court, he gathered around her a polite circle, of which she became the attraction and center. One great thing was accomplished in those reunions. All the refined women who met there, gave to themselves for a task to correct the manners, and at the same time, the language. Understanding that in the same way as the body influences the mind, and *vice versa*, manners and language depend very much on each other, and that wherever the former are refined, the latter will not be coarse, they undertook a reform which had become quite necessary. Indeed, the memoirs of that time are not edifying as to the way our ancestors lived, and in literature the license of language was extreme. It was then a task worthy of noble women to show to all who came near them, caring for their good opinion, a higher ideal than had ever been dreamed of before; fidelity in love, elevation in thoughts, refinement in expression,—it was by such attainments that men could expect to please the marchioness and her lady friends.

Another great advantage of those reunions was, to promote equality. Equality is very dear to the French; they care for it more than they do for liberty. Prior to the Revolution they had not obtained it before the law. But sociable equality was their privilege long before, and the receptions of the Marchioness of Rambouillet were already a fine illus-

tration of that characteristic of French society. To be admitted to her "*soirées*," there was no need to show a long genealogy; a sonnet, any piece of poetry, secured to the author a better welcome than rank or riches. The nobleman met with the simple citizen as with an equal; a cordial feeling of fraternity reigned between the man who had fought for his country and the one who celebrated her triumphs in his rhymes. In short, on these two principles—refinement of manners and language, and perfect equality among well-bred people—was founded a polite society such as other nations envied France for, a long time.

Unfortunately, the best things in the world have defects which, most of the time, come from excess on one side or the other. Affectation followed or accompanied refinement. To avoid vulgar expressions, the persons who used to frequent the Hotel of Rambouillet fell in the opposite extreme. Instead of being called a looking-glass, a mirror was named the counselor of graces; instead of saying "Please take this arm-chair," they said, "Satisfy the wish that this arm-chair has to embrace you." Proper names were changed, too, for prettier or more uncommon ones; the marchioness, whose honest name was Catherine, changed it into Arthenice. With the very honorable aim to reform manners and feelings, they also fell into another exaggeration,—extra-sentimentalism. For instance, the daughter of the marchioness, the beautiful Julie d'Angennes, was loved by the most virtuous man of Louis XIII's court, the Duke of Montausier; but, well taught as she had been by her mother and friends, she tried the poor man's patience for twelve years, and it was only after this long period of constant attention on his part that she finally consented to become his wife.

How many celebrated men and women used to meet at this Hotel de Rambouillet, who are perfectly unknown now! Alas!



such is the fate of human renown. How limited in space and time! You have only to cross the frontier which separates your country from another, and you find, very often, that your illustrious countrymen have never been heard of there. You have only to go backward some hundred years or less, to meet with great men, now entirely forgotten. How few names are celebrated every-where for centuries! And these, are they the worthiest? Are they not, on the contrary, particularly those of conquerors who have engraved their names on the earth with fire and blood? But must these attributes of every thing here below, narrowness and brevity, be a motive of discouragement for all those writers and artists who look in the future for their reward? Of course not; they must admit that mortal beings can not confer immortality upon other mortal beings; but at the same time, they must remember that when their name is forgotten, not one particle of the good accomplished by them will be lost.

Among the "*célébrités*" who met at the Hotel of Rambouillet, some, then, are forgotten; a few, as Corneille, Madame de Sévigné, are still read; while others are only pleasantly remembered. Of the latter, Mademoiselle de Scudéry was one of the most admired. Her novels were the favorite reading of cultivated people. She played a prominent part in the literary world, and this for about one century; for she was born in 1607, and died in 1701. Finally, she accomplished an almost impossible thing in France; she knew how to live and die single, without ever being ridiculous. It is true that she was courted for fifty years by a well known and honorable man, Pellisson, of whom Madame de Sévigné said that he decidedly took too much advantage of the permission which men have to be plain-looking. There was between them a perfect conformity of tastes, feelings, and ugliness too, and during those fifty years they never spent one day without seeing each other or writing to each other.

In her long novels, Mademoiselle de

Scudéry undertook to describe her heroes as personages of old times. This innovation added very much to the interest of her narrations, perhaps because it was very easy to recognize under Roman names princes, writers, women living in Paris, whom one could meet every day. We may easily imagine with what impatience were expected books in which were to be found the portraits of well-known people, of one's friends, and perhaps the description of one's own self.

A single lady, author and celebrated, ought, of course, to speak of Woman's Rights,—this even in the seventeenth century. The subject of one of her novels, "*Clelie*," is really this question: What is the rank that modern civilization gives to woman, and what must she do to have and to keep it? The proud and bold Tullia, who was afterward Tarquin's wife, is indignant at the thought of the dependence in which woman is kept.

"As for me," says she, "I would gladly free myself from the laws under which nature and custom has placed our sex; and if it were in my power to be a valiant soldier rather than what I am, I would certainly much prefer being a warrior to being a princess, so little satisfied I am with my fate!"

Tarquin has the same opinion: "Indeed," says he, "it is possible for a soldier to become a king; but it is not possible for a woman ever to get her freedom."

"It is true," answers Tullia, who we must not forget, in spite of her name, represents a French woman, "from our birth we are not only the slaves of our parents, who dispose of us as they please, but we are still the slaves of custom; for as soon as we have reason enough to judge of things, we are at once told that we must subject this reason to propriety! They say we have much imagination, and are very clever; but at the same time they must think that we have not much dignity to content ourselves with the part of chief slaves in every family, and often the most unfortunate ones. We have not even the liberty to

choose our masters, as we are very often married against our inclination. When married and in society, we must learn how to regulate our looks, avoid the conversation of the people who would please us the most, and never go any where alone. We are born with passions; but the way the world is organized, we must keep them always chained; we are allowed neither to love nor to hate. Not one day passes, therefore, when I do not envy the men. When I see one walking alone, I envy his freedom; when I see another who goes traveling, I still envy him; and I see some of them whose vengeance and anger are also worthy of being envied: for it is not thought strange when a man has violent feelings and revenges himself, while a woman is expected never to complain of any thing, or if she does, it must be so gently that her complexion be not altered by it, nor her eyes lose any of their charm. In short, considering the laws which propriety imposes upon us, it seems that nature has made us without any feeling!"

This is assuredly a spirit of insurrection against the laws of the world. But Mademoiselle de Scudéry does not take this speech on her own account. No: it is not she who speaks so; it is Tullia, the wife of Tarquin, the haughty and impious daughter who, in her carriage, runs over the corpse of her murdered father. Such is the woman who, in the seventeenth century, is supposed to argue in favor of the woman's rights. In this novel, the true women (and they are almost all true and good) only ask of the husbands not to be the tyrants nor the slaves of their wives. One of the ladies described in the story expresses herself as follows:

"It is good for women who have good husbands to let them have an authority which should appear in the eyes of the world, even when the husbands, either by excess of love or any other cause, would not care for it. A woman must never wish people to say that she rules her husband; but only that he esteems, loves, and trusts her, instead of obeying

her blindly as if he did not know how to act by himself."

Now, without siding with Tarquin's wife, one must confess that if one considers her a woman of the seventeenth century, she had some right to complain. Even nowadays French women might claim some more liberty than custom gives them. They might, like Tullia, envy the man who walks, travels, goes where he pleases; they might complain as she does that they have not the right even to choose their own masters. . . . But no: with a few conspicuous exceptions, French women do not complain. They do not ask for more rights. They perhaps know too well the power which they have over their "masters"—that is, father first, brother secondly, and husband last—to feel the need of asking loudly, "Give us the rights that we know so well how to take!" They know their power; and how true it is that behind every great crime there is a woman, and behind every great man there is a good mother; and far from wishing more influence, they may, if conscientious, be sometimes afraid of having so much.

We know a country in which more ado is made about woman's rights than in any other. One would think, of course, it is the country where they are the most dependent and unhappy. On the contrary, there they may travel alone as much as they please, of course with the unavoidable inconvenience of being stared at, if they are pretty. They are treated with great respect by the other sex; most careers are open to them. If they do not faint at unpleasant sights, they are admitted to the dissecting-room, and when they have been received doctors, they are sure to find patients. If they write, their works are accepted as if they had been written by masculine hands and composed by masculine brains. Finally, they would be welcome to other professions—architecture or engraving, for instance—which would not require more physical strength than teaching or acting; but the vocation of wife and mother is to be fulfilled by woman alone; and fortu-



tunately for the world they understand it in practice, and give it the preference to all others.

Why, then, do women complain in the country we are speaking of? Do they wish particularly to be allowed to vote? Foolish things! If they happen to have strong political opinions different from those of their husband, father, or brother, would they not do better to try and influence those gentlemen at home, rather than to go themselves to the poll? The truth is, as far as we can judge, that American women have as many rights as they need. But there is one of which they take more advantage of than any other: it is the right to be petted, loved, and to have much leisure; that is just why they have so much time to entertain higher ambitions.

Now to return to Mademoiselle de

Scudéry. Our last quotation shows that, if she had imagination, she was not lacking in judgment, and understood well the true relations which must exist between husband and wife, man and woman. As to the long debated question, "Is woman the equal of man?" she would certainly have been of the same opinion as an author who says, "Between man and woman there is neither superiority nor inferiority; there is difference." And she would probably have joined with the writer of those pages who, when she considers the world transformed by the work of man, would willingly say: "Perhaps there is more of the angel in woman, but there is, without doubt, more of the Creator in man; and, alas! they have both an equal share of the evil spirit to contend with."

JULIE ANNEVELLE.

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## THE VATICAN AND ITS TREASURES.

THE poor old Pope, shut up in his lonely prison, has for four years been an object of commiseration for the Catholic world. A good deal of pity, and not a few solid shekels have been bestowed upon the suffering Holy Father by sympathizing Americans, many of whom have not a very clear conception of what his prison really is. We shall, therefore, in the present article, have to do not so much with the Pope himself as with the interesting old palace which he inhabits. It is a spacious prison, having no less than eleven thousand apartments of various kinds under its roof. Some authorities even place the number at sixteen thousand. For a man without a wife and family, one might suppose this would be ample room, especially if it were furnished to a reasonable extent with the comforts of life. It happens, as we shall see further on, that the Vatican is not a prison wholly destitute of the means of enjoyment.

It is a strange old palace, and it has an interesting history. The Roman citizen who has passed his life within sight of its walls knows but little more about it than the casual stranger who has spent a week in wandering through its magnificent museums of art. The Vatican has two histories; the one has been written, the other can never be. The men who have built it, the painters who have adorned it, and the Popes who have inhabited it, are matters of record, which any curious student may look up with little difficulty. But the inner history of that mysterious place; the schemes and plottings which have built up and destroyed nations; the silent workings of the mighty ecclesiastical machine that has moved and guided the great Church down to the smallest details, in every part of the world; the private lives and ambitions of the long line of remarkable men who have worn the Papal crown,—these are things that no historian can

reduce to facts and figures. If he attempts it, he must begin in conjecture and speculation, and end in mystery.

In 1378, the Popes returned from Avignon, and Rome became their permanent residence. It has remained so until the present time, notwithstanding certain advisers of his Holiness have recently been trying to persuade him that America now offers a more congenial air and promising field for conquest. Portions of the present edifice date back to 1447, the time of Nicholas V. There was, however, long before that an official residence connected with St. Peter's, which was used alternately with the Lateran as the Papal dwelling-place. In the year when Columbus first set foot on American soil, Sixtus IV completed the Sistine Chapel, which was destined subsequently to be painted into immortality. The Belvedere villa, now connected with the main palace by a terraced court, and the celebrated Loggie, was built by the ambitious Julius II, in 1503. The portion of the palace where the Popes now live is east of the Loggie, and dates back to Sixtus V, 1685. The present Pope has built the great stair—the long vista by which the palace is approached from the colonnade. These are the main features of the vast and unsightly building. They by no means, however, form the whole structure. Every Pope, from Sixtus IV down, has taken a hand in enlarging or embellishing it.

The whole palace has thus grown up by degrees into a vast range or group of separate buildings. The dome of the adjoining basilica of St. Peter's is about the only point from which one can get a comprehensive view of the whole, and even from that immense height the beholder can gather but little more than the outlines of the irregularly shaped roofs. If it has any form whatever, it is quadrangular, inclosing a large open court-yard in the center, which serves as the Papal garden, and contains the vast sculptured pine-apple, which once capped the summit of Hadrian's tomb. From the fountains which play unceasingly

before the façade of St. Peter's, the principal projection of the Vatican is visible. It raises its solemn height in six or eight stories, which appear small enough beneath the towering majesty of the great church. Though built by great architects, the palace has no architectural character or beauty that any body can discover. Too many cooks, they say, spoil the soup; and so, it might be said, too many architects mar the harmony of a great building.

But it is not the exterior of the Vatican which makes it, *par excellence*, the greatest palace in the world. It is its wonderful interior, and the marvels of painting and sculpture that are found there. To attempt a description of this vast and priceless collection of art in a single brief article is about as satisfactory as to endeavor to study it all in two or three short visits. But it is the happy lot of but few Americans to enjoy these works, with unlimited time for study; and, if the truth must be told, there are not many who go from our shores who have the taste and inclination for any thing more than a cursory examination, even if the opportunity were not wanting. So, perhaps, it may be with the general reading public, which certainly has a better excuse for indifference at a lame description than the favored ones who find themselves face to face with the sublime reality. It will be sufficient if we make the tour of the ordinary visitor, omitting, therefore, some 10,058 rooms with which the public has nothing to do.

The first step necessary to visit the galleries is to obtain a *permesso*. If you are not supplied with the document on arriving at the great staircase, you are taken in charge by one of the variegated birds, known as the Swiss Guards, who speak every known language except the English, and led through a labyrinth of halls and stairs to the office of somebody who issues the pass. On the way, you have ample opportunity to study the appearance of the grotesque-looking character who forms one of the Pope's



private guard. The architecture of his dress is the first feature to occupy attention. It was designed by Michael Angelo, and never since changed. The trowsers are immense loose bags, gathered, Zouave style, at the knees, and made of red, yellow, and black stripes. A loose blouse, of the same material, a Turkish-looking hat, and a short sword, complete the costume. The Pope finds it convenient to take his guards from Switzerland for several reasons, the principal one being that the Swiss are supposed to be as guiltless of interest or prejudice in politics as it is possible for human beings to be; and are therefore safer persons to surround the sacred person of his Holiness. The present hostility of the Italian Government and people to the Pope's assumption of temporal power makes it necessary for him to look elsewhere than among his own countrymen for faithful adherents.

Before these observations are over, we have reached the staircase again, and are directed, in French, to the Sistine Chapel, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the art of the world. On the way we pass the court of St. Damascus, bounded on three sides by the Loggie of Bramante. On the right is the wing occupied by Pius IX, and on the left a door leading to the famous library, which was so well described in a late number of the *REPOSITORY*. Another door to the left, on the first-floor, leads to the Sala Ducale and the Sistina. The ringing of the bell and the feeling of the attendant absorb one's attention until he finds himself alone, and the "Last Judgment" before him. It looms up into the dark recesses of the ceiling, a vast group of dusky giants, blackened by the smoke of a thousand tapers, and cracked and blistered with age. The first impression is always one of disappointment. Its vastness and gloomy grandeur are impressive, but the feeling experienced by the spectator is much as if he were standing before the wreck of a magnificent ship, or the ruins of a great temple. The picture is sixty-four feet in height, and occupies the entire end of the chapel.

An outline of its plan is hardly necessary to those who have studied it in the engravings. In the center is the figure of the Messiah, with hand raised in pronouncing the sentence, "Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire." By his side is the Virgin Mary. The scene in Michael Angelo's mind was evidently that depicted by the verse in St. Matthew: "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Around the central figures are grouped apostles, patriarchs, saints, and martyrs. Angels are sounding the awful trumpets which call up the dead to judgment. On the one side the blessed dead are ascending in triumph to heaven, while on the other the accursed are being dragged by demons down to the fatal boat which shall carry them away to the mouth of hell. There are over three hundred figures in the picture, most of them of colossal size. The design is therefore complicated, and requires long and careful study to comprehend the leading features.

To a critic, or even to an uncultivated observer, the "Last Judgment" presents a strange incongruity of excellencies and defects. It is undoubtedly the grandest painting in existence, and yet it is crowded full of faults that are discovered and condemned by every careful observer. The most obvious criticism is in relation to the figure of the Redeemer, who is represented as a fierce giant, actuated more by anger than by justice or mercy. The angels and other attendants are fighting athletes. As Kugler remarks, we see, instead of harmonious unity, "a confused crowd of naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by holy tradition." There are no wings to the angels, and none of the insignia of religion to be found in the whole work.

In this great poem, Michael Angelo has introduced many of his crotchets and whims, which harmonize ill with the grandeur of the subject. An austere Republican and a pious Jansenist, he has satirized the pride, avarice, and luxury

of the age in corner groups. Upon unworthy dignitaries of the Church, and his own private enemies, he has avenged himself in no uncertain way. Before the fresco was finished, Biagio, the chamberlain of the Pope, declared that the painting was more suitable for a tavern or bath-room than a chapel, and desired to have it destroyed. For this piece of criticism, the great master has consigned Biagio to immortal disgrace, by painting him among the condemned, with the ass's ears of Midas, and a serpent for a girdle. The injured official, learning of his predicament, hastened to the Pope, demanding that at least his features be erased.

"In what part of the picture has he placed you?" asked Paul III.

"In hell, your Holiness."

"If it had been in purgatory," responded the Pope, "we could have got you out; but in hell, *nulla est redemptio*."

When Paul IV became Pope, he objected to the nudities of the "Last Judgment," and sent to Michael Angelo to have the fault corrected. "Go and tell the Pope," replied the haughty old artist, "that he had better turn his attention to reforming men; this is less easy and more useful than correcting paintings." But the ridiculous work of clothing the figures was intrusted to a pupil named Daniel of Volterra, who added the drapery, thereby acquiring the surname of *Brachettone*, and getting badly satirized in some verses of Salvator Rosa.

The "Last Judgment" was begun by Michael Angelo in 1532, and finished nine years later, the artist then being sixty-seven years of age. It was after the quarrel with Julius II, after the terrible siege of Florence, when the city held out bravely against the Pope, the Emperor, and the Medici, and after other vicissitudes which seemed to have filled the mind of the great master with bitterness and austerity, that Paul III waited upon him with ten cardinals, and, with all pomp and solemnity, besought him to supplement his great frescoes painted on the ceiling thirty years before, by a

final and crowning work. The rugged and almost repulsive character of the picture may, therefore, be traced to the circumstances and prejudices of the artist. The sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon; the horrors of the late Florentine siege; the poems of Dante,—all united to produce a stern melancholy in his mind, which is visible in every feature of the great composition. In such a frame of mind he was prepared to paint the Redeemer of men on the judgment-seat, as Bossuet depicted him in his sermon on the Last Judgment: "Yes, I avow it; God also will become cruel and pitiless. After his goodness has been despised, he will carry his vengeance so far as to wash his hands in the blood of sinners. All the just will join in derision with God; they will laugh at the sinner, and say, 'This is the man that put not his trust in God.'"

The spectator, having finished his scrutiny of the great masterpiece, and turned about, discovers a dozen or more persons lying flat on their backs on the benches, and gazing intently at the ceiling. This reminds him of the magnificent series of frescoes which made the name of Michael Angelo renowned thirty years before he painted the "Last Judgment." The decoration of the great vault of the Sistine Chapel is one of the most conspicuous events in the whole history of art. A hundred anecdotes are related of the haughty and stubborn painter, and his fiery master, the Pope, while the work was in progress. It was in 1507 that Julius II sent to Florence for the young man who was so rapidly winning the applause of all Italy for his achievements, and commanded him to fresco the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with the noblest work of the pictorial art ever produced. The artist began his intercourse with the Pope two years previous, and was engaged on a mausoleum for the aged but ambitious Pontiff, when the memorable quarrel occurred which sent the former back to Florence. The Pope, however, in his magnificent projects, could not do without Michael Angelo, and he was now



recalled to enter upon an entirely new kind of employment. He was unskilled in the process of fresco-painting, and hesitated to enter the lists as a rival to the youthful Raphael, who was just then exciting the admiration of all Rome by his beautiful paintings in the chambers of the Vatican. But he was compelled to obey. At first, he thought he would make the designs and intrust their execution to several eminent painters, whom he invited from Florence. They failed, however, so utterly in carrying out his lofty conceptions, that, one morning, he destroyed all their work, drove them out of the room, and set himself to the task. From that time forth, he worked with incredible energy. No one was allowed to enter the room. He prepared his colors with his own hands; and, in order to work during the night, made for himself a sort of card-board helmet, to the top of which was fastened a candle, much as miners work nowadays. During whole days, he never left the chapel. When the work was about half completed, the impatient and excitable old Pope was allowed to take a look at it. His admiration was so great, that he wanted it completed at once.

"When," he demanded, "are you going to have it finished?"

"When I can," answered the painter, calmly.

"When thou canst!" exclaimed he, in a burst of indignation. "Thou hast a mind that I should have thee thrown from the scaffold."

But in twenty months from the time the task was begun, the vast result was disclosed to the world. Hundreds of artists since would gladly have spent a life-time to produce an equal to a single one of the panels in this great fresco. Words fail to convey any adequate idea of the details of the wonderful work. Photographs and prints of the main features are in existence; and these, where accessible, may be studied to as good advantage as the original. In the center of the ceiling are four large compartments, and five of smaller size. The

first represent the creation of the sun and moon; the creation of Adam; the Fall and expulsion from Paradise; and the Deluge. The smaller ones represent the Almighty separating the light from darkness; the creation of Eve; the sacrifice of Noah; the gathering of the waters; and Noah's vineyard. Then follow, in the curved part of the ceiling, a series of sections in which are painted the majestic forms of the prophets and of the sibyls who foretold the birth of the Savior. Among the former is Isaiah, buried so deep in the contemplation of a scroll, that he seems scarcely to hear the voice of an angel calling him. The sibyls, according to the art traditions of the Church, are characters midway between the saints on the one hand, and the sorcerers on the other. Below these, again, is a series of groups representing the earthly lineage of Christ. These figures lack the sublimity and the stern grandeur of those above them; but they make up for that defect in the grace and tenderness which are so seldom displayed in Michael Angelo's work.

As the Sistine Chapel is the kingdom of Michael Angelo, so are the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael the domain of that sublime master. They are the shrines where his admirers for three hundred years have loved to linger and worship. Before reaching the Stanze, the visitor passes through two rooms hung with vast and highly colored paintings. But as they are not by the "old masters" the critics entirely ignore them, and the public, which never questions the critics, always does the same. The present Pope—poor old prisoner—has had one of the rooms painted with frescoes by Podesti, relating to the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. After bestowing a brief and patronizing stare on these works of a degenerate age, the visitor passes on to the Stanze, and falls into a state of uncontrollable admiration, where he is sure it is expected of him. But in these four immortal chambers there can be no going amiss in this respect. While the frescoes

of Michael Angelo have been hardly dealt with by time and the sacrilegious hands of man, those of Raphael, in the Stanze at least, stand out with all the freshness of coloring and vigor of expression that characterized them the day they were painted.

The history of the painting of these rooms is parallel in many respects with that of the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. While the sarcastic and intolerant Michael Angelo was spending his grand ideas on the vault of the one, the "divine youth," with his pupils, was at work on the "Philosophy" and "Theology" in the other. Pope Julius II, now nearly fourscore years of age, was still full of magnificent projects, and he knew his time was short. Michael Angelo and Bramante, the great architect, were already in his service; Leonardo da Vinci he could not get. The young Raphael was needed for his plans, and from Florence he was brought. He was twenty-five years old (1508), when one of the great panels in the large hall was intrusted to him. The "Dispute on the Holy Sacrament," which he painted on it, so delighted the Pope, that he ordered all the frescoes that had already been painted in the Stanze to be erased, and Raphael was set to work to paint the whole. Here he worked for the remainder of his life, except the intervals when he was interrupted by orders for easel-pictures from royal patrons; and his death found the work not wholly complete. But in these years, according to the expression of a poet, he made "Italy the Greece of the Gospel."

We will begin with the second hall because it is the most celebrated. It is named the *Stanza della Segnatura*, and contains those sublime frescoes, "Philosophy" and "Theology," otherwise known as the "School of Athens," and the "Dispute on the Holy Sacrament." It is safe to say that in historical painting no artist has ever reached to the height to which Raphael has here attained. The immense picture representing Philosophy contains fifty-two life-size figures. The

scene is a Grecian temple. The two great philosophical writers of Greece, Plato and Aristotle, preside over the assembly; they represent wisdom and science. Gathered about them in groups are poets, philosophers, and orators. On one side may be seen Homer, Virgil, and Dante—a pardonable anachronism—representing the three great epics of Greece, Rome, and Christian Italy. The thirst for knowledge which characterized the Athenians, and their peculiar methods of study, are depicted with more eloquence and clearness than Grote can command. As a French commentator has said:

"For the first time Raphael set foot on the soil of Greece. He entered that antiquity which is generally called profane, but which is sacred ground to the artist. Strange to say, Raphael had scarcely opened the history of the Greeks, when he understood it better than any one. He became imbued with their spirit. He now, by the force of his imagination, transports us to Athens, into the Palace of Academus."

Turning about, the spectator has before him another picture equally great, but wholly different in character and treatment. It is a poetical image of the Council of Placentia, which terminated by an authoritative decree the dispute about the Eucharist. It has been designated as "the largest Christian epic that painting ever traced." Like many other of the pictures of the time, it is in two parts, representing heaven and earth. Above is the Trinity surrounded by saints and angels. Below is the assembled council of Popes, priests, and prelates. Uniting the two scenes is a symbol of the Eucharistic mystery. In the picture, Raphael has painted the portraits of the doctors of the Church,—Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, Gregory, and Thomas Aquinas, with many others. The key of the whole is in the center, where the Four Gospels are being resolved and explained by four doctors of the Church, who are illuminated by the Holy Ghost. Their theories are accepted by the Council as authoritative and wholly satisfactory;



and it ought to gratify us to know that the example of submission to infallible utterances has not been lost on the modern Church.

On a third side of the room is "Mount Parnassus," where the poets and the muses are holding high revel together. It amuses some people to observe that Apollo, instead of being provided with a lyre, is vigorously at work with a fiddle. This is an anachronism which Raphael could not have overlooked; and in explanation of it two theories are related, between which the reader may choose. One is, that the artist substituted a violin for the orthodox instrument in order to flatter Leonardo da Vinci, who had taken a violent passion for the violin in his old age. The other explanation is, that it was done to please Julius II, by painting a favorite *virtuoso* of his into immortality. At any rate, Raphael, in this instance, has not departed much from the usage of the early Italian painters, who invariably supplied the archangels and cherubim, in their celestial concerts, with violins and viols.

Opposite the "Parnassus," and over the window, is a representation of the three companion virtues of justice. Thus, then, we have in this room "Philosophy," "Theology," "Poetry," and "Jurisprudence," each a masterpiece that will remain a model of its kind for all time, or until it fades and crumbles from the ravages of age.

There still remain three rooms of the Stanze, decorated partly by Raphael and partly by his pupils, with frescoes of important events in the history of the Church. We had hoped to speak of them in detail; but the limits of this article forbid. We can only enumerate the names: "The Burning of the Papal Suburb, Borge;" "The Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo III;" "The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison;" "St. Leo Stopping Attila at the Gates of Rome;" "The Miracle of Bolsena;" "The Victory of Constantine;" "The Baptism of Constantine;" etc.

We must now turn to the Loggie, sometimes called Raphael's Bible. These are

galleries, once open, but now inclosed in glass, for the protection of the frescoes. In them he has painted a series of fifty-two pictures, covering the principal events of Bible history, from the beginning of the world to the Last Supper of our Lord. From the similarity of some of these designs with the frescoes of Michael Angelo, which were being executed at the same time, it is thought that Raphael must have gained access by some means to the Sistine Chapel, and "taken notes." It is thought, also, that most of the details in these works he intrusted to his pupils. The three first, however, beginning with the Creation, are known to be entirely his own. These frescoes have suffered severely from the ravages of the weather and French soldiers. But still thousands of necks are made to ache annually, in their contemplation.

We have reserved room but for a glance at the famous gallery of paintings in another room. From any description of the Vatican, that would be a conspicuous omission. It contains the last and greatest work of Raphael—a painting which is familiar to the whole Christian world. This is the "Transfiguration of Our Savior on Mount Tabor." It is unnecessary to describe its details,—the demoniac boy in the foreground, struggling in the arms of his father; the women kneeling to implore aid; the group of astonished spectators; and, in the upper part, the three apostles lying prostrate on the mountain; while above, the divine form of Christ, clad in garments whiter than light, dazzles their vision. These are facts, which the imagination of the great painter has made almost as familiar as the story itself. It is still an unsettled question which is the greater painting, the "Transfiguration," or Raphael's other great work, the Sistine "Madonna," at Dresden. The former is three or four times the size of the latter, and it is certain that its value is beyond all computation. It is doubtful if all Cincinnati, put up at auction, would realize enough to bring it to America.

The museum of sculpture, in the Vati-

can, is much more extensive, and perhaps fully as important as the collection of paintings which we have described. The "Laocoön;" the "Apollo Belvidere;" the "Torso of Hercules," which Michael Angelo never passed without taking off his hat; the "Perseus" of Canova, and others of world-wide fame, are the counterpart in marble of the "Last Judgment" and the "Transfiguration." There are literally miles of galleries filled with busts of emperors, statues of the ancient deities, and bas-relief decorations of tombs, chiseled by the hands of the original Greek sculptors, buried for cent-

uries in the earth, and at last exhumed to adorn the palace of the Popes of Rome. The collection of Etruscan and Latin antiquities is the finest in the world.

Such are a few of the luxuries that adorn the habitation which is known to the world of sympathizing servant-girls as a prison. Last Summer they saved up a hundred thousand or more of their hard earnings, and sent it over by a band of zealous pilgrims to relieve the most pressing wants of the suffering prisoner. It is a pleasing fiction, and it serves a purpose.

T. A. H. BROWN.

## THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

### SECOND PAPER.

AT an early hour, the sentinels announced that the vanguard of the Irish army had come to the opposite bank of the Foyle. Here was a beautiful situation, one offering peculiar advantages to the exercise of faith. Cunningham's ships were just disappearing in the horizon; the governor was untrustworthy, the garrison unorganized, and the overcrowded, ill-fortified city not provisioned for a siege. Baker, Walker, and Murray rallied their compatriots, inspiring them with something of the stern determination which animated their own breasts. In this work they had valuable coadjutors in the irrepressible apprentices. These youthful heroes tied a handkerchief around the right-arm as a token of the sentiment, "No surrender!" and were every-where seen calling on their townsmen to arm and resist. All the city adopted the badge. So, when James rode up within a hundred yards of the gates, and demanded an immediate capitulation, he was greeted with loud shouts of "No surrender!" and fire from the nearest bastion. The royal challenger made haste to retire.

The night, and the following day, were occupied in providing for the government and defense of the city. Walker was elected municipal governor, while to Baker was assigned the chief military command. The seven thousand fighting men were divided into eight regiments; officers were appointed, and by night-fall of the 19th, every man knew what was required of him. On the 20th, a herald approached and demanded the fulfillment of the governor's promises. He was informed that the men who guarded those walls were not responsible for the governor's actions, and would resist to the last. The next day, an embassy of Irish nobles presented themselves, under a flag of truce, and proposed to treat for capitulation. They promised free pardon for all offenses, and proffered Murray, who conducted the negotiations for the Protestants, a commission in the royal army, and one thousand pounds in money. The noble warrior spurned the bribe, and assured the deputation that the men of Londonderry would acknowledge no sovereign but William and Mary, and that further



parley on the subject was useless. James had persuaded himself that his presence before the city was all that was necessary to bring back to its allegiance the erring municipality. Disappointed in this regard, he returned, disgusted, to Dublin. Count de Rosen accompanied him, leaving Maumont, another Frenchman, chief in command, with orders to commence and to prosecute the siege with great vigor.

The new chief began offensive operations by a heavy bombardment. The falling chimneys, crushed roofs, and disfigured corpses, at first, horrified the inexperienced garrison. But familiarity soon bred insensibility, and the awful sights had no further effect than to nerve them to more steadfast resistance. The first sally was made on Sabbath morning. Murray led them out. The fight was fierce and obstinate. The Papist commander, Maumont, was slain, and two hundred of his supporters, before the colonists could be driven in. Murray was surrounded in the fray, and all but overpowered, when a party, headed by Walker, charged from the gate to his rescue, and brought him off in safety. On the death of the Frenchman, Richard Hamilton resumed the supreme command. During the month of May, many sallies took place, in which the besieged were generally successful. In this manner they gained confidence to support them in their terrible trial. As the month of June opened, the mortality increased. Thirty funerals *per diem* threaded their uncertain way through the almost impassable streets, while not uncommonly a chance shell exploded among the attendants, or struck down the mourner as he returned from his melancholy task. Clouds of sulphurous smoke overhung the city, and so vitiated the atmosphere, that respiration was difficult. The water, too, was impregnated with the same noxious substance, and became so impure as to nauseate the stomach that received it. Many risked their lives for a fresh draught from the wells outside the walls. One evening it was reported that on the

following day a fierce bombardment would take place, the object of which would be to set fire to the city, simultaneously, in different places. Every family was ordered to have water in readiness to extinguish the flames. That the danger of an explosion might be avoided, the powder was removed from the vaults of the Cathedral, where it had been stored, and buried in dry wells and similar places. The people worked all night; and when morning came, they were prepared. The cannonading was suspended, however. It was Sunday, and the besiegers kept the day in honor of Saint Columba. This worthy had, at one time, founded a monastery on the hill where Derry now stands. The inhabitants of the beleaguered city took advantage of the respite; and many, whose infirmity or timidity had kept them confined up to this time, improved the opportunity to worship at the cathedral. Much time was spent in divine worship during the siege. On Sabbath, the morning service was conducted according to the ritual of the Anglican Church, while the Dissenters assembled in the afternoon. The congregation, this morning, was the largest which had gathered since the siege began. The features of worshipers betrayed the effectiveness of the blockade. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the haggard face, betokened a suffering of which none complained. After dismissal, the vestibule was found to be lined with coffins waiting for interment. The sorrowful assembly followed the corpses to the burial-ground, and then dispersed. On the following Monday, the cannonading was resumed, with fearful effect. The freshly interred bodies were unearthed and torn to pieces by the explosion of large shells. This, to the fond survivors, was the most heart-rending of all their visitations, outraging, as it did, the strongest of domestic ties.

On the 15th of June, a ray of hope lightened the dreary prospect. The English fleet appeared in the lough. The excitement was tremendous. The walls and cathedral roof were crowded with

anxious spectators, delirious with the expectation of speedy relief. All day long the signals of distress were waving from the ramparts of the unhappy fortress. But Kirke, the commander of the fleet, was intimidated by the menaces of a few Irish cannon, and at evening the ships drew off. At length the men, discouraged, came down from their posts of observation, to face again the cheeks overspread with a hectic flush, and the haggard forms of their loved ones, fading slowly, steadily into eternity. All the bitterness of despair filled their hearts that night, while the taunting cries and insulting gestures of the foe rendered their disappointment well-nigh insupportable. For six weeks Kirke remained in tantalizing proximity to the beleaguered city, while nearly every attempt at intercommunication was abortive. But one man from the fleet gained entrance to the town to tell them that the ships contained men and provisions from England. At this time, De Rosen came up with a re-enforcement of fifteen hundred men, and superseded Hamilton. He met with no more brilliant success than his subordinates had done. His plan to undermine the walls was defeated with great slaughter. His rage at being thus balked by a company of tradesmen and plowmen knew no bounds. He caused a bomb to be thrown into the city, containing the dire menace, that he would storm the city and spare neither age nor sex. The attack was made, and failed, though many of the Irish had bound themselves with an oath to carry the walls or perish in the attempt. To those who would induce a capitulation, his promises were as seductive as his denunciations of the obstinate ones were terrific. On this, Walker remarks in his diary, "God had, under all their difficulties, established them above all fear or temptation." This intrepid man issued an order denouncing the penalty of death against any one who mentioned approvingly the subject of surrender. No man spoke the word. Days lengthened into weeks, and yet no succor. The meal was nearly all gone; the horse-flesh

was exhausted; rats and mice became common articles of diet; tough hide was chewed with relish; dogs, fattened on the bodies of the dead, were an unpurchasable luxury. Men raked over the rubbish in the gardens for some decaying vegetable matter. A citizen fortunately discovered that starch was not only edible, but medicinal, and the supply of that article afforded a temporary relief. The pestilence broke out, and carried off hundreds that the famine had spared. The stench of corpses, too numerous for burial, was terrible. The men who went forth in the sally, fell down from weakness, while in the act of striking the enemy. And, finally, the sallies ceased altogether.

On the 2d of July, the watch discovered a great cloud of dust which was gradually nearing the city. He gave the warning that an assault was about to be made. The garrison was called out, and arranged in order of battle. The fortifications of Londonderry consisted of an outer and an inner wall, the former being in some places not more than four feet high, while the latter was of much greater altitude, and surmounted by bastions. Behind the outer wall, the defenders ranged themselves in two lines. The office of those behind was to load the guns of those in front, while over their heads, from the inner wall, the artillery belched forth its iron rain. They reserved their fire till the attacking party was close upon them, and then poured a withering volley into the ranks of the advancing foe. Imagine their surprise when, instead of the crackling of musketry, the shrieks of women, the shrill cries of children, and the hoarse voice of manly entreaty burst upon their ear. The cloud of dust broke, and revealed a surging mass of human beings, of all ages and sexes, driven unarmed to the mouth of their cannon. Behind, they could perceive the gleaming swords of a brutal soldiery, goading on the defenseless company! What a yell of rage and horror burst from the beholders of this pitiable sight! And well might they rave when they understood the full atrocity of



the deed. De Rosen having scoured the country from Charlemont to the sea, and collected all the Protestants, some of whom had the protection of James Stewart in their pockets, drove them under the walls of Derry to starve. A wretch so impervious to the promptings of mercy and humanity has never before or since disgraced the annals of any country. Nana Sahib dwindles into insignificance when we contemplate the infamous Frenchman. Old men, frail women, tender children, suckling babes, driven like sheep between the fire of two hostile armies, there to die of hunger in their rags and filth, under the eyes of friends and relatives, whose hearts re-echoed every groan, and whose souls were harrowed with agony at the sight of misery they were powerless to alleviate.

The men of Derry were aroused from the trance of horror into which the awful spectacle had thrown them, by the hoarse voice of Murray calling, "A gallows! a gallows!" A gibbet was immediately erected on the cathedral roof, and word was sent to De Rosen that the prisoners then in the power of the English would be executed, unless the perishing multitudes were allowed to depart. The prisoners, of whom Lord Netterville was one, acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and besought their commander to save them from an ignominious death. The monster was inexorable; and the prisoners must have died, had not other influences been at work, and the merciful disposition of the Protestants inclined them to forbearance. Who can depict the deep grief of those who discovered a friend or relative in some emaciated, begrimed victim of De Rosen's vindictiveness, while the stern-decree of the Council prohibited their admittance to shelter. There were deeds of individual heroism which are still unchronicled; but the general tradition remains, to excite the admiration of posterity. The words of sympathy from the sufferers upon the walls were answered by words of encouragement from the sufferers below. With a true nobility of spirit, those without

refused the sustenance which could so ill be spared by those within. When the obscuring veil of night hung over the Foyle, to screen the heroes from the vengeful wrath of their persecutors, the aged and infirm in Derry, who were incapable of assisting in the defense, yet consumed the provision, slipped out of the gate, and, man for man, took the places of the able-bodied males who were among the impotent horde outside. Among the men thus admitted was one who brought a message from the fleet requesting the besieged, in case of great extremity, to light two bonfires on the cathedral roof. The beacons were instantly fired, and the dancing flames gave out a united appeal for aid in their unparalleled distress.

The high-spirited Irish could not brook the arrogance of their French allies. The instinct of nationality overcame their aversion to heretics, and whispered that the men whom the French general persecuted and slaughtered with such indifference were fellow-countrymen. James condemned the whole proceeding in the most unmeasured terms. The mutinous disposition of the army, and a sense of the royal displeasure, caused De Rosen to revoke his infamous decree. After forty-eight hours of unspeakable privation, the Protestants were driven off. But not all. Many a poor wreck, in the enthusiasm of the moment, essayed to crawl, and some, sanguine in weakness, even attempted to roll homeward, only to fall back and die. There were bitter partings then, as the mother left her expiring child, with no one to soothe the agony of the dying hour; as children left their dying parents, the sport of a brutal and pitiless foe. In spite of the heavy cannonading of the enemy, the walls of Derry were crowded with sympathizing spectators, as the miserable throng moved off. And while they looked upon the heart-rending scene, emotions of pity mingled with feelings of thankfulness. The gibbet was taken down, and the prisoners released; for there was no more food to give them. In fact, the

guards themselves fell down from sheer starvation as they brought the captives their rations.

The exasperation of the English public was extreme, when the news of Kirke's dastardly inactivity became current. The House of Commons ordered him to raise the siege at all hazards, and censured his delay with great severity.

On the 29th, the faces of the citizens wore an ominous expression. And well they might; for the provisions were exhausted. Distributed in the most scanty apportionments, the supply would not last twenty-four hours. It was determined to assemble on the morrow for prayer, and petition the Heavenly Father for help in their dire extremity. All that night, not a sound was heard in Derry, but the screams of hungry children not nerved by the holy resolution which sustained the adult population. In almost every house were enacted scenes of the most acute suffering. But while the strongest frame lay fainting, and hearts the most sanguine sunk in the silence of despair, it needed but the whisper of the odious word, *Surrender*, to kindle the sunken eye with a glance of defiance, and animate the prostrate form with a gesture of impatience; while the failing voice, indignantly exclaimed, "*Never! never!*"

Morning dawned, and the ghastly apparitions of that famished town crept slowly to the cathedral. In sepulchral tones they communicated to each other their hopes and fears, and encouraged each other to an unfaltering constancy. Walker preached a sad, solemn, earnest discourse. Eloquently he exhorted his perishing hearers to unwavering fidelity; beseeching them not to render nugatory the sacrifices of the martyred dead; but to rally in one last struggle for their king, their country, and their religion, trusting the issue to Him who doeth all things well. Prayers followed—such prayers as only dying men can utter; the earnest, agonizing entreaties of hearts crushed by weight of woe, and slowly sinking in the blankest despair.

At noon, the congregation broke up; and as they lingered a moment in the burial-ground, a faint cry was heard from the watch on the water-side. A tremor ran through the crowd. The cry was repeated in its full significance: "*The fleet! the fleet! The ships are coming up the lough!*" With a shout of joy, the worshipers rush toward the wall. Soon the ramparts were lined with spectral forms, and the cathedral roof is crowded, with a ghastly assemblage. All that afternoon they watched, and waited, and prayed. They saw three ships—a frigate and two merchantmen—separate, and sail steadily up the river, the frigate in the van. In the besiegers' camp all was bustle and commotion. Every available gun was dragged to the water's edge, to dispute the passage of the man-of-war and its convoy. The Irish had erected a fort on the bank of the Foyle; and they had obstructed the channel of the river by sinking boats full of stones therein, and by stretching a boom, made of stoutly connected fir-trees, from shore to shore. These were the chief obstacles which the rescuers must overcome. As they drew near, the fort opened fire, and was answered in a spirited manner by the frigate. On they came. The fort was passed in safety. The *Mountjoy* takes the lead; while the frigate protects the rear, and prolongs its duel with the fort. The captain of the *Mountjoy* was a Derryman. His wife and children were within those walls. He would advance, though the combined armaments of Europe contested his progress. On came the gallant bark, wafted by the wind and tide, heading straight for the boom. The excitement of the crowd could no longer be restrained. Wild ejaculations pierced the air. "The boom!" "The boom!" "Will she pass the boom?" "She strikes." "Hurrah! the boom is broken." "What's that?" "She's aground!" "O God, be merciful to us!" It was true. The noble merchantman, recoiling from the shock, had grounded in the shallow stream. The enemy were pushing off in boats to board her. Her valiant



captain gave one glance toward the walls of Derry, drew his sword, and, cheering his men to a desperate fight, gave the order, "Fire!" For a few seconds only, the cloud of smoke which followed the report enveloped the vessel, and hid her from view. But those few seconds seemed an age to the multitude waiting in an agony of suspense the solution of their fate. Slowly the curtain rose, and revealed the gallant bark plowing her way through the waves, which were dancing and sparkling in the gleams of the setting sun. "She floats!" cried Walker; "the broadside saved her." With one wild cheer of victory, the men sprang from the ramparts, and hastened to unfasten the ship quay-gates, and admit the vessels to the dock. The scene in that rescued city beggars description. Who can realize the ecstasy which thrilled, at that moment, the hearts of the brave defenders? They shouted, wept, laughed, and embraced each other; and many a soul, unable to sustain the exuberance of its joy, was wafted to heaven, carrying to the eternal throne the grateful praises of that devoted city.

The three ships entered the quay; the provisions were unloaded; and the sailors, with tears in their eyes, distributed the food to the gaunt and hungry crowds who, with eager eyes and heaving bosoms, stood ready to receive it. The night was spent in feasting and thanksgiving; bonfires encircled the city, and William's letter of commendation was read with every demonstration of loyalty and affection. But, through all the mirth, there was one sad thought ever and anon obtruding itself upon the attention. It was a loving regret for the noble captain of the *Mountjoy*, who fell, in the moment of victory, under the eyes of the thousands his bravery had saved. The Irish guns roared all night; while the bells of the rescued city sent back in answer deep intonations of joyous defiance. All the next day the bombardment continued; but at evening the camp of the besiegers was broken up, and the enemy retreated. When the sun rose on the

1st of August, he shone upon a smoking camp; upon a dismantled city, from whose invincible muniments not a single foe was visible.

Thus ended a siege unexampled in history for ferocity of attack and pertinacity of defense. To such suffering even Lucknow can scarcely offer a parallel. The accumulated horrors of the famine, pestilence, and battle, combined to decimate the ranks of the defenders. The seven thousand brave hearts that repelled the first assault of the enemy were reduced to three thousand. Among the citizens the mortality was incalculable; probably ten thousand civilians perished during the hundred and five days of the investment. The Prince of Nassau said, in alluding to the protracted defense, "There could not have been a single soldier either within or without the walls." He meant that no man of military genius would have undertaken to defend, or failed to capture, such a fortress. Macaulay explains the difficulty with his usual sagacity: "It was a contest not between engineers, but between nations; and victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in numbers, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution."

Nearly two centuries have passed away, and the animosities which that siege confirmed have not yet died out. It was but one hundred and fifty years after the Norman Conquest till Saxon and Norman were blended into Englishman; and the English nation began its career as one in nationality, language, literature, and political institutions. But the coordinate divisions of Saxon and Celt, landlord and tenant, Protestant and Catholic, are as distinctly marked in Irish society to-day as they were three hundred years ago. The spirit of the Irish is not more indomitable than that of the Saxon. Why, then, have the two races not amalgamated? It is because of the difference of religion. The exclusive sentiment of the Catholic Church forbids, and has for centuries prevented, the affiliation of

these two classes. Such a fusion must result in the downfall of that absolute domination which the Catholic clergy have so long maintained over the ignorant and superstitious peasantry. When Ireland has relieved herself from the

incubus of a selfish and intriguing priesthood, then, and not till then, she will perceive that the call of her present interest and brightest destiny is to inseparable union and identification with the British Empire. DWIGHT M. LOWREY.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### CHAPTER I.

AS far back as I can recall any thing, I find myself living with my father and mother in a two-story house in the street Chateau-Laudon, near the gate of Vertus, a small town in France. On the ground-floor, or more properly, basement, the rooms were occupied by a clothing-merchant, a solitary man who had no companion whatever. He attended to his business in the shop all through the day, and returned in the evening, gloomy, silent, with never a word, indeed, for any one. He drank his glass of brandy, and thus remained entirely alone through the night, never speaking or making the least noise. He lived as tranquilly as the dead which lie in the grave. We passed weeks without seeing or hearing him, although all the inmates of the house knew perfectly what kind of life he led, and could tell to a second what to expect of him. Just at seven o'clock they said, "Vautru has gone to town;" toward eight in the evening, "Vautru has come home."

One day something was evidently wrong with him; for Vautru did not go out in the morning, as usual; and the little Rose, our neighbor, on looking through the ventilator leading to his room, at a late hour, flew back in a paroxysm of violent trembling and fear. The inmates questioned her as to what she had seen; and she replied, weeping, that "the clothes-merchant was all black." Some of the neighbors descended the stairs, and found the child's story true. Nothing was left of the poor solitary Vautru save his charred skeleton.

I am always able to recall this event, because it was the first time that I had ever come face to face with death. The neighbors placed him in a coffin, a white cloth above it, a candle at his head, and one near his feet, and a dish into which each one who passed by his remains cast a few sous to pay for the funeral services. My mother sent her offering by me, and I gave it with a willing and a full heart. During all the time Vautru had been our neighbor, I had never taken much heed of him; but when I thought of his being shut up between two boards, a man that I had once seen alive, and that he would never more come back to his lonely room, it seemed as if I had actually loved him; and I cried as bitterly as if I had done so all along.

I have since thought, when recalling these incidents, that we put too far away from children all sad images. The frivolity of their age renders them often willful, selfish, and hard-natured; the sight of suffering or of death would tend to open their hearts in sympathy for others.

On the story above the clothes-dealer lived the Mère Cauville, an excellent woman, who had been left a widow, without resources, and a patrimony of three children. So long as her husband was with them, they were maintained after a comfortable fashion; but with him dead, the widow, as she expressed it, "had no longer any legs to walk upon, and so she had to go along on her courage!" The brave mother yoked herself



to a hand-cart, and went through the town crying young greens for sale; the oldest daughter bought a flat basket, which she filled every morning through the four seasons with the vegetables belonging to each, while the son became an itinerant chair-mender. The little Rose, now eight years old, managed the kitchen, and set the house to rights. At first, misery stared them in the face, and poverty struck many a rude blow at them. They had to measure their food by mouthfuls; they breathed on their fingers to keep them warm; they slept on straw. But, little by little, the gains of the mother and of the two children increased; farthing laid on farthing had become fifteen-cent silver-pieces. They were able to have a mattress, to buy a stove, and kindle fire in it, and to enlarge the family loaf. Little Rose learned to make bunches of sulphur allumettes, or matches, in her spare moments, which her sister sold, and she knit the stockings for them all. When I left the house, these brave and industrious people had collected furniture for their small rooms; they had, each one, nice dresses for Sunday, and good credit at the baker's. The remembrance of the Cauvilles has always remained a proof to me how much the smallest means can be made to yield by perseverance and patient energy. It is by reuniting what seems insignificant efforts that we arrive at great results. Each of our fingers separately is a small affair, but united they form the hand by which we raise palaces and penetrate mountains.

My mother and our household had rooms on the story above the Widow Cauville, and over us there were only the cats and sparrows. The best part of my time was passed in giving chase to these two animals, or vagabondizing in the street. We were a dozen children in the neighborhood, better furnished with appetite than with game to satisfy it; and we held our receptions on the king's pavement. Every thing brought amusement to us. The snow of Winter served us as bullets for grand battles; the little streams of water we dammed up, and

made pools in the street; the meagre turf of ground, not quite filled up, was constructed into ovens or grain-mills. In these labors, as in our childish plays, I was neither the strongest nor the best instructed, but I had a hatred of injustice that gave me the advantage of being selected to arbitrate in nearly all the quarrels that occurred. The condemned party sometimes revenged themselves by giving the judge a hearty thrashing. But far from disgusting me with my impartiality, these hard strokes only confirmed the principle. Like a nail well placed, the more one strikes it, the stronger it fastens itself. The same instinct that led me to do what I thought right, taught me also never to betray what I knew of others. Evil, however, overtook me more than once; above all, in the adventure with a chestnut-peddler.

He was a countryman who went through our faubourg with a donkey loaded with fruits, and who stopped always at a kind of inn that stood opposite our house. The wine of Argenteuil often prolonged the visit to an unseasonable length; and, grouped before the ass, we children regarded his sack with envious eyes. One day the temptation proved too strong. The animal carried a sack that was torn, and through the rent we could see the chestnuts, glossy and beautiful, as if placed in a window simply to whet our appetite. The largest and richest in color showed themselves to the eye, and one of the company proposed to enlarge the opening. They all took the matter into consideration, myself alone being opposed to the plan. As the majority, therefore, made the law, they proceeded to put it into execution, when I threw myself before the bag and cried out that not one of them should touch it; for which I tried to give my reasons. But a stroke from a fist effectually shut my mouth, and that without ceremony. I gave, however, a thrust back, and the whole thing resulted in a general *mêlée*, which was, in fact, my Waterloo. Overborne by numbers, I drew down in my fall the sack which I was trying to

defend; and the peasant, whom the noise had now attracted, found me under the feet of the ass, and in the midst of his scattered chestnuts. Seeing my adversaries take to flight, he thought me an accomplice in their guilt, and, without further parley, belabored me with several strokes from a whip for the very evil I had tried so hard to prevent. I exclaimed against the injustice in vain. The man was determined to avenge the loss of his merchandise, and had besides taken too much wine to hear well. I escaped from his hands at last, but wounded, bleeding, and furious.

My companions did not fail also to rail at my scruples, so badly recompensed; but I had too obstinate a will to be discouraged by such mockery. On the contrary, I was more than ever determined in my way. After all, what if my wounds did make me ill, they were not those of shame; and I had a fancy that those who sneered the most at my conduct, had a kind of secret respect for it in their hearts. At any rate, as they say in the world, "I had found my place and begun a reputation!"

Often, since that time, I have thought that in beating me, the man with the chestnuts had rendered me a service without knowing it—the service of a true friend indeed. Not only had he taught me that we should do good, not for reward, but for its own sake; but he gave me, also, an opportunity to show a character! I began to thank him for a reputation, which, later in life, I have always desired to continue. If the public report for right-doing is a recompense, it is also a bridle that leads to the thing itself; for the good which the world places to our account obliges us to merit it. Honesty, as a child, I certainly possessed; but as for the rest, I had all the faults which the education of the street gave. No person took care of me; I sprung up like the way-side grass, by the grace of God. My mother was busy all day with the care of her housekeeping, and my father only came home late in the evening from his work. I was for both of them simply

another mouth more to be filled. They wished me to live, and not to suffer; but their preventive care went no further. It was their way of loving me. The poverty that always stood on the sill, sometimes pressed open the door and entered it; but I do not remember feeling its inconvenience. When the bread was short, then we all shared the hunger alike. The father and mother lived like the rest, just as they could.

Another souvenir connected with the same age is that of our walks on Sunday beyond the bounds of the town. We brought up at some great hall, full of men, who drank and shouted, and who often passed blows to one another. Then we seated ourselves at a long table, with the crowd. I can recall still, the efforts of my mother and of my little self to hinder the father from taking part in these broils. We usually succeeded in drawing him away, but generally disfigured, and often with great trouble. As for myself, these days were always hours of torture and of fear. One circumstance rendered them still more odious to me. I had a little sister named Henriette, a blonde, pure and sweet as the day-dawn, who slept near me, in a cradle made of osiers. I was fondly attached to this innocent creature, who always laughed when she saw me, and began to stretch out her little arms toward mine. The walk to the town-gate irritated her more than it did me, and her cries vexed my father, who often uttered maledictions against the child. One day, wearied with her tears, he determined to carry her in his own arms; but his unsteady step showed that liquor had done its work, in making him see double; the infant slipped from his hands, and fell, head-foremost, on the pavement. As we returned, they gave her to me, and feeling her little head droop on my shoulder, I thought her asleep. My father rejoiced at having quieted the child. We reached home at last; for the walk seemed interminable to me. We laid the baby girl on the bed, and every one slept soundly. But on the morrow, I was awakened by loud cries.



My mother sat holding little Henriette on her knees, while my father gazed vacantly at them both, with arms crossed on his chest, and his head bent down. The little sister had died during the night. Without comprehending then what it was to die, I connected her loss with our walks to the barrier, which made me hate them more than ever. After an interruption of some weeks, my father wished to take them again; but my mother refused to follow him, and I was thus set free.

In the meanwhile, I had reached the age of ten years, and no one had ever dreamed of giving me a master. In this, the indifference of my parents was brought about by the advice of Maurice. Maurice had always been the best of friends to our family. He was from the same part of the country as my father, and had, outside the privileges which these old associations gave him, that also which resulted from a well-proved ability and self-possession acquired by long habits of order and of work. His acquaintances repeated among themselves, "Maurice says so and so!" which was the same as if an advocate asserted, "This is the law!" Now Maurice had a horror of printed letters. "What good can come of twisting your son's mouth about with an alphabet?" he would say to my father. "Have I needed the grammar of the schools to make my way in the world? It is neither by the pen nor writing-desk that I have done it, but by the trowel and the auger. These make good workmen. Wait two years more, and then thou shalt give me Pierre Henri; and, unless the devil mixes himself up in it, he will take a strong bite at the rubble-work and the mortar."

My father approved highly of this proposition. As for my mother, she preferred to put me to school, in the hope of seeing me wear the badge of merit, a silver cross. Nevertheless, she renounced this glory without much trouble; and to this day, if the good Lord had not interposed, I should never have learned to read or write.

## CHAPTER II.

OUR friend Maurice did not labor entirely with others as a master companion, but tried little inventions of his own as an experiment, which brought him in small amounts of money, and gave him a taste for following them up. Some person had spoken to him of a job in masonry, requiring inventive skill, to be executed for a citizen of Versailles, who had hitherto employed him. He consulted our family on the subject, and my mother advised him to write to the citizen. But Maurice had too decided a repugnance to written correspondence. He declared it better to wait until Sunday, and then go on foot to Versailles to settle the matter. Unfortunately, another made greater haste. When our friend returned to us, on the following Monday, he gave the information to my parents that the gentleman had signed the agreement for the work on the very evening of his visit. He regretted the failure of Maurice in obtaining it, as he had given him the first preference. It was a benefice worth some hundreds of francs, which was lost to the good mason in default of a letter. The master-workman now detested, more than ever, that wretched ink and paper which always gave an advantage to intriguers over good artisans. The intelligent man, in the eyes of Maurice the operative, was the one who could neither read nor write. But my mother drew a lesson from this accident. She decided that it was better, even for a day laborer, that he should know black from white, and she spoke again of sending me to school. My father had no opinion of his own about it, and so made no opposition. They bought me a great card, which they fastened to a shoulder-belt by a kind of spring; they gave me two pens, a handful of paper, called "*little-jug*," a leather inkstand, an alphabet headed by a cross, which, in this particular case, was called "The Cross of God." Then they conducted me to the class of M. Saurin.

M. Saurin had been, before the Revolution, a lay-brother or novice, in the

convent of the Capuchins. It was there, without doubt, that he had learned such strict discipline, and to speak through his nose; as for every thing else, the best man that ever ate bread under the heaven of the good Lord. Patient, easily served, disinterested, I loved the whole of good M. Saurin, save his scourge of small cords. He made use of it with exact justice, and accompanied each stroke with a friendly word.

"It is for thy good, dear little one!" he would repeat, smiling blandly. Or, "Remember this correction, my child, oft-times; who loves well, chastises well; the rod I am giving you now is because of the interest I feel for you!" and with each tender phrase the triple cord of knots would lash the shoulders and loins.

As for myself, I was always among the most cherished; that is to say, the best whipped, of all the class. Also, it must be confessed, I held the highest seat on the bench of *Incurables!* This was the term given by M. Saurin to the most inveterate idlers. The life I had led up to that time, rendered the forced restraint insupportable to me. I felt in my very knees an impatience to run, which I tried to appease by striking out my feet to the right and left, or by some kind of somersaults, made by my restless hands. These dartings back and forth made zigzag lines of my neighbors' writing, and often sent the ink in a gushing stream over the most beautiful copies of M. Saurin. These examples were stretched along the whole length of the tables, suspended to strings, and fastened by wooden pins, as bleachers do their linen. They served us less as models for writing in a fine running hand, than as ramparts to conceal our misdeeds. M. Saurin, who always had a playful word (even when his whip-cord made us weep), called them his "Paradise of Grimaces." I profited as much as any one could in this respect, and the whole of the first year went by, without my being able to read or write. I had always kept in mind what I heard Maurice say to my parents, and thus looked upon the instruction of school, as

far as it concerned myself, as a luxury, for which I had no need. In any case, it was only essential to learn what might serve one in the future.

We were then, as I can distinctly remember, in the year 1806. One evening, in going out from school, I saw a score or more of working-men stop before a large placard glued to the wall. One of the number tried to spell out its meaning; but without being quite able even to make out the heading. We had among us a little humpback, named Pierrot, who was the wise one of the school, and who could read every description of writing as readily as the other boys could run in their wooden shoes. Seeing the crosses and tricolored ribbons which the child wore on his person, the workmen called to him, and one of them took him up in his arms, that he might see the characters on the card more readily. Pierrot read, with his little bird-like voice, "Bulletin of the French Army; reported victory over the Prussians, at Jena!"

It was an account of the battle, with the history of five French battalions, which the Prussian cavalry had not been able to subdue; and of five Prussian battalions, which the French cavalry had scattered like flossy threads of silk. Pierrot read the card with a proud air, as if he had been general-in-chief; and the workmen, with their eyes steadily fixed upon him, drank eagerly in his words. When the child ceased reading, those nearest to him cried, "Go on! go on!" and the others replied: "Give him time; at least, he wants a little time to breathe." "Ah! but this petite citizen reads well." "Come, my friend, thou wert in the charge of the Marshal Davoust." And the crowd relapsed into silence once more, that they might be able distinctly to hear Pierrot. When it was finished, there came along other peasants; so that the little humpback was obliged to begin anew. If, heretofore, any had been in the habit of treating him with contempt and gibes, every one now spoke of him with respect and applause. They even



went so far, these men, as to say, it was because of the glorious rendering of the news that made them understand it so well—they *had to comprehend, in spite of themselves*. The rough workers spoke caressingly to the child, and gave words of encouragement to him, while they imposed silence on the rest of us by sundry uncomfortable hits with their feet. The little deformed had become our king at a stroke.

This incident impressed me, as the adventure of Maurice had struck my mother. Without reasoning the matter out, I felt that it was a good thing at all times to *know for one's self*. The little triumph of Pierrot gave me a taste of what printed letters could do. I can not say that I made any great resolve at the time; but, for many following days, I became more attentive to my lessons. A trifle of praise from M. Saurin, also, increased this good disposition; and my first improvement achieved, gave me courage for the rest. At the end of the second year, I could both read and write, and M. Saurin began to give me lessons in calculation. These lessons were only granted to the most favored scholars—to those who evinced the *Sacred Fire*, as some old Capuchin called it.

These lucky ones were taken into a small recess, where they found a black tablet, on which M. Saurin worked out

his demonstrations. There were barriers to prevent the approach of all profane outsiders to this sanctuary. To them, the room was as mysterious as the sealed cabinet of Bluebeard. M. Saurin taught us the four rules with as much solemnity as if he was instructing us in some black art—that of making gold, for instance. And perhaps, after all, we did learn a science as precious. I have often thought that a knowledge of arithmetic is the greatest gift which one man can bestow upon another. General intelligence is much, the love of labor and perseverance is still more; but without arithmetic, all that is like a tool struck in vacuum. To count well, is to find the agreement between effort and its result; that is to say, between cause and effect. He who reckons not, steps often falsely. Mathematics bear the same relation to matters of industry that conscience does to honesty. When we have proved a result, we see the truth, and rest calmly in it.

Favored with these lessons of M. Saurin, I soon learned to calculate with great exactness, and to answer with ease all questions proposed to me on the board. Since Pierrot had left, I had become the strongest intellect in the class. The little silver cross never disappeared from my patchwork vest. Like Napoleon, I was proclaimed emperor by perpetuity.

FROM THE FRENCH.

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## GOD'S PEACE.

WHAT is God's peace? A sun-kissed, waveless ocean;  
 A holy light, that never knows decrease;  
 A cloudless sky, unswept by winds' commotion;  
 A priceless boon; an everlasting peace.  
 A tower of strength to those who wisely gain it;  
 A balm more fragrant than the dew of flowers.  
 How rich! and yet how easy to obtain it!  
 'Tis but to ask aright, and it is ours.  
 Forever ours; for e'en death's billows swelling  
 Shall fail to reach its home, or bid it cease.  
 O, Love divine, all other love excelling,  
 That gave this heritage of perfect peace?

## SHADOWS.

WHEN the children are hushed in the  
nursery,

And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,  
And the night wind is murmuring secrets  
Apart to the listening leaves,  
Then I open the inner chamber,  
That was closed from the dust of day,  
And gently undraw the curtain  
Where my holiest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not slumber;  
Cool shadows from lights now gone;  
And the echoes of voices sounding,  
All sounding for me alone.  
And, blending among the others,  
One echo is softer yet;  
One shadow is cooler, deeper;  
And my dimming eyes grow wet.

For the image I gaze on longest  
Is the image that blessed my youth;  
The angel that lit my journey  
With her lamp of love and truth.

We traveled life's way together—

A little while side by side;  
And, when I grew faint or weary,  
That light was my strength and guide.

And dearer it grew—how dearer!  
Till I watched it wane and fade;  
And my angel said, as we parted,  
Be patient, be not afraid.  
And when I am sick and weary,  
With the heat and the dust of the day,  
How the sense of her words comes o'er me—  
Her words ere she went away!

And I ask for a patient wisdom,  
As I journey the way alone,  
Till I tread on the golden threshold  
Of the heaven where she is gone,—  
When the children are hushed in the  
nursery,  
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,  
And the night wind is murmuring secrets  
Apart to the listening leaves.

## IDEALS.

YOU may talk of your ideal—  
Paint her finer than a queen,

And try to make our lowly lot,  
And lowly living, mean;  
But I tell you, sir, the fairest  
And the best that I have seen,

Were common men and women,  
Used to humble work and ways:  
Doing what was right and honest  
Without favor, without praise;  
Lighting up the night behind them  
With the whiteness of their days.

There is one that shines upon me  
From the mists of memory—  
A woman, with the weakness  
Of a woman, it may be;—  
But away with your ideals  
While the world holds such as she!

To clothe her with your fantasy,  
You need not be at pains;  
Her homespun sleeve is more to me  
Than all your bordered trains;  
For in the blessed realm of love  
She sweetly rules and reigns.

So keep to your ideal;  
But I pray you, of your grace,  
To leave the little, homely house,  
And flowery garden-place,  
And the window, with the sunshine  
Of this dear, remembered face!

Ah! keep to your ideal;  
But, I pray you, leave to me  
The chair there in the corner,  
Just the way it used to be,  
And the dear, devoted mother,  
With her children at her knee.



## THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

## ITS HISTORY, PRESENT ASPECT, AND NEW QUESTIONS.

RIDING through the Sixth Avenue of the great city of New York, not by any means the worst part, a friend said to me, looking out upon the numerous and recurring drinking-shops, the "Wine and Beer," the "Lager Beer," the "Wines, Whiskies, and Brandies," and the "Liquors of all Kinds" shops:

"We shall never be able to put these grog-shops down."

"No," said I, "not in the present state of society; but society changes. We can not wholly destroy these things now; but sure I am that in the general average—and that is the only test—society has been improved in its moral tone since I can remember, and decidedly since the American Revolution. I think it will improve more in the future, and that a persistent, continuous effort of Christians in social, in religious, and in political conduct, will reduce this enormous evil, and thus be one great means of hastening the final triumph of Christ upon earth."

Such has always been my view of the subject; but my hopes have always been contingent upon a *continuous* effort, and that in all modes; for persons of any observation know that the modes of meeting intemperance have been various, and that each, in turn, has had some degree of success. But human nature is governed more by its passions and interests than by its convictions of truth and righteousness. Hence, this conflict between contending forces is continually going on, with this difference: that the passions are constant, universal, and permanent, while the efforts of Christians in favor of righteousness are, alas! too inconstant, partial, and fleeting. It was the knowledge of this fact which doubtless first suggested the idea of the Women's Movement; that the women should ask for the grace of God—the grace of God sufficient for all things. Men had failed; failed precisely because it was their pas-

sions, their interests, which had occasioned the evil, and ever have been its ready defenders. What could be done? Here let me ask of either the minister or the philosopher why it is that, in all ages of the world, and in all countries, it has been *men* who have been the intemperate. Do women need no stimulants? or have they so much greater moral power, or so much greater moral sense, that they can restrain passion and limit indulgence? Why is it also that there is less intemperance in barbarism than in civilization? Intemperance pervades the world; but the barbarous tribes of North Africa have less intemperance than the civilized people of North America. Why? But to return. When women, the great sufferers from this vice, found that no human help appeared to avail, they sought that help from prayer. They prayed at home; they prayed in the church; they prayed in the social meeting; and at last they went to those drinking-houses, and prayed with their keepers. And this was called the Crusade, the Women's Movement.

The early history of this movement has been given in the REPOSITORY; but since that time new issues and new questions have arisen, of which some account must be given in order to understand future movements. Here let me say that there is an historical doubt as to the place of beginning the Women's Movement. It has been assumed that it begun in Ohio, and that the place of beginning was either Hillsboro or Washington, Fayette County; but I am assured by the secretary of the Society that two weeks before the first movement in Ohio, about the 15th of December, 1873, the movement was begun at Fredonia, Chatauque County, New York. Be that as it may, the Crusades were continued in Ohio until nearly or quite one thousand saloons or grog-shops were shut up, and

a most depressing influence was felt in the liquor-traffic. This was so marked that intelligent men in Cincinnati declared that the dullness of trade was due to the Crusade. That it shut up many saloons, that it reduced the amount of liquor sold, and that it saved hundreds of young men from ruined lives, is beyond a doubt. And yet it is equally true that many of the grog-shops have resumed business, and the liquor-traffic revived in its hopes, if not in its growth. To understand this, we must resume the history of this movement, and note some new questions and proceedings.

About the beginning of April, the women's leagues of Cincinnati were formed, and their organization made with reference to commencing the Crusade. The city was divided into districts, and large meetings held in the principal churches; chiefly, however, in the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Christian. St. Paul's Methodist, the Ninth-street Baptist, and the First and Second Presbyterian churches were the first, and continued to be the principal centers of the temperance leagues. At length all things were ready; and the "bands," as they were called, of the Women's League proceeded to their work. They began in the very heart of the city. They began with Fourth Street—the principal promenade—and with a saloon near the Merchants' Exchange, where many people congregated at noon. The effect at first was very striking. As the women moved along the street in a continuous column, two and two, the cry arose, "They are coming!" and soon thousands of people gathered on the streets. But if the movement of the women was extraordinary, that of the crowd was equally so. The face of the people exhibited every expression. The greater number were amazed, and looked on with blank wonder. Others had the look of intense curiosity. Here and there men looked and uttered the feelings of disgust and hate. Others again, but plainly a few, had the deep and even tender look of sympathy and hope; but evidently with

no faith in such a movement. The "street-work," as it was termed, was very simple, and sometimes very affecting. The women moved along the street, two and two, sometimes singing, until they came to their objective point—some prominent saloon. Then they formed in a circle round the door, sung a hymn, kneeled down, and prayed. Sometimes they were allowed to enter the saloon. This, however, was not common; and in general they formed on the sidewalk, round the door of the shop, and sang and prayed alternately for more or less time. The hymns sung were familiar; but the most beautiful, "Rock of Ages," "There is a fountain filled with blood," and similar ones, were heard rising upon the air, and above the noise of the streets, awakening the attention of the passers-by with strange sounds, and, to many, unknown harmonies. There is no doubt that there were many who never entered a church, who, in this way, were startled into a knowledge that religion existed, and that it existed in connection with the best characters of society, and the sweetest music of the human voice. To the credit of the people, be it said that the multitude in the street seldom disturbed the women or uttered any thing disagreeable. Far otherwise was it with those most deeply interested—the saloon-keepers. They, however, were not at all concerted or united in the plan to be pursued. Some, as I have said, received the women into their saloons. Others said they were very sorry to be engaged in such business, and would quit it when they could do any thing else. But these were few. The great body closed their doors, and instinctively pursued the plan of making as much noise and bluster as possible, to stop the women.

I was a witness to one of these scenes, which, in diabolism of conduct, exceeded any thing I ever saw. The saloon was on a principal street, and at the corner of an alley. There was a door in front, and a door on the alley. The church where the Crusaders met was only a square or two off; and the saloon-keeper



had evidently expected them, and prepared himself accordingly. He shut the front door, opened the door on the alley, and offered free beer to all who came. The result was, his shop was filled with rowdies. He was a foreigner, and one of the profane and impious sort. As soon as the women began to sing, they began to sing also, and roared out drinking and profane songs with the utmost power of voice. Then the women prayed, and the roar of riot and revelry continued. In the mean time, the alley-door being open, new-comers—even young boys—crowded in to get free beer; and Satan seemed to triumph in one of the worst exhibitions of his power. On the other hand, one of the sublimest examples of moral courage was there shown. Those Christian women never for a moment faltered. Their voices, whether in song or prayer, were heard in the intervals of that wild roar and riot, until, at length, the rowdies of the saloon, either ashamed or tired out, ceased their noise and turmoil. The women closed with prayer, and quietly retired.

One other scene may be noticed, as characteristic of this whole work. This was the Convention of the Women's Temperance Leagues in Cincinnati. This was in all aspects most extraordinary. Two great churches were filled at the same time, and the speeches made by women showed such a peculiar and heretofore unknown talent of that kind, that all observers, especially men, were both interested and astonished. One lady in her speeches exhibited such clear logic and powerful reasoning as to convince all that those talents were not confined to men. Nearly all the speakers, however, showed feeling and keen perceptions, rather than reasoning; and, judging by results, these qualities are the most effective in a popular audience. All people have not logic; but all people have feeling and perceptions and a conscious knowledge of what ought and what ought not to be in society. Hence, on a question of vice and virtue, an appeal to the feelings and the common

sense of mankind is the most effective. In a cause like that of temperance, the women have an advantage over all orators and logicians. But to pursue our little history. On the principal day of the Convention—assembled in Wesley Chapel—the leagues voted to meet on the Esplanade, in the afternoon. At the hour appointed, they marched out—six hundred in number—passed through Fourth Street, up Vine to the Esplanade, on Fifth. As the front couples reached the end of the stone platform, they kneeled down—until the whole were kneeling—and prayers ascended. Many in the multitude uncovered their heads; and no noise or disturbance occurred. It was a scene of beauty and of moral grandeur which I have never seen equaled, and one which awed into silence the hatred of enemies and the indifference of friends. Such were the scenes which occurred in Cincinnati during the short season of the Crusaders. They were, in a less degree, repeated throughout Ohio. The churches were heard resounding with prayers; and the traveler, arrested for a moment at the railroad station, heard the soft voices of women, singing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and uttering the prayers which, in spite of all appearances, are heard at the throne of God. The work went on, until arrested in Cincinnati by the police, and in the country by hot weather.

Before I state the manner and cause why the temperance leagues of Ohio ceased their out-door work, let me stop to answer one, and an all-important question: What good have the Crusaders done? This question is asked by good and sincere Christians; and asked with a sneer by the enemies alike of temperance and Christianity, as well as those who are indifferent to both. It is a fair question, and demands an answer from one who sympathized with the Women's Movement most thoroughly, and who believes that temperance is a main part of Righteousness, and both second only to Faith. The answer is twofold,—first, in reference to the actual work done;

and, secondly, in reference to what is to be done hereafter.

*First.* In reference to the work done. I have already said that about one thousand grog-shops were closed. But, inasmuch as many of these (especially at Washington C. H.) have recommenced, and, if nothing further is done, this business of destruction will go on uninterruptedly, it may be said that that work was temporary and unimportant. Let it be so. That was not half the work. To understand this, let me turn to scenes of which I was daily a witness. One of the centers of the League was the Ninth-street Baptist Church, Cincinnati. Many times, in the month of April and beginning of May, I attended those meetings, and remained until they were closed. I am a fair, and I think honest, witness of those transactions. The afternoon began with a common congregation, and simple exercises, in the church. The "band" then went on their Crusade mission. In the meanwhile, there was singing and praying in the church. In about an hour the "band" returned, singing as they entered. Here commenced a part of this work, which was unquestionably doing good. With them entered hundreds of men, women, boys, and girls, some of whom, doubtless, had never entered the churches, but were attracted by the Crusaders on the streets. The church would soon be filled. Then there would be brief singing and praying. Then the pledge would be handed round, and numbers took it. One striking feature was observed every day. When the congregation would be nearly gone, young men, who obviously did not like to be seen by the multitude, would walk up to the desk, talk with the women, sign the pledge, and often say that it was their only refuge from destruction. So also the "pledge" was taken by thousands in various parts of the State; and, although many of these may relapse, yet many will not; and the amount of drinking in country places is palpably reduced. People ask, "Has the Women's Movement done any good?" very

much in the spirit with which the Pharisees asked "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Good can and does come out of Nazareth; and it is unfortunate, perhaps not less for themselves than for the world, that so many Christians ask about the plainest works of righteousness, whether any good is done. The very effort to do good, does good; and, like the seed of fruit, perpetuates its kind.

*Secondly.* The great and important effect of the Women's Movement was to awaken public attention, and create an agitation of the subject. No question ever will be discussed, or even thought of, until somebody begins—somebody throws out ideas, and creates excitement. There is no evil in society which does not dread discussion. There is no conservative who does not dread agitation. There is no ally of the devil so serviceable as that sluggish condition of society in which vice mantles its surface, like the green scum upon the stagnant pool, unmoved by any breath of censure, undisturbed by any agitation of the elements, undreading any accountability. Such was the state of society, in recent years, in regard to intemperance. The liquor-traffic had engaged the interests of society, suborned commerce, depraved public sentiment, and paralyzed conscience. It appealed alike to the passions of avarice and sensuality; it had the hardy audacity to ask immunity for the wrongs it committed, because of its contribution to the treasury, when that treasury was exhausted to support the pauperism, the madness, imbecility, and misery which that traffic had caused. Hence, the Women's Movement did a most efficient work in exciting the feeling and conscience of society. Whether that good will be continued will depend upon the continuance and consistency of persistent effort. If eternal vigilance be the price of liberty, it is not less so of public virtue.

Let us now turn to the political aspect of the temperance question, beginning with the temporary (as I believe) arrest of the Women's Movement. The first



movement of the Crusaders upon the streets of Cincinnati attracted great crowds of people. At first, the multitudes treated it as a mere matter of wonder and curiosity. But soon the merchants began to complain of obstructing the streets. This complaint was seized upon by the enemies of temperance, and used as a weapon against the Crusaders. The public authorities of Cincinnati are all elected by the liquor interest; and if some friend of public virtue, not in their interest, should happen to be elected, he would only be a spared monument to such a possibility. Hence, the police commissioners and the Council immediately sought to discover some mode by which this Christian Crusade could be put down. They were not long in finding it. There was an ordinance passed a few years before, but never enforced, to prevent the annoyance of street-loafers at the corners of the streets. That ordinance literally allowed the police to arrest any three or four persons loafing on the corners, unless they moved on. Finding this law ready made, the police commissioners issued their proclamation (through the mayor) against any such proceeding as collecting together to sing and pray on the streets, and obstructing the sidewalks. But the women continued on the streets by moving slowly, which they had a right to do. On one of these occasions, in the midst of the German population, an excited mob came out, threw water upon the women, and threatened violence. Then the mayor arrested the "band" for causing a riot. They were just "43" in number, and have gone into history as *the "43"* who certainly, for moral courage and endurance, have been exceeded by but few of the workers for human reformation. They were marched off quietly to the station, and put in among drunkards and thieves. Of course, to keep them there was the last thing the authorities intended; for then they would be actual martyrs, and have tenfold their former influence. So the mayor soon appeared and offered to have them bailed. But the women said, "No: we want

nobody to bail us, but will stand upon the law." Here was a puzzle; but the mayor soon found a way out. "Ladies, I will *parole* you, to appear at court to-morrow." They hardly knew what "parole" was, but they were willing to go home, and appear at court in the morning. They did; but as any one might have anticipated, they were dismissed without a trial. Thus ended the Crusade in Cincinnati, by force; and in the country it practically ended by the great heat of the Summer. The temperance leagues have since been reorganized, and although the modes of operation may be different, yet we may hope that the agitation thus begun will be continued, and that the feeling which impels us to save, to reform, and to diminish the evils of humanity will continue to animate all Christian hearts.

Another chapter of this history, and that purely political, has to be written. A Convention for the amendment of the Constitution of Ohio had been all Winter in session, and adjourned. They proposed a new Constitution to the people of Ohio; and, in addition, four separate propositions. If the Constitution was adopted, and any one of these propositions, then that proposition became a part of the Constitution. One of the propositions submitted was "license" or "no license" to retail liquor. Of course, the temperance people were opposed to "license;" for if license did not, as was assumed by its friends, increase the retail of liquor, and only regulated it, nevertheless no Christian man could license what he denounced as evil, and, no more than in theft or murder, could give the consent and respectability of law to what he denounced as sin and crime. It was a plain case. Of course, then, temperance people opposed the "license" proposition, and most fortunately they had two votes. If they defeated "license," it failed; if they defeated "license" as a proposition, they succeeded. If they defeated the Constitution, they succeeded also, because all was defeated. The existing Constitution of Ohio, enacted in

1852, prohibited "license," and so it was only necessary to defeat the new Constitution to defeat "license" utterly. So the political campaign begun in June and continued to the 18th of August, when the vote was taken. In the meanwhile, public meetings were held all over the State, and temperance men and women spoke in churches, in the open air, and in every place where they could influence the vote. They were successful. The Constitution was defeated by about one hundred and fifty thousand majority, and the "license" proposition by nine thousand. The latter was rather unexpected, even by the sanguine friends of temperance. But this victory has given a hope, and a sort of prestige, to the temperance cause, which, if properly used, will be of great value. One effect of this was to exasperate the friends of the liquor-traffic and disappointed politicians, so that they threaten to repeal the existing laws against the retail of liquor. Be it so. What is the position and duty of temperance people? If the present Legislature should do so foolish and so wicked an act, then the great issue upon the temperance cause in Ohio will come in October, 1875, when the elections for members of the Legislature will occur. If that issue be made, then it is the high duty of every

Christian friend of temperance to vote only for members of the Legislature who will enact and enforce the most stringent laws against the retail of liquor. If they do this, they can easily carry three-fourths of the Legislature; for the liquor-traffic can control only the large towns. Perhaps the politicians will avoid such a dangerous issue; but they can only do it by leaving the present stringent laws untouched, and in no way impeding their enforcement.

And, now, what can be said against the Women's Movement? It has done much. It may do more. Will Tyndall say the prayer was not answered? He wanted a test. Here is one. Grog-shops were closed; the "pledge" was taken by thousands; "license" was defeated. It is no answer to say that the evil of intemperance continues, or that grog-shops are reopened. He might just as well say that the laws of nature were relaxed and then reacted. The fact remains. The Women's Movement *has* done a great work. They may claim the glory of well-doing; and if the angels regard with favor the actions of men, they will smile upon all the efforts which have been made, and are now making, to hasten the progress of the kingdom of God.

E. D. MANSFIELD, LL. D.

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### REPOSE.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
 My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;  
 Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep  
 This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;  
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;  
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—  
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;  
 All's well,—whichever side the grave for me  
 The morning light may break!



## WHAT WE SEE.

THE eyes of all are of the same, or similar, organism; but the interior eyes, which the outer vision interprets, are as unlike as are the judgment and statement of different individuals. What was once seen to be "very good," some of us fail to see at all; other some behold as passable; yet others as a blemish, or, as Mordecai was to Haman, an "eye-sore."

Every one seeks to get the most he can from life. Accordingly, if we were to see an advertisement of the discovery of an optical instrument by which all objects could be accurately discerned, and this in a pure light, like that which falls upon a hill in face of the sun at the wane of an Autumn afternoon, should we not wish for its possession? Our early ancestors saw what is now hidden from our natural vision. The expression, "The Lord appeared unto them," is common; and that he talked with them face to face, by the representation of his angel, if not by real presence, was no extraordinary occurrence. As man became further removed from the divinity of his origin, he gradually lost the faculty of clear-seeing. Now, we see through a glass darkly. In all periods of the world, however, there have been instances of persons perceiving beyond the natural. Their vision has been purified by extreme processes. The promise in the beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," contains an adaptation for the present life. The more man puts off the evil of his nature, and takes the likeness of the Divine, the more perfect will be his vision of truth. There is to us no more impressive annunciation in the Word than this, in John viii, 51: "I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." How certainly and often has this promise been verified! The disciple who has kept Christ's saying has never so much as seen the shadow of the last enemy, but

has passed out of life in inexpressible triumph.

To inquire by what methods persons have improved or deteriorated their mental and spiritual sight, is no idle speculation, but a theme of the highest import. One of the prices we have paid for modern refinements is a loss of power in seeing. What is now impalpable was aforesaid familiar. Communication by symbolism quickened apprehension in special directions, and developed a dexterity of perception which declined on the introduction of letters. This may have been a reason why Plato wished the alphabet had never been invented. Though we look upon the sixteen letters which Cadmus brought into Greece with a reverence little short of that bestowed on the eight people who came out of the ark, it is by no means certain that we rightly estimate the mental processes that were required in the previous arts of expression. Given to man an alphabet, and his choice, which before had the world for its field, is limited to little above a score of characters.

Schubert says that the original natural language of man was symbolical; in proof of which he cites Peter's dream. Picture-writing, not less than symbols, has contained much of the strength of all primitive language. Figures of speech are employed to convey important studies for thought. Skilled manipulators of words understand this art. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?" asked Jesus of the people concerning John; "a reed shaken with the wind?" This picture, thus presented to their minds, included a profound symbolism. To them it was but an outline faintly traced from nature—a hollow rush in a dank place, and moved by the passing breeze.

To Jesus, was not the reed significant? Did he not foresee that it would one day be placed in his own hand, an emblem of his temporal defeat? Did he not also

see, in this figure, a humble man impelled by the Spirit of God?

Homer describes Ulysses as casting himself down on the reeds; the reeds being to him an emblem of rest. Dante, entering Purgatory, was ordered to gather a rush and gird himself with it; it being to him an emblem of chastisement. To seek to comprehend the full legendary significance of the reed is not now our purpose. It will suffice to fasten the fact that fine associations were interwoven with outward shapes. We may so educate the eye, or rather the brain, as to derive tenfold more pleasure, as well as profit, from the commonest observation, than will another who has but the merest consciousness of what he sees. As Carlyle quotes from an ancient author, "In every subject there is inexhaustible meaning. The eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing." He then adds, "To Newton, and to Newton's dog, Diamond, what a different pair of universes! While the painting on the optical retina of both was, most likely, the same." It is a favorite idea of the sages, that we see only what we bring in our own eyes. "The soul," says Epictetus, "resembles a vessel filled with water; the appearance of things resembles a ray falling upon its surface. If the water is moved, the ray will seem to be moved likewise, though, in reality, it is without motion." Goethe puts in his "Faust," "Each sees what he carries in heart." "The light by which we see in this world comes out of the soul of the observer," writes Emerson.

The happiness of life consists in what we see; and certainly our individual character is more entirely revealed in how we look at things, and equally how things look to us, than in any other exercise of the mind. Great souls see much in little; whence their contentment, and sublime indifference to the miseries of extreme civilization. Our greed for artificial show comes from the failure to see the significance of common and little things. Of all the falsities of what we see, none is comparable with that which beholds self inscribed on every object, and in every

event which comes to the notice. In optics we hear of subjective sensations of color. The *ego* gives the spectacle, and not the sun or moon. This kind of seeing betrays, more or less, the presence of disease. The mental state which sees *I* first, largest, and best, equally indicates the absence of sound health, if not of perfect sanity. Such a person looks on all whom he meets as a foil or a tool for his own use. You are instantly measured by your capacity of appreciating and serving him. He offers inquiry for your health for the sole object of securing an opportunity to descant upon his own bodily troubles. It is himself who has suffered. Does his friend allude to an experience of pleasure, he straightway feels a twinge of regret that it was not his own; while he is careful to give out the impression of his slight estimate of, or total indifference to, that which he has no means of possessing. He seizes the earliest opportunity to introduce what he is doing, and has done. Sometimes he takes the style of a monkey, and is frantic with merriment over his own tricks. Again, he recounts his exploits with a gravity worthy of a rhinoceros.

Why need men, save in rarest instances, tell what they have done? We can see more than language can describe, in their acts, nay, in their commonest words and looks. "Sheep," says an ancient writer, "do not throw up the grass, to show the shepherds how much they have eaten; but inwardly digesting their food, they outwardly produce wool and milk." Even the child sees results of the deeds on character. Every one discovers growth. The skilled observer can detect the growing, like the god Heimdal, whose sense was so acute he could perceive the wool grow on the lambs.

When disciples of Christ's Gospel betray this defect of sight, it is more deplorable than in other instances, since we expect from them the high form-type of the central thought of grace. *I and my God* is not less conspicuous in the words and ways of this class of men than, according to Addison, was *Ego et rex meus*,



in the "violent egotism" of Cardinal Wolsey. Whenever these are unfortunately found, let them be prayed for, as though afflicted with a grievous disease, and one which is the more dangerous because it is contagious. "I like the Rev. Dr. —," said a young man, who seldom sought the society of clergymen, "because he is not perpetually talking about himself and his achievements. Whenever he chances to stumble upon his own person, it is more as a severe critic than an admirer. He enters into one's feelings with a sympathy worthy of a Christ. Yes; I would fight for that man if need were; whereas I feel like fighting these little-great men, who are afraid to show hardly a consciousness of your existence lest they sacrifice their own personality."

There was reason in these ungracious words. Truly great souls see God in the humblest disciple; they see a "disciple" oftener than others, and always as possible in all; they see themselves last and least. These I-seers make use of the doctrine and most blessed truth of holiness to the detriment of its reputation in the world. The pearl of great price, for which they profess to sell all they have, appears to be personal attainment in themselves and others, to the prejudice of the activity of highest adoration. No man is to blame for intensest seeking to be transformed in heart, and thence in in life, into the image of Christ; but Christ's image must be studied, rather than its reflection upon the man. The true artist contemplates his own work little; his model he studies with absorbing devotion, until he discovers what is hidden to the unskilled. "Beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory." Looking at self brings the soul into an arid sphere of prejudices.

We have seen in the history of the Church, that when a number of these persons come into organized association, there is danger of their growing on their idea-stalk in a complacent whorl, to the apparent separation from all foreign products. This has been noticeable in the

extreme mystics of France and Germany. It is always the tendency of absorption for the maintenance of any one type of experience. The separation which Christ enjoined upon his disciples was from the world, and not from each other. To attempt in any wise to dis sever those who profess the higher life from those in the lower plane of faith, will be as fatal to the body of the Church as to tear off the calipash of a turtle from the calipee. Fellowship with Christ produces fellowship with all who love him. And this is the witness that we are in the regeneration according to his will.

As soon as we consider others in the genuine spirit of self-forgetfulness, we come into society with those angels who are sent from the holy presence to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." Coextensive with the putting on "the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness," is the growth in the grace of friendship. The gravest, the best cultured, need sympathy, and are grateful for it, more than they confess. Professional interest in men fails to meet the wants of those who cultivate a distinct personality; but, despite prejudice and perversity, the most reticent and conservative are touched by love born of the Holy Spirit—that unselfish love which, like the pure fragrance of roses and violets, is grateful to the sense, without producing exhaustion, or demanding reparation in return.

If men and women who seek to win souls would exercise more sweet and simple consideration of others, in the common courtesies and fellowships, how would their influence extend! But the other day, I was interested to hear a man who has written some books which betray the sharp knife of criticism on every page, warmly praise an eccentric public man, whose tastes and habits are unlike his own. It was not his to tread so gingerly on alien ground. Casting about for the cause, it soon transpired

that several rose-leaved notices of this man and his products from the eccentric man had been laid away in one of the drawers of his memory. Hence, this docility of regard. After all, it was only natural. "If you would be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others," said Epictetus. And the wisest man of the Old Testament writes, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Another class of seers are those who behold all things from too low a standpoint. Their basis of judgment is disproportioned to truth. To them, events and conditions are a succession of mountains. The difficulty is, they live on too low ground. Were they habitual dwellers on the heights, scenes in the valleys of ordinary life would have no power to assume gigantic proportions. These persons spend the best of their lives in conflict with trifles which have little real connection with their absolute prosperity here, and none with the approaching hereafter. Flights of choice rhetoric are wasted over the characteristics of a servant. An ill-fitting garment will be desecrated upon with an intensity presumed to be worthy the frame of mind of a person condemned to wear the shirt of Nessus. A remedy for this incorrect vision is to ask one's self, "Am I not looking at this thing in a manner which would cause Socrates or the apostle Paul to rate me very low in the scale of intelligence?" "No matter," replies the objector; "a philosopher whose entire wardrobe consisted of a cloak (provided by subscription), and an apostle who left his cloak at Troas, and had to trouble his friend to bring it after him, are hardly models in common practical affairs."

It is better to obey the old injunction, to aim at a star rather than at the bush. Even then, we shall actually hit low enough. Happiness is sooner secured by too much unconcern rather than by prolonged contemplation of trifles, which are sure to betray their insignificance in the lapse of time.

"The coigne of vantage" is where we

are able to make judicious selections. Macaulay, speaking of Thucydides, observes: "He is perfect master of the art of diminution. He never fails to contract and expand in the right place." The best lookers see only what is essential to desired results, in harmonious proportion. And this suggests the cognate theme,—What we see in the construction of our homes. A Christian who has "tasted of the heavenly gift," would not be supposed to build a joss-house for his place of abode. "But I fear," said the apostle, "lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." Whence the spirit which builds these artificial tawdry houses all over our land, in which dwell men and women professing godliness?

"A judicious artist will use his eye, but he will trust only to his rule," said South. Is our rule that which common sense, and the scope of actual means, have furnished? or is it a joss-stick, which we burn as incense before our idols made by Fashion?

Dr. Franklin could not have written truer to-day than when he gave these words: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture."

The well furnished mind regards proportion more than the ornamentation of particulars. This proportion is regulated by the wants, and tastes, and means, and not by any thought of imitation. "What I want—what I can afford," and not what other people have, and what they afford, are what should be studied in this important item of personal interest.

Man seeks various forms of expression or representation of himself. Into no one form does he throw so much spirit and endeavor as the home. It is his triumph of mind over matter; his picture to the world of what he would represent as largely contributing to his happiness. It incarnates his idea where words fail. Affectation is never so out



of place as in the house of abode. The greater the mind, the more correct the demands for material comfort.

"But what is correct?" asks the objector. "We have no civil paladin to make and enforce sumptuary laws. This is a free land, and, thanks to freedom, every man may give utterance to his free thought in architecture."

There is a rusty, homely little proverb, which says, "Consistency is a jewel." If we assume to be very good and very civilized, and, from this assumption, to send forth speech to the wicked and uncivilized, called "heathen," it becomes us to see to it that at least we do not live in glass houses.

One of these heathen, Confucius, is reported to have said, "He who fixeth his soul on show, loseth reality." Christian men and women who teach self-sacrifice often strain a point to the encroachment on their real income, in order to produce a glaring effect in their homes. Some other person has something which they call fine and fashionable; and they must have something a little finer, and more pronounced in show.

Like a person who has partaken of a powerful drug which, for the time, brings into the brain a pleasing succession of delusive pictures, and afterward leaves a more miserable state than before, the builder for vain effects enjoys his fleeting dream; then wakes to his unreal life, amid the "lifeless idols, void and vain." He finds that the care and labor, both personal and by service, which demands the keeping up of what he has just begun, engross the best part of his thought. His wife, if faithful to the ideal of the fine housekeeping, is but the head servant of the establishment. His children, whose natures rebel against so much artificial restraint, oftenest seek comfort in scenes widely foreign from the elegant home. Hence, the common worthless or inferior youth who are reared in the modern ways. They have no home which meets the demands of their hearts.

It is this state of artificial seeing in the construction of homes, which accounts

for the extraordinary migration of families in the Summer season to a simpler condition of life. Half the American people seem to be rushing to the woods and sands, where they glory in simplicity of life. The more of a senseless storehouse the home, the greater the greed of its dwellers to escape, whenever it is possible, to the plain and even rude life in tents. Elegant women, whose homes are filled with luxury, rejoice to escape from their bondage of servants and the safe-keeping of stuffs of price, to the lives of gypsies and half-civilized races. By the sea, or in the groves, they revel in the delights of freedom; and only the thought of their emancipation being but temporary, brings a cloud upon their vision.

There must be some grave mistakes in the modern home of the wealthy man, else wife and children would not be so delighted to leave it at frequent intervals.

This brings us to at least one of the outgrowing topics in close relation to the home and what largely constitutes its happiness or misery; namely, servants. It seems to me that it is common to demand too much of those whom we employ in our domestic service. We see perpetually an ideal for these members of the household which the real never supplies. From this comes disappointment; and it is disappointment which is responsible for the greater part of all our woes and vexations. If we expected, at first and all the time, from these persons just what we have a right to expect, and no more, we should get along very sensibly with any excess of happiness more than was counted on, reckoned as a welcome surprise.

If the mistress, on receiving a new servant, should exert herself more, and the servant less or none at all, she would find a real gain. Let her say somewhat after this: I have now taken to my home one whom I must look upon in a light as true to the real condition of the case as I can. She is ignorant, being unlettered and untutored. She has had few advantages to learn, perhaps, even the rudiments of the best housekeeping. Her

moral standard of judging is not like mine. She has, it may be, a different blood in her veins; or, she has a different faith in regard to things present and things to come; nearly all her hopes, which constitute her sphere of life, are adverse from mine. I must not delude myself by imagining I see another person in this one. I must not expect, because she promises to come on Tuesday, that I shall see her on Tuesday; because she does not yet know the actual value of truth as the basis of civil society or actual good. In other words, she has no idea that truth comes from good, and falsehood from evil. Moreover, not being in a condition to control her own actions, she may be controlled by circumstances, like others of greater resource; therefore, I am to exercise charity for her, as I would have others for myself.

I must not hope to see in her a romantic regard for the well-being of my home, inasmuch as it is not hers; its inmates are really nothing to her, and its comfort or misery absolutely a matter of supreme indifference. I must not be surprised if she adheres to the interests of the other servants sooner than to mine; for who does not love and trust their peers sooner than those who make their laws? In short, I must not see that to be mine which is not mine; I must not look for gold where I ought to look for iron, lead, or brass.

Meantime, in the lively exercise of charity, the mistress should endeavor to establish a state of kindness, which time and the recurrence of good offices may possibly ripen into some sort of love. Not until a servant finds we are strictly true in all things, may we look for the slightest genuine trust. Even after trust and good understanding are begun, there will be not infrequent demands on the repetition of the self-exhortation, "I must remember what she is. I must not be disappointed. This omission or commission is what I ought to expect." The fault, which under other conditions of mind might strike us as too glaring to endure, will now assume an appearance rather comical, as one of the diversities

of the scenes of our life. When we are amused, we can not lose our temper. When we do not lose our temper, we can not be overborne. Hence, we get an easy and comfortable victory without a single gun being discharged.

There is even greater liability of our seeing our children in a false light, or with eyes too nearly closed. Perhaps it would have been better if Burns had written, at the sacrifice of rhyme and rhythm,

O, that the gods the giftie would gie us,  
To see our children as ithers see them.

They are few who see their offspring with the same eyes that they behold other people, or even others' offspring. Men, and especially women, are color-blind when they look that way. What the world calls black is only "neutral tint" to the doting, foolish parent. If instructors, in their secret sessions, vote the children blockheads, do the proprietary parties so much as suspect that their progeny do not hide the possibilities of future law-makers and presidents? If they are improvident to the clear-sighted neighbor, are they not called only a little inconsiderate in the matter of expense, by the house-mother? The added salvo, "Children will be children," softens the consciousness of many a trying demonstration of truth in the saying that hers are selfish and ill-mannered. The daughter may be seen, by others, too frequently in the gay public place; but her prettiness and characteristic daring can not be hidden under a bushel by the admiring ones who have watched, from the first days, her development with pride.

This is the age of children's triumph. The rigid discipline of the last century has brought on the reaction of blind weakness in this. Extraordinary attention is directed to children and youth, with a judgment not altogether appropriate to the complete combinations of society, reminding of the disproportionate development of taste for small trees and shrubs, in landscape gardening, which has been prevalent for about an



equal length of time. As too much clipping and shaping of young trees produce a dwarf, or inferior variety of the species, so excessive attention to children and youth results in the contraction of their mind and body. The evening party, the public exhibition of mental attainment, and the premature burdens of responsibility, even in the purest religious arena, demand their compensation from the very sources of life and health!

The results of this state of things, as in every thing else, will be proved by time; and eyes now half shut, will open to facts, though too late to undo what is thoroughly done. There is more or less blindness in our estimates of the companion in life. What we see is not what really is seen by unprejudiced eyes. Sometimes we see too much; again, it is too little. Love works by excesses not less than the opposite emotion.

That old Greek, Expictetus, says: "If you are fond of an earthen cup, remember that it is an earthen cup; for thus, if it is broken, you will not be disturbed. If you kiss your child or your wife, remember that you kiss a being subject to the accidents of humanity, and thus you will not be disturbed if either of them dies."

"If you tell me again that my husband is dead," said a bride of a few days to her mother, who brought the sad intelligence, "I will strike you to the earth." In her husband this wife saw her God. She was religious, intellectual, cultured, in one of the best social circles of a New England city; yet her speech was only worthy of a Hottentot or a Digger Indian! Job spoke with best wisdom when receiving the tidings of a great loss. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord gave," would be well to repeat when we look on the living mate. Only they who believe in chance would fail to be benefited by the recollection that the Giver is wiser than ourselves. What is good in the sight of the Lord should be good to us. Nor should we wait for the loss of companions to emphasize their worth. The mystery of

absence heightens imagination, whereas the resources of presence should brighten our regards. When a friend is gone beyond this life, we turn the pages of his favorite book, and, discovering passages marked by his pencil, read them with newest interest, and marvel that the force and beauty of these words never struck us fully before. We look then with his eyes. We see through a new glass. Had he recited the same sentence while with us, the chances are that the words would have been as water spilled on the ground. It is so with the act. When the companion is near, the worth of the deed of care or kindness loses half its zest; but once forever removed, inconsiderate trifles take on the emphasis of memorial beauty. There is not equal danger of our seeing too much good in a companion by our side as in our failing to see what, in the hereafter, when the heavens have been opened to him, we shall come to estimate more justly, and this not without regret for our blindness.

Not less in the friend whom we meet in social intercourse do we fail to see all his or her worth till after the presence has passed. It is true, we are often blind to the faults of those about us; but are we not oftener remiss in fully seeing all their worth? If they have what we do not possess, are we not inclined to see something in their temper or condition which excites our animadversion?

Goethe says, touching the effect on the eye of a soldier under fire, "The eyesight loses nothing of its strength or distinctness; and yet it is as if all things had got a kind of brown-red color, which make the situation and the objects still more impressive on you." On the same principle operates the mental vision. When under strong excitement, the mind sees persons, sentiments, and their correlation to results or events, in a prevalent color corresponding to the nature of the excitant. Whence the obvious reason for caution in the exercise of mental vision, when the emotions are enlisted by love or attachment to one of the opposite sex. The truism, "Love is blind," is truer than

many another of equal currency. There is, probably, no condition of mental excitement in a state of sanity which is equally liable to false-seeing as this. Then, all shapes and tints are changed as by a miraculous fiat. The rose hue invests what otherwise would be dun or indigo-copper-color.

"At last he set her both his eyes;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise."

The mind, exercised by the purest and holiest emotion of love to the unseen God in its kindred alliance with earthly people and scenes, is not without danger of oblique or indistinct seeing. Says the inspired prophet, "Who is blind but my servant? Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?" It is this diversity of seeing which makes sects and orders among those who com-

pose one sect. There is one God and one Bible. This book is like to all; yet how few read it alike! The indices of the one form of words have such a different power to different eyes! Thence the curiosities of judgment and consequent types of action. When we think of the different eyes, it is so easy to be charitable to all. It is more than comfortable to be at peace with those who see not as we do.

The intrinsic importance to our spiritual sight lies in the necessity of seeing God in all the providences of our life. Were our eyes fully opened to this truth, we should be ever in a state of happiness as perfect as is possible for human beings.

"Happy the man who sees a God employed  
In all the good and ill that checker life."

ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

## THE OLD CATHOLICS.

THE resignation of Père Hyacinthe, with the bitter epigram that the Liberal Catholics who invited him to Geneva were "neither liberal in politics nor catholic in religion," has acted as a chill on the fond hopes of the friends of the new religion in his adopted land. Hyacinthe was the acknowledged head of the movement in French Switzerland. By reason of his popularity and extraordinary oratorical power much was expected from his influence in the central city of Geneva. His services were crowded to overflowing. A large portion, however, of the auditors were usually travelers, chiefly Protestants, attracted by the fame of the speaker, and the interest of the new departure. In the fair, gotten up by the Old Catholics to furnish their church and meet other necessary expenses, foreigners, who chanced to be in Geneva, took a great interest; and the Protestant American table exceeded all others in its elaborateness and financial

receipts. An excessive interest perhaps has been manifested by those of another faith; and now there is somewhat of a reaction. The sympathy of our countrymen, or, rather, of our countrywomen, was heightened by the American wife of the high priest of the new religion, and by the sensational *Petit Monk*.

It is but just to say that the Old Catholic movement has not reached the solid Catholic families of Geneva. Its adherents are of the humbler classes, and mostly women. A greater damage to the cause is probably the undue interference of the State. It wears the aspect of a political revolution rather than of a religious reformation. The prime movers of it in this canton are freethinkers, who care nothing for a spiritual religion, but a great deal for the power and independence of the State. There is an exceeding, and in some quarters a well-grounded, jealousy of encroachment upon the liberties of the little seething republic. Political excite-



ment, political rivalries and factions, even in the one canton, will equal that of the great republic across the water. One other curé in the country has resigned his post, not for want of zeal or courage, but because he is filled with uncertainty with regard to the future of the New Church. And Curé Hurtault, the colleague of Hyacinthe, and, after him, the foremost leader, has just been appointed by the Bernese Government to the Professor's chair in the Faculty of Theology in the University at Berne. There is no Faculty of Catholic Theology in the University of Genéva; but, notwithstanding these great losses, the State is pushing on the cause in the Canton of Geneva. Since the expulsion of Monseigneur Mermillod from the canton, there has been a reorganization of Catholic worship. In the bill by which this worship was reconstituted, all safeguards are taken, not only to curb the power of the Vatican, but also to guard jealously the rights of the State. Under these provoking circumstances extreme steps have been taken; and thus Hyacinthe, in fleeing from an infallible Pope, found a central, infallible civil power, that throttled the independence of the new religious movement. In his estimation, the prerogatives of the Church are trampled upon by the political power. Hyacinthe claims that the government of the Church should lie in the bishop and his synod. To this the Swiss object, and insist that the State shall not be ruled out. So that, in ten thousand different ways, both with the Protestant and Catholic faiths, the union of Church and State brings its embarrassments and pernicious influence. There is significance in the fact that Hyacinthe's application for a church to discourse upon the Ten Commandments has been refused by the powers that be. All the Catholic churches in Geneva, with the exception of Notre Dame, the cathedral, have already been handed over to the Old Catholics. And in the present pending election, agitation concerning the disposal of this is a permanent electioneering topic as between the Conservatives and Radicals.

Twenty of the remaining priests in the canton were summoned to take the new civil oath, by the 31st of October. None, as was expected, came forward for this purpose. So Ultramontane priests will find no more place in this bustling, persecuting canton.

If we turn our eyes to Switzerland at large, we find three hundred thousand claimed as in sympathy with Liberal Catholicism. But the theater of the greatest excitement, and most radical and sweeping changes has been, and is, in the Canton of Berne. This canton contains five hundred thousand inhabitants, or about one-fifth of the entire population of Switzerland. One-eighth of the half-million are Roman Catholics, and were formerly ministered to by more than a hundred priests. As has been seen, an Old Catholic Faculty of Theology has been established at Berne, the first in the land; and an attempt has been made to supply the parishes with priests of the new tendencies. The promulgation of Papal Infallibility was the origin of the strife in the Bernese Jura. Contrary to the expressed wish of the Conseil d'Etat, the offensive dogma was proclaimed in the canton. A priest, not favoring the dogma, was suspended by his bishop. This brought matters to a crisis. The Council of State immediately declared the suspension void, regarding the action as striking a death blow at popular sovereignty by usurping the whole power of a dismissal of the clergy—functionaries appointed by the consent, and under the control, of the State. The bishop was required to withdraw his sentence of dismissal. He declined so to do; and maintained the supremacy of ecclesiastical rule over all authority. The bishop was thereupon suspended from his functions, and his appeal to the highest federal authorities was in vain. The residence of the bishop was seized, and his authority set aside. Ninety-eight of the curés addressed a protest to the Conseil d'Etat, and affirmed that they would recognize no organization of Catholic worship that did not proceed from the Pope. For

refusing to withdraw from this protest ninety-nine curés were dismissed. Their places, with the exception of fourteen, have already been filled, and these latter are now being offered for competition. Out of this have grown the exciting and long-continued troubles in the Bernese Jura. And it is asserted that, at least in some instances, Old Catholic priests have been thrust upon parishes against the wish of a majority of the members. In the fourteen Catholic parishes, recently called upon to elect their curés, there has not been that interest and enthusiasm that characterized the earlier stages of the new movement.

When we look to Germany, we find the new organization less radical in its changes, and less rapid in its development. The marriage of the priests does not as yet receive official or practical countenance among the Teutons. Nor to an equal extent is the sympathy of the masses awakened. Its great strength is in the evident good will of the Imperial Government in its gigantic struggle against the spiritual and temporal despotism of the Papacy. To weaken by dividing the enemy is to strengthen the hands of the Government. There has been official acknowledgment of Old Catholicism as a Church, and as such it has been placed under the protection and patronage of the State. A Theological Faculty has been formed at Bonn, and twelve students are in attendance. At the late Old Catholic Congress, in Freiburg, Bishop Reinkens's report of three months' work in entire Germany, for the purpose of visitation and organization, was encouraging. Fifty Gemeinden are already formed, and on a good basis. At the Congress, delegates were present from North and South Germany, Austria,

France, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, England, and the United States. Progress was reported. The leaders seem imbued with evangelical sentiments. It was declared, amid applause, that infidelity was a more dangerous enemy than honorable Ultramontaniam. "Old Catholicism was a protest against slavery of conscience and of the spirit." A central committee was appointed to make provision for the wants of weak societies. A genuine missionary department was organized; publications explaining the aim and spirit of Old Catholicism are to be wide-spread; public meetings, with practical addresses, are to supplement the work. This, of itself, is a hopeful sign. The incubus of ignorance will be lifted from the people, and thought and independent action stimulated. This is progress in the right direction, and an essential new departure from historic Catholicism.

Bishop Reinkens is of unblemished character and acknowledged ability. He presided with dignity, and declared the upbuilding of the Catholic Church in its purity as made certain. But in Germany the movement is as yet chiefly among the learned; it has no popular hold upon the people. There is wanted the enthusiasm of the multitude to make it a success. Whether the movement will penetrate the upper strata, and reach and permeate the people, remains to be seen. Otherwise it will fail to be a popular or national reformation, and disappoint the expectations of its sanguine supporters. If the moral element were more largely introduced, and made at least equally prominent with the political and anti-Papal, the recent organization would attract, to a greater degree, the sympathy and the confidence of Evangelical Christendom.

GIDEON DRAPER.



## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS AROUND THE WORLD.

AS we stepped on the broad bund that extends along the river for miles at Shanghai, we gazed with wonder and delight at the magnificent buildings, so like New York or London, and so unlike the cities of Japan we had just left. Shanghai justly claims to be the model city of the East. It has within a quarter of a century increased in wealth and fame, until it is now one of the chief emporiums of the world. It is situated only a few miles from the mouth of the grand Yang-tz River, on the Wong-poo, and is as level as is the surrounding country. By slow processes, nature conquered a waste of waters, and a vast alluvial plain of "dry land appeared;" and on it has been developed an immense heterogeneous city. On our arrival, we were met on the steamer by Mr. Seward, the United States Consul-General of China, who conveyed us on shore in sampans, little native boats only large enough to seat two, having a low semicircle of matting in the center. We were welcomed to the cheerful home of Dr. and Mrs. Yates, who have been devoted missionaries for over a quarter of a century. But as it was still warm in Central China, we decided to leave in two days *en route* for Peking and the Great Wall. A few hours by steamer brought us to the mouth of the Yang-tz, and next into the Yellow Sea. These days were nearly as devoid of incident as the sea was calm. The evening of the third day we glided into the charming bay of Chefoo, which has a sandy beach for miles in extent. The air and bathing are delightful, rendering it attractive as a watering-place, where many from Peking and Shanghai resort during the warm season. Here we met some excellent people; among them Mrs. Nevins, the wife of an American missionary, who, by the way, has written a charming book on her experience in China. We enjoyed a stroll, gathered flowers, and purchased some of the cele-

brated Chefoo silk, and returned to the steamer. We passed the somewhat dreaded Gulf of Petcheelee in safety, but not without some jolly rolling in the "cradle of the deep." It was asserted that our steamer rolled twenty-seven times in sixty seconds, and the captain called Dr. Newman on deck to show him how gracefully she did it. Teint-sing, which in Chinese signifies Heaven's ford, is on the Peiho River, and is at the terminus of steam navigation. There was no hotel, and we were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Moore to their hospitable house; and during our stay, we visited the old town and the cathedral, rendered a modern ruin by the massacre of 1869. We also were at the house where the Sisters of Charity were so brutally murdered. The immense mounds of salt that dot the country in all directions attracted our attention; also, the graves of the "ancestors." The coffins were above ground, or sunk in the mud as bridges, to pass over; others were open, and so loathsome that we turned from them with disgust; while many were floating down the river, or were here and there on the water, that submerged the land for miles. Horrid spectacle for a people whose religion, in part at least, consists in the worship of their dead ancestors. Through the kindness of the vice-consul (the consul being absent), arrangements were completed for our trip up the river, to be accomplished in a small house-boat, our outfit consisting of bed and bedding, cooking utensils, candles, canned fruit and meats, tea, coffee, sugar, etc. Here temperance principles are tested; for how could any one drink water so mixed up with "dead ancestors;" but some water is secured in tanks from the clouds of heaven, and from this we were furnished a dozen bottles for our journey. We must be off at early dawn, in order to evade the crowd at the bridge of boats which crosses the river at the old town. And yet, what a

terrific scene; a perfect sea of water-craft on all sides, a wilderness of masts extending as far as the eye could reach. We felt our utter nothingness, except to watch the struggle go on for hours and hours, until after pushing and crowding and crashing, and being crushed, we found ourselves calmly sailing up the open river, and breathing the fresh air of the country. Having been delayed thus, we were only five or six miles on our way at sunset, when all hands dropped sails and tied up to the shore for the night. No amount of entreaty or threats were of any avail, they would not move; "Feng Shui" was not favorable, which, to them, is the effect of wind and water, indicating good or ill luck. It is a Chinese superstition or kind of black art imposed on, and believed in, by the people. "Feng Shui" is to them the mysterious textbook of nature, by which to decipher the heavenly horoscope of the future, and is consulted in all the relations of life. Fortunate for us, "Feng Shui" favored an early start the next morning, and we were again under way at day-break. This most novel mode of traveling was to us as interesting as it was full of incident. Our fleet consisted of three boats, five first-class cabin passengers, and a crew of at least twenty-five or thirty, which included cooks, general waiters, and servants, trackmen, oarsmen, towmen, and sailors generally. The boat we occupied was some thirty feet in length and six in width. A thick semicircle of rush matting covered the center, and formed our apartments. The bedroom occupied nearly half of this space, and raised two feet, giving only room to recline. The drawing, reception, and dining rooms were all in one, without screen or folding-doors; here we could just manage to stand and look out on the bow. A plain board was our sofa; but besides this, we had the luxury of two armed chairs. We improvised a table at meal-time, and were always sure of having a "table-moving" when all the dishes were placed on it; or, a little later, when we were conveying the food to our mouths,

the plates and dishes would slip away mysteriously, and "rappings" commence under the table, and all around, as our little craft came suddenly to a stand-still on the bank of the river. These "manifestations" contributed not a little to cheerful "spirits," provoking a hearty laugh on all occasions, followed by eager appetites to devour quickly all we could gather from amid the wreck. The gentlemen from the other boats preferred ours after all, for dining, and made their calls at meal-time regularly. A young moon rendered the nights fairy-like,

"When the hours of day were numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Waked the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight,"

as our mimic fleet glided gently to the music of the dropping oars, or the gentle rippling of the tiny waves when our sails were set mingled with the sighing breeze across the plains, and added to all these, the transparent beauty of the starry heavens inspired delightful hours of communion with the soul. An exhilarating atmosphere, and cloudless yet mellow sky by day, enabled us, as our boats were slowly rounding the innumerable curves in the river, to enjoy a run over the fields, and see peasants plow with their singular implements, dragged over the soil by a cow and horse yoked together. They were sowing and gathering, all carried on at this season of the year. On reaching a town in the early morning, we had an opportunity, while our cook was purchasing a supply for the table, to see the market-places, which are out in the open air. The exchange of produce from the country for clothes and all kinds of curious wares, the throng of people in strange costumes, reminded us of "Vanity Fair." On our return, we often found our little sampans huddled in amid a crowd of junks and boats, many of them the homes of entire families. It was exceedingly amusing to watch the various preparations for breakfast, and particularly the arranging of toilets, all done on the exterior of the boat. The braiding of the long queue, and shaving the head;



the combing, glueing, and plaiting of the women's hair in the fantastic Chinese style, is quite an event, as it is to last for days. But to watch our own cook when he used the skillet for wash-bowl, and the dish-cloth for towel, was not as amusing or as interesting a spectacle; and when the only lady of the party protested, the amiable gentleman assured her that, in China, a foreign lady was never expected to see or know what a man-cook did, and always to close her eyes when she is looking toward the culinary department.

One evening we chanced to go into a temple at the quiet hour of twilight, and found the priests offering prayers by machinery, for a few cash from each supplicant. The prayers were written within and without on slips of paper; and the faster the machine turned, the more prayers rolled off. What we dreaded most in our rambles, were the herds of various wolf-like looking dogs that startled us at every corner in the town. In many places the women and children, on the contrary, seemed to deem us something more than "heathen," and would run when our unpretending forms appeared, and satisfy curiosity by catching glimpses of us through half-closed doors. We observed the Scriptural illustrations in the threshing-floors, where oxen were treading out the grain, and where women were grinding at the mill; and, as only one was seen at the work, we inferred that "one had been taken, and the other left."

Graves were seen scattered all over the country; but, unlike those near the large cities, they were among the green trees, with graceful mounds above them. There were days that we walked for miles with little or no fatigue, the atmosphere infusing the freedom one feels in the Spring-time; then quietly sitting on

the mound of an "ancestor," admiring nature's carpet at our feet, figured with flowers of every color and hue, or enjoying a *tete-a-tete* on the events of the journey, and what we were to see at the great Chinese capital; at the same time, keeping close watch lest our little fleet pass us. Hours and hours passed, when only the sandy, undulating plain tired the vision; and then, anon, the everlasting hills rose in the distance to assure us we were nearing Peking. Thus, varying like a rude mosaic, was our entire journey composed of incident, episode, and all kinds of sights and scenery, until we reached Tung Chow, where kindly voices greeted us as we bade adieu to boat life, and were welcomed into the happy home of American missionaries, where the chubby arms of childhood entwined our necks lovingly, and where we joined in the evening prayer and hymn of praise ere we retired on a soft Christian bed for pleasant dreams and refreshing sleep.

Our journey not ended, we could tarry but a night in this delightful oasis. On to Peking! was our watchword early the next morning. A fine sedan-chair had been sent from the United States Legation to convey me, attended by eight bearers in official livery; also, saddle horses for the gentlemen. It was fifteen miles to the gates of the city; but the hours glided rapidly away, and at ten o'clock the towers and wall of the ancient city were before us. We passed beneath the arched gateway with a reverence due "the ages;" but instead of grandeur and Oriental splendor, only dust and filth at our feet, and ruin and decay written on all that seemed to us at first sight the remnants of faded beauty or departed glory. Is this Peking, the renowned capital of the Chinese Empire!

MRS. J. P. NEWMAN.

## COMMON SENSE AND FASHION.

ANNA STANTON came home from her recitations one afternoon in June, in a very sober mood. She entered the room silently—so unlike her usual way—and sat down in the old arm-chair, by the open window. Her mother was at the sewing-machine, stitching away on a vest just like a score more that lay on the table, but she paused to say: "Tired, Anna? You are all worn out, studying so hard, and I shall be glad when graduation-day is over."

"It is n't that, mother," Anna said, with a quiver in her voice. "It is about our dresses. The others are going to get very expensive ones. Bell Rand's will cost fifty dollars at least; and just think of mine! They want me to give the valedictory; but Bell says that the valedictorian always makes it a point to excel in dress; and, O mother, how can I give it up?"

Mrs. Stanton's eyes filled with tears as she saw her daughter's bright head bowed, and heard the quick sobs she could not repress.

"But what has the dress to do with your theme, Anna? They know you can excel in writing. Surely, it would not matter so much, if you dress neatly."

"Ah, but it does, mother. Even Miss Blake is counseling the girls what to get, and she is anxious about me. I know she is; for you know she has a good deal of pride, and she says this class is going to make the grandest sensation of any that ever left the Academy."

Mrs. Stanton sat in quiet thought for a few moments, and then said:

"I was intending to buy some coal while it is low, and a few other things; but perhaps Johnnie might wear his old suit a little longer."

"I think he might, for it's a finger-length too short in every direction," said Anna, laughing in spite of herself. "You need n't plan any more, mother; for I should hate myself if I wore a dress

bought with Johnnie's new suit, your new bonnet, and a ton of coal; for that is what it would amount to. I am foolish to cry over it; but it is *so* hard."

Just then there was a gentle rap at the door, and Mrs. Stanton opened it to find Mrs. Mansfield, the doctor's wife, who had evidently come to make a call. The anxious face of her hostess, and the tearful eyes of the daughter, made her hesitate on the threshold; but anxious to sympathize with them, if any trouble had overtaken them, she took the offered chair.

"I am crying because I can not have a new dress," said Anna, laughingly, as she tried to banish every trace of emotion; and then Mrs. Stanton explained her meaning in a few words, from which Mrs. Mansfield inferred the whole story.

"You dear girl!" said she, laying her hand on Anna's shoulder, "I know just how one feels about these things; for I have been a school-girl too. Why is it, Mrs. Stanton, that people will use so little sense about these matters? I wish, Anna, that your class would do as mine did. I graduated from N. Seminary, in 1862, when all kinds of dress goods were very expensive, and when no one dared to prophesy any change; for those were dark days. Well, there were fifteen of us in the class, and we dared to follow out our patriotic and economical impulses; so we decided to wear light calico dresses on the stage. We sent to Boston, through a friend, for the cloth, as it was impossible to get enough of one kind anywhere else; and I assure you we had a merry time cutting and making our new gowns. Most of us did it ourselves, and it was quite an easy matter too; for they were made with plain skirts, 'fan' waists, and loose sleeves, trimmed with two narrow ruffles."

Anna laughed heartily as she thought of fifteen young women standing together, dressed in such a primitive style,



forgetting that fashion sanctioned comparative simplicity a dozen years ago. Mrs. Mansfield was well pleased to see the effect of her words, and went on:

"It was a wonderful relief to me to have this arrangement, for my funds were very low; and several of the other girls were as badly off. As it was, we presented a very respectable appearance, with our decorations of 'red, white, and blue' ribbons and flowers; and I think our essays were even better than they would have been, had we spent our time on more elaborate costumes. And now perhaps you can start such a reform in your class, Anna. You can hardly expect that the girls of this generation will consent to graduate in calico; but perhaps uniform simplicity might be adopted, which would relieve other members of the class as well as yourself."

"Eva Sinclair's father is a poor man, and Laura Adams is supported by an aunt who works very hard for a living. It does seem as though they would give up something. The dresses are not all; for they have voted to have class-rings made, which will cost six dollars apiece; and a monogram for our levee invitation cards, which will cost—I can not tell you how much. Bell Rand and Bessie Clark can have all they want, and perhaps they have n't thought how hard it is for the rest of us. I mean to ask them to give up their idea of expense and beauty, and meet us half-way," said Anna, hopefully.

Mrs. Mansfield chatted awhile on other subjects, and then went away, with her mind full of Anna and her projects. As for our ambitious school-girl, she dismissed the subject of dress as soon as possible, and applied herself to the elaboration of her poem, into which she had woven so many bright day-dreams. But the next day she called her classmates together, and proposed that they all dress plainly, since some of them could not afford to do otherwise. It cost her quite a struggle to make the suggestion, but she was hardly prepared for the opposition it met.

"Do you think I will go on the stage

in a plain white dress?" cried Eva Sinclair. "Why, I've been looking forward to this time for three years, and I mean to look well, if it's a possible thing."

"So do I," said Fannie Gray, a little red-haired, freckled-faced miss. "I shall have fourteen ruffles on my underskirt, and lace so wide"—measuring on her finger—"round my overskirt, and lots of trimming on my waist and sleeves. My sash is eight inches wide, and my white kids have three buttons; my slippers are white kid, with splendid big rosettes on them, and my handkerchief cost a dollar. All my things are bought, and up-stairs in my Aunt Samantha's closet. So there, Anna Stanton."

"My Uncle Van Cleave's family are coming on from New York," said Bell Rand, "or I would n't mind so much what I'm to wear. But I just wish you could see the gold bracelets and the fan that papa bought for me yesterday! O, I long for Commencement to come! If the tiresome examinations were only over, I should rejoice. Three weeks more: O dear!"

"Then I am to be an odd one, am I?" said Anna, attempting to smile.

"O no, do n't say that!" said Laura Adams. "You are better off than I, for Aunt Sarah buys every thing I have, and she is poor; but really, Anna, I could n't bear to look different from the rest of the class. I would rather run in debt, and pay for my things by and by, after I begin to teach."

The girls gathered around Anna as they began to suspect her purpose, and with one voice protested against it.

"Dr. Thrope wants you to be valedictorian, and so do we all," said Marian Kingsley, a tall, quiet girl, who was a superior mathematician. "But I am afraid—" and then she hesitated, not wishing to hurt Anna's feelings.

"Of course they won't allow any difference," cried Bell. "Dr. Thrope, being a man, might not object; but I tell you, Miss Blake has an eye to the proprieties."

"Don't be afraid, girls. I shall not

deliver the valedictory in my old dress," said Anna, a little bitterly, and then she left the little group. "Miss Blake will stand by me," she said to herself, as she hurried away.

But, alas! when the matter was reported to Miss Blake, she expressed her sorrow, and consulted with the lady patrons of the school; and they decided that as Bell Rand was the daughter of one of the trustees, and as Anna had chosen to be a little odd, and as they wanted the last impression of their graduating-class to be a good one, Bell had better give the valedictory address. So they went to Anna, only to find her fully determined to wear her plain dress, and understanding perfectly that, in making the decision, she had given up the honors of her class. Much regret was expressed by Dr. Thrope, who fully appreciated the talents of his favorite pupil. But when Miss Blake tried to explain the matter, he found himself quite beyond his depth, and meekly submitted to the decision of the ladies, as he did not understand what should be worn at such a time.

A few of Anna's classmates were indignant, and almost determined to renounce flounces and "trains" for her sake; but their courage failed when the advice of fond "mamas" and dress-makers was brought to bear upon their natural love of display. As for Mrs. Stanton, she wept in secret over her daughter's disappointment, knowing how great it was; but to Anna, she said:

"Let your idea of what is right, support you. Your future must be one of self-denial, and this is a fair and honest beginning."

"If I were only a boy, mother, white slippers and lace would be superfluous. I could brush my coat and polish my boots, and lead my class to victory. As it is, I shall be the modest violet among full-blown roses," said Anna, who tried to conceal her chagrin and disappointment from the loving eyes that followed her so closely.

No one knew how much Anna had prized the honors so fairly earned. Not

for ambition's sake alone; but for the sake of her widowed mother, who had toiled for her so many years. Now the special reward was taken from her; and in the bitterness of her first grief, she said: "Money is better than brains."

A few swift-footed days passed by; the dreaded examinations were over, and the citizens of Cantonville assembled in the spacious academy hall to witness the closing exercises of the year. Evergreen wreaths and flowers in profusion were festooned and fastened to every available support; and upon the stage sat the board of teachers, stately and serene. In the audience was Eva Sinclair's hard-working old father, and Laura Adams's aunt, whose toil was suspended for a brief time, that she might see her darling graduate. There, too, were Mrs. Stanton and Johnny, with anxious faces; and beside them, the doctor's good little wife and a portly gentleman whose gold spectacles shielded eyes that were very keen and critical. In a prominent place sat a goodly number of the "Summer company" (Miss Blake's special pride), and before whom she was so anxious to have "her girls" distinguish themselves.

A crash of music, and then the first trembling candidate rustled upon the stage. Poor little, red-haired Fanny Gray! She resembled an over-dressed doll, with her "fourteen flounces," her long, full train, much frizzled hair, and awkward manner; for Fanny was not at ease in her unusual garb. But she read her "Sunset Memories" in a trembling little voice, and retired, followed by cheers, and a quantity of bouquets thrown by admiring friends, and gathered up by a young man in light kids.

Laura Adams, in a like marvelous costume, read an excellent essay on "Self-abnegation," while her class-ring, bought with the fruit of midnight hours, pressed heavily on her finger, and yards of useless lace lay on the floor behind her. One after another, the girls came and went, and at last Anna took her place. There was a rustle through the audience, and eye-glasses were raised that strang-



ers might clearly see the girl who stood there in a plain muslin dress, without ruffle or train, with hair uncrimped and almost unadorned. She felt none of the "superiority" that is supposed to accompany moral courage; but, instead, whispered a little prayer, which she knew was answered when her voice rang out clear and strong, not once betraying the fluttering heart beneath.

Anna's friends were expecting "a good thing," for her ability was well known; but there was a hush in the audience, and a look of wonder on even Dr. Thrope's face, which was a tribute to that part of her poem born of the spirit that triumphed over wounded self-love and disappointed ambition. When she closed, there was a spontaneous burst of applause from delighted listeners, and a shower of bouquets from those who prized talent beyond trains, one of which was from the critical old gentleman beside the doctor's wife. Mrs. Stanton forgot to throw her modest little tribute; but it was not missed in the armful that the useful young man carried off; so she watered it with tears of joy as she listened to Mrs. Mansfield's whispered congratulations. Bell Rand looked very beautiful as she came in; but confused by the scene, and feeling sure she could not equal her predecessor, she failed to make herself heard distinctly. The audience, however, was generous in applause and bouquets, and her friends were quite satisfied with the admiration expressed, as she turned from the audience to the teachers, thus displaying her beautiful dress to the best advantage.

After the distribution of diplomas and singing the class-song came congratulations and some tearful good-byes; but most of the school and invited friends were to gather in Dr. Thrope's parlors in the evening. Anna and her mother hastened home, where they were greeted by Mrs. Mansfield, who exclaimed:

"I could not wait to tell you how glad I am that you conquered. And Professor Bayne says, just as I thought he would, that, of all the class, he hopes to secure

Anna for a teacher; and do you know, he says he would rather have one fine poem bound in plain muslin than a score of poor ones in purple and gold." Anna's eyes opened wide in wonder, seeing which, Mrs. Mansfield went on: "You see, Professor Bayne is from the famous L—— School, and was recommended to come here to secure a teacher for one of the departments. The salary is excellent, and the position one you might have sought in vain for years. O, I am delighted! Aren't you glad you wore your old dress now?"

"Yes," said Anna; "but if I had failed in that, how great would have been my fall! I must confess that I was weak enough to covet a few yards of Bell's ruffles for Miss Blake's sake."

"Miss Blake and some others were brought to their senses by what one of those wealthy New York ladies said. After it was all over, she remarked that the poor things were so overdressed that she pitied them; and that if their brains were as superficially adorned as were their bodies, she feared the school might be called a failure. And there were others, Anna, who felt sad to see school-girls who could talk of 'self-abnegation' and 'moral heroism,' showing that they had a knowledge of life's great responsibility, decked out like figures in a fashion-plate. I do not mean to censure, however, but invite you to go with Professor Bayne and myself to the reception to-night. He wishes to meet his future assistant," said Mrs. Mansfield.

It is needless to say that Anna gladly accepted the invitation, and in due time the situation—thus finding herself enabled to lift part of the burdens from her mother's shoulders at once. Laura Adams and Eva Sinclair are still seeking for "openings" in desirable schools; and while they feel the pinchings of poverty, they look with disgust upon a mass of finery that can neither be sold or enjoyed; and heartily agree in wishing they had had the courage to be sensible rather than fashionable.

MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

## NEAREST AND DEAREST.

IT was the Sabbath's blessed evening hour,  
And the dark stillness of the fire-lit room  
Fell on the spirit with a soothing power,—  
A spell of holy calm unmixed with gloom.  
The fire-light flickered upon steadfast eyes,  
Brows where the Prince of Peace his seal had set,  
And tremulous lips, where echoes of the skies,  
Most eloquent in silence, lingered yet.  
At length the musing of one heart found way;  
"O, it is bliss," she said, "to join the throng  
That fills God's temple, on his holy day,  
With the full harmony of sacred song!  
Surely the soul draws nearest to him there,  
And bows with holiest awe before his throne.  
Surely the highest bliss of faith and prayer  
Is found within those sacred courts alone!"  
"Nay," said another; "not alone! Our Lord  
Dwells not in temples made with hands; he fills  
The lone heights of the everlasting hills,  
And dwells with all who tremble at his word;  
And I have felt his blessed presence more,  
And owned with lowlier awe its hallowing sway,  
On the lone hill-side or the wave-washed shore,  
Than even in his house of prayer to-day."  
Then spake a third: "O friends, full well I know  
The joys ye speak of; but one dearer far  
Comes to me often in the ceaseless flow  
Of week-day cares, amid earth's din and jar,  
When for a moment's breathing-time I pause,  
Saying, 'O Master, bless!' and lo, the while  
He stands beside me, and my spirit draws  
A heaven of rest and gladness from his smile."  
She ceased; and then one answered yet again:  
"Yea, it is always bliss to feel him near,  
In crowd or solitude, or sacred fane;  
But never is his presence half so dear  
As when the storms of sorrow o'er us meet,  
And we with bleeding heart and baffled will,  
'Faint, yet pursuing,' struggle to his feet,  
And lay our souls before him, and are still."  
Then all were silent, and my heart said: "Yea,  
Thou hast well spoken; thou dost well to prize,  
Higher than any bliss beneath the skies,  
The faith that clings and trusts him, 'though he slay.'  
This is the one note in the song of praise,  
Rolling from all creation round the throne,  
That only human hearts sore tried can raise,  
And even they in this brief life alone."



## A PILGRIMAGE TO MARIAZELL.

## NUMBER II.

THERE lived a pious priest in the institution of St. Lambrecht, in Steiermark, on the borders of Karnthen. His name, on account of the long time intervening, is not known. He honored the Mother of God, and carved her image in linden-wood, and set it up in his cell; hence the name "Mariazell." The Benedictine Abbey of St. Lambrecht was founded in 1073, and still exists, and furnishes spiritual fathers to the many children it has begotten in all the regions round about. Otto, the seventh Abbot of St. Lambrecht, in the year 1150, sent five priests of the institution, as soul-carers, to the district of Aflenz. This district included the country where Mariazell now stands. It was then a wilderness; but here and there were scattered shepherds, tending flocks. One of the five went to help these forgotten souls. The one with the carved Mother-of-God picture desired this field. His soul-zeal seasoned all his food. He prayed his superior that he might be allowed to take his beloved Mother-of-God statue with him, which was no more than his reasonable due. Whether he made the journey on beast or foot is not known; but he is always represented as riding, with the wooden image of Mary and child in his arms, his animal led by a saint on foot. Having arrived, he built a hut with two apartments. In one he himself dwelt; the other was his house-chapel, where he his beloved Mary-image reverently honored. His poor living-hut soon became a palace of love. Here this pious man united the contemplative life and the working one. He showed in one person the life of Martha and of Mary. He gave Christian instruction, administered the holy sacrament, assisted the sick and dying, directed the mountain dwellers to the godly effigy for virtue and piety, and yet found time to lie at the feet of his lovely Mary-picture in his cell. This zeal

and love for the poor heathen shepherds drew their hearts to him; and soon the mountaineers could no greater pleasure count than in his cell to view the Mary-picture, and hear words from his inspired mouth. Their worship spread to the ears of others living more remote, and many pilgrims began to come to see the lovely Mother-of-God. And now, through his reverence for the grace-picture, many evident miracles began to be wrought. These show the fulfillment of the words of Mary to Elizabeth: See, from now on, will all people praise me.

Henry I, whom the Bohemians call Wratislaus, Margrave of Moravia, together with his wife Agnes, lay for three years with their limbs paralyzed. In the year 1200, fifty years after the arrival of the priest, they were exhorted, in a dream-vision, to ask Mary, the happy Virgin, for succor, and also to call upon the holy Wenceslaus for intercession with the gracious mother. In the same night, they both trusting upon Mary, the holy Wenceslaus appeared to them and published to them, that, through the intercessions of Mary, God had heard them and freed them from their sickness, and that for a thank-offering they must make a pilgrimage to Mariazell. Henry and Agnes awoke and arose from their bed, altogether sound and fresh, as though nothing had ailed them. Remembering their vow, they set out for Mariazell, the way wholly unknown to them. They wandered about, not knowing where, until an angel, in the form of a pilgrim, accompanied them to the gracious place. They brought much love and thankfulness, and built for Mary a stone chapel.

That this margrave, Henry I of Moravia, and his wife Agnes, were really miraculously cured, and did make the pilgrimage, is demonstrated by a series of pictures in the upper galleries of the present church. There they lie helpless

in bed; the holy Wenceslaus appears to them, and comforts and exhorts to a pilgrimage. They are then seen, sound and well, wandering by the way; then an angel guides to Mariazell, and they build a stone chapel; all of which is inscribed upon the pictures, as well as written elsewhere.

The place soon became so celebrated that kings came to bring worship and honor to the mother of heaven.

Rudolph I, of Hapsburg, established an everlasting mass.

William I established, in 1401, a wine-offering.

Emperor Ferdinand made a pilgrimage in 1621. He came upon the same day in which the death-judgment was to be executed upon the rebels in Prague, to imitate, as he expressed it, the Redeemer by praying for his enemies, that they might die a happy death. After his own death, his wife sent his statue in gold to Mariazell, in weight one thousand ducats.

Kaiser Leopold I came nine times to Mariazell. He adorned the Mary-altar with a silver lattice-work, and enriched the church with many costly vessels.

Emperor Charles IV, successor to Charles II, in Spain, brought over a costly cross, with Latin inscriptions to the queen of earth.

Empress Maria Theresa visited this place frequently. Once she brought a double-flaming golden heart, rich with diamonds. In the jubilee year, 1757, she offered a new silver lattice-work worth four hundred marks, for the Mary chapel. The old one, given by Leopold, had become bent. At this time she was accompanied by Archdukes Joseph, Charles, and Leopold, and the Archduchesses Maria Anna, Maria Christina, and Maria Elizabeth.

In 1758, Graf Martinez undertook a pilgrimage, and spent two thousand florins upon a richly prepared garment of gold and silver for the Mother-of-God statue.

Emperor Joseph and wife offered, in 1761, a double lamp, with a double heart before it; and the emperor came again

in 1764, the year in which the fourth jubilee of the Treasury Chamber was celebrated. A deputation had been sent to Hungary, that the celebration might be known, and many persons took part in the procession.

In 1770, Empress Maria Theresa gave a pontifical adornment, embroidered by her own hands, whereon her daughters had wrought "kaiserornate."

It is recorded that on "May 13, 1810, Kaiser Francis, his blessed majesty, with the all-highness of his presence, visited this place."

In 1838 came Archduke John from his possessions, Brandhof, on foot to Mariazell.

Among the many great processions worthy of note, was one from Hungary in 1857, the seven hundredth jubilee. It was led by "Furstprimas," of Szitowsky, and numbered thirty-five thousand pilgrims, in which many poor were found, which the prince generously helped, and three hundred of the ministerial order. Its entrance into the town continued many hours.

The same great year, Kaiser Franz Joseph and Kaiserin Elizabeth, and Augusta, Archduke Franz Karl, and Archduchess Sophia, and many others of royal birth, made pilgrimages to Mariazell.

Seventy great, and a number of small processions go up annually. The yearly number of pilgrims averages two hundred and fifty thousand. These form the principal source of sustenance for the nine hundred inhabitants of this village of Gasthofs.

The church, on an elevation, with its four towers and three flights of broad stone steps, presents an imposing appearance. The center tower is alone Gothic, belonging to the structure of the fourteenth century. The rest was rebuilt after a destructive fire in 1827, when the miracle-image and all the treasures had to be removed from the church.

The image of the Virgin and child, carved from linden-wood in the early part of the twelfth century, was first, as



already stated, in the cell of the monk at St. Lambrecht; then, in one apartment of his hut at Mariazell; then, in a stone chapel erected by Henry, Margrave of Moravia, in 1200; and now in a larger edifice founded by Lewis I of Hungary, after a victory over the Turks in 1363. This chapel occupies the center of the church, and is sumptuously decorated with twelve silver columns. In front of it, a flying silver angel bears a lamp, and two life-size figures in silver, on either side, hold heart-shaped lamps, while numerous other candelabras, in silver and crystal, swing down the nave. The other half of the church, reaching to the high altar, is entered by a passage under silver arches spanning from the Mary-altar to the aisles.

As a proof of the miraculous power of the Mary-statue, it is stated that after the lapse of so many years, it is not at all worm-eaten, though not overlaid with gold or silver. It is gorgeously arrayed in white satin embroidered with silver; the drapery of both mother and child falling from the neck down without any indication of arms. Putting our faces between the silver bars, and looking as closely as possible by daylight and lamp-light, still the faces looked strongly suspicious of something brighter and prettier than linden-wood.

At five o'clock mass, in this mountain region, too early in the season for pilgrims, there came in the cold, gray, Alpine morning more than a hundred worshippers. Many lighted candles, and stuck them on the rest-boards in front, already thick with the drippings of white and red wax. Men and women counted their beads on their knees, and said their

prayers in loud tones, but hollow-voiced and tremulous-like, full of awe and superstition, keeping their eyes on the Mary Mother, where the swinging lamp and candles' uncertain flares sent lights and shadows. The altar was full of people on their knees. One priest finished his ceremonies, and passed out with his censer-bearers, no doubt glad to escape from the piercing cold. A few people left, and more came. The beadle snuffed the holy candles inside the silver bars; another priest took his place, and the mass went on. Two mountaineers, in skin coats, with guns swinging at their backs, carried packages to the table by the high altar to be consecrated. Three sisters, with white-winged bonnets, with others, went inside the chapel and took the sacrament on their tongues.

In a side chapel, a woman came groaning, with a bottle of medicine, a spoon, and a cup, and kneeled before the altar-picture with the most beseeching looks and groans. Here, too, came two dilapidated, little old men, in leather pantaloons and green leggings, and sore eyes. They could hardly say their prayers for keeping one eye on us. Why they let us go away without asking alms, I can not tell. Later in the morning, a man kneeled, with face pressed close between the bars, before Mary; and such an agony as there was in his poor, ignorant face and voice, as with clasped hands, and beads of perspiration, in that stone place, as cold as the grave, he never left off crying, "O Marie, Marie, Marie! O Marie, Marie, Marie!" All the time we were in the treasury and the picture-gallery his wail went on; and we left him there at noon.

SUE M. D. FRY.

## RELIGION—NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL.

RELIGION is the finest fact in the nature of man. In thus speaking, we mean not to disparage the dignity and wealthiness of science, nor to depreciate the practical significance of politics. Grand is the arena, and great are the interests involved in statesmanship. Legislation for the skies—the harmless arrogance of the astronomer; the unlocking the sealed mysteries of substance—the chemist's humble daring,—these are brilliant flowers in the chaplet of man's supremacy in the world. Beautiful they are. Let us admire them. We point them out with pride. "Come, Raphael, 'social spirit,'" we say; "come, see our pink and lily—native to our earthly soil, products of our care, glory of our climate, charm of our dwellings. Hast thou, in heavenly latitudes, more delicate tints, or sweeter perfume?"

There is only one thing in man's excellence greater than state-wisdom and science—that is religion. What we mean when we say "finest," is that in its forms it has more of grace and beauty, and in its effects more sweetness and refinement. This is the rose of humanity's attainment, faithfully fed by sunbeams from heaven.

"God holds the heavenly rose-bush in his hand,  
And starry roses on it thickly stand."

This beautiful fact is but one among the many fine facts in the beautiful nature of man, which is the finest thing in the Cosmos. That is, this rose of human life is human; it is natural. To think of God and worship him, is as natural as to breathe. We have always worshiped him, whether amid polar snows or in African Saharas; whether with offerings of eggs and plants and flowers, or of blood and gold and silver; whether with quietness and loneliness and retirement, or with pomp and sound and multitude; whether in leafy grove and desolate mountain, or in domed

cathedrals and storied palaces. His name has been, in ears of multitudinous tribes, a varying and inharmonious sound; but in all hearts the same. Yahveh and Jove; Om, Ormuzd, and Fo; Baal, Brahm, Great Spirit,—all the variations of the tone have brought to the beating heart the same thrilling inspiration; the same trembling, hopeful aspiration toward the Father, the Being, the Life, the Light, the Soul whence our spark of existence sprang, the home whither our wandering spirits tend.

Some, who have made a science of religion, who thought it needful to prove what is already so plain, have instituted experiment to test the naturalness of worship. Sintonis, a German philosopher of the eighteenth century, grown weary of city life, retired to the God-made country. He was saddened by the loss of a lovely young wife, and sought a solace in cares for a son, the only fruit of his marriage. He brought up the child carefully, and, as we might expect of a philosopher, in such wise as to test a theory. He allowed not the son either to hear or see the name God. Neither did he allow any thing to suggest the idea of a Supreme Being, or any style of worship. His reading and instructions and associations were rigidly controlled with reference to the one end.

At the age of ten years, as the father reported, the boy had neither heard nor read the name of God. The instruction he received was given by his father, and usually in the open air, in face of the objects and phenomena of nature, which formed its substance. Yet the boy conceived the idea, and worshiped. Every morning, in fine weather, he went into the garden, watched the rising sun, and, on his knees, with outstretched hands, offered thanks and prayers. The father, coming unexpectedly on him one morning, discovered his orisons. He was convinced regarding his theory, and



likewise felt the conviction that it was time to convey to the youthful mind the higher knowledge which should render him an intelligent worshiper of the true and living God. The son, having become a devout and intelligent worshiper of the invisible Creator, did afterward say that never vestal offered purer, more sincere, and more cordial adoration than did he in the garden.

Could language more grandly set forth this natural religion, the soul's innate passion for its Creator, than in Milton's morning song of Adam and Eve, as we find it in the Fifth Book of the "*Paradise Lost*?" Forbear, while we quote just a few lines :

" Fairest of stars, last in the train of night—  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,—  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling  
    morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge Him thy greater: sound His praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou  
    fall'st.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honor to the world's great Author, rise!  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling, still advance his praise."

If the truth were told, as we believe, it would be that all religion—that is, true, heart religion—is both natural and supernatural. If, at least, no strained and narrow meaning be attached to the word *supernatural*; if it represent what we think it should; namely, the influence of the Creator on his worshiper, the reciprocation of attachment, the communion of the Infinite with the finite mind,—if this be true, then is all real religion, intensely natural as it is, equally supernatural. God cares not—surely we are not presuming too much in saying this—God cares not by what name he is addressed, nor in what phrase; nor whether in cultivated thought or in rude, symbolic conception. Surely he cares not, so he receive the uprising soul, the aspiring, loving heart. Among red men in war-

paint, and among naked, greasy bushmen, he doubtless finds, now and then—let us hope, often—a friend.

Let us thank Freeman Clarke for directing us to a better than the old interpretation of Matthew xxv, 31, to the end. The "nations" are the Gentiles. "It is not a description of the Judgment of the Christian world, but of the heathen world." How clear is it all now! The Great Shepherd, now become glorious King, finds his "sheep" among all nations,—those who knew not themselves to be his sheep, but yet were such, because they visited the sick, and clothed the naked, and fed the hungry.

Does not the following extract from a Buddhist poem show a supernatural teaching? Wassywart is the impersonation of evil:

" The eyes of Wassywart were clots of blood,  
His awful sword could cleave the world asunder;  
And, like the vastest mountain, there he stood,  
His hoarsened voice outroaring all the thunder.  
In fiercest rage, he dared the Buddha mild  
To fight him then, with any arms he chose.  
To gaze upon his bulk and gestures wild,  
The gods came forth, and all the planets rose.  
To be a shield before his broadening breast,  
He wrenched the sun from out the socket, sky,  
And fearfully the Buddha mild addressed:  
'Behold the arm by which thou now shalt die!'  
The unarmed Buddha mildly gazed at him,  
And said, in peace, 'Poor fiend, even thee I  
    love.'  
Before great Wassywart the world grew dim;  
His bulk enormous faded to a dove,  
That hovered where the hating monster loomed,  
And filled with softest notes the space  
Through which his rage's thund'rous accents  
    boomed.  
Celestial beauty sat on Buddha's face,  
While sweetly sang the metamorphosed dove:  
'Swords, rocks, lies, fiends, must yield to moveless  
    love,  
And nothing can withstand the Buddha's  
    grace.'"

May not a religion be supernatural without being revealed? May not a revealed religion be in some degree a republication of that which previously was recognized and accepted?

Are not all true worshipers—the "sheep," wherever they are; the "children," by whatever name—are they not all, in some degree and by some means, inspired? Does not Christianity

differ from other systems of religion, by being a fuller revelation, and involving a purer inspiration? Did not God, in the earlier ages, send Buddhas and

prophets; but, "in these last days, his Son?" "How then shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

WILLIAM D. GODMAN.

### AFTER CARDINAL-FLOWERS.

A WALK in the fields, with cardinal-flowers in view, is an inspiration that should preclude all idle sauntering on the way; especially when one knows just the haunts of those flaming blossoms, and can count upon them with certainty. But an early September day—still, soft, golden—offers numberless hindering attractions. One is allured this side and that. Under stress of a multitude of temptations, one renews the old perplexity of doubt whether it were better to live always in June or in September. Just now, the balance seems likely to preponderate in favor of the early Fall.

The day before, perhaps, was cold and keen, with a sharp wind from the northwest, and vivid, dark clouds flying across the heavens, leaving glorious blue spaces; the foliage had wonderful depth and brilliance of color; at night-fall, one had a sudden sense of the oncoming cold, treading quick on the exhausting dog-day heats; and there was an indescribable pleasure in the first evening fire.

The day of our walk was a change from all this; unless it were the trees, that, in spite of the softness of the atmosphere, contrived to have a vividness and depth unknown to the earlier season. There is no excess of enjoyment in wading through ranks of bitter-weed, crowding upon each side of a narrow path until it becomes a mere thread rather than a path; but there is one advantage of untrimmed country road-sides and lanes that becomes specially apparent in late Summer and early Fall. The golden-rod enjoys the liberty, and flaunts long lines of mellow splendor by the fences, overtopping the tallest of them sometimes in

rank luxuriance of growth. There is such a bewildering variety of them, one despairs of ever knowing them intimately, in any botanical sense. They run riot every-where, from little delicate sprays and modest knee-high specimens to tall, stately, wand-like stems, wearing regal crowns seven feet in the air; and from simple, solitary plumes, modestly topping the stalk, to many-branched, majestic breadth and amplitude.

The golden-rod lane led us to the railroad; and here mechanic art itself almost succumbed to the force of these radiant blossoms. They crowded up close to the rails, shaking their plummy heads in the very face of the devastating engine. The long, vanishing line had a gold border, as far as the eye could see.

The field beyond, in its more cultivated spaces freshly green as in Spring, might afford a haunt for every creature of the old mythology. There was a homely charm in the variety of natural feature, not found in more even, cultivated expanses. A grassy farm-wagon road wound gracefully through it: along a stony ridge bordered with yellowing butternut-trees; down a gentle decline with steep abutment of rock on one side; through a stretch of arid pasture studded with mulleins; around the foot of a rugged knoll; and finally leading to the stillest, most haunted depth of pine-woods, skirting the precipitous western side of the knoll.

This farm-road gave a pleasant human interest, a half-domestic character to the otherwise untamed wildness that pervaded parts of this field. A wild-cherry tree, by the side of the road, hung out a



most tempting display of fruit. Drooping stems, varying from bright scarlet to rich maroon and deep black, clustered thickly among the pretty, shining leaves. The cherries were much larger and finer than the ordinary wild fruit, and we fancied the tree to be a lineal descendant from the original one in the Garden of Eden; or, failing here, that it had once been a cultivated variety, which, by force of its companionship with other untrained growths, was finally lapsing into nature along with the rest.

Up on the ridge, the leaves of the butternut-trees were already beginning to fall, along with occasional green, long, oval nuts. Here was much irregularity of gray rock, of a soft texture, weather-worn and incrustated with lichens, and full of deep, cup-like hollows. So soft and unforbidding was the aspect of these rocks, they seemed to be a natural growth, like a tree or shrub, having affinities with the most pliant stems and delicate Summer blossoms. That this ridge is the favorite resort of black-snakes, need not detract from its interest.

The pine-woods were uncommonly dense and dark. A low growth of branches precluded the lofty roominess so often characteristic of these woods. The high knoll, rising abruptly on the east, shut them off from the sun. No bird ventured there, even in cursory flight to more open woodland. As a faint breath of wind stole through, we glanced anxiously about, in half-expectation of seeing some unearthly garment flutter past. In Winter, with deep snow all about, and heavily lading the trees, one imagines there should be a sense of shelter under this massive roof, and almost fireside protection.

Now, we hurried past; but getting the grateful balsamic odors, and noting the deep, shining green of the laurel-bushes edging the woods, until we came out upon moist pasture-land merging into swamp or marsh. Here young poplars, glinting and shimmering in the sunlight, increased in number until they quite covered the remoter swamp-land. A soft-maple rose

above them now and then, and various shrub-growths were interspersed. A dark, sluggish brook wound along the edge of the marsh.

Just here, we had arrived at the end of comfortable walking; but, to get cardinal-flowers, we must go farther on. They love to hide their splendor in the deeper recesses, and are not by any means casually gathered. So we picked the way through long grass and sedge, moist bogs showing black, peaty soil, and a wealth of wild undergrowth. The ditch was bordered with shrubbery, intricate with tangled vines and all wayward stems. The waters of the ditch sometimes sank several feet below the banks, and, shadowed by the bushes, had a forbidding, sinister blackness. But this was not all. It was the very inferno of mosquitoes. They swarmed in the air, and invaded us on every side, with maddening pertinacity.

From all this rank, marshy luxuriance, the cardinal-flowers garner their unequalled splendor. A few steps on, and we found several stalks of them, "flashing among the sedges." In their unseen solitude, they seemed to have gathered an intenser flame, if possible, than in less difficult localities. Or perhaps this was only pleasant illusion, the keen zest of success after painstaking and effort. In any case, the full, many-flowered stems had a rich, fervid magnificence that lacked nothing of being a new revelation.

If these flowers lose, like so many other wild blossoms, by transfer from their native haunts to the house, we can well afford the discount. Nothing can exceed their grace of form or delicacy of texture; but these qualities are subordinate to their matchless splendor of hue. They shine almost as brilliantly in the parlor as by the dark, sluggish stream where they grow. This blending of fragility and rich strength adds the last fine charm to their superb beauty.

On the way home, our stems drooped somewhat; but water quickly restored their freshness, and held it intact for several days.

JENNY BURR.

## THE SECRET OF IT.

"YOU would n't guess what that is," said a good-natured chamber-maid of the hotel where I was boarding, taking from her pocket an ounce phial of colorless liquid, and setting it down on my wash-stand. "I'm just goin' to lave it there," she continued, "while I make yer bed, for fear I'd break it in my pocket; an' I'm this minit afther huntin' it out o' the dust-hape, where the mish-tress threw it yesterday, thinking it was no good."

"Well, Ellen," said I, with a strong suspicion of the truth, "What is it?"

"Ah, thin, sure it's Nora's dhrap o' holy wather; her that's Mrs. Murray's nurse. The Murrays were moved up-stairs yesterday, ye know, an' the mish-tress thought she'd give a han', because we were hurryin' up to get the room ready for thim new people; an' so she picks up Nora's bottle along with some impty ones that was there, an' throws 'em all into a basket, to go on the dust-hape. Thin Nora, she comes cryin' to me about her bottle, an' I wint an' got it safe an' sound; an' there it is for her."

As Ellen went her way, taking with her the phial and its precious contents, I fell to musing on the connection between holy water and Christianity; but failed to find any thing in one to suggest the other. However, the incident brought on a long train of thought concerning the Romish Church, that Church of expedients, rather than of religious faith. There was Nora, a quiet, quaint-looking, shrewd little specimen of a thorough-bred Irish Papist of the lower orders. There is a class of these who do not run to dress and display, and who are decidedly conscientious; but the conscience that rules these beings is a curiosity in itself. Very incongruous this conscience is, and not much wonder: for it is quite or altogether in the keeping of the priest, who is the father-confessor of the proprietor. The priest does the thinking

and commanding, the proprietor of the conscience does the obeying; and any point not expressly touched upon by the priest is free ground. To illustrate by Nora's case: If she had not recovered that bottle of holy water, she would have been much afflicted in mind or conscience, and would have felt herself bound to confess her grievous sin, in being so careless as to let the precious fluid fall into the irreverent hands of heretics. She would, perhaps, also confess that she was employed during a considerable portion of her time in trotting around to different places where intoxicating liquors are sold, to procure the large quantities of the same consumed by her unfortunate mistress, who almost immured herself in her own rooms, and who sent Nora to various places in order not to expose her condition by buying so much at one place. This Nora would probably confess; but she would receive absolution on the ground of being a servant, and therefore not a free agent. But she would never think of confessing the small lies told daily to serve occasion; nor yet the little habit she had of taking the name of Deity in vain; still less, the alternate sycophancy and tyranny practised by her toward the miserable woman from whom she drew good wages, besides no end of perquisites, in return for small service in the line of labor. In short, her ideas of what is sinful and what is not, or, more strictly speaking, of what is heinous and what is not, would scarcely coincide with our Protestant notions. The one all-embracing principle of Popery is *obedience to the Church*; and any thing which has not been specifically forbidden or banned by a priest is not burdensome to the conscience of any ordinary Roman Catholic.

"Do you really believe, sir," said I to an intimate acquaintance, a gentleman of intelligence and education, "there is any virtue in rejecting meat to-day and



eating this savory fish and those eggs scrambled in butter?"

"Madam," replied he, with severe dignity, "the virtue lies not in rejecting the one nor in partaking of the other, but in obedience to the Church. It is mine to obey, not to question."

Ah, this is the secret, the whole secret, of the otherwise inexplicable power which mother Rome wields over her children,—obedience to the Church! The great doctrine which the Church teaches as to its authority is, that with it alone is the truth lodged, and that it only can interpret the truth. It does not therefore argue or examine, but it dogmatizes; and its followers are taught to accept and believe, but never to question. After all, it is not so very wonderful that people should pull themselves out of bed to attend early mass; and faithfully do their duties—as they call confession and the reciting of long, gibberish-like prayers, and some other ceremonies—when one takes into account that these people, in so doing, make themselves sure that they are earning heaven. This is what the Church enjoins; and when they have obeyed her

injunction, they roll all responsibility from their own shoulders to hers. If Protestants could be brought to believe that attending Church at early hours, or at any hours, and going through a routine of prayers, etc., would insure salvation, while a contrary course would cut off all claim to mercy, Protestants would soon become — shall we say good Catholics? This is the danger of ritualism, this tendency to attach undue importance to the observance of certain rites, the making a parade of ceremonials, the conscience, meanwhile, yielding itself blindly to the guidance of a dictator. It has only a form of godliness, but denies the power thereof. Christianity will not, can not, be advanced by an attempt to return to this great, fundamental principle of Rome, the setting of the Church, not to speak of the Virgin Mary and saints numberless, before, if not above, the Master, the head of the Church. Let us thank God heartily for such tokens of good as the Evangelical Alliance, and all motions that point toward the acknowledgment of one God, the *Head* of all the Churches.

OLIVE STEWART.

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## AFRICA AND THE AFRICANS.

THE future of Africa, and the fate of its dark millions, are intensely interesting questions with philanthropists, scientists, and Christians. Can this wonderful peninsula, with its alternations of deserts and terrestrial paradises, be utilized? Can its harbors and rivers be made available for healthy commerce? its coasts starred with light-houses? its swamps drained? its wastes reclaimed? its malarias counteracted? its noxious animals and insects, its poisonous plants and reptiles subdued or exterminated? its savage tribes civilized, and brought into useful and catholic relations with the great family of man? These questions are variously answered by the traders,

travelers, hunters, scientific explorers, and Christian missionaries, whose works, issued chiefly by the Harpers, constitute the full library on African literature, to which we gave attention last month.

Excepting the monarch of deserts, the mighty Sahara—bottom of some ancient sea—on the north, the Kalahari Desert in the south, and occasional fringes of waste sands and mountain ranges, the entire continent is an Eden of bloom, valleys of verdure, and natural meadows and parks, capable of unlimited production, and of fostering the fruits and vegetables of all climes. There seems to be no limit to the powers of the soil; and, with cultivation and irrigation, Africa

might be made the fruitful garden that should furnish food for the population of a world. With the remote future of our planet we need not concern ourselves. We need not ask whether the face of Africa is undergoing a process of desiccation that in future ages will make it all a desert, as some prophesy; at present, its network of interior rivers and its family of lakes afford supplies of water that promise no immediate failure, aided by the kindly heavens. It is a more important question as to how far man has the power, by means of a judicious distribution of forest and glade, to control evaporation, and to secure the lands against drought and destruction for lack of moisture.

Winwood Reade closes his work on "Savage Africa" with the romantic prophecy: "Africa shall be redeemed. Her children shall perform this mighty work; her morasses shall be drained; her deserts watered by canals; her forests shall be reduced to fire-wood. Her children shall pour the elixir of life into the veins of their mother, now withered and diseased. They shall restore her to youth and immortal beauty."

This eloquent burst of fancy comes from a writer who has his own peculiar ideas of the way in which Africa is to be regenerated; ideas which we may hereafter consider, but which do not tally with the hopes of the Christian for Africa, or with the notions of those who see no hope at all for that dark continent. Andersson, author of "Lake Ngami" and "Okavango River" (Harpers), says, in the Preface of the latter work: "Africa may be said, up the present day, to be principally inhabited by wild beasts. Its savage human natives afford a study of rational life on so low a scale" as hardly to justify the epithet "human" or "rational." It is as a vast hunting-park, that Andersson values Africa. It is here that "one may luxuriate in the contemplation of pure animal existence in its fullest and freest developments."

Sir Samuel Baker, in the Preface of "Exploration of the Nile Tributaries"

(Harpers), says, without reservation or qualification: "Central Africa is peopled by a hopeless race of savages for whom there is no prospect of civilization." In his "Albert N'yanza," he writes: "I wish the black sympathizers in England could see Africa's inmost heart, as I do. Much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature, as pictured in African savages, is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty, no religion; but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness, and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbors."

Reade, whose romantic prediction we quoted above, tells us that "it has been proved by measurements, microscopes, and analyses, that the typical negro is something between a child, a dotard, and a beast." His typical negro turns out to be the fever-stricken inhabitant of the West Coast, described by Wilson in "Western Africa" (Harpers), as "a belt of the densest wood and jungle, a hundred miles wide, which extends along the whole length of Western Africa, and is no doubt the chief cause of the sickness which prevails in this region." "The negro," says Reade, "forms an exceptional race in Africa. He inhabits that immense tract of marshy land which lies between the mountains and the sea, from Senegal to Benguela, the lowlands of the East Coast, and other isolated spots besides." These coast negroes have been most generally carried into Western slavery, and have been accepted as types of the races of the continent. "In the low, swampy land at the mouth of the Congo, one meets with typical negroes; as one reaches a higher soil, he finds a different class of people." "The natives of the delta of the Niger are the most debased of all the African negroes, and their country, of all the coast regions, is the most unhealthy." "The typical negro is the true savage of Africa," as deformed in mind as in body. "Unrestrained by



moral laws, he spends his days in sloth, and his nights in debauchery." He abuses his children, stabs his wife, sells his offspring, swallows up youth in premature vice, lingers through a manhood of disease, and is exposed in old age to die, when his family no longer care to support him.

Burton, in "Lake Regions of Central Africa" (Harpers), gives the East African no better character than Reade does the Western: "The East African, like other barbarians, is a strange mixture of good and evil. The good element has not been nurtured, the evil has been carefully cultured."

Most writers on Africa content themselves with narrative or journalism, chronicling events and giving vivid pictures of adventure and travel, interjecting opinions and observations by the way. This is the style of Park, Barth, Speke, the hunters, and Schweinfurth. Burton interposes entire chapters on Geography and Ethnology, and closes up with thirty pages on the character, religion, and government of the East African, and in what he characterizes as an "uninteresting chapter." We can not transcribe even an abstract of his opinions and speculations. They place the negro at the lowest ebb, intellectually, morally, spiritually. The negro "seems to belong to one of those childish races which, never rising to man's estate, fall like worn-out links from the great chain of animated nature. He unites the incapacity of infancy with the unpliance of age; the futility of childhood and the incredulity of youth, with the skepticism of the adult and the stubbornness and bigotry of the old." The East African is "willful, headstrong, undisciplinable, greedy, and voracious;" "he has no benevolence, and but little veneration." His intellect is "sterile and incult, unprogressive, and unfit for change." His religion is fetichism; and the essence of fetichism is rude and sensual superstition. His principal beliefs are in demonology and witchcraft. He is a liar, a cheat, a slaver, and a polygamist.

VOL. XXXV.—II

Yet Burton, like Reade, concludes with the prophecy of a better future for Africa. "The progress of human society, and the straiter bonds which unite man with man, shall eventually rescue her from her old pitiable fate."

Baldwin—"Hunting in South Africa" (Harpers)—gives no more favorable account of the South Africans than Burton does of the natives of the East, or Reade of the dwellers in the West. "Any thing like regard, or gratitude for past presents and kindnesses, is not in the nature of any Kaffer. I never heard an instance of one really becoming attached to his master. I had become quite fond of two; but it was a misplaced attachment. You can only make use of these fellows as you would of a useful, handy machine. For the future, I will lavish my kindnesses on the two much superior animals, horses and dogs, in spite of missionaries dinning it into me that a black man is my brother. I could see yesterday that the good Samaritan [the Dutch missionary] was secretly annoyed and displeased that I would not shake hands with a parcel of his baptized, singing heathen."

Gordon Cumming—"Hunter's Life in South Africa," (Harper's)—speaks with more respect of these "singing heathens." Besides being an interested spectator of the baptism of a "parcel" of them by Dr. Moffat, he once attended divine service with the convert Bakatlas, in the mission of Dr. Livingstone, and remarks, amused by the progress that civilization had already made among these hitherto naked and untutored savages: "All those who had managed to get hold of some European article of dress, had donned it; some appearing in trowsers without shirts, others in shirts without trowsers."

Hunters, travelers, explorers, traders, writers on Africa generally, see but little good in preaching to negroes. They have a low opinion of their capacity for either intellectual or moral advancement. They think it as foolish to try to Christianize the African tribes as to attempt to

civilize the gorilla, to tame the zebra, or to break into harness the rhinoceros or elephant. The Dutch Boers of South Africa told Livingstone that he "might as well teach the baboons on the rocks as the Africans!" All classes of explorers either quietly ignore, or openly depreciate, the labors of Christian missionaries. "The efforts of missionaries for hundreds of years," says Du Chaillu, in "Ashango Land" (Harpers), "have had no effect." The author of "Lake Ngami" (Harpers) says of Mr. Bam: "Although he had used every effort to civilize and Christianize his small community, all his endeavors had hitherto proved nearly abortive. His Namaquas possess every vice of savages, and none of their noble qualities. So long as they are fed and clothed, they are willing enough to congregate around the missionary, and to listen to his exhortations. The moment, however, the food and clothing are discontinued, their feigned attachment to his person and doctrines is at an end, and they do not scruple to treat their benefactor with ingratitude, and load him with abuse." "Mr. Hahn," missionary among the Damaras, "liked and respected by the natives," told Andersson that he "never succeeded in converting a single individual." Herr Morlang or Moorlan, chief of the Austrian mission station at St. Croix, near Gondokoro, on the White Nile, "acknowledged" to Baker, "with great feeling, that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages; that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to them; while the natives, on the contrary, were utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude; the more they receive, the more they desire; but in return they will do nothing." Speke says, of the same mission: "Out of twenty missionaries who, during the last thirteen years, had ascended the White River for the purpose of propagating the Gospel, thirteen had died of fever, two of dysentery, and two

had retired of broken health; and yet not one convert had been made by them." In a sort of *aside*, Speke whispers the causes of this disheartening failure. The blacks would have been well enough disposed toward the missionaries and their teachings, if the "White Nile traders had not brought the devil among them;" and the missionaries might have lived, had they followed the ordinary laws of temperance, "Want of employment, I heard, was the chief operative cause in killing the poor missionaries; for, with no other resource left them to kill time, they spent their days eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping, till they broke down their constitutions by living too fast." These missionaries must have been of the type of those colonial parsons ridiculed by Reade for their ignorance—"badly educated and not always good men," "almost universally regarded by laymen with contempt;" men of the same class with those described by "Major Laing, in 1825, who saw one missionary lying drunk in the street, another living with a negress, and a third tried for the murder of a little boy, whom he had flogged to death." The missionaries of the present day "are a very different class of men. They settle in the interior, live entirely among the natives, learn their language, and, by compiling grammars and founding written characters, render important services to science;" but the "toil of their lives can do little for civilization, nothing for Christianity."

The theory of all these writers is, that it is necessary first to civilize Africa, and then Christianize it. The theory of Barth, in brief, is colonize, civilize, Christianize. Stanley contrasts Bishop Tozer, flaunting his high-church toggery along the streets of Zanzibar, with the French missionaries of Bagamoyo, who teach their disciples to be "agriculturists, carpenters, blacksmiths, and boat-builders;" who, along with the principles of religion, educate their converts in the business of life.

Sir Samuel Baker holds strenuously to the theory that civilization must precede



Christianity. Having traced the annual floods of the Nile to its Abyssinian confluents, and the steady-flowing main stream, or White Nile, to the great equatorial lakes of Central Africa, he concludes his work by suggesting modes of regulating the Nile floods by dams and reservoirs, and a system of irrigation on a magnificent scale that shall utilize this vast body of water, and turn the deserts along which it skirts, and the countries through which it flows, into smiling fields, producing food at the will of man, for millions. "This is the way to civilize the country; the engineer will alter the hard facts of nature. When you have given man a horse for speed, a soil for culture, roads for intercommunication, boats for transport, home agriculture and manufactures, and foreign commerce," then you may begin to teach him the principles of Christianity. Then, and not till then, can we hope for moral progress. We must begin with the development of the physical capabilities of a country before we can expect from the inhabitants sufficient mental vigor to receive and understand the truths of our religion.

"I have met with many Christian missionaries of various and conflicting creeds, who have fruitlessly sown the seed of Christianity on the barren soil of Africa; but their labors were ill-timed, they were too early in the field, the soil is unprepared; the missionary, however earnest, must wait till there be some foundation for a superstructure!" "To the missionary, that noble, self-exiled laborer, toiling too often in a barren field, I must add the word of caution." "Wait, till the slave-trade ceases," and until advancing civilization has made a blooming garden of the valley of the Nile!

Winwood Reade would substitute philanthropic associations for Missionary Societies. "Were it possible," he says, "to awaken popular enthusiasm on behalf of a secular mission for civilizing the negroes, a society might be formed for the diffusion of practical knowledge in foreign parts. The negroes are not yet able to grasp the doctrine of the

Trinity, the immaculate conception, and everlasting punishment; but they have a taste for music, an aptness for language, and a perfect talent for mechanics. I think their bodies ought to be trained before their minds, and that our churches on the coast should be converted into workshops." He sensibly adds, that there is not much probability of this scheme being taken up by the advocates of progress. Christians and missionaries are the only ones who will give their time, their money, their lives, in persistent effort to save Africa; and a fearful task they have of it! No slight barrier to progress is this opposing sentiment of merely rationalistic philanthropists; men who will do nothing themselves to elevate the dark races, and who decry or depreciate the efforts of those engaged in this work. Sir John Bowring thought the Chinese would have to reach Protestant Christianity through Romanism; so Reade thinks "the Catholic religion, of all creeds, the most likely to succeed among savages." But Winwood Reade has discovered that even Romanism is not necessary to civilize Africa. The continent is being civilized by means of Mohammedanism. The Africans are great drunkards; the Koran forbids wine. They are gamblers, and the Koran forbids gambling. They are polygamists, and the Koran restricts them to four wives. Christianity cuts its own throat by inhibiting polygamy altogether. Polygamy is a "natural necessity in Africa," though other writers tell us it is one of the greatest curses of the country, preventing, instead of increasing, population, and that there are seldom, in a household, as many children as wives. Mohammedanism, according to Reade, is to do for Africa what other religions fail to do. The pages of every other author are filled with the atrocities of the Mohammedans. Barth says Mohammedanism is waning in Africa. Schweinfurth sees no evidences of decay. Neither of these great Germans has any patience with this terrible delusion and scourge. It is the great stronghold of that fearful

barrier to African emancipation and elevation, slavery. Slavery is as old as history. African slavery by Africans can be traced to the earliest times. Europeans did not begin slavery in Africa. It existed there as a native institution in the days of the patriarchs, long before Joseph was sold into Egypt to swell the sad list of African bondsmen. America stimulated, perhaps created, the slave-trade away from African soil. Upon the discovery and settlement of the New World, and the consequent demand for laborers, every European power plunged into the traffic in African negroes. England was last in the field, and first out of it. Queen Elizabeth rated Sir John Hawkins for engaging in the traffic, while the royal treasury enhanced its profits by participation in the iniquity. Regarded as piracy on the open seas, and well-nigh broken up by concert of the European powers, slavery still flourishes in the interior and on the East Coast of the African continent. Barth's expedition had the double object of exploring with a view to opening up avenues for commerce, and the abolition of slavery. He speaks of the "endless miseries into which the finest and most populous regions of Africa have been plunged by the slave-hunting expeditions of their merciless Mohammedan neighbors." All the books on Africa are full of this topic. The extensive abolition of slavery in the American States and islands, and the West Coast squadrons, have done much toward the suppression of the infamous traffic ocean-ward; but domestic slavery is as rife as ever in the heart of Africa, among the native tribes. The demands of the Oriental market still, in spite of the vigilance of British cruisers, take out of the country, according to present estimates, from fifty to eighty thousand slaves a year! With all the forces of modern civilization enlisted for its destruction, slavery dies hard. It is as strong, apparently, as it is old, and its age measures years with history. It is not peculiar to climate or race. Every zone has witnessed its blights, every

people has suffered its horrors; but Africa has been, and still is, its chosen habitation.

Polygamy is a form of slavery; wives are an article of merchandise; and every wife is a slave, and not only so, every wife desires slaves to minister to her wants, as she ministers to those of her tyrant and lord. In his "Zambezi" (Harpers), Livingstone censures the Portuguese Government for its connivance at the system. Barth pictures its horrors *passim*. Speke, Burton, Schweinfurth, Baker, Stanley, Livingstone, each and all exhibit the enormities of the system. Sir Samuel Baker, in 1870, aided the Egyptian Government to break up the system on the Upper Nile; but two years later, Schweinfurth found it in full vigor, "never so flourishing." "Neither Baker nor the Government accomplished any thing like a practical supervision over the local authorities at Kordofan." They made "a clean sweep of the waters of the Nile; but did not see, or could not remedy, what was going on on either side of the river-highway." It was all moonshine that the slave-trade was abolished on the Upper Nile. In the district of Khartoum the private slaves belonging to the Mohammedan population number forty thousand. The raids of tribes upon other tribes to procure slaves for the Arab dealers, the raids of Arab dealers upon the natives, the wars, plunderings, shootings, burnings, that depopulate whole districts, and desolate not only villages but extensive tracts, surpass belief, and fill the reader with horror and indignation. "The moral degradation of the natives," says Burton, "must be largely attributed to the working, through centuries, of the slave-trade. The tribes are no longer as nature made them; from strangers they have derived nothing but corruption." "A negro free-man," says Livingstone, "is a hundred times more trustworthy than a slave."

The task of the Christian missionary is a hard one, and apparently hopeless. It is cheering to turn from despairing secularists to hopeful Christians. There are gleams of hope even with the secularists.



Speke says, in his Introduction, "To say that a negro is incapable of instruction is a mere absurdity;" and Burton admits that "curiosity, inquisitiveness, among barbarians, is evidence of improbability and power to progress." Livingstone says, "We smile at the heaps of nonsense that have been written about the negro intellect." Moffat quotes a traveler as saying of the Namaquas: "I must say positively, they know nothing beyond tracking game and breaking in pack-oxen. They did not know one year from another. As to their own age, they knew no more what it was than idiots. Some had no names. Of numbers, of course, they were quite ignorant; few could count above five, and he was a clever fellow who could tell his fingers. Above all, they had not the least idea of a God, or a future state. They were literally like the beasts that perish."

Dr. Moffat differs entirely with this writer. He "never knew a Namaqua who had not a name." He had been "taught by many infant lips to count more than ten, even where no missionaries had labored among them." And they trade in oxen by the thousand! All the tribes, by concurrent testimony of all writers, have some ideas of a God, and some ideas of a spirit-world, if not of a future state.

Moffat animadverts with justice, but hardly with sufficient severity, upon the practice of travelers in making up their judgments of the natives without a knowledge of their language. Large amounts of what comes to us from these transient travelers comes colored by their prejudices, their fancies, their theories, their personal feelings at the moment of writing. Moffat, Wilson, and Livingstone were no Summer "swallows" in the country, passing hastily through it, intent on their own pleasure and having their own way, and disgusted if they could not have all the tribes of the interior at instant command. They were permanent residents, they were patient students of the dialects of the country, they entered into the wants and wishes

of the people; they had confidence in them, and hope in them, and they made converts among them. As early as 1837 and 1838, Moffat, who had then been twenty years in the field, records large accessions to the native Churches. In 1865, Livingstone points "with pride to the missionary societies which are at work on the West Coast of Africa. These societies are sixteen in number; six are British, seven American, two German, and one West Indian. They maintain 104 white missionaries, have 110 stations, 13,000 scholars in 36 schools, and 19,000 registered communicants, representing a Christian population of 60,000."

Livingstone's genuine regard for Americans crops out in this connection: "It is particularly pleasing to see the zeal of our American brethren" (Presbyterians). "The Americans make capital missionaries." Besides his own life efforts to extinguish slavery, and his sturdy Scotch utterances against it, it is peculiarly touching, the fact recorded by Stanley, that his son Robert came to America and enlisted to put down the "great evil," and died in a hospital near Petersburg. Stanley—like Mark Twain, whose "Innocents Abroad," is one of the best books of travel extant, notwithstanding its broad waggery—wields a most sensible American pen, and sensible are his remarks on missionizing Africa. "Four days, by steamer, will bring the missionary to the healthy uplands of Africa, where he can live among a gentle people without fear or alarm, where he can enjoy the luxuries of civilized life without fear of being deprived of them, amid the most beautiful and picturesque scenes a poetic fancy could imagine. Here is the greenest verdure, purest water, valleys teeming with grain, forests of tamarind, the beautiful palm, and such scenes as only a tropical sky covers. Health and abundance of food are assured to the missionary; gentle people are ready to welcome him. Except civilized society, nothing that the soul of man can desire is lacking here."

His picture of what a missionary should be, is as graphic as his descrip-

tion of this inviting mission-field. "The missionary, to be successful, must know his duties as well as a thorough sailor knows how to reef, hand, and steer. He must be no kid-glove effeminate man, no journal writer, no disputatious polemic, no silken stole and chasuble loving priest; but a thorough, earnest laborer in the garden of the Lord—a man of the David Livingstone or Robert Moffat stamp."

And Africa wants missionaries. To be redeemed, she must have missionaries. She can't wait for the philanthropists; she need not go through the Moham-medan mill of Winwood Reade. Her children are in the barbarous state passed through by our European forefathers centuries ago.

Her populations load themselves with beads, and bracelets of copper and iron, to prove Herbert Spencer's position that "ornamentation precedes dress." Her tribes lack agriculture, and the economies enforced by harder climes, and vibrate between gluttony and starvation. She is fond of trade, but has no currency. Trading only by barter in bulky articles, it takes a dozen to forty men to carry one man's pocket-money! She needs a strong, healthy, central government, security to life and property. There is no stimulus to accumulation when one's savings may be wrested from him by fraud or violence at any hour. The native mind still labors under the terrible incubus and delusion of witchcraft, a belief which has haunted all peoples, and of which we have only gotten rid within a few generations. Slave-hunting, oppression, and cheating have made him suspicious of all white men. Traders have created many troublesome customs that now block their own pathway, introduced many vices from which the natives and themselves are alike sufferers. It is no wonder that the dark races are afraid of the whites, and that missionaries share in the suspicion that falls upon the rest of their countrymen. Wherever the whites go offering their bibles, the natives reason (and how can they help it?) thus:

Bibles and opium; bibles and fire-water; bibles and slavery; bibles and fire-arms; bibles and unbridled concubinage; bibles and small-pox and plague; bibles and grasping greed, covetousness, savage brutality, robbery, fire, murder, and general disregard of negro rights in person, property, or life. To us, negroes look all alike; so do whites to them. Good and bad are confounded, and it is no wonder that Chinamen regard the whites as "barbarians," against whom they would gladly shut their ports; or that a sheik in North Africa with whom Barth came in contact, wanted to "forbid the importation of two things, spirituous liquors and bibles."

The strong arm of Christian states is circumventing slavery. Science is pushing her discoveries; commerce is looking for new fields for wealth; Christians and philanthropists are solicitous to benefit the world, in spite of the satires of caricaturists like Dickens, over the zeal of Christians who neglect home duties to weep over the sufferings of distant Borrio-boola-gha. The climate of Africa is deadly; but a better knowledge of the laws of life, climate, and hygiene, diminishes the mortality. Travelers, hunters, explorers, and merchants die as well as missionaries. The advance force, the experimenters in acclimatization, always encounter fearful risks, and exhibit a fearful death-roll. Those who come after, learn by their experience what to shun, what to adopt, who can live, and who will be liable to die. The colonization of America was accomplished at a fearful loss of life. Of the colonies at Jamestown and Plymouth, one half died within six months. Armies and navies melt away, like snow in a June sun, in tropical climes. Yet if a few of the vanguard of the missionary force fall, the Church raises a howl of anguish, and retreats from the field! Africa "still lies in her blood," because the policy of the Church is so timid, so niggardly, so selfish, so wanting in faith in the divine command of the Master: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

EDITORIAL.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

WE have previously referred in these pages to the activity of Madame Dudevant of Paris, better known in the literary world as George Sand, in matters of far higher moral import than much of the literary labor of her earlier life. She has taken of late great interest in the subject of cremation; and it will be quite interesting to know a woman's stand-point in this matter. In the first place, it seems to us quite natural that this subject should be treated with more seriousness and feeling abroad than with us, for these reasons: In the old countries it is by no means so easy to procure a suitable and permanent resting-place for the dead as with us, on account of the value of land in the vicinity of great cities, and the proximity of these to each other. And then, also, the custom of locating a large cemetery within city limits has been so long in vogue that some of them, like the *Pere la Chaise* of Paris, are veritable cities of the dead, right among the living; and so extensive, that to remove them would do violence to the feelings of millions of the living, and seem a sacrilege to the memory of the noble dead. The result is that many of the burial-places in these urban cemeteries are little more than permits for a certain series of years—three, five, or ten, according to the price paid. At the end of these periods the remains, thus temporarily provided for, are removed by the authorities to great pits miles away, unless previously claimed by friends of the deceased, and decently cared for. Not long ago, we saw a paragraph from a French journal, that the remains of the great composer, Auber, would soon be taken from a temporary vault, which had been hired for three years only; and complaint was made that the relatives of a rich man had not been more anxious to pay respect to his genius. This matter is made

still worse in case of the poor, whose bodies are frequently crowded, to the number of five or ten, into one grave, all to be removed in a short period indiscriminately to some unknown spot.

This desecration being a thing so common, and with the present system so unavoidable, it is no wonder that humane hearts are inclined to listen to any system of disposing of the bodies of the dead that will be less revolting to refined feelings. Whether cremation is so or not is an open question; but Madame Dudevant, at least, has taken up her weapon, the pen, in its favor. In language of rare tact and pungency, she combats the presents mode of disposing of the bodies of our friends, and demands a reform in the way of burial. She has a woman's horror of the chance of being buried alive, and a woman's distaste for the process of embalming; and this latter because of the repugnant manipulation to which the body must be subjected in the process. She finds the custom of the Jews and Egyptians, of entombing their dead in rocky vaults, objectionable on account of expense and want of room, while the atmosphere of France is too moist to permit of their desiccation, as was also the practice in some Oriental lands. She says that the body must, under any circumstances, virtually disappear; and objects to its decomposition, and the production of poisonous gases which fill the atmosphere with elements that are noxious to the living. Neither will she have the mummies, which become ludicrous objects of grotesque horror; and therefore argues that it should be hurried into the state of ashes the moment the soul ceases its connection with it. "We must give the bodies of our dear ones to annihilation, just as we sometimes destroy the garments of a dear friend rather than

know that they must be worn by another, and finally be devoted to base purposes. I adopt the idea of cremation, and consider it religious and morally civilizing. Cremation is by no means so complete an annihilation as burial; for what have we of our friends when their bodies are placed six feet under ground? Is the mound that covers our dear ones, or the cross that we erect to their memory, a part of them, that we should sit beside them and pray? But the ashes that we may preserve certainly is; and we may have it in our rooms or somewhere in our dwellings, in vases or urns, as did the ancient Greeks. And can I not even pray better and more undisturbed before the urn in my home-sanctuary than on the distant and exposed mound in the church-yard?" On last Soul's-day, in *Pere la Chaise*, in Paris, amidst the great crowd in all the avenues, there was found, at one spot, a group of poor women kneeling in prayer right in one of the paths. The solution to this peculiar proceeding was the fact that their dead had been buried in one of the transient graves, and had been removed to make room for others. The relatives of the more recently buried had, of course, the prior right to the ground, and the others could do nothing but kneel near where they had laid their dead.

THE public mind in Germany is just now more than usually engaged with the vital question of the culture and education of the young girls of the higher and wealthier classes. It has, indeed, been a much mooted question for the last ten years; but now comes out into bolder significance from the fact that the Government is unusually active in increasing the advantages in the common and public schools for the humbler classes, in which the girls share as the boys. Mixed schools of the upper grade are considered a monstrosity, and only a very small number can be found; the trouble is, therefore, to find large facilities for the instruction of young ladies from refined homes. These, with few exceptions, visit the schools that correspond to our fashionable young ladies' seminaries, and are about on a par with those institutions among us. How practical many of them are, we well know, and how little calculated to provide their pupils with that discipline and knowledge which they need

to fit them for a responsible calling in life. Few of these girls, when they become women, are called upon to provide for themselves; but in the vicissitudes of life all may be; and their hearts and heads should be cultivated as much as possible for the chances that are before them, especially as just this training is most fitting to qualify them for the posts that they are most likely to fill. Their natural and proper calling is love, marriage, the care of a household, and the rearing of a family, and these are too sacred to be left to the incentives or development of chance, and especially among the Germans, who are perhaps the most domestic people in the world.

A recent visitor at the rural retreat of Prince Bismarck made a morning call, and expressed himself quite surprised at being introduced to the wife of the great statesman with a bunch of keys hanging from her girdle. But she was quite as proud of these while attending to her domestic duties as of her diamonds when receiving the diplomats of the world, in her evening receptions while at the capital. And he who is privileged to see the Empress herself during the morning hours would most likely find her engaged in arranging or dusting her private apartments; for this duty she is said to attend to regularly. It is no wonder, therefore, that any system of bringing up young girls which would render these good customs obsolete is received with disfavor. The general feeling of the Germans of the better class is decidedly adverse to the wife and mother having any duties outside of the house, except those of general benevolence and charity, in which woman's hands and presence are most effective. But while demanding this, they are by no means in favor of confining their mental or moral activity to narrow limits. The instructress and example for the children, and the guide of youth, has a task that is by no means compatible with any internal narrowness.

How weighty are the impressions of childhood, and how deeply they take root, because they are accepted unconsciously and without criticism, is but too often proved by the after-life of the individual. The whole development of the child's nature is very often dependent on these early impressions, and makes itself a path in life



under this influence when not directly conscious of it. But these are not enough for the responsibility of the true woman of the period, who should have some comprehension of scientific investigations, of artistic talent, of love of liberty and patriotism, and, indeed, for all higher effort in matters both civil and religious. For these, a girl should not depend alone on the chances of home instruction, which may be faulty or fitful from the incapacity or the absorbing occupations of parents. The girl should be able in her school to acquire sound information in all things that pertain to the serious and practical side of life, entirely independent of the fact whether she may or may not be called on to exercise these qualifications for her personal support. Whereas, it is now the accusation against most of these German schools for young ladies of the better classes, that they deal in tinsel and show, and in those things alone which fit a girl to shine for a few brief hours in the circle of fashion, and then relegate her to a season of idleness and uselessness. The great refuge for young women abroad who are reduced from affluence to poverty is to become governesses. Some of them, who see this career imposed on them in the future as a necessity, make an effort to obtain practical and thorough culture; but the majority of the remainder regard the whole matter as a species of luxury, which is quite inconvenient and troublesome, and which, indeed, costs more than it comes to, and therefore skim over the surface of studies and accomplishments. This has become a so all-pervading error that the more sensible portion of the community are beginning to protest against it, and cry out for a reform that shall give their daughters something besides mere show and glitter, and keep them intellectually in advance of the poorer girls of the ordinary schools.

THE entire courtly circle of the German Emperor recently joined in a family festival in which the whole empire took a vital interest. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the oldest grandson of Emperor William, and heir-presumptive to the throne of Prussia and the Imperial Chair of all Germany, was confirmed as an adult member of the Church of Christ. The entire imperial family gathered in the court church, where

lie the remains of the last king and his consort, to be witnesses of this solemn ceremony; and among other princely guests and relatives was the future king of England, to witness the sacred confirmation of the son of his eldest sister, the Crown-Princess of Germany. The interest of the occasion was greatly heightened by the fact that this royal mother had made nearly all the textual adornments of the occasion with her own hand, showing how deep was the maternal interest which she took in the ceremony. It was the great day of honor for her first-born, and every ornament of the altar and the house of God had been designed or made by herself; these were, in the first place, medallions in garlands of leaves and flowers, that on either side of the nave were woven into the forms of the monogram of Christ and the Trinity. The groups of palms on both sides of the nave of the church were arranged by her; the altar-cloth, of white satin, embroidered with gold, she had placed there; and the very carpet on which the young Prince stood to receive the blessing, she had worked. To this sacred spot, thus piously prepared by a mother's love and industry, the Crown-Prince led his son, wearing the uniform of a regiment of the guard, with the star and band of the Order of the Black Eagle. The sacred office was performed by the court preacher, and the part of the young Prince was made unusually impressive from the fact that his confession and Christian vows were understood to be of his own making. When the last tones of the grand old choral, "Now let us all thank God," had died away, the venerable and deeply affected Emperor embraced his beloved grandson twice in his arms, and the Empress kissed him with a touching fervor, after which his parents embraced and kissed him, with tears of joy. The guests then retired, while the immediate family remained to partake of the first sacrament with the Prince. Thus closed a most significant but simple family solemnity, and one which may tell on the history of the future. "I know what great and responsible tasks await me," were among the words of the confession of the candidate for Church membership, "and I will profit in the period of my youth to gain strength to perform them; I will give my attention to the welfare of the State and the up-building of the Chris-

tian Church." It is certainly a guarantee for the future that those who are to assume the great task now so ably performed by a Protestant emperor, are about to do it with the aid of that God whom he has so often of late, in times of trial and victory, invoked. This Christian principle thus early budding in the heart of one who is to be the bearer of great destinies in the world's history, is a source of great encouragement, and the interest of the mother in the occasion reveals her influence and absorbing interest.

A VERY laudable movement is now on foot in Berlin, showing the interest taken by all classes in the fate of the female teachers of all grades. It is proposed to establish a "Home," or retreat for female teachers and governesses who may need, on account of temporary disability, or at the end of their career, a haven of rest, where they may be comparatively free from care, and be sure of a modest support. Its object is to offer to faithful women, without distinction of religious confession, for their latter years some

kind of assistance, either by giving them a small sum of money, or taking them into this "Home," and providing for their old age. The proposition receives the support of the Minister of Public Instruction, who seems to be alive to good works, notwithstanding he is the recipient of so much abuse from the Catholics, on account of the new school-laws. A prominent physician is working with word and pen for this object; while a goodly number of benevolent men and women are giving it their attention. It is also proposed to establish in connection with it a sort of pension-fund for those who have worked faithfully for a long series of years. A wealthy and liberal merchant has already contributed to the enterprise a very fine building-lot in the vicinity of Berlin, and a subscription-list has been opened for the participation of all who take an interest in the valuable cause. The presiding officer of the Association of German Instructresses has issued a call regarding the affair, and the whole matter is being worked up with such interest that success now seems certain.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

AT the Sunday-school Convention held during the past Summer, at Chautauqua Lake, the project of a Woman's National Temperance Convention was started, and met with such favor that a call was made upon each State to send delegates in proportion to its number of Congressional districts. Cleveland, Ohio, was to be the place of meeting, and the 18th of November the time of its assembling. Flattering accounts of the three days' session flowed from the pens of reporters of the secular press, but with an undercurrent of malicious fun at the want of observance of parliamentary rules and forms. Perhaps in the good time coming, when girls shall have equal advantages with boys in the matter of education, and when, through crusading women's efforts, habitual intemperance shall become such a hinderance, rather than a help, to political aspirants, that Congress shall not be

obliged to enforce parliamentary rules in the expulsion of members from their seats for the crime of drunkenness, women may have an opportunity to learn these much needed rules and forms, sitting at the feet of even so orderly and dignified a body as the United States House of Representatives.

At the Cleveland November Convention, delegates were present from sixteen States. Mrs. J. F. Willing, of Illinois, was made temporary Chairman; Mrs. Johnson, of New York, Secretary; and the Committee on Credentials represented Indiana, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Vermont. Gentleman visitors were invited to occupy seats on either side of the altar; but were not expected to take part in the proceedings. Mrs. Donelson, of Toledo, first addressed the Convention upon the great work which Jesus Christ had given woman to do in bringing her forward in the world. "Mother Stewart"



led in prayer, after which a committee of one from each State was appointed to select permanent officers for the Association. Mrs. Wittenmeyer, of Pennsylvania, was made President; Mesdames Marcy, Thompson, Wallace, Aldrich, Gifford, Kenyon, Haven, Reed, Chase, Steele, and Miss Gaines were made Vice-Presidents; Miss Frances Willard was chosen Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Johnson, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Ingham, Treasurer.

At the afternoon session, Mrs. M'Cabe, of Delaware, Ohio, delivered an address of welcome to the State and to the city. Her concluding words were as follows: "The importance of the occasion, the greatness and sacredness of the cause, the consecrated talent in this august assembly, the interests of our nation for which we are assembled,—these add to our emotions of pleasure those of awe and fear, lest in our great responsibility we stumble and err. Therefore, in the name of mothers who have wept and prayed through all the ages of anguish past, whose 'tongues are silent in the grave,' mothers who still wake to weep; in the name of fathers broken-hearted, of countless widows and homeless orphans, of manhood ruined and lost, a long dark procession of those who have gone and those who still live to struggle and weep—in the name of these, we would welcome Him whose sword is the truth, but whose name is Love; who cometh in the greatness of his strength, and whose garments are red with the world's reforms; but whose victories are in meekness, we welcome Thee, great leader of the Temperance Reform."

A response was made by Mrs. M. C. Johnson, of Brooklyn, New York, part of whose words were these: "We meet as women of Galilee, who have been following the blessed Master. We have seen the multitudes in sin and suffering upon whom he has compassion, and have looked to him for strength, and he has given it. Ours is a most solemn call. Our God is upon our side. We have to-day pledged ourselves, our God helping us, to continue together until 'there shall be no more sea;' no more tossing, restless worry of sin and distress about us; no more poverty, anguish, and moans—all tears wiped away; no more this dreadful death and destruction, nor any more pain; when there

shall be no more curse; until we reach that city whose streets are of pure gold, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Committees were appointed on resolutions; on drafting a constitution for the Association; on business; on addressing a circular letter to the women of other countries; on the drafting of an appeal to the young ladies of the land; and on the preparation of a memorial to Congress. Reports from various sections of the country were given by delegates, showing that "if woman had done nothing more, she had fixed the eye of the world upon the evil of intemperance," which was more than half the work; and that she intended to go on with her labors, whether men may or may not cry, forbear! It was suggested that the commercial and political aspects of the question should be left entirely to the men, while women should confine their attention to its moral aspect, or be at once shorn of their power. It was justly said, that men had had at their command the pulpit, the bar, and the press, yet had accomplished nothing in the great Temperance Reform. When the women took hold of it, something was done; and carpers could not say that their home duties had not been as well attended to as though they had not been engaged in this great work.

The foes of the temperance cause were reported to be on the alert, as shown by the firing of houses and the girdling of trees; and the making of martyrs was spoken of as a near probability.

Mrs. M. M. Brown, of Alliance, read, as a part of the report, a preambulatory address to the women of America. The address declares the liquor-traffic opposed to the Declaration of Independence; that it violates the laws of political economy, creates pauperism, prevents improvement of the lower classes, demoralizes the higher, imposes unjust burdens upon the community, brings misery into homes, endangers and sacrifices life, keeps thousands out of heaven, and has no excuse. The demand for stimulants is unnatural, and created by liquor itself; that women are set apart, as apostles of temperance reform, by unmistakable indications of divine will, and she is by all her nature and qualities peculiarly fitted for the work, because she respects neither time, place, circumstances, policy, nor finance, but

only seeks to know and do what is right. They are not content to fight intemperance as an evil; they war upon the liquor-traffic as a crime. All women are exhorted to enlist in the cause, in the name of Christ.

A resolution was offered, but tabled, requesting State Legislatures to disfranchise liquor-sellers, as well as one requesting ministers and Churches to act according to their professions. Those pledging all friends of the cause to renewed effort, declaring against putting intemperate men into office, asking physicians to exercise care in the use of stimulants, were adopted. After some discussion as to the word Christian, the Convention was formally christened, "The Women's National Christian Association."

The plan of work adopted by the Convention wisely commenced at the foundation, in proposing that children should be taught in school the ethics, physiology, and hygiene of total abstinence; that prizes should be awarded for essays on the subject of intemperance; and that the engraving known as the "Railroad to Ruin," should be placed upon the walls of every school-room. It also embraced the frequent holding of mass-meetings; the circulation of temperance literature; the organization of temperance glee-clubs; the endeavor to secure from editors a column to be edited in the interest of the reform, and soliciting from pastors frequent sermons and special services having direct reference to the great topic. The plan also recommended the banishment of fermented wine from the communion table; the formation of anti-treat leagues; the establishment of bureaus of information, of temperance coffee-rooms, of homes for inebriate women, and of clubs for reformed men. A resolution was adopted, asking the President, and others in office, to set a good example by discarding, from their homes and tables, all intoxicating liquors. The Convention adjourned for one year.

Its members are said to have been talented, well-bred, well-mannered, well-attired, and well-educated—fine specimens of American motherhood and womanhood.

—Under the auspices of women, the great reform progresses slowly, but surely, throughout the land. In Ohio, suits under the Adair Law have been gained, and "Friendly

Inns," as substitutes for saloons, have been opened to young men. In Massachusetts, temperance unions have been formed; and in many towns, East and West, whisky could not be procured, for love or money, on election-day. At the Lutheran Sunday-school Convention recently held in Pennsylvania, there were present over two hundred delegates, at least half of whom were of the gentler sex. Strong ground was of course taken upon the temperance question. The Chicago ladies, under the leadership of Miss Willard, have organized for thorough work, and are calling to their aid active workers at home and from abroad. Many Cleveland young ladies have become members of a temperance league, and are endeavoring to remove the impression that young men whose habits are questionable are as highly esteemed by them as those that are temperate. In Bangor, a temperance revival is in progress, and some ruin-sellers are converts. In San Francisco, women, by law, are deprived of the right to stand up at the bar and drink like men. In New York, drunkenness has been considered an aggravation to the offense, in the case of a woman who kidnapped a child while drunk, instead of being a ground for lenity.

—It is said that in rural districts, and away from the liquor-interests, the feeling in Michigan is very strongly in favor of woman suffrage. Pennsylvania has one hundred and fifty postmistresses, not one of whom will Postmaster General Jewell have occasion to remove for inefficiency, or for misapplication of funds, there never having been an instance in our country of a defaulter to the Government in these ranks. The employment of women as telegraph operators is said to exert an influence over the wires to such an extent that the low jests and vulgarity once exchanged between male operators have given place to a better style of conversation. The intimation that there is a woman employed on the circuit puts a quietus upon the worst of blasphemers.

—The subject of woman's dress has been often discussed; but there is little hope of American ladies adopting a peculiarly American costume. Still they may find many excellent hints looking toward a dress-reform in a new book by Abba Gould Woolson.



## ART NOTES.

—VERDI, the great musical composer, is a member of the Italian Senate.

—Bierstadt's fine picture of King's River Cañon, in California, has been on exhibition during the Winter in New York.

—Dr. Henry W. Bellows, of New York, recently gave a lecture in Syracuse, New York, on "The Fine Arts, and especially Music, in their Moral and Social Influence."

—At the *Palais des Beaux Arts* there are now on exhibition twenty-eight models in plaster for the Lamartine monument to be erected at Macon.

—During December, Rev. John Weiss delivered in New York his second course of lectures (five in number) on Shakespearean subjects—"The Women of Shakespeare." Mr. Weiss was remarkably successful both in his first and second courses on themes connected with the great poet. When will the people tire of Shakespeare? Clearly, not until their hearts are other than human.

—The public was sorely disappointed by the positive announcement of Th. Nast that he would not enter the lecture field this season. Thousands were delighted by his mirth-provoking caricatures last season, and thousands more were anticipating this Winter the enjoyment which they then allowed to pass them by unimproved. We can only hope that Mr. Nast may be led to revise this his decision, or, at least, another season may consent to reappear before his large and delighted audiences.

—At the *Manufacture des Gobelins*, Paris, there are six fine pieces of tapestry just out of the loom, that are to be used in the decoration of the new opera-house—by the way, one of the most gorgeous and perfect opera-houses of the world. These tapestries are to ornament the refreshment-room, and they are called respectively, "Wine," "Fruit," "The Chase," "Fishing," "Pastry," and "Tea." They are each represented by allegorical figures of rare beauty; and the entire series are said to be among the richest works produced by these world-renowned looms.

—America has recently lost one of her most accomplished vocalists by the death of Sherwood C. Campbell, at Chicago. Early he was associated with the better sort of negro minstrelsy; but of late he has achieved great success in the English opera. He especially excelled in the plaintive style; hence the airs of Balfe, and similar compositions, were his favorites. He accompanied Mme. Parepa Rosa to England, and was with her at the time of her death. He was a great favorite with the public; and his refined manners and superb baritone voice will be sorely missed by the lovers of the higher music.

—Mr. Knoedler, in the Goupil Gallery, New York, has had a most remarkable collection of paintings this Winter. It contains some of the very best works of the very best artists of the present day. Among these may be mentioned, of special excellence, Boughton's "The Heir-presumptive," a marvel of perfection that will richly repay the most careful study; "The First Love," one of the largest and best works of Bouguereau, especially charming from its simplicity of treatment; and a bathing-scene on the coast of Holland, by K  mmerer, a pupil of G  rome. Besides these are gems by G  rome, Meissonnier, Auguste Bonheur, Meyer von Bremen, W. T. Richards, Mouchot, Satterlee, and others. No visitor to New York should fail to visit it.

—We notice that the seven trustees, to whom Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, gave a deed of his property—to be used largely for art and scientific purposes—have already sold at auction enough to amount, even in these dull times, to over two millions of dollars. By this arrangement Mr. Lick becomes a pensioner on his own pay-roll; and he is said to receive a far larger annual allowance than he himself originally planned. He is already seventy-eight years old, yet may live to see some of his magnificent projects realized before his eyes. What greater pleasure and satisfaction can be felt than in the contemplation of the results of such wisely directed beneficence?

—A capital suggestion to those who contemplate the collection of cabinets of casts of antique sculpture is Mr. Brigham's "Cast Catalogue of Antique Sculpture." Though not what all might be satisfied with, still it contains lists of excellent casts, their sizes, prices, the names and addresses of casters, and also sizes and prices of reductions, besides a large number of photographs. Information is also given in regard to the manner of making casts, and directions given for distinguishing those taken from new molds and those taken from old and worn molds. In an Appendix is a brief "Introduction to the Study of Ornament."

—The works of many modern painters, Delaroche, Delacroix, Horace Vernet, Ingres, etc., have been removed from the Luxembourg to the Louvre, where they are to occupy the suite of rooms facing the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It has been customary to continue the works of deceased artists for some time in the Luxembourg in order for a mature judgment of their merits to be formed ere they are removed to the Louvre.

—The opinion expressed by some modern writers, that sculpture, rather than painting, was the peculiar *forte* of the ancients, is being more and more controverted by the discoveries of the mural paintings and mosaic treasures of Pompeii. A recent excavation has revealed yet another magnificent painting, on the wall of a house in the immediate vicinity of what is usually known as the Faun. It is an Orpheus playing upon his cithera, and charming the animals that are gathered around him. It is of colossal size; yet beautiful in the extreme, and most fresh in coloring. An exact copy is being produced for preservation in the Naples Museum, where is the richest collection of materials to illustrate the manners, customs, and life of the Romans at the beginning of the Christian era. We often ask ourselves, If such treasures of art as have already been exhumed from Pompeii belonged to a small provincial town, what magnificence must have characterized the great centers of population and thought? Very many have been the discoveries already made; and many are the exquisite art-treasures that have been collected into the incomparably rich museums of Rome

and Naples. Still, can we suppose that a tithe of the beautiful art-works of antiquity have yet been exhumed? Are we not rather to suppose that the passing years are to reward the excavator on the sites of the old civilizations as richly as the past? We can only repeat the ardent wish that America might, by some means, private or public, be induced to thrust in her spade on the banks of the Alpheus within the old sacred grove of Altis, and enrich herself with the results of her labors. Why will not Kistler, of the North-western, or Codington, of the Syracuse University, or Van Benschoten, of the Wesleyan, preach this crusade, and reap the reward?

—Mr. Boucicault's name is so constantly before the public, as the author of the most successful dramas of the time, that we have taken the pains to ascertain, as accurately as possible, the number of plays he has written, and the number of times each has been performed. Mr. Boucicault has written over four hundred plays. The names of the most successful are as follows, and to each is appended the number of times each has been performed: "The Colleen Bawn," 3,100 times; "Arrah-na-Pogue," 2,400; "London Assurance," 2,900; "Rip Van Winkle," 1,400; "Old Heads and Young Hearts," 1,250; "The Octaroon," 1,800; "Formosa," 1,100; "Jessie Brown," 820; "The Corsican Brothers," 2,200; "Don Caesar de Bazan," 1,700; "Used Up," 1,350; "The Willow Copse," 1,110; "The Streets of New York," 2,860; "Led Astray," 498. These are the leading ones. Other have had a run of from 100 to 1,000 nights each. The total number of all the performances must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts to each performance averaged \$500, the money paid by the public to witness these works would amount to \$25,000,000. The profits from "London Assurance," when first produced at Covent Garden Theater, as appears from the records of the management, were \$120,000. The profits of the "Colleen Bawn" were \$200,000 in one year; the profits of "Arrah-na-Pogue," \$180,000. The gross receipts of "Led Astray," last year, at the Union Square Theater, were \$154,000, of which \$80,000 were profit. On these four pieces, the theaters cleared upward of \$600,000.



—An interesting collection of Albert Dürer's copper-plates and wood-cut engravings has recently been purchased by the Academy of Arts at Vienna. The history of this collection can be distinctly traced for more than a century. It first came into the possession of Goethe's friend and correspondent, Heinrich Sebastian Hüsger. On the death of Hüsger, in 1808, it was purchased by Schosser, whose widow bequeathed it to Professor Steinle, of Vienna, through whose heirs it has now passed by sale to the galleries of the Imperial Academy. Thus the tendency among the governments of Europe is to bring these choice works under the safe-keeping of the State, and thus minister to the general good by their easy accessibility.

—The death of the celebrated Spanish artist, Fortuny, was announced by cable in November. Since his death the value of his pictures has been greatly enhanced. He was born in 1839, hence was a man not yet in the prime of life. Nevertheless, he had achieved immortal fame by his marvelous success as a painter. After his return from a Spanish expedition into Morocco, where he had made some of his most striking studies, he visited Gérôme and Meissonnier, in Paris, being specially impressed with the style of the work of the latter; subsequently, he visited Madrid, studying under the celebrated artist, Goya. From 1866 to 1869, he was busy in working up his Morocco studies, and placed his paintings on exhibition in Paris. By this his permanent fame was assured. His celebrated picture, "A Marriage in the Vicaria, Madrid," brought the handsome sum of \$16,000. A few of this artist's works have found their way to this country, Mr. Borie, of Philadelphia, A. T. Stewart, of New York, and Mr. Cutting, of Chicago, being among the few fortunate owners of his works.

—But there are many days in which Florence reminds the spectator of every thing in the world rather than the sunny South; and neither the mind of her people, nor the architecture of her streets, is of a light description. Dante, Macchiavelli, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, are names that give the mind no superficial sensation of pleasurable-ness; but represent to us, perhaps, the most serious men who have figured on

earth—men of a certain mountainous vastness and grandeur, with great light sometimes dwelling on their heads; but still oftener wrapped in deep glooms, absorbed in contemplation of the saddest side of nature, their heads striking the stars, their souls engrossed in high questions and problems, such as have no easy solution. We have placed among them a name which the reader may think too highly honored; but the cynic philosopher and statesman is as characteristic of the people as the great poet, the great preacher, the great painter, all toiling in sorrow and pity and wrath, between a sublime God and a miserable world lost in wickedness. Serious as death and life can make them are all these great spirits, called gloomy by the superficial spectators, who can not see beneath the gloom the pathetic humanity, the love and yearning within; and so are their houses serious, great walls, half fortress, half prison, with deep, projecting Tuscan roofs, which, like a broad hat over a fair brow, veil the countenance of the city, so to speak, and convey to us a perpetual impression of brooding solemnity, if not of complot and conspiracy. The churches, except, perhaps, the warm, familiar, curtained elegance of the Annunziata, are, like the city, solemn with a dim greatness of half light, which adds to their size and effect, but somewhat chills the eye accustomed to Gothic variety of light and shade. They are places in which it is easier to imagine a great mediæval audience listening absorbed to a great sermon, intent on the strain of burning words which came from lips such as those of Savonarola, than to realize the presence of devout worshipers, of a gorgeous ceremonial of devotion, celestial music, rich vestments, and clouds of incense.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

—The frequently adopted plan of waiting to see whether children "have any taste," or "show any love," for music, is a wrong one. No child would prefer practicing scales to playing ball; and few boys, if the cultivation of their tastes depended upon the whims of their ever-flying fancies, would turn into educated men. First give them the opportunity of forming a taste, and for its development trust to the æsthetic element of their nature.—*Appleton's Journal*.

## CURRENT HISTORY.

—THE Carlist cause is rapidly growing weaker in Spain. Each month records new defeats, and the loss of positions which will be irrecoverable. Nov. 4th, their main army commenced the attack on Irun, which was kept up, with considerable vigor, for seven days. The besiegers threw three shells into the city to every two returned by the besieged. Republican troops, however, were fast concentrated at the scene of action, and at one P. M., Nov. 11th, the Carlists abandoned all their positions, and retired into Navarre. The loss sustained by the besieging army was heavy. Nov. 25th, the defeated Carlists returned, after having collected their shattered forces, and reopened fire on Irun. Their success is very doubtful. Dec. 1st, the Carlists also laid siege to Berga.

—A dispatch from Matamoras, November 20th, says, that the Mexican Congress has decreed a constitution of a Senate, to be made up of two senators from each State and federal district of the Republic.

—The New York *Herald* correspondent at Khartoom, Africa, reports, November 10th, the return of Colonel Long from Gondokoro, bringing intelligence of his discovery of a new river, situated in latitude one degree and thirty minutes north, flowing into Victoria Lake. The road between Uganda and Zanzibar is very unsafe.

—Sir Hercules Robinson, in a dispatch from the Fiji Islands, reports to the Home Government, that he has imposed taxes, established a tariff, based on that of New South Wales, and framed a code of laws. He retains the government in his own hands until further orders. The King has sent a message confiding the interests of his people to the justice and clemency of Queen Victoria.

—The insurrection still continues in the Argentine Republic. A dispatch from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, at Buenos Ayres, under date of Nov. 20th, said: "The rebellion is ended. The gunboat *Parana* has surrendered. Mitre flies to the desert, abandoning all his baggage." But later advices are as follows: "A battle was fought

on the 25th of November, near Laverde, between the Government troops and the insurgents. The national forces were commanded by General Arras, and the insurrectionists were under General Mitre. The engagement was a severe one, lasting three hours, and closing without any decided result. Four hundred of the Government troops were killed and wounded. The loss of the insurgents was not known. Colonel Balzas, of the Government army, was wounded. It is reported at Montevideo, that General Mitre has sent a representative to Buenos Ayres to negotiate with the Government for a cessation of hostilities."

—Mr. Baker, Minister of the United States, recently received information that the residence of the American missionaries, at Latakia, Syria, was violated by an armed force. He immediately called upon the Grand Vizier, and had a long conversation with him on the subject of the outrage. The Grand Vizier said he was waiting for the report of the Governor of Syria, and could take no action until it was received; but he promised most positively that the Porte would give the United States Government full and complete satisfaction, if wrong had been done.

—The summary of statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1874 is as follows: There are now eighty Annual Conferences, showing an increase this year of four. Itinerant preachers, 10,845; increase, 274. Local preachers, 12,706; increase, 445. Lay members, 1,345,089; increase, 56,385. Members on probation, 218,432; increase, 43,109. Total lay members, 1,563,521; increase, 99,494. Church edifices, 14,989; increase, 460. Value of church edifices, \$69,049,523; showing an increase of \$2,716,943. Parsonages, 4,989; increase, 311. Value of parsonages, \$9,467,170; increase, \$924,616. Total value of churches and parsonages, \$78,516,693; an increase of \$3,641,559. Sunday-schools, 18,958; increase, 927. Sunday-school scholars, 1,383,227; increase, 64,624. Total teachers and scholars, 1,586,636; increase, 74,853.



—Jerusalem is connected with Europe by two lines of télégraph.

—The British Museum Library has twelve miles of book-shelving.

—The great painting of St. Anthony, by Murillo, has been stolen from the cathedral in Seville.

—Late revisions of the pension list in France show that there are, still living, twenty-five thousand men who served in the armies of the first Napoleon.

—On the 11th instant they raised to the top of the Vendôme Column in Paris the bronze casting which forms the pedestal for the statue. It weighs five thousand pounds.

—The *India Evangelical Review* estimates the number of converts to Christianity in Hindostan, for the year 1873, at five thousand; or, including Burma and Ceylon, six thousand.

—A recent calculation relative to the European languages show that English is spoken by 90,000,000 of persons; German, by 45,000,000; Spanish, by 55,000,000; and French by 45,000,000.

—Advices of the 10th instant, from Cape Coast Castle, announce that King Coffee, of Ashantee, had been deposed and succeeded by his nephew. This change will unite all the tribes on a friendly footing.

—Conflicting accounts are given of the alleged outrages at Broussa, Turkey. It was stated that, on September 7th, two hundred Turkish soldiers, led by an aid of the Governor, broke into the Armenio-Catholic Church, wounding and driving out the worshipers. The soldiers also scaled the walls of the Episcopal Palace, and seized the Bishop. An "Armenian," writing to the *London Times*, explains the matter thus: "The Armenian Catholics have always elected their own patriarch; but the Pope recently sent out as Metropolitan, Hassoun, an Armenian priest, educated in the Propaganda, without consulting the Armenians. The majority of the Armenians refused to submit to this encroachment on their privileges, and elected their own Metropolitan, known as the anti-Hassounite Patriarch. Upon the repeated refusal of Hassoun to withdraw, the Turkish Government has seized the church property for the Armenian Church proper."

—Archbishop Manning issued a circular letter, November 29th, to all of the Churches of his diocese, declaring that all persons who do not accept the dogma of Papal infallibility cease to be Catholics.

—In response to urgent requests from the Royal Geographical Society, the English Government has decided to send out a Polar Expedition next May, consisting of two steamers. Captain Alfred Markham, R. N., will have chief command.

—There are about 700,000 gypsies in Europe, and 18,000 in England. Their religion seems to extend no further than a belief in their annihilation at death, although an occasional convert to the Christian faith is made here and there among them.

—A hurricane prevailed in several localities in the United States on the night of November 23d, doing severe damage. Some of the estimates and reports are as follows: At Trenton, N. J., damage \$50,000; in the adjacent country, \$40,000; at Portland, Me., a schooner wrecked, and three men drowned; at Dunville, Ont., schooner wrecked, and four men frozen to death; at San Francisco, damage \$30,000; and at Tusculumbia, Ala., the greater portion of the houses were blown down, and the inhabitants left destitute and shelterless.

—The difficulties between Japan and China, arising out of the Formosan affair, were amicably settled early in November. China agreed to pay an indemnity, and Corea promised to send to Japan the heads of all those who insulted the Government. China agreed to keep Formosa and the savages under control for the future. The Japanese will retire from the island. There is great satisfaction in Japan over this result; but so little has the Government been influenced by pecuniary motives, that they have already determined to return a part, if not the whole, of the indemnities. They required it only as an unmistakable acknowledgment of the propriety of their action. That having been vindicated, they are disinclined to keep the money. Renewed efforts were made to induce the Chinese to submit their quarrel with Japan to diplomatic arbitration; but the Peking Government was entirely averse to such proposals.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

AN ANCIENT ADVERTISEMENT.—The following advertisement originally appeared in the Boston *Evening Post*, of November 7, 1748:

"Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco Paper to be sold by the publishers of this paper, at the Heart and Crown—where also may be had the BVLLS or Indulgences of the present Pope Urban VIII, either by the single bull, quire, or ream, at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased of the *French or Spanish* priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same advantage to the possessors."

These bulls or indulgences of the Pope were printed on one side of a small sheet; several bales of them were taken in a Spanish ship, captured by an English cruiser, and sent into Boston. Fleet, the publisher of the *Post*, purchased a very large quantity at a very low price, and printed various editions of ballads on the backs of them. One side of the sheet was blank, and the paper very good; one bull answered for two half-sheet ballads or songs, such as "Black-eyed Susan," etc.

ETERNAL WINTER IN ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.—There is a pass in the Catskill Mountains, between Shandakin Center and Westkill, Ulster County, N. Y., where snow and ice can be found at all seasons of the year. A road runs some five miles up a deep hollow, bounded on the two sides by high mountains, with a clear, ice-cold stream of water running down its center. Stretching across the head of this hollow is another mountain, somewhat higher than the others, that makes one think the passage-way had suddenly terminated in a sort of *cul de sac*; but upon arriving at its base, the road turns directly to the right, and enters a narrow pass hardly fifty feet in width. On each side, the mountains tower upward a thousand feet from the roadway, not perpendicular, but so steep, when the trees have shed their foliage, the top can be seen by a person standing at the foot. In this pass the sun can not penetrate in Summer, and even in Winter can be seen but for a short time. There is snow and ice during the hottest days of Summer a few feet from the roadway. There are large masses of solid ice in some caves not farther than five feet from the road.

Strange as it may seem, the growth of vegetation is very rank, the lichens especially covering the rocks profusely, though animals of all kinds are very scarce, it being too cold for their comfort. There are no bird-songs here, no hum of insects, not even the gurgling of water or rustling of foliage can be heard; a deep, oppressive, unbroken quiet reigns supreme. At night, a blackness, dense and impenetrable, fills this wintry pass, and few people care to drive it then.

A FOREIGNER'S ENGLISH. — A French count, who boasted of his perfection in the English language, wrote: "Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here i speak, and hear speaking all the day English, and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, i tell them 'Golon,' and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Believe the faithful friendship that i feel for you, since that you were so much high as my finger."

AN ENGLISH LADY'S DRESS IN THE TIME OF HENRY V.—The dress of this period was distinguished by the heart-shaped coiffure, the extravagance of which gave occasion for the satirical remarks of contemporary writers. It is certainly as ugly and unbecoming as could be well devised, and Isabella of Bavaria, to whom the fashion is attributed, carried it to such an extent that, as the story is related, the doors of the palace of Vincennes had to be raised and widened in order to admit the Queen and her attendants when in full dress. The hair was still worn in a case of network, or gold fret, to which Chaucer alludes in his poem of the "Flowre and the Leal:"

"And everich on her head  
A rich fret of golde, which withouten drede  
Was full of stately net stones set."

A veil was occasionally thrown over the heart-shaped head-dress. The rest of the costume was not ungraceful. The waist, worn rather short, was girded by a richly embroidered belt, enriched with precious stones. The petticoat was full and flowing, and adorned with broad borders of fur, or



some other ornament. The sleeves were immoderately long and large, and were worn terminating in a pouch, which answered the purpose of pocket. This awkward contrivance was later abandoned, and ladies wore bags hanging from the girdle. The dress of the higher ranks consisted chiefly of silk and stuffs; the others, by sumptuary law, could only wear coarse flannel and fustian.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTH-WEST.—The first Government land-office in Wisconsin was established at Green Bay. The first tract of land sold, was to Increase Claflin and Daniel Darnell, July 30, 1835, being lot 1, of sec. 8, town 22, range 20; lying just below Wrightstown, Brown County. On the same day, Daniel Darnell bought frac. sec. 33, town 7, range 22, near Milwaukee. The first tracts sold at public auction were lots 3 and 4, sec. 23, town 2, range 9, about twenty miles west of Janesville, sold to Jesse Armstrong. This was on the 17th of August, 1835. Less than forty years ago, the first Government lands ever sold in Wisconsin! A circumstance hardly credible, when we consider that the State is now not only thickly settled, but the center of a group of States, then a wilderness known only as an Indian Territory.

LITERARY NOTES.—The catalogue of Barry Cornwall's library, recently sold by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, announced a copy of the spurious Shelley letters which Mr. Robert Browning edited, and so promptly suppressed when he found his mistake. This copy is a presentation one to "B. W. Procter, from Robert Browning." There is also a copy of Barry Cornwall's "English Songs," and other small poems, presented to "Leigh Hunt, with the kind regards of the author." A manuscript note adds: "The poems and lines which are marked in this book were marked by Leigh Hunt, who then returned it to me, and I gave him another copy. B. W. P." There is, too, a copy of the "Sorrows of Werter," with the autograph "M. W." (Mary Wollstonecraft), and the following manuscript note by Basil Montagu: "Taken from the library of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, a short time before her death, to be preserved as a memorial of my respect and esteem for her. Sunday morning, September 10, 1797, 8 o'clock. B. M."

On a copy of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, the following manuscript note occurs at the end of the Preface: "Mary Cowden Clarke.

Thus may we gather honey from the weeds,  
And make a moral of the Devil himself.

—Note omitted at the particular request of the printer."

AUTHORSHIP OF A HYMN.—"Come, thou fount of every blessing."—The London *Notes and Queries* several years since spoke of this well-known hymn as having been found among the papers of the Countess of Huntingdon, in her handwriting, and for this reason considered her the author. This, however, is no evidence against the general consent of authorities, all of whom, we believe, without exception, attribute the authorship to Robinson of Cambridge. We find in a contemporary two additional stanzas which are usually omitted in hymn-book reprints. Our readers may be pleased to see them:

"O, that day when freed from sinning,  
I shall see thy lovely face!  
Clothed then in blood-washed linen,  
Now I'll sing thy sovereign grace.  
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,  
Take my raptured soul away;  
Send thine angels now to carry  
Me to realms of endless day.  
If thou ever didst discover  
To my faith the promised land,  
Bid me now the stream pass over;  
On that heavenly border stand.  
Now surmount whate'er opposes,  
Into thy embraces fly;  
Speak the word thou didst to Moses,  
Bid me get me up and die."

We may add, by the way, that the *Episcopal Recorder* thus mentions a comical effort of that detestable tribe, the hymn-menders, on one well-known couplet in this fine lyric: "Two lines in the third stanza are sometimes given thus:

'Let that grace now like a fetter,  
Still support and comfort me.'

The support and comfort of a fetter are certainly very novel."

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.—The national hymn, "God save the King," it is said, is of French origin. It was composed by Lulli, by order of Madame de Maintenon, for Louis XIV, and was transported to England by Handel, who copied it at Versailles, and passed it off as his own.

## SCIENTIFIC.

WE can not better set forth the progress of scientific investigation in America than by giving short extracts from some of the more popular papers read at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

**CAVE FAUNA OF THE MIDDLE STATES.**—Last Spring, Professor Packard was engaged with Mr. Sanborn in exploring the caves of Kentucky, under the auspices of the Geological Survey of that State. They first examined the Mammoth Cave, and doubled the number of animals known to exist therein, and in others adjoining. An exploration, with Professor Shaler, of the Carter Caves, in Grayson County, Kentucky, also revealed a rich fauna, composed of twenty species. Professor Packard also examined Wyandot Cave alone, and found a wingless *Proctos* and two species of *Thysanura*, new to the cave. Several caves within sixteen miles of New Albany, Indiana, at Bradford, were examined. Finally a careful examination of Weyer's Cave, in Virginia, and the adjoining Cave of the Fountains, revealed a fauna containing some twenty species, no life having been previously reported from those caves.

**GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.**—Professor Muir has studied the glacial phenomena, particularly in that portion of the Sierra Nevada embraced in the space between Carson City and Lake Owen, about two hundred miles in length by about sixty in width, attaining an elevation of, along the axis, from 8,600 feet to nearly 15,000 feet above the sea. All the individual mountains distributed over this vast area, of whatever kind, have been broken into relief during the glacial epoch by the direct mechanical action of the ice-sheet and the glaciers into which it afterward separated. The chief phenomena presented are: First, scratched and polished surfaces; second, moraines; third, sculptured rock-forms and sculpture, as seen in valleys, ridges, basins, lakes, and separate mountains. The author thinks, that, instead of individual mountains and the loftiest peaks being formed by

special upheaval, or that the chasms which separate them were made by subsidence, they were formed by the removal of materials which once filled the intervening chasms; and all that would be required to obliterate their distinctive character would be the restoration of materials which have been carried away. The glaciers themselves, while carving out the summit-peaks, were the transporting agents.

**CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.**—Much attention has been drawn of late, in England and our own country, to the carnivorous plants, such as the pitcher-plant, the Venus's fly-trap, and others. Dr. Mellichamp gave an account of some recent observations at Bluffton, South Carolina, upon the *Sarracenia variolaris*, which abounds in that locality. This species of the pitcher-plant has an elongated, conical, erect leaf, with a broad lamina curved over the opening, and a wide longitudinal wing upon one side, the whole length of the tube. The upper portion is veined with purple, the intervening spaces being white and translucent. The base of the tube secretes a watery fluid which is not sweet nor odorous, but which proves quickly fatal to all insects that fall into it. The whole inner surface is covered with very minute prickles, perfectly smooth and pointed downward, which render it impossible for an insect to ascend by walking, even when the leaf is laid nearly horizontal. Within the somewhat dilated rim of the tube there is a band, half an inch in width, dotted with a sweet secretion attractive to insects, but not intoxicating. This also extends downward along the edge of the outer wing to the very ground, thus alluring many creeping insects, and especially ants, to the more dangerous feeding-ground above, where once losing foothold, it is impossible to regain it. As the result, this tube becomes filled with a mass of decaying ants, flies, hornets, and other insects. Within this there is also found a white grub feeding upon the material thus gathered, perhaps the larva of a large fly which has been observed to stand upon the edge of the tube, and drop an egg within it.



Soon after the full development of the leaf, the upper portion becomes brown and shriveled, which is due to another larva, the young of a small moth, which feeds upon the substance of the leaf, leaving only the outer epidermis, and works its way from above downward, till in due time it spins its cocoon, suspending it by silken threads just above the surface of the insect *debris* at the bottom. The whole forms a series of relationship, and an instance of contrivance and design, the full purport of which is still by no means fully understood.

**DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN WOODLANDS.**—The flora of the United States is believed by Professor Brewer, of Yale College, to contain over 800 woody species and over 300 trees. Of these trees, about 250 species are somewhere tolerably abundant; about 120 grow to a medium height, 20 attain the height of 100 feet, 12 a height sometimes of 200, and a few—perhaps 5 or 6—a height of 300 feet.

Professor Gray, of Cambridge, makes the following note on tree-growth: Whether the trunk of a tree increases in length, in the parts once formed, is still an open question in the popular mind. From careful observation by Professor Gray and many others, the conclusion is that the trunks of trees do not increase in length.

**SMALL BRAINS IN TERTIARY ANIMALS.**—Professor Marsh has compared the mammals of the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene epochs, with the result that, in the case of the animals observed, *Dinoceras* and *Brontotherium*, there is a very distinct and remarkable development of brain from the lower to the higher formations.

**DISINTEGRATION OF ROCKS.**—Professor Hurst read a paper on this subject in connection with the Blue Ridge. The change in question is a chemical one, which is the most obvious in the case of crystalline rocks. The feldspar loses its alkalies, and part of its silver, being changed into clay; and the hornblende its lime and magnesia, retaining its iron and peroxyde. From this results a softening and decay, to greater or less depths of the strata; so that, while they still retain their arrangement, and are seen to be traversed by veins of quartz and metallic ores, the strata are often so much changed, to

depths of one hundred feet or more from the surface, as to be readily removed by the action of the water.

**THE ATMOSPHERE OF JUPITER.**—Dr. Lohse has investigated the velocity of the rotation of the cloud layers of the planet Jupiter at different degrees of its latitude. He finds that in the middle latitudes there is a greater stability in the upper strata of the atmosphere than in the neighborhood of the equator, where the velocity of the rotating mass is increased by the wind. He sees in this fact the probability that trade-winds prevail there as upon our earth.

**PLANTS OF THE COAL FORMATION.**—In connection with a *conversazione*, held at the opening of Owens Colleges Manchester, England, there was an interesting loan collection exhibited. A large series of plants of the coal measures was shown, with specimens of the nearest known living representatives systematically placed among them, to convey an idea of the kind of vegetation from which coal is made. The local geology was well illustrated, and there was a fine collection of fossil bones which have been discovered recently in a fissure near Castleton. A well-supported endeavor was made to illustrate the latest stage of vertebrate life in England, as known by the remains found in bone caves and river deposits; and an extensive collection of mammoth, bear, lion, and other bones, was the result. Near these were caves containing early implements fashioned by man. A Manchester paper says of these cases: "They include all the evidence as to the antiquity of man, given by both river and cave; and we need little scientific assistance to find out that these constitute the most complete set of stone implements ever gotten together. . . . The collection of Neolithic flints is wonderfully complete, one case ranging from the rough model to the same instrument more finished and exquisitely molded."

**GERMS OF LIFE.**—Professor Henry says that the germ theory has been reduced to one alternative. "Either every breath of air we inhale, every portion of the earth's atmosphere, is teeming with the germs of living organisms, or dead matter may spring into life in accordance with the process of what is known as spontaneous generation."

## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

### FEBRUARY.

How easy it is to dream of the Summer in these bright, lengthening days of February! Indeed, there is almost a hint of Summer-warmth in some of them; and how blue the sky, how white the floating clouds, how lovely the yellow, lengthening twilight! The birds, that left us after the bright October leaves had fallen, hardly venture yet to return; but the gay little snow-birds make a mimic Summer with their twittering, and when the sun shines brightest, we almost look for nests building among the quickening buds of the still naked branches.

The landscape, even if it be a snowy one, is touched, here and there, with tender, softened tints; the hills, at noonday, are hung with haze, and the sky, near the horizon, flushes into a delicate violet; the winds lie still, and one can almost believe the world, too, is dreaming of a distant Summer—distant, but surely coming, as every golden, lengthening day proclaims. Strangely enough, February seems to enjoy least distinction of all the months of the year. She has, to be sure, St. Valentine's Day and Washington's birthday; but how little we hear of her own lovable qualities of character; for lovable, indeed they are, and how many of her days have a peculiar charm and significance of promise in the unfolding of the year; and, of all the twilights I have known in different climes, the loveliest of all that live in my memory are those that, in the fair Februarys of my childhood, I have watched fade from yellow to gray above the gracefully outlined, snowy hills of New Hampshire. Welcome February! Make the most of her while she stays; for she leaves us all too soon. Study her charms, learn to do her justice, and you will not fail to love her.

### GARMENTS OF GLASS.

THE spinning-stuffs most generally in use, may be counted upon the fingers of one hand; as, wool, cotton, flax, hemp, and silk; yet are spinning-materials almost legion. Most of them are from the vegetable kingdom; and with greater or less success have rushes, straw, leaves, needles, bark, and

even blossoms and fruits, been spun into threads, and afterward woven into stuffs for garments.

Hardly less numerous are the contributions from the animal kingdom to the spinning-wheel. The goat of Thibet, Persia, and South America, the llama and camel, the horse and cow, the dog, seal, and rabbit, besides the head-artist in spinning—the silk-worm—furnish spinning material more or less excellent. But even the mineral kingdom is not so very far behind the others. Next to asbestos, gold and silver have yielded in olden times to the process of being drawn into threads of extra fineness, and woven into costly stuffs; but the trouble was, few could be found to wear them. The asbestos cloth had too little to recommend it, the gold and silver too much. The asbestos, being incombustible, was used for the shrouding of dead bodies to be burned, since the ashes could be gathered for preservation in urns, unmixed with the wood-ashes; while the gold and silver tissue, in the form of filagree, in which Florence and Venice were especially distinguished, found use as the drapery of sacred pictures, and as adornment for crucifixes and holy shrines, for medallions, and arm and ear ornaments.

But the most beautiful spinning material yet remained—glass; and it was believed that a great triumph in science was gained when a little piece of glass was spun into threads of extraordinary fineness and flexibility, and afterward woven into a fabric which eclipsed the most beautiful web of silk, and even threw the gold and silver tissue into the shade. In Paris, Milan, Venice, and other places, arose manufactories for the spinning and weaving of glass; and, thirty years ago, in Paris, there were worn glass bonnets, caps, hoods, girdles, bodices, and mantles—glass carpets, too, were woven, more beautiful than any cloth of gold, and variously colored materials for garments, especially handsome waistcoat stuffs. The glass fabrics had a luster superior to that of silk, and the advantage besides of unfading colors and of much greater cheapness. Already the glass-spinners began to meditate



upon the ruin of velvet and silk manufacturers; they even declared war upon the coiffure, and began to make perukes and chignons out of threads of glass; when, lo! they fell into the same pit they would have digged for others. Here and there was mentioned the bankruptcy of a glass spinner or weaver; and very soon they became sure of the saddest fact which can meet a manufacturer,—that the fabric he makes and offers for sale, is indeed greatly admired by the public; well tested and approved; and that, yet, it is no longer bought. And to these glass-stuffs, in spite of their elasticity, belonged just one peculiarity which hindered them from overshadowing all other fabrics, and which is hinted at in the proverb, “Luck and glass, how easily they break!” So that the business of spinning and weaving glass for wearing apparel went backward in a fast stride, till the sound of it was like the echo in a valley.

#### WINTER RHYMES.

##### I. SNOW BIRDS.

SEE the merry little sprites!  
Where do you think they stay o' nights,  
When the cold, cold winds are crying,  
And the naked trees are sighing,  
Leafless, frozen, in the dark?  
Country wood and city park  
All a stark and whitened waste—  
Where to sleep, and what to taste  
For a bit of breakfast? How  
Do they warm their tender feet  
When the cruel Winter sleet  
Sweeps across the frozen plain?  
When the frost stands on the pane;  
When the meadow and the hill  
Sleep so snowy-white and still?  
Ah, the mystery, who can tell?  
Yet they like the Winter well.  
What a cheer their twittering makes  
All among the falling flakes!  
'Mid the branches cold and dead;  
With what airy, dainty tread,  
O'er the sparkling drifts they glide,  
Cheerful, whatso'er betide,  
Every note so glad and gay,  
Blithe as birds in flowery May.  
Little bits of May themselves—  
Or are they but dainty elves  
Made of snow-flakes, molded fair,  
With mid-Winter sun and air,  
Cold and pure—but listen! see!  
Here they come now—one, two, three,  
Half a dozen—gay as ever;  
Bless the pretty creatures! never  
Do they, morn or noon, forget  
Just a cheery call this way,  
Gladdening every Winter day.

Bright or stormy, still they come!  
Daisy, throw them out a crumb!

##### II. THE SNOW FLAKE.

FAIR little flake, on the window-frame,  
Melting so quick away  
Into a clear drop, leaving no stain,  
Where did you come from, pray?  
Out of the ocean, so wide and deep,  
Into the blue, blue sky,  
A sunbeam drew me, and laid me to sleep  
In a cloud so white and high.  
All the long night I slept so sound,  
And far into the clear, bright day,  
While the cloud sailed lazily round and round,  
Out of the North wind's way.  
But out of the South sprang up a breeze  
Which tore the cloud into shreds,  
And without so much as an “if you please,”  
Blew us rain-drops all out of our beds.  
And the air was so cold, so bitter cold,  
That it chilled my heart to snow,  
And the rough wind caught me in his hold,  
And would not let me go.  
When, all of a sudden, down he slid  
Over a frozen hill,  
And out of his hand I slipped and hid,  
And held a moment still,  
Then floated here. My journey's done—  
Of flakes the days are few;  
I melt into the gracious sun,  
To live my life anew.

##### GOOD MORNING.

DON'T forget to say “good morning!”  
Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters,  
your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every “good morning,” heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the “good morning,” it is so also of all kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

If you can not be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

CINCINNATI has several enterprising musical houses. Foremost among these, in the publishing line, is that of John Church & Co., which not only publishes a valuable monthly musical review, but is continually sending out new music in books and sheets. The house printed in creditable, and in some cases substantial and beautiful, forms the music used at the May Festival and the concerts given during the past year. It is now issuing the music designed for the Festival of May, 1875. One of its best publications in 1873, was the *School Singing* of F. W. Root, published also in Chicago by George F. Root & Sons. We hail with pleasure every publication that, like the quarto before us, promises to promote vocal art in this country. Too much attention, in proportion, is given to educating the fingers for facile piano execution, and too little to vocal training. Here we have over a hundred and sixty pages of vocal exercises, so many and varied that the pupil who masters them will become a singer. They are all written in the treble cleff, from which we infer that this volume is intended entirely for the use of young ladies and that a corresponding volume has been prepared for the use of bass voices. We can safely and heartily commend the book to young ladies who want to learn to sing. There is such a demand for sopranos in the social circle, the concert, and the Church, that every lady who has a voice should make it a religious duty to cultivate it. In a family of girls it often happens that one has a taste for instrumental music and becomes a good player, while another has voice and prefers the vocal. Here is a volume in which one can sing while a sister or friend plays the accompaniments. A large proportion of the volume is devoted to exercises, pure and simple. If we had had the getting up of such a work, and had followed our own inclination, all should have been in the line of progressive practice from one step to another in melody and time, and a few exercises thrown in at the end with words attached, for the sake of learning to sing words after the pupil was thoroughly grounded in solfeggio. There are too many songs with

sentimental words strown through the book, tempting our superficial American students to swerve from solid study and hard practice, to amuse leisure and please friends by singing these, instead of learning the rudiments that, in after years, they can sing any thing that is placed before them.

MEN who know not otherwise how to reason will never learn the art from books on logic; and yet all men who reason correctly do so according to its rules. Logic is not only an art but a science; and the test of all reasoning is its conformity with certain processes, ratiocinative and inductive, taught by the masters of the system. The fullest and latest exposition of the principles of this science is John Stuart Mill's *System of Logic*, being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation (published by the Harpers, New York). It is a complete treatise on a subject which gained the attention and study of Aristotle; which was elaborated by the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and reduced to minute formulas and modes in their *Barbara, Celarent*, etc.; which has been the delight of dialecticians, and the special abhorrence of their pupils; but which still contains the only laws of discursive thought. To students of philosophy, Mill's *Logic* will be of special service and interest; but for a text-book in our colleges it is too full and cumbrous. Its pages revive for us a line of study in which we have always taken delight, but for which we are unable to find time to indulge our tastes.

OLD age becomes historical. It is pleasing to the in-coming generations to hear the experiences of the fathers, especially when those experiences belong to times of peril, strife, struggle, heroism. Rev. Dr. George Peck gives the Church the reminiscences of his earlier years in his *Life and Times* (published by Nelson & Phillips). To us the earlier portion of the biography is the more interesting. Our first acquaintance with him commenced in 1832, when, in the fullness of his ripe manhood, he preached massive sermons to the students of the new



seminary at Casenovia. Through his influence we were made teacher of a select school in Auburn, a good school for our youth; but not a brilliant success, financially or socially, for us or for the society. The Doctor narrates but a single incident out of a train of incidents that would have furnished the material for a romance of thrilling interest. After a year of pleasant association with him and his family, we returned to school, and left him edifying saints and hammering sinners in his own peculiar style. Thenceforth our individual paths diverged; but we followed the Doctor through every phase of his life of usefulness; his principalship at Casenovia, his editorships, his General Conference rotations, and his various appearances as the author of works at once useful and popular. Thanks for this last work reviving pleasant memories of all the others. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

*Wolf's Wild Animals* is the title of a quarto got up for a Christmas present, or a present for a child at any time of year; full of beautiful engravings from the pencil of the greatest living artists in the line of animal drawing, accompanied by descriptive letter-press, thus instructing the eye and mind of the young reader at the same time. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE second volume of the Douglass Series of Christian, Greek, and Roman classics for the use of schools and colleges, by F. A. March, LL. D., consists of selections from the *Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius*, with Explanatory Notes and an Historical and Geographical Index. (Harper & Bro's, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*David, King of Israel*, his Life and its Lessons, by the Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Twenty-three lectures on the main events in the life of the King and Psalmist, over four hundred pages, with a full Index. A superior volume for reading or reference. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*Strength and Beauty*; discussions for young men, by Mark Hopkins, D. D., a series of essays on practical subjects of sterling value, by the learned and eloquent divine, late President of Williams College, by Dodd & Mead, who also send us *What Might have*

*been Expected*, a story for boys, by Frank R. Stockton; and *By Still Waters*, a story for quiet homes, by Edward Garrett. (George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.) To whom we are indebted for the opportunity to notice *Risen from the Ranks*, or Harry Walton's Success, by Horatio Alger, Jr. (Loring, Boston); *Captain William Kidd*, John S. C. Abbott, the continuation of the series of American pioneers and patriots. Illustrated.

*The French Principia*, Part I; a French Course on the Plan of Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina," a valuable Grammar, Reader, and Vocabulary, combined, in compact form, for the use of schools and academies. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*More Bed-time Stories*, by Louise Chandler Moulton. More than a dozen nice stories for youth. Illustrated. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke, Cincinnati.)

ROBERT CLARKE & CO. lay on our table the following: *Rosalie's Pet*, by Joanna H. Mathews (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York), full as usual of baby-English; *The Giants and how to Fight Them*, from the pen of the popular preacher to children, Rev. Dr. Richard Newton; *Doors Outward*, a tale, by the author of the "Win and Wear Series" (Robert Carter & Brothers); *Losing to Win*, a novel, by Theodore Davis (Sheldon & Co.); *Follow the Lamb*, counsels to converts, by Dr. Bonar (Robert Carter & Co.).

MESSRS NELSON & PHILLIPS are doing marvels in the way of rapid and useful publications. The following are the names of some of the numerous recent issues of their fertile presses: *Peeps at Our Sunday-schools*, by the ever popular essayist and writer, Rev. Alfred Taylor; *The Man of One Book*; or, the life of Rev. William Marsh, D. D., a clergyman of the Church of England; edited by Daniel Wise, D. D. Another valuable contribution to that most useful style of reading, Christian biography. *Romance without Fiction*; or, Sketches from the Portfolio of an Old Missionary, by Henry Bleby, Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Bahamas; *Gipsy's Travels*, by Josephine Pollard; *Glaucia*, a Story of Athens in the First Century, by Emma Leslie; *The Great Conflict*, Christ and Antichrist, as shadowed by the prophets

and delineated in history, the story of the Papacy, by H. Loomis; *Talks with Girls*, a pretty gift-book for the sex, by Augusta Larned; *The Little Princess*, a collection of Christmas tales, showing how much good children can do with very little means if early taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive; *Peter the Apprentice*, an historical tale of the Reformation in England; *Sunday Afternoons*, a book for little people, by E. F. Burr, D. D.; *Preaching: Matter and Manner*, an address by Rev. John Hall, D. D., of the Presbyterian Church, N. Y.

*The Mistress of the Manse*, by Dr. J. G. Holland (Scribner & Co., publishers), shows the powers of its gifted author to rich advantage. It is at once a poem; a story; a

picture of the relative character and position of the sexes, and their mission; a glance at the Rebellion and its social complications; a tragedy; and a tribute to Southern opinion, rights, and bravery, laying on the grave of the combatants the olive branch of peace at the end. Dr. Holland's opinion of the equality of the sexes may be gathered from the following fine stanzas:

"She matches weakness with his might,  
And patience with his power to act;  
His judgment, with her quicker sight;  
And wins, by subtlety and tact,  
The battles he can only fight.

And she who strives to take the van  
In conflict, or the common way,  
Does outrage to the heavenly plan,  
And outrage to the finer clay  
That makes her beautiful to man."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1875.—One of the most discouraging features of moral and religious effort, in this wicked world of ours, is the immense expenditure of force required to keep Christianity itself Christian. With forty thousand pulpits in full weekly blast, the tendency of the population of these United States, the most enlightened country on the face of the globe, is to irreligion, backsliding, infidelity, superstition, and sin. In addition to all that the various Churches spend on themselves—in the way of church edifices, support of preachers and pastors, maintenance of Sunday-schools, denominational schools, seminaries and colleges, Church periodicals and Church literature—the Christians of this land support Young Men's Christian Associations, homes for orphans, hospitals, home missions in neglected districts, city and country, moral reform associations, benevolent associations of various kinds, all having for their object the promotion of God's glory and man's welfare.

"Charity begins at home," and such are the multiplying and ever-increasing home demands, and such the constant and disastrous failures of the thousand and one multi-

plied home-appliances, that charity well-nigh ends at home, and comes infinitely short of accomplishing the end desired at that.

In 1819, the Methodist Church, then a weak institution compared with what it is now, organized a home missionary society with a sort of remote outlook at the possibilities of foreign work when the means at home should allow, or the accomplished work at home should release laborers for the foreign department.

Calls from the Oregon Indians and Africa forced the Church into the foreign field; but its policy abroad has always been reluctant, slow, and timid. It should long ago have separated the heathen work from the Christian, or the foreign from the domestic, that each might stand on its own merits, and each be ministered to according to its own wants. In the interest of the home field, the Church has not hesitated to subdivide the society, and organize affiliated branches of missionary work, with officers, secretaries, and agencies, collections and disbursements, of their own. The Bible Society has been severed from the Missionary Society, and placed on an independent basis to do its own work. Six other societies have colonized,



or swarmed, out of the original Missionary Society, and every one of them in the special interest of the home department, though one or two of them afford incidental aid to the foreign. These are the Sunday-school Union, with secretaries, treasurer, and a full-manned department of its own; the Tract Society, Church Extension Society, Education, Freedmen's Aid, and Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union. All these departments of home missionary work make their annual reports to the Church, and their annual appeals to the Conferences for recognition and moral or material aid. From the first, missionary orators have made the missions of the heathen the basis of their appeals for funds; and, from the first, two dollars out of three have been expended on American soil, and only one dollar out of three got outside of Sandy Hook. To this day, the great bulk of the funds raised is spent on dying or defunct Christianities. On the modern premium system, one-third of the appropriations is put right back into the contributing Conferences, distributed, it is true, in the ratio of needs; but all of it expended on home Methodism. Another third gets to foreign populations, said foreign populations being professed Christians of some name or other, all of them having Bibles and preachers, and some knowledge of God and Christ, immortality and the way of salvation. Only one dollar in four—and this is an improvement on former years—gets to the heathen proper, who know not God, who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," who have no Sabbath and no Savior, no knowledge of heaven or hell, resurrection, judgment, and human accountability. It is no wonder that the enterprising women of Methodism got tired of this slow and timid, reluctant, hesitating policy of the Church, in thus mixing incongruous elements in its missionary organization, so contrary to the practice of the whole Christian world, and got up a missionary society of their own, having the distinct object before them of raising money for the heathen, and sending missionaries of their own sex directly to heathen fields. If this antiquated, and, as it has been styled, dishonest, policy of making heathen missions a sort of lure to gather funds, and a mere addendum to the home work in labor and expenditure, is not soon

modified by General Conference, it will not be wonderful if, in addition to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, we have Young Men's Heathen Missionary Associations, and African Missionary Societies, Asiatic, India, and Chinese Missionary Societies, having for their direct purpose labor among the perishing millions outside. The complaint is, "too many societies, too many agents, too many secretaries, too many collections." Very well; then consolidate. Bring together affiliated associations. Join home-work in the Conferences with Church Extension. Let one secretary and board run the building of the churches and supplying them with pastors, and give them clerical force adequate to their needs in the way of collection, book-keeping, and disbursement. Unite the Tract and Sunday-school Union departments. Join the Freedmen's Aid to the Education or Church Extension. Separate the heathen mission from the Christian; or, at any rate, the home from the foreign, and man them by a full clerical force. Clerks are cheaper than secretaries, and more permanent. The day is coming, and we would like to live to see it, when the heathen missions of the various Christian denominations in America, if not of the world, will be consolidated and supported as the Bible Society is supported; when all will be under a general management like the stupendous *Propaganda de fide* of Rome; and when—while under secretaries and separate missions, they may retain their distinctive denominational peculiarities—the collection and disbursement of funds, the allotment of fields, and the general supervision of the world, will be under the direction of a few great minds—spiritual Rothschilds or Vanderbilts, men of Bonapartean power of grasp and comprehension and plan; when the whole world shall be districted, and every portion of it invaded by detachments of the Christian host; when the command of Christ shall be literally fulfilled, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

GLADSTONE ON ROME.—States and statesmen are waking up to the persistent and planned encroachments of Rome. The Papal declarations of the last twenty years have lifted the whole topic out of the sphere

of mere theological controversy, and transferred it to the political arena. And here the startled governments have met its usurpations with universal denial and overthrow, even in Roman Catholic countries. France, Spain, Austria, and even Italy itself, no longer occupy the position, in reference to the Papacy as a temporal power, that they occupied a few years back. The decree of infallibility has given the hierarchy a new hold upon the faithful, and so altered the conditions under which Roman subjects of existing governments hold their allegiance, that the Ex-Premier feels called on to inquire: "Under which king?"

In the number of *Harper's Weekly* (Dec. 12, 1874, supplement) which reproduced Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, Eugene Lawrence shows, with spirited pen, what Romanism has done for New York City. We know how bold and exacting it has been on the school question in Cleveland and Cincinnati, and how ready it is to crush the Republic itself, if it may thereby build up the terrible absolutism represented in this hellish system.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is one of the most attractive sheets published. To illustrate it, it has one of the greatest masters of caricature in the world. We doubt if the London *Punch* has a greater. There is dignity and meaning in its caricatures. They are no vulgar distortions. They have a classic basis, an intelligent meaning, and, usually, a world of moral force. They are not to raise a laugh, but to enforce a lesson. The paper, too, is one of the most independent sheets in the country, and uses both style and graver for the elevation of the nation without regard to sect or party. It is good to be pecuniarily above the frowns or favors of mankind, and the Harpers are in this happy position.

HARPER'S BAZAR, though intended specially for ladies, has an interest not peculiar to the sex, in many of its illustrations, and in its literary contents. It is ably edited, its selections are of the first order, and its household hints are a guide to economy, both in dress and living, if one is disposed to secure either.

NOVEL-READING. — Rev. B. F. Price had an article on this subject in this magazine last Summer, to the positions of which Rev.

A. B. Rohrbaugh, of the Southern Illinois Conference, takes exceptions. Both these correspondents concede that novel-reading, especially when excessively indulged in, is an evil. The latter says, "If an evil then a sin; for evil is sin!" The tooth-ache is an evil; the sufferer would hardly like to be punished for indulging in this unforbidden luxury. Again, the latter writer excepts Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" from the domain of fiction! For the reasons he gives, he might as well except the "Arabian Nights," Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a thousand other good books, which clothe truth in the garb of romance. In fine, it is not the fiction he objects to so much as the character of the fiction, the style and quantity consumed. On these points there is the same difference, and no more, between these valued correspondents than there is in the opinions of all good men.

THIS MONTH'S PICTURES.—Who can pronounce Indian names? Here we have a beautiful view on the Kishacoquillas, or Kishcoquil Creek (pronounced Kisha-cók-illas), near its junction with the Juniata at Lewistown, Pennsylvania. Over these lovely hills, and along these blooming valleys, in sight of these sparkling tributaries of the Susquehanna, Bishop Wiley used to ride when he practiced medicine, previous to going on a mission to China. Both this and Bo-Peep are lovely pictures.

DREW SEMINARY flourishes under the management of President Hurst. It has a fine Faculty, a select course of lectures every Fall, embracing every variety of subjects, from the highest talent in the country, a large class of students, ample accommodations, and one of the loveliest sites in the world. With such facilities it can not fail to become one of the first schools in the Church and country.

GOLDEN HOURS.—We are glad to chronicle the bright appearance and low price of this handsome journal for young folks. Wherever the REPOSITORY goes, this little magazine should make its regular monthly visits.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER.—Vials full of Odors, by Bishop Haven; Treasures of the Vatican, by T. A. H. Brown; Temperance Reform, by E. D. Mansfield; What we See,



by Mrs. Harvey; The Old Catholics, by Gideon Draper; and The Natural and Supernatural, by Dr. Godman, will command attention.

**THE VOCAL ART.**—Singing is an accomplishment at once elegant and useful. To read notes and sing correctly, it is necessary to learn the rudiments of music. This is readily done if the requisite instruction is given in childhood to each pupil by himself. Singing in schools and schools for singing are usually taught in mass, and the pupils almost invariably become rote-singers rather than note-singers, following the instrument, depending on the leader, or leaning on the voices of others. Multitudes find it easier to "catch a tune by ear" than to master the elements of melody, learn the notes, and thus become independent and self-reliant. The scale or ladder of musical sounds in general use consists of eight notes, rising one above another in pitch, the eighth being a repetition of the first on a higher or sharper key. The intervals between these sounds are either whole tones or half-tones, and, to suit the ear, in the common or diatonic scale ascend in the following order; namely, two whole tones, then a semi-tone, then three whole tones, then another semi-tone; or the whole scale may be divided into semi-tones, according to the following diagrams:

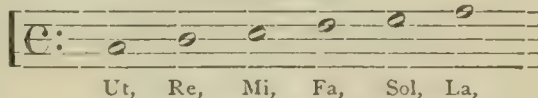
Diatonic Scale.			Semitonic Scale.		
8		C Do	13		C
	SEMI-TONE.				
7		B Si	12		B
	TONE.				
6		A La	11		A $\sharp$ or B $\flat$
	TONE.				
5		G Sol	10		A
	TONE.				
4		F Fa	9		G $\sharp$ or A $\flat$
	SEMI-TONE.				
3		E Mi	8		G
	TONE.				
2		D Re	7		F $\sharp$ or G $\flat$
	TONE.				
1		C Do	6		F
			5		E
			4		D $\sharp$ or E $\flat$
			3		D
			2		C $\sharp$ or D $\flat$
			1		C

Originally the notes were written on lines alone. To Guido, a Benedictine monk of Arezza, Tuscany, living in the eleventh cent-

ury, is attributed the invention of the staff, and the use of five lines and four spaces, and the application of syllables as names for the notes to be used in learning to sing. In a Latin hymn, composed in the eighth century, Guido noticed that the first syllables in each line rose one degree higher in the scale than the preceding one; and he conceived the idea of using that syllable as the name of the sound to which it corresponded. The words were:

Ut queant laxis	Famuli tuorum
Resonare fibris	Solve pollutis
Mira gestorum	Labii reatum.

Guido's Scale.



Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La,

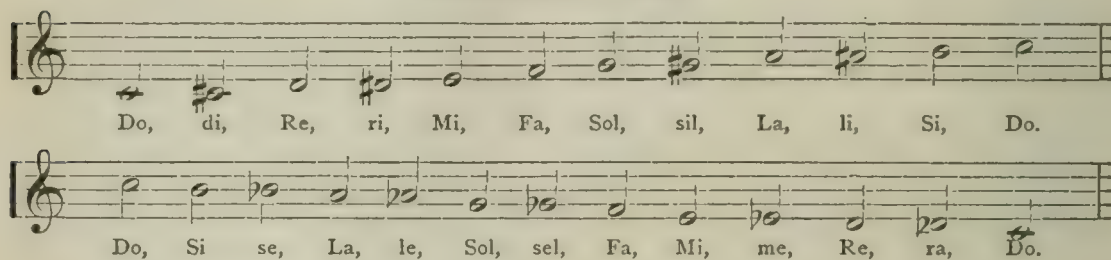
The French added *si* for the seventh, and the Italians changed *ut* to *do*. Modern music-books name the whole thirteen notes of the semi-tone scale, and expect the pupil to learn them all. No one can be regarded as a vocalist who does not master the entire scale.

Instead of the old *farw*, *sol*, *law*, *mi*, or the more recent scale of eight notes, we must now learn the names and sounds of sixteen. With the two semi-tones in the diatonic scale, lying between *mi*, *fa*, and *si*, *do*, every learner becomes readily familiar. He must form the acquaintance also of the other ten semi-tones before he can aspire to be a vocalist of even moderate pretensions. Learners are apt to confound the scale with the staff. They are entirely distinct; and in English and American modes of instruction the scale is moved up or down the staff by a succession of signs called sharps and flats. A sharp ( $\sharp$ ) raises a note half a tone; a flat ( $\flat$ ) depresses it half a tone; a natural ( $\natural$ ) restores a note, so raised or depressed, to its natural condition. Any one of the thirteen sounds of the chromatic scale may be used as the key or pitch note of a tune. In English and American instruction the *do* is always placed on the key or pitch note of a tune. The scale is made to move up and down the staff. The natural place for its foot is C, one sharp raises it to G, two to D, and every additional sharp places it five degrees higher than before. By what is called the Continental method, the syllables are fixed to the staff. We have always, with the usual jealousy of novelties, and the

stubborn opposition one always feels to change old things for new, been bitterly opposed to the introduction of this method into American instruction, and once made the great Boston Conductor Zerah not a little wrathful by formulating the opposition in a resolution in one of Dr. Tourjee's National Musical Conventions. But some recent experiments—and experiment is the true route out of all difficulties—with children have led us to the conclusion that this

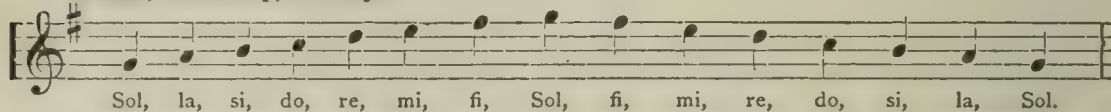
method is as good as the old, if indeed it do not promise decided advantages over the old. With the old mode all musicians are acquainted. We will conclude this article by appending examples of solmization by the European mode, which those to whom musical notation is as Sanskrit or Greek, need not trouble themselves to read, while teachers of the musical art may do as we have done—subject them to the test of experiment.

#### THE NATURAL SCALE.

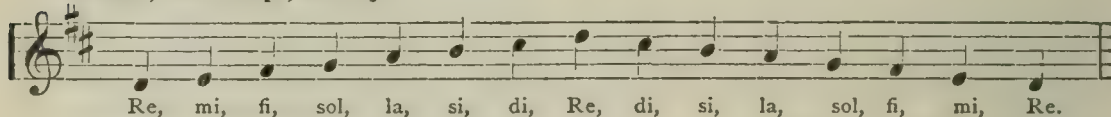


#### OTHER SCALES.

G scale, one sharp, Sol Key.



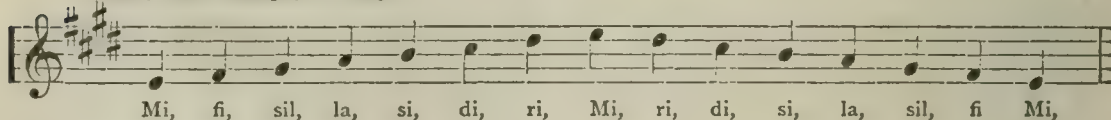
D scale, two sharps, Re Key.



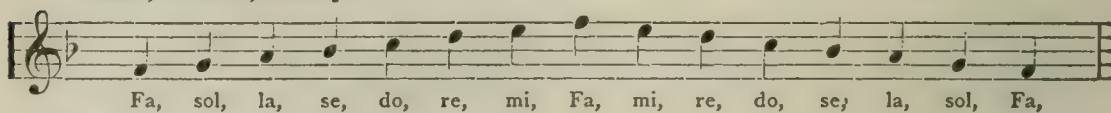
A scale, three sharps, La Key.



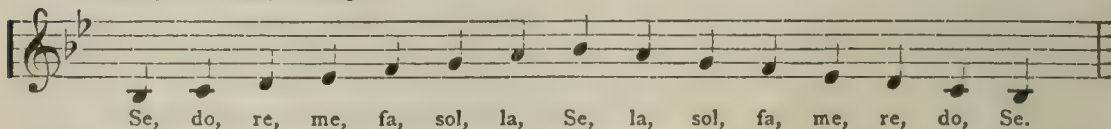
E scale, four sharps, Mi Key.



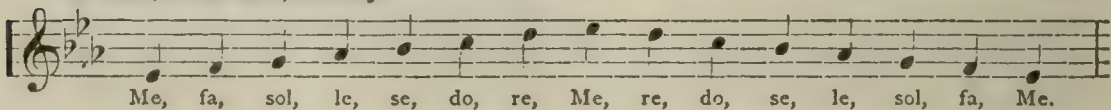
F scale, one flat, Fa Key.



B $\flat$  scale, two flats, Se Key.

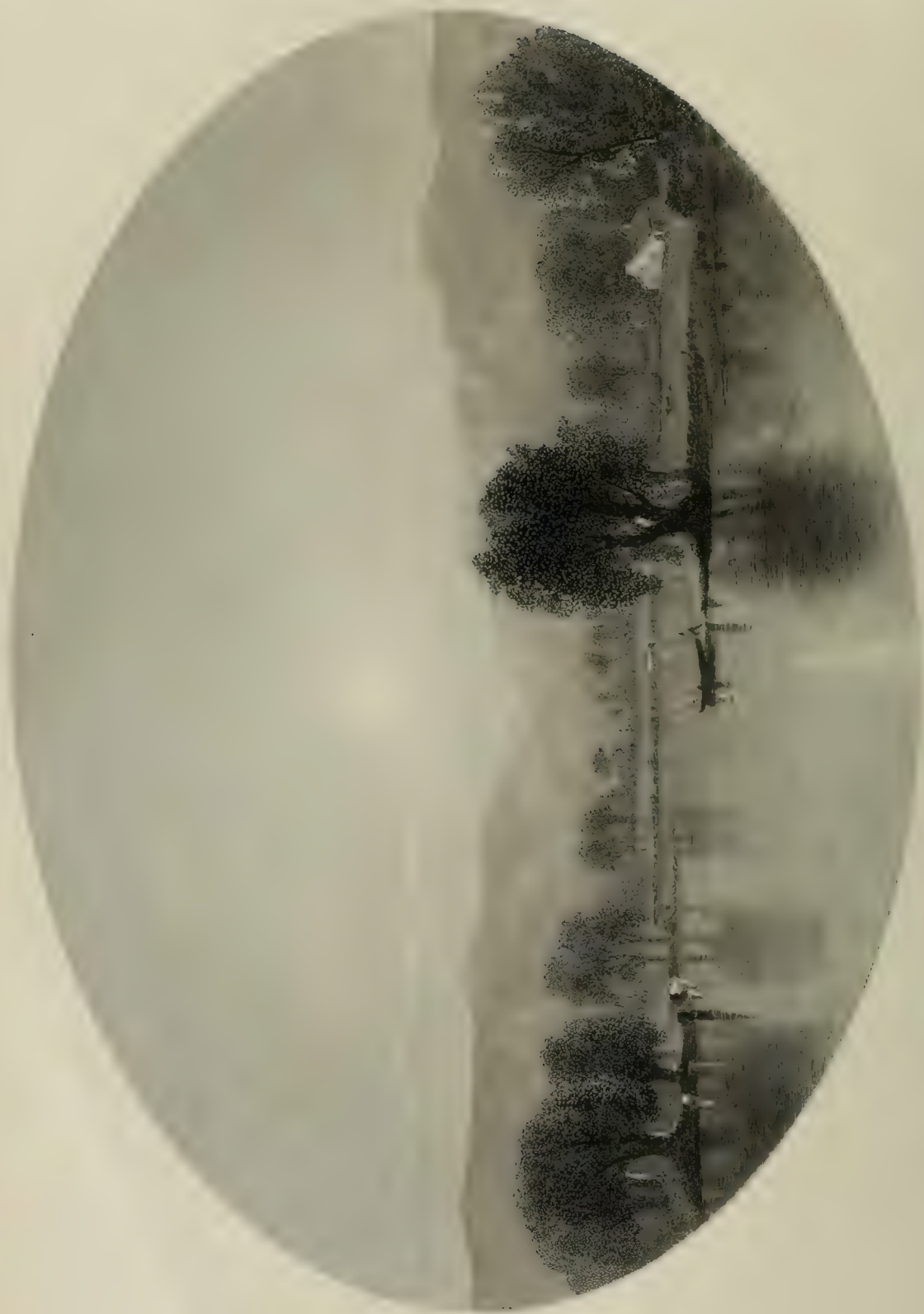


E $\flat$  scale, three flats, Me Key.

















THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1875.

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PHASES OF MODERN SKEPTICISM.

TO the student of religious thought, the prospect for the prevalence of the Gospel is brighter than it was a century ago. Then, theologians lamented the *infidelity* of their day; we mourn the *skepticism* of ours. The change in terms correctly represents a change in ideas: then, there was unbelief; now, there is only doubt. It may be true, in one sense, that infidelity is increasing in the present day; but the increase is in breadth rather than depth. Fill up partially the bed of a stagnant pool, and, even though some of the water be drained off or evaporated, the surface will cover wider superficies. So with infidelity; some of its deepest hollows are filled up, its surface comes nearer the Christian level, and it consequently gains over a class of adherents whom formerly it disgusted. Very few now deny the existence of God, and those who do are apt to betray the shallowness of their infidelity as did a society of atheists, last Winter in Italy, who sent an address of congratulation to their King on the escape of his son from assassination, and introduced their address by saying that they "thanked Divine Providence for the miraculous escape," etc. From a comprehensive view of the war between faith and infidelity, it must be admitted that Christianity has pushed the war into the enemy's country, has forced him from the position, "No God;" and that the great conflict of the day centers

in, and revolves around, the incarnate life of Christ.

Among the strongest evidences of the divinity of Christianity is the ground it has conquered. Eighteen centuries ago, a Jewish carpenter, destitute of worldly patronage, explained his system to the handful of followers who had been attracted within the range of his influence. He had no foot of ground to call his own, no church wherein to proclaim his doctrines, no professional reputation to sustain it, no sword to enforce it; yet he said, calmly: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Mark the power of those words. Like the shout of the Israelites at Jericho, they have been mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. A century ago, infidelity boldly flaunted her pretensions, and openly boasted both her name and nature, while religion whispered with bated breath, the lamp in her hand shaded. Now, religion has become respectable; infidelity is ashamed of her title. We have not yet reached the happy time when every one wishes to be religious; but we do see the day when few like to be called irreligious. Men and women do not now strive so much to disprove revealed religion as to make a religion for themselves.

It is interesting to note how anxious are men, who, last century, would have gloried in the name of infidel, to cover

their nakedness with even the most ragged shreds of religion. The thought of some has been filled with the majesty of intellect; they have considered it the greatest glory they could put upon reason to connect her with religion. So the recalcitrant moral instincts have been curved to run parallel with their wishes; and hence, we hear of the religion of Positivism. The taste of others has been developed toward the fine arts, church millinery, sweet singing, delicious perfumes, gaudy clothing; and hence, Ritualism.

Descending still in the scale of modern religious speculation, we reach the latest and almost the lowest effort of the human mind to make its own religion. It is strange how much there is in humanity of what may be called the show or circus element—a desire to see something which is new, or monstrous, or ugly. It is the maturity of the principle which, in infancy, is thrilled with stories of ghosts, or fascinated with tales of good fairies. Even this childishness must be linked with sacred things; and hence the religion of Spiritualism. Its adherents say that every thing has hitherto failed to regenerate mankind, and that theirs is the final and triumphal dispensation. Moral philosophy, experience, human and divine example, the omnipotent influences of the triune God, have all proved ineffectual; and the one grand discovery of the nineteenth century, and the grand panacea for all the ills that soul or flesh is heir to, is an exhibition of dead people in a dark room! Surely, we need not descend to that horrible pit where Mormonism adulterously weds sensuality to piety, to learn that there is no absurdity to which man will not sink rather than be thought to be without religion.

Eighty years ago, Paine wrote his "Age of Reason," a book not merely blasphemous, but ribald, illiterate, and illogical. He styles the poetry of the Bible, which poor Byron loved, bombastical rant. He says not one word of the lofty teachings of Christ; and he designates Paul's epistles, doubtful jargon. Perhaps one of the most advanced and able free-

thinkers of this day is R  nan. He utterly discards the miraculous in the life of Jesus; but he speaks exultingly, humbly, and even devotionally, of Jesus as a great Reformer, and in one place he writes: "Jesus, thou art immortal; in thy words thou shalt live in the hearts and affections of men till all shall acknowledge thy sway."

Skeptics, in their search for truth, have pushed forward till they stand on the ground of advanced Rationalism. There is a growing idea among scientific men that they are not to overstep the bounds of their province to teach that all theology may be learned from science. They are learning that their business is to discover the order, and not the cause, of the universe. Surely, all this is better than the thick darkness of the last century. It is the twilight, and, thank God, it is the twilight of the morning, not of the evening. Their back is turned to the darkness; they are finding their way to the light. That which has been revealed to babes has been hid from the wise and prudent. They see not yet, in the simplicity of the Gospel, its truth and beauty. They see only its distorted image in their own systems. Many of them are earnest seekers after truth, and it is difficult to believe that God will not give these wise men a star to direct them to Jesus; and then the kingdom of the intellect of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

The limits of this paper forbid our examining in detail the many guises under which modern skepticism, like the ancient Proteus, appears. We shall confine ourselves to some of those forms which gain respectability from a morganatic alliance with science. As every effect must have a cause, the heresies peculiar to scientific men, when they come in contact with theology, must have a rational origin; and this origin may be found near the surface. Nature is sometimes characterized as "Unity in Diversity;" but in nature, as in art, it is the diversity that is recognized first; the unity is discovered only on reflection. When we have for



the first time gazed on some grand old cathedral, whose growth has been slower than the wrinkled oaks shading its graveyard, or the elms marshaled in stately procession along its avenues, seeming in its power a very "Rock of Ages," in whose massiveness and endurance one could almost read the words, "I am the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity," we saw little more than we might see in some huge, black, weather-stained rock, haughtily lifting its shoulders high above the waves in mid-ocean. Every thing was grand; but to our vision no symmetry was apparent. It was a huge pile of stone and mortar. But we looked again and again, and at last saw in it an *idea*. Every thing fell into harmony. The disposition of the parts of the building, the proportions of the walls, the cornices, the columns, the corbels, were all parts working out one idea. Here was unity, the single conception of a single intelligence. Our views of nature are similar. In a tree we see several leaves deriving sustenance from one stem, several stems springing from one twig, many twigs depending upon one branch, several branches attached to one mighty bough; and all the boughs, with tributary leaves and twigs and branches, deriving life from a single trunk. In nature, the more ardently we gaze upon her manifestations, the more perseveringly we pry into her arcana, the more clearly do we discover the unity in the diversity, and that unity—God. But, as in climbing a lofty mountain, we gain one summit only to find another towering above us, and, when we gain the highest peak, the blue sky looks down mockingly from its unattainable heights, so when the Unity of Creation—God—is sought by man's invention, each attempt proves its own futility. Heaven can not be reached by the most exhaustive efforts of intellect; and the history of all philosophy becomes a sermon on this text, "The world by wisdom knew not God."

The skepticism of science has its origin in the effort to grasp the unity and exclude God. Scientific history, like

social and political, runs in cycles. The alchemists could see in nature only a single primary metal, just as now many philosophers see in all manifestations of nature but one principle and one force. Many modern skeptics admit the existence of a Creator who originated the very lowest form of existence, and produced from this simple form all life by evolution. The mischief of weeds is that they have life enough to make them grow; and the mischief of heresies is that they have truth enough in them to make them live. There is a *doctrine* as well as a *theory* of evolution, and Darwinianism is a thaumatrope-fallacy formed by their combination. The doctrine of evolution is, that there are certain laws at work in nature, such as the laws of heredity, of limited populations, of variation, of physical change upon the surface of the earth, of the equilibrium of nature; and that such a series of laws is but a statement of what is the condition of nature. The theory of evolution is, that all species have been developed from similar ancestors, from the most unorganized existences. But the very sciences that gave birth to this theory now turn their own child out of doors.

Let us suppose that evolution has produced the inanimate world. How does it bridge the chasm between the living and the dead? Let the highest genius discover a single fact that makes the distance between life and death less than infinite. Place side by side the mineral and the organism. A stone originates within itself no motion or change. Its native condition is absolute rest. In the spiritual world, as in the natural, between dead and living there is a great gulf fixed. It is impassable. Keeping only to physical facts, how shall evolution bridge it? And if it could, the distinction between animal and vegetable life is nearly as broad; and therefore, taken naturally and logically, evolution becomes a monstrous absurdity. Nevertheless, its charms have powerfully captivated the scientific mind. Doubtless this arises from the grand unification it offers; but we may

be pardoned for whispering the suggestion that analytic and synthetic powers are rarely strongly combined in the same mind, that the evolutionists are unequaled for collecting and tabulating facts correctly, and that perhaps the next age will furnish the inductive power to draw the true conclusions from the mass of information being so industriously compiled now.

Let us mention some of the reasons why we must reject Darwinianism. "Natural selection" is an assumption which nature does not justify. There is no evidence in its favor in our experience. There is a certain adaptive elasticity between races; but never between species. A new species can never be formed; but a new variety may. By crossing, a new variety of dog, horse, cow, or pigeon, may be formed; but it is impossible to perpetuate the progeny of crossing species, such as the ass and the horse. Man seizes on this power of adaptation, and makes for himself improvements; but they are never improvements for the animal. They are monstrous varieties, neither preventing nor indicating the remotest specific mutation. All that marks the species remains intact. The mummied cats and dogs from Memphis are like those that live among us. The varieties are purely abnormalities, selected by art, solely for man's good or caprice. Hence, they are unfixed; they go back to the normal condition as soon as the strain is taken off. The horse or the ox ever so highly bred, will, if left to nature, simply revert to the original condition; and every variety of pigeon will, on acquiring freedom, go back to the form of its simplest ancestor. What is the issue of all this? Simply, that selection is an artificial and not a natural law. Yet the whole theory of Darwin depends for a principal support on the changes art has produced, to infer the entire production, by nature, of all organic forms.

Geology gives the hypothesis no support. She furnishes no instance of a single transition. Professor Thomson states that no single case has yet been observed of one species passing, through

a series of inappreciable modifications, into another. The geological gap between man and the ape is alone destructive of the whole theory. Apes have been discovered in Greece; but they are only apes. And remains of man have been found for which immense antiquity is claimed; but they are remains of man and nothing else.

Darwin sometimes admits that his hypothesis carries absurdity upon the very face of it. He says: "To suppose that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been produced by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest degree. Reason tells me that if numerous gradations from a perfect and complex eye to one very imperfect and simple, each grade being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist; if further, the eye does vary ever so slightly, and the variations be inherited, which is certainly the case, and if any variation or modification in the organ be ever useful to an animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection, though insuperable to our imagination, can hardly be considered real."

Such a style of reasoning reminds us of Kepler's "fortuitous salad." The story goes, that the astronomer having delayed coming down to his supper, his wife, who was something of a shrew, took him to task for keeping her waiting. He excused himself by telling her he had become so absorbed in thinking of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, that he had forgotten the salad she had prepared. The wife naturally asked for an explanation of this odd theory. He replied: "Suppose that from all eternity there had been flying about atoms of vinegar and atoms of oil and atoms of lettuce, you perceive that in time we might have had a salad."

"Ay, ay," said his wife, "all that



might be ; but you would n't get one so nicely dressed as this."

So in reference to the fortuitous eye, formed as supposed, we fear it would have been a far inferior eye to that which Mr. Darwin employed when he penned his scheme.

Let us test his hypothesis by his account of the formation of the eye. His primordial being is not formed with any eye from which our own may trace its ancestry. It is to be traced back to an organ not optical at all, or made with any reference to the laws of light; but to the mere chance exposure of a nerve of sensation to the influence of light. He tells us that it is credible that the lenses of the eye, so perfectly adapted to the laws of light in geometrical form and refractive and dispersive powers, with the wonderful mechanism for adapting them for near and distant vision, manifest no evidence of design; that the black pigment which absorbs the superfluous rays of light, the iris which admits into the eye just that amount of light which is necessary for the perfection of the image on the retina—that it is credible that all this marvelous combination and perfect adaptation to the laws of light are due to no forethought, no design, no wisdom; that some being, many ages ago, had a sensitive nerve accidentally exposed to the light. We are told, without proof, that any nerve of sensation, if exposed to light, would be sensitive to light; that this nerve became protected by a transparent film; that the animal now gifted with this rudimentary eye would have such an advantage in the struggle for existence as to destroy all others of its species; that it would necessarily propagate creatures with similar eyes; that in the lapse of ages, if any accidental improvement took place better adapted for the purposes of an eye, the animal with the improved eye would succeed better in the struggle for life. And so the chance improvements occurring through no law of design, during a long series of ages, are sufficient to render the formation of such an instrument as the eye credible. In proof of

all this, we are told that animals exist having eyes far more imperfect than those of man. But there are breaks in the law of progression. Here is an animal with one eye, another with eight, and another with countless myriads. How is it that among the higher animals, the law of divergence is strictly confined to the number two, while among the lower orders, it ranges through such a wide variety? Why such uniformity in one direction? Why such variety in another? Again, setting aside this difficulty, we ask why the animals with the imperfect eye still survive? Darwin instances spiders and house-flies as examples of this class. Now, in the dog-days, when our houses become like the land of Egypt by reason of the fly-plague, we might almost be excused for wishing that at least this part of Darwin's theory might prove true. But man, the animal of the perfect eye, for uncounted ages has struggled against his tiny but annoying foe, and the small-eyed destroyer of our peace still lives.

But we would ask whether these eyes are really imperfect. We can not admit their imperfection. The eight eyes of the spider or the million of a butterfly are as perfectly adapted to the peculiar nature and habits of the insect as man's two eyes are to his. A butterfly would be sadly ill at ease with two human eyes in place of its myriad lenses. As well might we say that the legs of a spider are imperfect because it can not run sixteen miles in an hour, or one hundred miles in twelve hours, as a horse. A bee has all the eyesight it needs. It can only see about six inches distant; but it can fly six miles so straight that a bee-line has become a proverb. Coddington's microscopic lens may be found in any one of the lenses of the common house-fly.

Besides, as was first pointed out, we think by Professor Murphy, an insuperable difficulty of the whole scheme is to account for the origin of a co-ordinated structure; that is, of one in which a number of parts must be adapted to one another to make the structure of any

value. For instance, in order to bring the eye to perfection, there must be, among others, simultaneous improvements in the retina, the lenses, the iris, the motor muscles, the eyelids. Mr. Murphy has especially adduced the two nervous connections of the iris of the eye. One of its nerves has its root in the brain, and contracts the pupil under the stimulus of light; the other has its root in the lymphatic ganglia, and opens the pupil again when the intensity of the light is diminished. It is plainly impossible that the efficiency of either of these two nerves could be increased separately; they will not be improved at all unless they are improved together; and this, on Darwin's hypothesis, can only be done by means of accidental favorable variations occurring in both at once. But such coincidences are so improbable that they may be left out of account, as if they were impossible.

While thinking over the strangeness of this part of Darwin's theory, another argument occurs to us, which, though not perhaps to be reckoned among strictly scientific weapons, yet may, like David's sling, hurt the giant. King Charles II, of disgusting memory, once propounded to the gentlemen of the Royal Society the weighty problem, why a fish in water weighed less than out of water. For months the knotty question was discussed; all the sciences were brought to bear upon it, and scientific men passed sleepless nights in poring over its intricacies. At length a happy thought inspired one to make the experiment; and the experiment proved, what might have been discovered as easily first as last, that the fish had exactly the same weight whether in or out of water. Now, when Darwin says that we have eyes to-day because a creature little more organized than sea-weed once scraped against a sharp rock, abraded its skin, exposed a nerve to light, and transmitted this exposed nerve to its offspring, we would, in all simplicity, ask whether it might not be advisable, before writing any more books on the subject, to take one of

these sea-weed organisms, expose one of its nerves to the light, and see whether it does really transmit the injury to its offspring. What results might follow the success of this trial! How effectually it would silence all cavilers! and might it not be the beginning of a long series of experiments, which, in their results, would far transcend the hopes of missionaries? For, might we not greatly accelerate the tedious processes of natural selection? and, while the most sanguine reformers now only hope to make savages into civilized Christians, we might raise brutes to men!

Darwin's theory implies that no variation in the individual will be likely to survive unless it is useful to its possessor. This raises a multitude of difficulties; for there are many organs which, in their mature state, are very useful, but which, while in process of development, must have been more a hinderance than a help. A bird's wing, when immature, could be of no possible use to its possessor, and so could not survive or be the ancestor of the perfect wing. The fins of a fish, in their early stages, could not give their possessor any advantage in the struggle for existence over its finless rivals. A similar difficulty arises in the transition from reptile to bird. When the reptile's leg had so far developed that it was no longer useful as a leg, and was still so imperfect that it was of no value as a wing, would not natural selection more probably have destroyed than improved such a race? We shall mention but one more argument which appears to us destructive of Darwinianism. Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, has pointed out that no favorable variation can give to any single individual possessing it the certainty of surviving and leaving offspring; all it can give is an extra chance, and in many, perhaps in most cases, a very small extra chance. Among all organisms the chances are against any individual that is born, growing up to maturity; among many, and those not the lowest tribes, the chances are hundreds to one; and if, as Darwin maintains, all



variations are singly but small, what will be the value of the extra chance which some favorable variation will give its possessor? If the chances are a hundred to one against any single individual of the unimproved species surviving, and the chance in favor of survival is doubled by some favorable variation, the effect will amount to only this: that the chances are not a hundred to one, but fifty to one against the favored individual. In concluding this brief criticism, let us remember that even when an individual possessing some favorable variation does survive, it will be prevented from becoming the ancestor of a new species or race by this obvious fact, that among the higher animals, every one that is born has two parents, while, by the hypothesis, the favorable variation is found in only one; and as the offspring are, on the average, of intermediate character between the two parents, the favorable variation will be transmitted to the offspring in only half its original force; and to their offspring again, with only one-half of this, or one-fourth of its original force, and so on, constantly weakening. We do not know that Mr. Darwin, or any of his followers, has ever met or even acknowledged this difficulty, a simple fact which, we think, squarely meets and overthrows the whole theory of natural selection in its present form.

Want of space forbids us to dwell in detail on the other forms of modern skepticism. To return to the fountain whence flow all modern forms of unbelief. We affirm, as we have already affirmed, that the unphilosophical striving after unification is the great source of skepticism in these days. A little lower down, the stream becomes pantheism. This supplies all the rivers of current skeptical thought. Evolution, natural selection, physico-chemical theories of life, and the molecular origin of thought, all are the outcome of its fascinations. It is an intense effort to unify every agent and activity. The great bulk of pantheism lies in two divisions—materialism and idealism. The materialist rejects

the evidence of consciousness, denies all spiritual existence, and resolves Deity and Nature into one identical material substance. The idealist, or transcendental pantheist, denies the evidence of the senses, rejects the evidence of the material world, and contends that there is no real being but mind. Thus, the simplest refutation of all pantheism is that provided by pantheists themselves. The error furnishes its own antidote. The opposing speculations of the material and spiritual pantheists separately serve to confute each other. Each theory confutes the other. One maintains the existence of body, the other of spirit; and thus they correct each other's errors, and supply a testimony that the existence of both body and spirit is sustained by the clearest evidence. How wonderfully are God's purposes evolved from antagonistic forces! Here are two schools of scientific men; they are united in strong determination against our God. It would seem as though, like as of old, the hand of Midian will prevail against Israel. But lo! their contradictory forces balance—the Father of spirits rules; instead of destroying his enemies, God utilizes them; the Captain of the Lord's host receives advantage from his enemies' mistakes; they hamper their own movements—"The engineer is hoist by his own petard." Now, as in David's day, "Their breath goeth forth; and in that very day their thoughts perish."

Another remarkable effect arising from these opposing theories is the testimony they conjointly bear to the fundamental truth of religion, the existence of God. Though each theorist starts from an opposite point, and pursues an opposite track, each reaches this conclusion—"there is a God." The materialist believes in nothing but matter; he makes that matter God. The transcendentalist believes in nothing but spirit; he believes that spirit to be God. Though skeptical on all other points, on this they profess no doubt; the evidence of his existence is so clear and decisive that it extorts their unequivocal assent. It is thus that error

yields homage to truth. The existence of the Deity, who sets his glory above the heavens, is legible through the universe; and the truth, though obscure and distorted, is too brilliant to be wholly lost, even amid the darkest wanderings and most extravagant speculations which

have marked the history of the human mind. The whole history of skepticism establishes the truth, that there has never been any philosophical system, however cloudy, which has not been tinged with the bow of truth, the promise of better days.

GEORGE C. JONES.

### PAUL GERHARDT—A LIFE STORY.

THE spiritual songs with which the Protestant Church of Germany was favored belong to the noblest and most beautiful blossoms which have sprung from the soil of the Reformation. When the man was born, a sketch of whose life we here present, the hymns of the "Wittenberg Nightingale" had already resounded through the different countries of Germany for more than half a century; and, in union with them, the almost contemporaneous hymns of the poets who, inspired by the mind of Luther, as formerly Asaph, Heman, Ethan, and others, by the mind of David, felt impelled to sing after him.

For five hundred years Christian communities, as such, had been condemned to silence, and had only been allowed to take part in the incomprehensible litanies of their Latin-speaking priests by the spiritless repetition of a Kyrie, a "Pray for us," or an "Amen." How they rejoiced when, at length, with unfettered tongues, they could give expression, both at Church and at home, to their purified faith in their mother-tongue to their hearts' content! Not only did they already sing with Luther's choir-leader "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein," "Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ," "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," as well as the words to the remainder of his many hymns; but also with Paul Speratus, "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her;" with Justus Jonas, "Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns hält;" with Paul Eber, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein," and "Herr Jesu Christ,

wahr' Mensch und Gott;" with Nicholas Decius, "Allein Gott in der Höhe sei Ehr," besides other beautiful hymns. They were pure, joyful anthems of confession. Whoever sang them, not only sang them for themselves, but in common with the whole of renovated Christendom, with which he felt himself to be one. What he acknowledged and believed, in conformity with it, as an eternal truth, he joyfully expressed in his hymns.

The great subject of the "standing and falling Church" naturally formed the fundamental theme of the first hymns of the Reformation. Their language was not of honey, but cased in armor; and they marched proudly along in short, positive sentences. It was necessary to lay down the boundary lines of the regenerated Church, and bring out the columns, upon which it rested, clearly and distinctly. In the hymns of the Reformation, as has just been shown, the "lapidary style of the Holy Ghost" prevailed. A holy defiance, a nervous conciseness, formed their chief characteristic. This period of the so-called "objective Church hymns," which, since it was borne along on the eagle-pinions of the sublimest lyrical inspiration, which is not to be confounded with the didactic, had, moreover, its boundaries. The out-breaking storm of war assisted in fixing these, and awakened the necessity of accepting the treasures of the restored Gospel faith as cordials for good. Sacred poetry henceforth entered upon a subjective style. We now, in a pre-eminent



manner, read and sing hymns of the Cross and consolation—"house and heart music," as Johannis Heermann called his spiritual poems—in which the believer gives expression to his own experiences of salvation for the strengthening and encouragement of the brethren, and which are designed not merely to celebrate the great facts of Christianity, but rather the consecrations and sanctifications of all private and domestic conditions of men.

In this period, and, indeed, at the very summit of it, as its first and greatest master, we meet with the man who, next to Luther, occupies the first place among the sacred lyrical poets of the Protestant Church, as a whole. What German Protestant can hear the name of this man without being forcibly reminded of the music of bells and of the organ?

Paul Gerhardt is the name of this world-renowned man. He was born in the little town of Gräfenhainichen, near Wittenberg, in the year 1606. His youth is enveloped in obscurity; but we are justified in supposing that he enjoyed a Christian education. He early felt a decided inclination for the study of theology. When a youth, he saw the flames of the most devastating of all wars overrun his father-land; and, among the thousand horrors and calamities which overwhelmed it, and with which pestilence was also associated, he saw it rapidly transformed into a melancholy waste.

This unutterable national misfortune gave his heart a religious direction at an early age, and increased that disposition for prayer and spiritual contemplation which had been inherent with him from childhood. We now lose sight of him until the year 1651, when we meet him in the family of Herr Berthold, Advocate of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Berlin, where he seems to have been for several years. He is a candidate of theology at forty-five years of age, and still without a position. He had already composed some of his most beautiful hymns, some of which had been published. Among them was the morning-

song, "Wach auf, mein Herz, und singe;" the hymn of Pentecost, "Zeuch ein zu meinen Thoren;" and the song of Jubilee on the conclusion of the peace of Westphalia, "Gottlob nun ist erschollen das edle Fried-und Freudenwort." When a vacancy occurred in any of the Churches of the city, he was prepared to preach, and sought every opportunity of doing good. An official position was as yet withheld from him, from what cause is incomprehensible. This was one of the severest trials of faith which he had to sustain, but which he endured with Christian patience.

Finally, the provostship of the town of Mittenwalde became vacant; and when the magistrates applied to the ecclesiastical ministry of Berlin to recommend a worthy candidate, they presented Paul Gerhardt, speaking of him as "a person whose erudition and diligence were well known, who was of good mind and unadulterated faith, besides of an honorable and peaceful disposition, and of blameless Christian life, so that he was loved and esteemed by the high and low, and would ever receive the testimony from the ministry that he had done good service to, and gained the love of, the Church by his talents and loving disposition." Through this recommendation he was appointed to the position; and on the 18th of November, 1651, he received the necessary consecration in the Nikolai Church of Berlin. On this occasion he, solemnly and in writing, bound himself to the entire Lutheran confession, including the formula of concordance—an obligation which, so far as it concerned the latter symbol, was exceedingly fatal to him.

In the beginning of the year 1652, he entered upon his office at Mittenwalde. Unfortunately, we possess no information with reference to his pastoral activity there; but we may conclude without any hesitancy that he fulfilled his duties in an exemplary manner. He lived in Mittenwalde five years, in the last of which he married Anna Maria, the daughter of his friend, Berthold, in Berlin. In June, 1657, he received a call from the magis-

trate of Berlin to a vacant deaconry in the Nikolai Church, which, as may be imagined, he accepted with joy and thankfulness, not having any presentiment of the new period of trial upon which he was about to enter.

His relation to his parish, as well as to his colleagues, was of the most pleasing description. And how could it be otherwise, when he had already been known so long, not only as one of the most gifted theologians and most zealous pastors, but as a man of the most upright character, the purest faith, and the most benevolent heart? The people of Berlin gathered in crowds to hear his preaching; and many souls were awakened by his words from a sleep of religious indifference. The ecclesiastical life of Berlin now seemed to be approaching a new era. The great controversy between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches was already kindled when Gerhardt entered upon his ministry. More violent words of excommunication and accusation could never have been hurled from the pulpit against Rome, than those which the two Protestant confessions made use of against each other nearly every Sabbath. The Reformed were reviled by their Lutheran brethren as Sacramentarians, Antinomians, Rationalists, and Socinians, and their doctrines condemned as the grossest apostasy from the clear unequivocal words of the Scriptures; while the Reformed, who, for the most part, were satisfied with observing an attitude of defense, gave, in return, names and titles to their opponents which were not of a much milder nature. They called them Literalists, Kapernaists, and Formula-mongers, and cast the reproach at them that they were only half-detached from the Papacy.

Frederic William, the pious and excellent Elector, who had attached himself to the Reformed Church, and who had, with the greatest leniency, resolved to protect it in all its rights and privileges, had, for a long time, looked upon this controversy with the deepest sorrow, and spared no opportunity to reconcile the

contending parties. But his good intentions were all in vain, especially as regarded the Lutheran theologians, who were altogether unyielding. For the purpose of bringing about unity, the Elector, in the year 1662, invited the representatives of both confessions to a conference which, after many objections by the Lutherans, occurred. It was held in the saloon of the Electoral Library, under the Presidency of Baron Otto Von Schwerin.

Paul Gerhardt had now spent five long, tranquil years, almost untroubled about the outer world, in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties in the Nikolai Church. In accordance with his affectionate nature, he had never been guilty of introducing angry controversies into the pulpit, bold as he was in the defense of his Lutheran faith; but, on the contrary, he was deeply grieved at these disputes, and earnestly prayed for the unity of all believers in the love of Christ. But the time had come when he, too, must enter the arena of battle, and soon we see him at the head of his party as its leader.

The conference was prolonged through no less than seventeen sittings. They were extended and repeated in a manner that was almost unendurable. The Lutherans asserted that the contents of their ecclesiastical symbols were in accordance with those of the Gospel; and, consequently, that the Reformed, wherever they differed from them and taught otherwise, were in error. The Reformed continually turned the discussion on the difference which existed between the fundamental and non-fundamental in the Protestant doctrines. The Lutherans contested the applicability of this principle to any of the articles contained in the creed, since they recognized them all as fundamental. At the wish of the Reformed that they should be considered as brethren by the Lutherans, they received the following equivocal and evasive answer, which does not even approach the point in question: "A Christian is one who possesses the true saving faith, pure



and undefiled, and who allows the fruits of the same to be seen in his life and conduct; I can not, therefore, consider a Reformed *qua talis* (as such) as a Christian." And this answer was even from Paul Gerhardt! The Reformed certainly erred in that they wanted to consider much of the Lutheran ecclesiastical teaching as unessential from the beginning, while it ought first to have undergone a deeper consideration.

Both parties, unfortunately, failed to enter into exegetical explanations; and after the discussion had been prolonged through nearly an entire year, they found themselves about at the same point from which they started. Paul Gerhardt finally, in the name of his party, summed up the result of the conference in the following words:

"That they would firmly abide by all their doctrines; but they would be ready to show all neighborly and Christian love and friendship to the Reformed, and would likewise, with all their hearts, wish them salvation; still, they should retain the freedom and right of denouncing their irregular principles, both by writing and from the pulpit, and of contesting and confuting them by reason and argument."

The Elector perceived the uselessness of this conference with the greatest pain. But when it came to his ear that the controversy had broken out more violently and acrimoniously than before, he again published a decree, on the 16th of September, 1664, thousands of copies of which were dispersed throughout the land, in which he declared, most positively, "that he would no longer endure this confessional quarrel, and especially, this odious mutual accusation of heterodoxy;" adding to this peremptory declaration the command, "that if any one desired his child to be baptized without the so-called exorcism, the pastor requested to do so should grant this wish without farther ceremony." This edict, which moreover required that every clergyman should bind himself, by a written declaration, to the observation of the same;

and that, in case of refusal, he should expect to be dismissed from his office," produced a great sensation, first in Berlin, and then throughout the country, and gave occasion to numerous remonstrances.

The Elector demanded obedience to his command; and the first persons who felt the weight of his anger were Provost Lilius and Magister Reinhardt, both preachers in the Nikolai Church. They were discharged from their positions, in spite of the humblest remonstrances and pleas for mercy, not only of the Berlin magistrates and ministers, but also of the nobility of Brandenburg. It now came Gerhardt's turn to sign the declaration. He decidedly declared that he could not sign a declaration which forbade the combating of teachings opposed to his confession; and he accordingly shared the same fate as his two colleagues, one of whom, however, the Provost, was restored to his position on account of his subsequent submission.

The deposition of Gerhardt, who had never taken part in these controversies in a positively rancorous spirit, created the greatest surprise; and not merely among the members of his own confession, but the entire corporation of the capital humbly interceded with the Elector in his behalf. But it was all in vain. He declared that "he knew nothing of the special piety of Gerhardt; but he knew well that he had prevented the others not a little from subscribing to the declaration." The Elector at length resolved, in January, 1667, as he was continually besieged with petitions, "that as he had heard no complaints against Paul Gerhardt, except that he had refused to subscribe to the edict, his grace, the Elector, was therefore obliged to consider that he had not rightly comprehended the spirit of the edict, and that he would accordingly herewith fully restore him, and allow him to carry on his duties as before." The liveliest joy took possession of all minds; but Gerhardt did not participate in it. He expressed himself in opposition to the magistrate, as well as

to the Elector, with the greatest determination, although with deep humility, saying "that his conscience forbade him to make use of the Elector's pardon, since it was offered to him under the expressed supposition that he had only refused to subscribe to the electoral edict because he did not understand its meaning, and it would be confidently expected that he would live according to its contents, without having subscribed to it, and thus renounce the *formula concordiæ*, which was an essential part of the Lutheran confession."

After long and deliberate counsel with himself, he voluntarily resigned his position, not only to the regret of his parish, but of the entire Lutheran community of Berlin. He obeyed the voice of his conscience. If he erred, it was only in so far as the Formula of Concord, to which he was bound, erred in its excommunications against the Reformed confession. It commanded him to pronounce the anathema against the dissent of the latter. Could he not have acted otherwise with reference to the ecclesiastical and dogmatical stand-point which he accepted, and yet remain in office? Many were of the opinion that he could, since the electoral edict did not take away his liberty of combating other doctrines; but only forbade him to do so in a passionate and invidious manner. We leave the subject. Gerhardts alone had to answer before his God for the decisive step which he took.

Paul Gerhardts now found himself without office and without bread, with a family dependent upon him. But the love of his numerous friends in Berlin did not allow him to suffer. The measure of his grief, however, was full, when in March, 1668, his faithful and beloved wife died. But he even then sought and found comfort in prayer, and received consolation from his own hymn, "Befehl du deine Wege," which we find translated as follows, by one of our best English authors:

"Commit thy way, confiding,  
When trials here arise,  
To Him whose hand is guiding  
The tumults of the skies;

These, clouds and tempests raging,  
Have each its path assigned,—  
Will God, for thee engaging,  
No way of safety find?

Trust in the Lord! His favor  
Will for thy wants provide;  
Regard his work,—and ever  
Thy work shall safe abide;  
When injuries o'ertake thee,  
Or self-inflicted care,  
Let not thy God forsake thee—  
He listens for thy pray'r.

With eye that's never weary,  
The God of truth and grace  
Sees all that's bright or dreary,  
Befalling all our race.  
Of faith, whate'er opposes,  
He makes the cause his own;  
And when the conflict closes,  
Thy victory shall be won.

The plan, to his discretion,  
With all its parts resign!  
Thou'lt find, on its completion,  
The wonder will be thine;  
How, what by thee was noted  
As dark, now understood,  
Most wisely has promoted  
His glory and thy good.

The troubles, Lord, that try us—  
O bring them to an end!  
With needed strength supply us!  
Thy love to us commend!  
That we, till death pursuing  
The best, thy chosen way,  
May then, our life renewing,  
Praise thee in endless day!

In October, 1668, he received a call from the town of Lübben, then belonging to the Elector of Saxony, to the archdeaconsy of that place. In this call he recognized the hand of Providence, and entered upon the office in May, 1669.

We know nothing of his life and labors in Lübben, except in the beginning of his ministry the magistrate of that place caused him many inconveniences, which made him long for his previous life in Berlin. It is certain, however, that he fulfilled his pastoral duties here with the same conscientiousness as in his former parishes. He held his new office for seven years; and we are not surprised that now, in his seventieth year, he felt weary of his long and thorny pilgrimage, and heartily longed for rest. There was but one care now that troubled his heart, and that was his anxiety as to the future of his son Frederic, who was but fourteen years of age. But he succeeded in



casting even this care upon the Lord. As his last will, he wrote out for his son, whom he loved most tenderly, a number of rules for the guidance of his life, which may be summed up in the following words: "Pray diligently, study what is honest, live peacefully, serve faithfully, and remain constant in thy faith and confession; then, when the time comes that thou must die, thou shalt leave this world willingly, happily, and blessedly. Amen."

From this time he lay in the roadstead of eternity, ever ready to weigh anchor. He was already breathing the peaceful air of heaven. Once in the consciousness of his approaching end, he broke out, his countenance beaming like that of an angel, in the words of his own hymn: "Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen." Soon afterward he peacefully bowed his head, closed his eyes, and passed over to the cloud of those witnesses of whom the world was not worthy. He died on the 7th of June, 1676. His remains were interred in the parish church of Lübben, in which may be seen a life-sized portrait of him, in oil, bearing the inscription, "*Theologus in cribro Satanae versatus*;" and beneath that, a Latin epigram.

Paul Gerhardt erected his most magnificent and enduring monument himself in his hymns. It is a matter of surprise that his poetical talent should have remained with him amid the confessional contests which he sustained for so many years. But all the external storms of life only drove him the more to the internal communion with his own heart, and helped to dig that inexhaustible fountain of living knowledge of salvation with which all his hymns abound. We know not to whom, after Luther, what is said of Abel in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that he still speaks, although dead, might be applied with greater justice than to Paul Gerhardt. No poet, down to the present time, has, since Luther, so touched the heart of German Christians as he. Many of his hymns became actual national songs, and were not only sung in the church and home, but in the

fields and forests. It is true that his hymns were not dictated so expressly for the congregation as such, like those of the poets contemporaneous with the Reformation, but more for personal necessity and individual conditions of soul. They are, therefore, considered of a subjective character. They, nevertheless, breathe the spirit of the Church to which he, with his whole soul, belonged, and exhibit the Lutheran confession as transplanted, in all its fullness, into a powerful, living, human heart. Gerhardt thus closes the list of those strict ecclesiastical poets who represented and glorified the faith according to its subjective side, and opens the choir of those in whose poetical effusions personal joy in the objects of faith prevails, and the sanctifying power which overcomes necessity and death, as the consequence of its subjective assumption, is made known.

Being in unity with his hymns, his whole personality attests their truth. He is what he sings. What he acknowledges he seals with his experience. As a man of unique Christian character, he stood at the head of his time in education, and reflected honor upon it as a poet, both in the form and wealth of thought of his compositions. Both Lutherans and Calvinists sang his hymns with equal pleasure and fervor. He embraced, with child-like love, all pure relations of human life, having become free and broad, and far removed from all morbid pietistic contractedness, and only moving in the spheres of a higher transfiguration.

Enough. Paul Gerhardt is ours! The whole of Protestant Christendom says this of few with more just pride, and more joyful gratitude to God, than of him. No other nation can boast of just another such an ecclesiastical poet. May he continue to sing the clouds away from the brows of the anxious, and the mists away from the eyes of the doubting, as he has done many thousands of times, and bear all who listen to or accompany his harp, with himself, to the serene sunny height, above the storms and troubles of life.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

## THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

THE most important as well as the most interesting of all ceremonies in the Catholic Church, unquestionably, is the election of a Pope. Not only all Christendom, but all the states of Europe, their rulers no less than their peoples, nay, the entire civilized world, have taken, for centuries, an absorbing interest in that event. For the so-called Catholic powers, this election possesses a peculiar significance. Pius IX is now past eighty-one, and it has been his rare good fortune to survive the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign—a privilege which was reserved for few of his predecessors in the Papal chair. In spite of occasional illness, his constitution still seems robust; but such an advanced age is in itself ominous. The days of Pius IX are probably numbered; and another election can not be very remote.

The quarter of a century during which the present Pope has reigned was fruitful in memorable events. When his successor is to be chosen, the election will no doubt come off in strict conformity with the formalities and customs which centuries have consecrated; but the proceedings will no longer be as solemn and impressive as on former occasions. The Pope has now ceased to be a worldly sovereign, and his office has thereby lost much of its nimbus, especially in the eyes of non-Catholics. The ancient Rome, for a thousand years the absolute property of the Popedom, is now the political capital of the Italian monarchy, and the majesty which surrounded the Pontiff has passed to the King. The latter circumstance will naturally invest the next Papal election with a different meaning. Not even to the Romans themselves will the Pope henceforth be the central figure. From the day on which Rome became the Italian capital, the Pope has confined himself to the immediate precincts of the Vatican; and having shown himself so little in the city, its inhabitants are said

to have almost forgotten his existence. And yet, in spite of these changes, the Pope will always remain a conspicuous and interesting character. His position in the Catholic Church is not altered; on the contrary, his proclamation of the infallibility dogma has, if possible, increased his influence and power. The strife which has lately rent the Church and embroiled the spiritual with the temporal power, can hardly tend to make the world indifferent to the man who sits at such a time in the chair of St. Peter. The death of Pius IX will probably be the signal for a bitter struggle over the succession, and fix once more the eyes of mankind in anxious suspense on the Conclave which is then to assemble at the Vatican. Let us take a nearer look at this body before it meets.

During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the Popes were elected in Rome by the assembled clergy and the entire body of the inhabitants of the city. The Pope-elect paid an installation-fee to the reigning Roman sovereign, a custom which had not been entirely discontinued even in the days of the predecessor of that Gregory VII, at whose footstool the Emperor Henry IV was compelled to humble himself. It was under Gregory VII that the Church first became fully cognizant of its power. In 1179, during the session of the third Lateran Council, under Pope Alexander IV, the custom of electing the Pope exclusively by and from the cardinals was first introduced, and the old practice discontinued. At the same Council, too, was adopted the rule which interdicts all communications, oral or written, with the members assembled in Conclave; and a century later (1274), Pope Gregory X ordered that the cardinals, while voting for a Pope, should be locked up in separate cells and there eat and sleep. The bulls of subsequent Popes promulgated other rules to govern the election of their successors in office,



such as the swearing in of the cardinals, the manner of voting, etc.

The state of the Pope's health is always watched with the keenest solicitude by those who surround his person. If it is failing, if the Pope is taken seriously ill, and his end is thought to be near, a scene of bustle and excitement ensues at the Vatican. The cardinals assemble, the higher and the lower clergy, the Roman nobility, the foreign ambassadors—all are in intense suspense. In the midst of the prevailing confusion it has actually occurred that the sick Pope was forgotten; that his personal attendants left him alone, to attend to their own concerns, which they considered of greater importance than the care of a dying old man, from whose favor they had no longer any thing to expect. The great bell of the Capitol, which announces to the people of Rome and the whole Catholic world the Pope's death, keeps tolling for nine days and nine nights. These nine days (the mourning nones) are spent in prayer, the singing of psalms, and in intriguing. The theaters, the courts, the schools, are closed. With the death of the Pope, all public offices expire, all business stands still, and all amusements cease.

After the death of the Pope, the theocratic sovereignty reverts back to the Holy College, composed of the cardinals; and until this body meets, until the formal opening of the Conclave, the cardinal-chamberlain (Camerlengo) officiates in a certain sense as the head of the Papal States, as their interministic regent. He has even been known to have coins struck in his own name and bearing his coat of arms. Many eminences of this brief *régime*—the Conclave being usually opened nine days after the Pope's death—are said to have realized large fortunes out of their brief lease of authority.

The interregnum confers on the Roman people a sovereign right which will now be withdrawn—the right to bear arms. This arming was, however, little more than a form. As soon as the Pope had drawn his last breath, the "Defenders of the Roman people," as they were

called, summoned the Council of the Hundred to the Capitol, after which began the enlistment of two hundred men, especially detailed to guard the Vatican. The troop was placed under the command of a captain and an ensign, the former of whom had to be a member of one of the old Patrician families of Rome. This extemporized militia made the capital its headquarters, stationed sentinels in the fourteen districts of the city, and patrolled the streets by day and night. It also watched over the safety of the Ghetto and the bridges. The Bridge of the Angels, however, was guarded by the noble house of the Matei, which, in accordance with an ancient privilege, maintains for this express purpose, a small force of retainers who wear its livery.

Nominally, the police duties of Rome are delegated to the "Senator of Rome" and the Caprioni, who plant, during the session of the Conclave, the banner of the Church in front of their palaces, in token of their official dignity. The Caprioni, or District Police Commissaries, wield little power; and the "Senator of Rome," too, has become a mere man of straw. At one time, however, this heir of the old *Patres Conscripti* was omnipotent. As the "Dictator of the Roman people," he was more tribune than senator, and the memory of Braucaleone d'Audolfo, who leveled castles and beheaded nobles, is still gratefully remembered by the masses, though the proud patricians mention the name only with terror and loathing. But the "Senator's" ancient glory is gone. In spite of his gold-embroidered robes, massive chain, and ivory scepter, the supreme arbiter of the Eternal City has come to be a common *ædile* who opens the horse-races during the Carnival. Once the post was held by princes of Rome's proudest families. The "Senator" lived at the Capitol, and his three aids, no less gorgeously attired than he, bore the name of "Defenders of the Roman people."

The death bells ringing at the Capitol announce that the Pope is no more. These mournful sounds electrify the pop-

ulation, startle hut and palace. People forsake their houses for the streets; there is hurrying to and fro in hot haste, yet without a definite purpose. Every body wants to see, every body wants to hear, and every body wants to know; but none can tell exactly what. Men run, stand still, and look about. The public squares and the principal thoroughfares are densely packed with groups of idlers. Nobles, ecclesiastics, monks, merchants, artists, laborers, foreigners, natives, all nationalities, all ranks, mingle promiscuously. Few bestow a single thought on the dead Pope, whose corpse has hardly had time to get cold. His good or bad qualities no longer concern the public; they are left to the judgment of a higher tribunal. As the needle turns to the pole, so all minds are fixed on the next Pope. It is he alone that is spoken of; his personality excites endless speculation and conjecture. Wagers are secretly laid on the chances of this or that candidate in the Conclave. Not only in the Conclave of the Vatican, but in the conclave of the streets, a dozen Popes are proposed and rejected. In spite of the bull of Pius VI, bets are offered on the success of certain cardinals, just as men bet on a horse; and the emissaries of the rival factions are carefully feeling the public pulse. The most diverse religious parties—Liberals, Revolutionists, Reactionaries, the foreign ambassadors—all are represented on the streets by agents working in their respective interests.

Such is the character of the scenes which the public squares and the streets of Rome present during the days of the interregnum and pending the Papal election; nor is the Rome of the palaces less stirred and excited at this period. The same pitfalls which the inferior diplomacy sets in the streets are employed by the higher in the *salons*. All the excellencies, all the eminences, are embarked in the campaign; their equipages cross one another, and scatter the multitude, which opens before and closes behind them, like the waves of the Red Sea after Moses. The elective republic at the Vat-

ican, which is a kind of modern clerical Poland, has hitherto received its countersign from Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, who have a sort of veto on the vote.

By ancient usage the Conclave usually meets at the Vatican, though there is no special ordinance on the subject; on the contrary, the ecclesiastical rules leave it at the option of the cardinals to say where they shall assemble. The last Conclave, the one which elected Pius IX, met in the palace of the Quirinal, because it occurred in the Summer, and the malaria which prevailed within the walls of the old city, had, on that occasion, invaded the precincts of the Pontifical residence. The more healthily situated and airy Quirinal palace offered, therefore, a decided advantage, even though the cardinal electors, locked up between the wooden walls of their cells, could neither use its lofty halls, nor breathe the cool air of its magnificent gardens. Otherwise, it is usual to put up a row of wooden boxes, or cells, in the so-called *Sale Ducale*, the largest apartment of the Vatican. These cells are each ten feet square, with an empty space half a foot wide between them. A small stairway leads from each cell to an upper room, in which are lodged the secretary and the confessor of the cardinal elector below. The cells are as many as there are members of the Conclave, and they are numbered and assigned by lot. The door of each cell bears the coat of arms of its tenant. The interior of the cells is hung with some dark woolen stuff. Besides the secretary and the confessor, who accompany each cardinal to the Conclave, he is allowed his valet, a barber, an apothecary, and, should his health require it, a physician. In this manner the population of a Conclave is often quite large. Every valet, who is locked up with his master to the end of the election, receives four hundred livres from the treasury, and the freedom of the city. The secretaries, almost invariably the friends and confidants of the cardinals, are generally adroit politicians, who often exert an important influence in the choice of a



Pope. After the members of the Conclave have been locked up in their cells, they are no more allowed to leave them. The Papal election has then commenced, and their seclusion must continue while it lasts. Every elector is obliged to take the prescribed oath before he enters the Conclave.

During this time the police of the palace is intrusted to the hands of a high lay official, entitled the Marshal of the Conclave. He lives on the place, has charge of the keys, and he alone is authorized to open and shut the cells, the doors of which are guarded by the Swiss of the Pope's body-guard. The first of the "Defenders of the Roman People" acts as the marshal's deputy; but as long as the Conclave is in session, it is the marshal who is the real Cerberus of the palace. None can enter it without his leave, and even then only after a strict search of his person. The marshal also inspects the meals which are daily brought to the cells, in order to see that no letters may be secreted among the dishes; for the cooking for the cardinals is done in their own palaces, and by their own cooks.

Punctually at the hour of noon the Conclave is provisioned for the day. In solemn procession the meals are brought from the palace of each cardinal. The entire household turns out in its best liveries, under the command of the majordomo, while the head cook superintends the stowing away of the dishes into a gigantic purple-colored tin box. This box is placed on a purple litter, borne by two lackeys in their grand livery. The *cortege* is headed by two heralds, with staffs in their hands, and closed by the state-carriage of his Eminence, which, though empty on such occasions, is considered an indispensable appendage to the pageant. The clumsy splendor of the cardinals' carriages is one of the characteristic shows of Rome. They are painted a bright purple—the official color—and surmounted at the four corners by a high, massive scroll-work, heavily gilt. The vehicles are often adorned with fine

pictures, and bear the coats of arms of their proprietors.

During the whole time that the Conclave is in session, these processions may be seen, precisely at the stroke of twelve, threading their way through the streets of the city, in order that the princes of the Church may receive the food provided for their bodies. The Roman populace, like their classic ancestors, are very fond of every kind of show, and never fail to attend the gastronomical exhibitions in dense crowds; they form regular lanes, through which the processions pass, curiously eye the gorgeous *corteges* that defile before them, and indulge in jocose conjectures over the contents of the boxes. Long before noon the gates of the Vatican are besieged by a vast and expectant multitude. The several processions usually meet in the neighborhood of the palace, and arrive at the main entrance in a compact body. The portals are, of course, closed, and can not be entered. But there are four openings, each provided with a dumb-waiter, by which the meals prepared for the cardinals are passed inside. As the boxes are successively handed in, the name of the cardinal for whom each is intended is called out. The process of distributing the dishes is generally superintended by the marshal in person. When this is over, the servants form again in line, and, followed by the state-carriages, return, in the same order as they came, to their respective palaces.

Another ceremony connected with the Conclave, and which excites in a still greater degree the interest of the Romans, is the fumade. Every morning at eleven o'clock, and every evening at five, the electors, assembled in Conclave, proceed to the Scrutinium for the purpose of voting. This they repeat as long as the scrutiny of the votes cast shows that none of the candidates has received two hundred and thirteen of the whole number of votes, this being the least number requisite, under the bull promulgated by Alexander IV, for the choice of a Pope. The voting proceeds by folded ballots, on which

each elector writes the words, "*Ego eligo in summum Pontificem Reverendum Dominum Cardinalem, U. U.*" This folded ballot, the size of a folio sheet, is inclosed in four envelopes, upon the last of which the elector writes his name, and then seals the whole. The scrutiny takes place in the chapel. The cardinals are seated on their benches and hold the ballots in their hands. Rising, one after the other, they walk up to the altar, where they drop the ballots in a chalice, which is placed there for that purpose. When all the votes have been cast, the ballots are unfolded by the Governor of the Conclave, assisted by the first "Defender of the Roman people." The result of the vote is then announced; and if it is less than two hundred and thirteen for any one candidate, the cardinals return to their cells. The ballots are taken to a particular room in the palace and burnt. The smoke thus produced is carried off through a pipe especially provided for this object, and can be plainly seen by the people outside.

This proceeding is called the fumade, and the multitude watch it with intense interest. About eleven in the morning and five in the afternoon, a vast concourse of people fills the vacant spaces near the Conclave Palace to observe the result. All gaze in breathless suspense. If a faint volume of smoke ascends into the air, the scrutiny has been ineffective, and the Pope is still to be elected; but if no smoke rises within twenty minutes of the appointed hours, then it is a sign that the ballots have become too precious to be burned, and the Pope is elected.

The interest which the Roman populace take in the fumade is quite natural. Until the last election, the Church-State, in so far as its temporal government is concerned, was the embodiment of the most absolute monarchy. Every citizen had, therefore, a direct personal interest in the new ruler. As a worldly sovereign, the Pope was more absolute than the Czar of Russia; to him literally applied the maxim of Louis XIV, "*L'état c'est moi.*" He was above the law, he

revised the decisions of the courts; in short, the Pope was an autocrat. And if we further consider the incentive of interest, and the sharp spur of ambition—for nearly every Roman stood in more or less close relations to some cardinal whose election would be a personal benefit to him—it is easy to understand the feverish impatience with which the multitude watched the fumade, the intense suspense and excitement which prevailed in Rome when the faint column of smoke failed to ascend from the pipe at the expected time.

In so far as the cardinals assembled in Conclave were affected by their imprisonment, it was often too trying not to prove a serious hardship for the majority of them. Generally men of advanced age, sickly and feeble, they greatly missed the comforts of their palaces. Their confinement frequently became at last so irksome that, weary of deliberation and the careful weighing of rival pretensions, they would even forego their preferences, and suddenly cast their votes for the most eligible candidate, merely in order to regain their liberty. Hence the Roman adage: "The Pope never comes until the cardinals are sick of him."

The Governor of the Conclave is the *major-domo* whose special duty it is to preside over the Scrutinium, and to take care that none of the cardinal electors are tampered with by outside influences. The latter, of course, under exceptional circumstances, may receive visits, but only at a grated side-door (*esportello*), and always in the presence of one of the four auditors (*ascoltatori*), who must hear every word, and who watches even the mien and gestures of the speakers. The foreign ambassadors are entitled to a general audience with the Conclave. On the demise of the Pope, their mission expires, and they have to be newly accredited by the interministic authority before they can legally exercise their diplomatic functions. They call, therefore, in full gala, on the Marshal of the Conclave. Conducted by him into the hall of audience, they are formally pre-



sented to the assembled cardinals, and hand their credentials to the Cardinal Chamberlain and the three Cardinal Superiors of Orders, to whom this duty is especially assigned. The excellencies bend one knee, while the eminences stand erect and with covered heads; for, as the next Pope is among them, the Conclave represents the divine majesty as well as the temporal authority.

The Cardinal Superiors of Orders relieve one another daily in their high office. During the sitting of the Conclave they are the real bearers of the spiritual and temporal sovereignty at the Vatican, like the Cardinal Chamberlain during the mourning nones; for the Conclave only meets after their close. The Cardinal Superiors of Orders govern the Church-State and the Church until the election is over. The new order of things at Rome, we need scarcely say, will relieve them of their temporal cares hereafter.

During this entire period the clergy is absorbed in continued prayer. All orders and societies, ecclesiastic and lay, are abroad on a pilgrimage from Church to Church, partaking of the sacrament. All the religious, including the mendicant friars, assemble in the morning in the Church of St. Laurentius. Thence, singing litanies to the saints, they march in procession to the Palace of the Conclave. This is repeated until the new Pope is elected.

There are also prayers in the Conclave. In the morning, before the cardinals proceed to the Scrutinium, they hear a mass to the Holy Ghost in the chapel. On the way there, they intone the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.

For several centuries, the Papal elections have been subject to the veto of Austria, France, Spain, and Naples, the so-called Catholic powers, who claim the right of exclusion. Any one of these powers may object to a candidate whose election it considers prejudicial to its interests. But as the veto can be exercised only once by each power, the Conclave manages to make this privilege practically worthless by presenting, in the first

instance, candidates known to be objectionable. It is not until the vetoes have been exhausted that the real candidate is put forward, and the contest opens in earnest. The courts, of course, are aware of this game; but they find it almost hopeless to cope with the cardinals in Conclave. They have to trust to the skill of their agents for the defeat of an obnoxious candidate to the chair of St. Peter; and hence, the uneasiness with which the result of the election is always looked forward to by the governments most directly interested. Thus the Machiavelian spirit finds ample scope for display in this narrow field.

During the session of the Conclave, the foreign diplomacy has its hands full, and is in constant communication with the holy college. Cardinals, secretaries, confessors, valets, barbers, physicians, and whoever else has access to the Conclave,—all are subsidized. No matter how strictly the Marshal of the Conclave may guard the access to the palace, however carefully the "Defenders of the People" may search the dishes that pass in and out, there is no lack of secret messages which reach the different embassies from the Conclave, or of little notes, containing tempting inducements, that find their way, in some mysterious manner, from the embassies to the lonely cells of the cardinals.

The result of all this intriguing is, however, always the same. A candidate whose name has been most prominently mentioned in connection with the Papacy has generally very little chance to succeed. The triple crown, after dazzling successive aspirants, usually descends on the head of some one before hardly so much as thought of. A cardinal distinguished for his abilities and virtues is rarely chosen Pope; and for this reason many who aspire to the keys of St. Peter often affect a feebleness and indecision of character which is foreign to them. In a few instances this game has actually succeeded. It also explains why we discover so few really great men among the more than two hundred and fifty successors

of St. Peter. In fact, these few truly able men were elected in spite, and not because, of their superior qualities. The Italian adage, that "He who goes into the Conclave as Pope is sure to come out a cardinal," is therefore fully justified.

With the life and reign of Pius IX, will close an epoch ever memorable in the history of the Popedom. He will be the last of a long series of Popes who were for a thousand years elected under the self-same political conditions, and the first of those Popes who will hereafter have to be content with the spiritual authority alone, and to whom the Popedom will no longer bring temporal power. Only a little more than twenty-six years have passed since Pius IX ascended the throne, and yet what changes have occurred within this comparatively short space of time! When Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, one of the youngest members of the Holy College, was crowned with the triple tiara, the old Austria still ruled, under Metternich's auspices, in Germany and Italy. On the throne of France sat the Citizen King. The Bourbons ruled in Spain and Naples. No revolutionary cloud darkened the European horizon. When Pius IX is gathered to his fathers, the sound of the death-bell will be wafted far beyond the Papal territory, and the Romans will be reminded that their ancient rulers must henceforth be subjects like themselves. Austria, the greatest Catholic State, will be considerably re-

duced in size, and stripped of its influence in Germany and Italy. Imperial France, the oldest daughter of the Church, will be vanquished and humbled, and no longer be the champion of the Church against her foes. The Bourbons will all be in exile. Portugal, the only Catholic power which remains unchanged, will be as feeble as ever. On the other hand, heretic Prussia will be the German Empire and the arbiter of the Continent, and insist, no doubt, on exerting a certain influence over the Conclave, at least in so far as to oppose the election of a Pope with avowedly French or Ultramontane sympathies. Moreover, the next Papal election will find introduced throughout Europe, nay, over the entire globe, a system of communication that was unknown when Pius IX ascended the Pontifical throne. When the cardinals meet again in Conclave, not only the Romans, but all civilized nations, will anxiously look forward to the result of their vote. The news announced by the fumade will be known simultaneously in Vienna, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, London, St. Petersburg, and New York. Even the secrets of the cells are very likely to be daily telegraphed to the remotest parts of the earth, and that in spite of marshals, governors, and "Defenders of the Roman people." Let the electric wires once gain access to the Vatican, the Conclave must lose all its former significance, and become a mere matter of form. W. P. MORRAS.

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## SATURDAY EVENING.

HOW sweet the evening shadows fall,  
 Advancing from the west,  
 And ends the weary week of toil,  
 And comes the day of rest!  
 Bright o'er the earth the star of eve  
 Her radiant beauty sheds;  
 And myriad sisters calmly weave  
 Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!  
 The world's hard contest close;  
 The holy hours with God begin—  
 Yield thee to sweet repose.  
 Bright o'er the earth the morning ray  
 Its sacred light will cast,  
 Fair emblem of the glorious day  
 That evermore shall last.



## THE PETREL'S LAST VOYAGE.

NORTHWARD I sailed, and I sailed to  
 the west;  
 And far I sailed from my Mollie's breast.  
 The truest eyes that ever man knew;  
 The truest lips, and heart as true.  
 For a little word, but lightly said,  
 I had turned and left, and wished us dead.  
 For a little word, that any might say,  
 I crushed my heart and left the bay.  
 "Whither sail you so?" the Norseman cried.  
 "Further north," I said, in my senseless  
 pride.  
 Further north I sailed for many a day,  
 Till my gallant ship was cast away.  
 Was cast away—and I, forlorn,  
 On a desert isle, could not return.  
 Then I thought with remorse of my patient  
 wife,  
 Till hope was broken from my life.  
 Her gentle acts, unkindly met,  
 Returned on me with all regret;  
 And day and night, for months and years,  
 My heart grew sore with doubts and fears.  
 But at last there came a passing sail  
 That bore me back to Innisfail.  
 Again I saw my native land—  
 I stood once more by the rocky strand.

They knew me when I spoke her name—  
 When I asked for her—with a flush of shame.  
 "Above her the Summer grasses wave.  
 For many a year she is in her grave.  
 She was far too good for such as you,"  
 They said. And I answered, "It is true."  
 Their words fell blacker than my fear;  
 Alas! that I should live to hear!  
 Alas! that I should have undone  
 The hope and the life that I had won!  
 The faithful heart has turned to dust;  
 But where is the love, and where is the  
 trust?  
 Yet false were the cruel words they said:  
 She came to me as from the dead.  
 She came to me—how can I tell?  
 O God, thou doest all things well.  
 She clung to me; she kissed my face;  
 She brought me to our dwelling-place.  
 And when I saw where, every night,  
 For me had burned the watchful light,  
 How hard she had striven, day by day,—  
 What was there then for me to say?  
 O woman, God has made you fair,  
 And brave and pure, beyond compare!  
 And gold and rubies can not buy  
 The love that can such ills defy.

HENRY GILLMAN.

## THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads  
 Beneath the golden skies,  
 And but a narrow strip between  
 Of land and shadow lies.  
 The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,  
 Dissolved in glory, float;  
 And mid-way of the radiant flood  
 Hangs silently the boat.  
 The sea is but another sky,  
 The sky a sea as well;

And which is earth and which the heavens,  
 The eye can scarcely tell.  
 So, when for us life's evening hour,  
 Soft fading, shall descend,  
 May glory, born of earth and heaven,  
 The earth and heaven blend!  
 Flooded with peace the spirit floats,  
 While silent raptures glow,  
 Till where earth ends and heaven begins  
 The soul shall scarcely know.

LONGFELLOW.

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

THE old church was at the foot of rugged New England hills, cold, grand, and gloomy as a prison in all its furnishings and surroundings. Great bars were placed athwart its double doors; the town clock struck from its belfry each hour in the day, and the heavy bell echoed its solemn peal from week to week. Not at all did it look as if this forbidding place was the one where the Savior waited to welcome sinners to his arms. Judgment, terrible, cruel judgment, was written upon and around it; and from its high pulpit, where the stern minister looked down upon the people like a messenger of God's wrath, judgment was proclaimed oftener than mercy. Long sermons, closely written, nestled in a black morocco case, and we watched the turning of the leaves to see how nearly they were at an end. O, the minutes that we have counted in watching till the end should come, the end of doctrines that we could not understand, and of sentences and words too hard to remember, even if we could have pronounced them. The square pews were stiff and formal, and stiff and formal people came, Sabbath after Sabbath, to fill them. Sold every year to the highest bidder, the rich sat near the pulpit, the middle class in the center, while the poor were driven to the door or into the gallery, where, in those days, the negroes were crowded to one side, colonized in God's sanctuary as well as in public vehicles and places of amusement. The tall organ reached nearly to the roof of the building from its high place in the gallery, and behind it a boy always sat in Church-time, to supply it with air, by keeping the lever in motion with his foot. One Sunday the "organ-blower" went to sleep, and as the organist struck the keys, nothing came of it but a most ludicrous squeak, which made us all come as near to laughing as we dared. The psalms and hymns were long and tedious, and were set to

tunes which to-day we should never think of singing, except at funerals. Dreary indeed were they to the ears of a child who loved nothing so well as pretty poetry and lively music. Then the deacon was old and tall, and gray as seventy years could make him. He was our reverence and fear; but sometimes, at our father's house, he would unbend a little to our child capacity, and try to make himself agreeable. He was a jeweler, and had promised us a silver thimble on condition that we would learn a certain number of verses of Scripture, a task which we gladly accomplished, going afterward, at his invitation, for our reward, to spend an afternoon with his wife and daughters. Neither of these were fond of children, and we were not long in finding out that they were not specially glad to see us. The thimble was ours; but the memory of that long, cold afternoon has haunted a life-time of more than forty years. One kind word, one smile, one pleasant recollection, is not ours to record in this brief story. When one feels the first chill of Autumn he may know how we felt then. In the prayers that he sent up from the old pulpit, the minister stood up straight as a pine, with one hand raised, and in a monotonous voice, asked the blessing of God upon his people. Here, and in Sunday-school, we were taught that, from the foundation of the world, our Almighty Father had chosen those whom he wished to be saved, and that nothing which we did, whether of good or evil, could alter his decree. Night after night we went to sleep, pondering this idea in our minds. If we are to be saved, we shall be, whether we are good or not, and what difference does it make; only it is better to be good because it makes father and mother happier.

Be it remembered that this was forty years ago, and that these "childhood memories" are written that we may



know something of times that are past as well as of those that are now passing. There was another church besides that under the hill, to which we sometimes liked to go; though a mystery was connected with it, which we now understand, but were then slow in solving. It was a plain, neatly painted building on the outside; inside were narrow slips instead of square pews; the pulpit was not high, and there was a pretty gallery for the few singers that came to sing for the small congregation. The minister was sometimes a common farmer, a man whom we often saw in town on a week-day, selling beans and vegetables, but who was highly spoken of for his obliging manners and honest dealing. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, which looked very strange by the side of the old minister's suit of solemn black. But around his neck was a snow-white cravat, which reminded us of the "clean heart" of which he often spoke. This plain man never read his sermons; but, taking his text from the Gospels or Epistles, he spoke words of comfort to the sorrowing, strength to the believer, and exhortation to the wicked. He did not preach like the old parson as we soon found out, young as we were. As near as we can remember, the import of what he said was this: God had created the world, and had no favorites among rich or poor. It was our own fault if we were not saved in heaven when we died, and if we did not live devoted to the dear Savior, who had died for us. All that was required of us was, to believe and keep his commandments. His tender mercy was over us all. Young as we then were, there was a comfort to us in these thoughts such as we had never felt under the preaching of the old minister in the church under the hill. To be sure, the language was not always grammatical, and the people that went here were far different from those who attended there. If we asked questions about the difference at home, we were vaguely answered, and we surmised that our going there was not agreeable to many of our friends. Why, we could

not tell, and we did not then, as now, understand the reason. The old minister, as we said, stood up to pray; the one with the blue coat kneeled down, with his hands reverently clasped on the Bible before him; and closed with the Lord's Prayer, which we seldom heard in the old church. Sometimes a better preacher came; but none ever for whom we had greater respect than the one in the blue coat. Ridicule sometimes followed his language and manners from people who called themselves Christians. This we thought unkind, and we went to sleep many nights trying to reconcile differences which are plain to us now. The singing, too, was so unlike what we heard down town, that we wondered what should make the disparity. There was no organ. In the hymn-book there were no psalms, only hymns. Instead of the name of Watts we found that of Wesley, of whom the preachers often spoke as a holy man as well as a man of profound learning. The people sang all over the house, though the social and friendly spirit of the worship frequently drew in from the neighborhood a little choir of young people. Here, too, in the vestry, were held evening prayer-meetings unlike any thing with which we were familiar. Some one struck up a lively tune, in which all joined. Then the people prayed and spoke, and what was strange to us was, that *women* prayed and spoke through all the exercises. There was one sister whose sweet voice has long ago joined the angel choir. How often we have heard it leading the rich chorus:

"My God, I know, I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim  
Till all I have is lost in thine,  
And all renewed I am.  
I hold thee with a trembling hand  
And will not let thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy fulness know."

She was large, broad-shouldered, not handsome, but with such a beautiful radiance illuminating her sweet face that one could not help loving and being drawn to her. And love her every body did. Of high birth and some edu-

cation, a lady in the best sense of that much-abused word, it was a wonder to many why she had cast in her lot with that lowly people; a people that were then "every-where spoken against." She had a husband who never came to his family, but spent his time in dram-shops and places of sin. She made her own living in part; but, as her sons grew older, they helped their mother, so that she was always comfortably situated. She wore a rich suit of gray, made in Quaker style, for her Sunday dress. One of these boys studied law, and was for many years a member of Congress. Brilliant as a man of learning and influence, he was his mother's pride and prayer; but never religious in her meaning of that word. Still, he cheerfully put money in her hands, for many years, to aid in supporting the Gospel in the Church to which she belonged. Then, there was our school-teacher, a general favorite with the children, whom she taught for many years, in the old school-house, reading, writing, geography, grammar, and Daboll's arithmetic.

Miss Muller was a single woman whom no one ever thought of calling by that disrespectful term, "old maid." Lovely and beautiful herself, her life was good and gentle, devoted to religious duties, in which she never lost an opportunity for charity to the poor, or attention to the sick and afflicted. There was a singular man, also, who always had a prayer to make in these little neighborhood meetings. He had been educated to go to Church where the people read their prayers from books, and his was almost always the same in language and expression. One sentence we never have forgotten as part of his petition: "O Lord, come over the many mountains of our sins; may a great light shine around and glory in the midst." He was a hatter by trade, honest in all his dealings, and had the universal respect of his neighbors, although strangely eccentric.

Then, again, there was a dear, good old man with one eye, black as a coal, a bald head, and nerves ajar with every

excitement. His prayers and exhortations always added interest to these social meetings. With the Church on the hill, there was a little Sunday-school, in which we were taught very differently from what we were taught in the Sabbath-school under the hill. It did not make any difference whether we were "dressed up" or not when we went here. There was no formality about it, and we always heard something which led us to think throughout the week, even if our books were not as many and our lessons as hard. Our teachers did not ask us such puzzling questions, but talked to us in a kind, friendly way about the Savior. It was here that we first felt his love as being in store for us.

As time passed on, the young people began to be drawn into the Church on the hill. A dear brother came to its communion, and has since been faithfully serving its interests in many capacities. A great many other people, whom we have not thought of, came to the church on the hill. But those we have mentioned are the ones we loved best, and who were most in sympathy with us as children—a feeling which we often think is lacking in Christians, who somehow stand in the minds of the young as types of Christ. And if Christians don't love children, how can they make them believe that Christ does? It was in the Church on the hill that we were drawn in loving channels of thought to love the story of the Cross, because we saw that here the Cross on earth was daily borne in the lives of all its members.

There was an old colored woman who never missed these meetings. She had one seat which she always occupied, in a corner by herself; and was our wonder and love, though then her race was in slavery, and thought only fit to serve. She wore a great, green calash which more than half concealed her shining face and the corners of the white of the eyes; but her clear, clean, ivory teeth always showed through the veil. She ever had something good to say, and sang, in a sweet, shaky voice, beautiful



hymns of the Cross that we had never heard before. These hymns so moved upon our hearts that we felt drawn to the Savior as we had never been anywhere else but in the vestry of the Church on the hill. Old Chloe had a husband who did very little for his family; and she went out to work and took in washing for a living. Prince was one of her boys, a good, dutiful son, but sickly. Prince went to the public-schools. We are ashamed to say that the teacher was not above being negligent and even cruel to poor Prince simply because he was black. We remember, as if it were but yesterday, how many times the schoolmaster seized the poor boy by the collar of his coat and jerked him into the middle of the room, and whaled him with a great rod till he shrieked with pain and writhed in convulsions of sobs and tears; and all for the slightest offense or least mistake. He was then every day coming down with consumption, of which he afterward died. If patience and gentleness and a sweet experience of the Savior's love will open to us the heavenly world, Prince has been all these years in heaven, singing the praises of God—praises which he and old Chloe so loved to sing on earth. The treatment that Prince received from our teacher expressed the feeling which at that time largely prevailed in New England toward the negro race. It was then considered disgraceful to speak of the abolition of slavery. A good many times we have gone crying home because impertinent children threw

in our face that our father was an "old Abolitionist;" and that our brother had joined, and was going to be a minister in, the Church on the hill, to which old Aunt Chloe belonged.

Slavery has since been abolished, and no more bondage for the negro race exists under the American flag; yet if some one had not had the courage to bear the ridicule, but had turned back because of it, the abolition of slavery could not have been accomplished. It was just so with the Church on the hill. Its few unobtrusive but worthy members were derided and shunned. Where are they now? With the holy company that have gone to sing the praises of God! The sect to which that Church belongs is now one of the largest religious bodies in the world. Men of profound learning have filled its pulpits. It has the best schools and colleges, the finest temples of worship, the most devout as well as the most wealthy congregations, and the largest publishing-houses for magazines and papers. And all this has come to pass because the first few faithful standard-bearers stood by their colors, and did not turn back on account of what was said by prejudice and pride. And this, too, because of the earnestness and enthusiasm and the eloquence of the spirit that has always, from its humble beginning, marked the members of that grand society, from whose publishing-house, in Cincinnati, emanate the pages of this magazine, the "Queen of Monthlies."

MARY W. ALEXANDER.

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### GIVE ME THE LOWEST PLACE.

GIVE me the lowest place; not that I dare  
 Ask for that lowest place; but thou hast died  
 That I might live and share  
 Thy glory by thy side.  
 Give me the lowest place; or if for me  
 That lowest place be too high, make one more low,  
 Where I may sit and see  
 My God, and love thee so.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## THE DOCTRINE OF RECOGNITION.

FIRST PAPER.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

IN the following papers the immortality of man is postulated. If there are doubters, the discussion is not designed for them; will not benefit them; can, in fact, be of no special interest to them. The question of vital concernment to such lies back, and must be sought elsewhere. We write now for those who believe in the discrete existence and permanent consciousness of the personal soul after death. To such—and they constitute the mass of the species—the whole subject of future life is one of transcendent interest. We treat a single phase of it,—*The Doctrine of Recognition*. Do souls, in the realm beyond death, meet and recognize those with whom they were associated in this earthly life?

There may be subjects of greater practical moment: there can scarcely be one of more thrilling interest. It has a voice for us all, and in moments of supremest need comes home to every heart. As often as we think of the dead, and remember the love we bore them—and when do we not think and remember?—as often as we look upon the living, and reflect how soon we shall be parted from them; as often as we turn our thoughts upon ourselves, and meditate of the exceeding brevity and uncertainty of the life we are now living, and how soon all its joys and sorrows will be extinguished in the grave, which stands open to receive us; and whenever our minds are startled with intimations of eternity and the awful mysteries it holds in its embrace for us,—in all such seasons the question crowds upon us with mastering influence. Displaced for a little by present urgencies, it soon returns; silenced for a moment, it comes back with more clamorous pleadings.

Nor is it in morbid seasons alone, when the heart is smitten with grief, or when

meditations of the grave and approaching separations cast somber shadows over life; or when we stand shivering on the brink, expecting every moment when we shall plunge; but at all times, whenever the subject is brought to our notice, it at once seizes us with masterful power, and holds us for the while its willing captive. It is nature's yearning—love cherishing her idols and refusing to give them up—the heart clinging even in death to its treasures, and refusing to yield its hold!

The question meets us every-where; in the cot and palace; trembling on the lips of youth and age; of womanhood and manhood; coming still from the refined and uncultivated, from the stoical and sensitive; from all grades and casts of men; in all states and conditions of life: "In the next life shall we know and have again the loved of other days? Do the unions of life carry over and outlast the ravages of death?" How many times it has been propounded to me in whispers, by lips white with solicitude, speaking the fears and hopes of hearts breaking with the pain of uncertainty! It may not be to-day; but there come moments in every life, when, were the globe gold, it would be willingly given for a contentful answer. The moment is now with some of my readers; and to such especially I come with greetings and messages of consolation. I propose, as thoroughly as possible, to consider specifically this question, and furnish such answer as it may be given me.

The conceded difficulty of the subject, with its interest to the affections, furnishes the only reason for the discussion. Were the answer perfectly easy and satisfactory to all minds, the papers following would be uncalled for. The subject is of a class which, from its nature, lies



exclusively in the domain of faith, and precludes possible positive knowledge. The utmost objective point of our inquiry is, to ascertain whether there is ground for faith. We do, and will, believe. We seek to find whether our belief is merely the conjecture of the imagination to allay the clamor of interested affections, or a faith resting, or possible to rest, on rational foundations. Have we reason to believe? Many truths, most important of all, elude knowledge, but nevertheless furnish ample ground of belief. Is this one of them? And what are the grounds of faith, in the absence of knowledge? Perhaps, nay, certainly, no man living has it in his power to convince us that of his personal knowledge he can affirm or deny. The utmost we can do is, believe or disbelieve. The reasons must be for or against faith. It is the duty and interest of rational beings to find which. This is the object of our search.

As you expect, we take the affirmative of the question. The dead do rejoin and recognize the friends they knew and loved on earth. If we doubted, we could write no line that would not pain you to read; no line that would not torture us to indite. If we disbelieved, neither tongue nor pen should ever be permitted to lift the napkin from the face of the dead hope. If we knew to the contrary, in mercy to mankind we would hide the awful secret in our own bosom, and long to terminate the anguish of the discovery in the beneficent unconsciousness of the grave itself, lest in some moment of agony it should be wrung from our hearts, and become the dreadful heritage of a sorrowful world. *I believe*, therefore I write.

Before we enter the discussion, there are two or three preliminary matters which ought to have brief attention. Truth is always precise. It has no margins. It is this or that, or more or less; but never both. We need to understand precisely what that is which we believe and defend, and what it is not.

Our thesis does not include the idea, that the special relationships of this life carry over to the next, and are renewed

and perpetuated there as here. This is not only not probable, but is certainly not the case. We refer now to those precious relations constituting the family bond: the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. The family itself, with all its inclusions, is an earthly institution. It typifies nothing that is permanent except the one great family of which God is the Father, and all we children. Reason alone would infer the abrogation of all such relations, inasmuch as that for which they were instituted terminates with the present earthly state. But our Lord authoritatively settles it in precise terms. The occasion was the memorable case submitted to him by the Sadducees as against the doctrine he taught of a resurrection of the dead—a doctrine which they rejected—the case of the woman who had seven husbands. They raised the question: "Therefore, in the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her." To that question: "Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." The answer is unequivocal, and settles the question by divine authority. The same is doubtless true of the paternal relation; and for the same reason, the end or object of the relation ceases with this life. The memory of the former relationship will remain, as the memory of every other state and event of the earthly life, in fullness and completeness; but all that was included in it and constituted it will cease. Parent and child will meet, not now to hold the relation of parent and child, but with the recollection that in a former state they were so related; the same will be true of husband and wife. The peculiar demands for, and responsibilities of, all earthly relations are put off with the earthly which shrined them. The husband will not want a wife, nor the wife a husband; the parent will not want a child, nor the child a parent. There will be

nothing remaining in any to make possible either the desire or fact of such relations.

The second thing not implied in our thesis is, the continuance of the *peculiar* loves or affections in the next state. I say the *peculiar* loves. This we think is clear, and for the same reasons as above. The relation ceasing, and the end for which it was appointed ceasing, the *peculiar* affection, which was its bond and cement, will also cease. More plainly, I mean to say that conjugal love, or the love subsisting between husband and wife, and making the ground of marriage; and paternal and filial love, or the loves subsisting between parent and child, making the ground of peculiar mutual obligation, and therefore special interest, is an arrangement for time and probation, and will not obtain in eternity. The husband and wife will not love as husband and wife, the parent and child as parent and child; but a common affection, varying it may be—nay, will be—in degree, will unite them as glorified beings. The peculiar affection, in both cases, having been for an end which no longer exists the appointment will also discontinue.

In all this statement I have italicized the word *peculiar*, and for a reason. Conjugal love and filial and parental love, in their highest purity, are God's blessed gift to man in his earthly life; but they are of the earth. There is a love that is celestial and without earthly alloy. The two affections grow often together. When we say that the *peculiar* love does not carry over, we do not mean that there is not a deeper and holier love uniting souls in the life beyond who were so related in this life. Whatever may be the common loves of all holy beings in eternity, and it is our belief that love is the very essence of heaven, we can not doubt that those whom we have loved most here, loved most purely and tenderly, will be likely to be dearest to us there. They will still be our treasures. All that they ever were to us will still be remembered; the hold they had on our being will still be felt in more exalted

forms. The noble passion purified from all alloy will rise into still grander and more ravishing intensity. The imperfect earthly love will be transformed into the perfect heavenly. The relations will be sunk, but the bond will be tightened. They will be greatly more to us than they ever were on earth, and more to us, we may venture to believe, than they could have been, had they not been bone of our bones and heart of our heart. But more on this point in the progress of this discussion.

Let us now proceed to a positive view of the subject; our proposition is: "In the next world we shall know and remember those known in this life."

The proposition, as I mean it to be understood, has these two parts: First, when we pass into the next state, we shall carry with us a vivid recollection of this state, of persons, things, and events, such as we take with us when we go from one country to another; from England to France, or from France to the United States; such as we carry with us through the successive grades of natural life. Second, that we shall meet in the next state persons known to us in this; and shall recognize them, as Jane and Mary, Thomas and Samuel, as we should recognize them in London or Paris!

Upon the first part of the statement there can scarcely be two opinions; I think there are not, among people whose opinions are entitled to consideration. So far as I know, all who believe in future existence at all, agree that memory will carry over, and that it will be perfect; and yet as this point stands in important relations to future arguments it may be well to establish it. Fortunately, the case is not difficult to make out, both on rational and Scriptural grounds. We will name both classes of proof—rational and Scriptural—proofs deduced from the nature of the soul, and proofs from the teaching of the Word of God. And, first, I suggest, to suppose the soul in the future state bereft of memory is to suppose it existing in that state without any distinct consciousness of ever having existed before,



inasmuch as consciousness of a previous life can be no other than consciousness of the memory of what it thought, did, and suffered in that state, or a recollection of the experiences through which it passed. Consciousness is confined to the active states of the soul. It does not reach to the being itself except as active. That is, the only means we have of knowing ourselves as existing is by being conscious of our activity; and the only means we have of knowing that we are beings who did exist in the past is the consciousness we have of remembering the past activities we either suffered or performed, the thoughts, loves, and volitions we experienced and exercised. We retain and restore our former selves wholly by restoring these experiences. Destroy them, and though we be supposed to have existed, we can not know that we have existed. All previous existence must be an utter blank. Second, I suggest, with the loss of the memory of past existence would be the loss of all ideas and knowledge gained, and all character acquired in that state; and the soul thus bereft would enter upon its future career, as it entered upon this, in utter infancy; and indeed, morally and intellectually, it would be a new soul, dating its birth and consciousness from the moment of its dislodgement from the body, just as we date ours with birth. It would be to all intents and purposes beginning an existence *de novo*. There would be nothing carried over from the former existence but a spirit without acquired ideas or character of any kind, or even the knowledge of its previous being, if that were possible. To allow this, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that possibly we may have already lived through pre-existent states, of which we retain no memory; and the doctrine of pre-existence in an endless round of transmigrations might then be true, and we be wholly unconscious of it. The idea is subversive of all established views of psychology, which predicate of memory that it is an essential faculty of the soul, which remains with it as a part of its integrity.

All observation, as recorded by the most careful and astute observers, tends to this view. Amid all changes, the soul chronicles its own history, and is able to identify itself by its remembrance of its history. It is as tenacious of the past as it is conscious of the present. It is thus, and thus only, that we are able to know of our personal identity any two successive moments of time. Deprived of it, the self could know itself as existing now, and not as having existed yesterday. The idea supposes death to be different in its effects from what true philosophy warrants. The usual and doubtless true idea is simply that death is the removal of soul, its dislodgement, not its destruction; its emergence, in the moment of death, into the future world, as a waking out of sleep, or as passage through a dark vale, or over a river, transferring its entire self, as it transfers itself, through the sleeping hours of the night to the waking in the morning, from one city to another, with full consciousness and unrobbed of its treasures, bearing with it the memory of the past into the glory of the future. Even those who imagine that the soul remains unconscious during the interval between death and the resurrection, hold that when it awakes it will be as if it had slept for a moment or a night, and, waking, will find itself rehabilitated with all its former knowledges and experiences.

But if these considerations were not sufficient, arising as they do from the mere operations of reason, there are some others, derived from the Word of God, which perfectly settle the case, some direct, some inferential. This after all is final authority. Neither sense nor reason furnishes much light on the subject of future existence, either as to the fact of it or its mode. Reason supplies hints upon which conjectures arise, but is insufficient to bring contentful knowledge. God's Word is the city of refuge to the anxious inquirer. If we reject it, no solid footing remains. What does it teach? therefore, is the great question. Reason will not fail to approve what it authorizes; for the Author of the Bible is the Author

of reason. Right reason delights to walk in its greater light, and joyfully accepts its teaching. Appealing to this supreme authority, we find the doctrine we have indicated abundantly established. First: It is the pervading doctrine of revelation that the present life is a probation; the future life, a state of rewards; thus showing that they stand intimately related, the one to the other. What we sow here we reap there! This is a most important fact. Can it be supposed that the soul will enjoy or endure a reward or retribution for deeds of which it has no recollection? Is the thing possible? Will it suffer perdition without any recollection of the sins for which it suffers? The idea is utterly inadmissible. Will it enjoy the bliss of heaven, praising Christ forever as its great Savior, without any remembrance of the sins and sufferings from which he redeemed and saved it? The idea is absurd! Thus, whether we contemplate the bliss of the finally saved, or the sorrows of the finally lost, we are equally forced to the conclusion that they will have a vivid and thorough memory of the present state.

It is absolutely impossible that there should be either rewards or punishments, in the proper sense of the words, and the soul be uninformed of the occasion of the suffering or enjoyment. Suffering may be inflicted, and enjoyment bestowed, without the idea of recompense; but the idea of recompense can not exist in the soul without the knowledge of that which occasions it; and so a spirit can not know or think itself as rewarded, without the idea of that for which it is rewarded. To be conscious of a state of reward and retribution, heaven and hell must be known in their relations to this life. They have no moral significance without this.

But if the very idea of reward in future life for deeds done in this implies the memory of such deeds, more strongly still do the Scripture accounts of the judgment, in which the rewards are to be given. Take a class of passages in which it is said account will be rendered to God in that day: "But I say unto you, that

every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." If there were not another, this passage is sufficient. "Every one shall give account of himself to God." "Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and dead." Further, it is especially said, "Every man's works shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire." "Therefore, judge nothing before the time until the Lord cometh, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." Take the passage from Matthew:

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was



thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

Many passages of like kind might be added; these will suffice. They establish, beyond all dispute, that at the judgment a thorough memory of the entire life will remain, so minute as to embrace thoughts, words, feelings, and actions. No one can read these passages and fail to be convinced, if they be true, that in the final judgment of men, whenever and however that may be, the souls judged will have an exact memory and consciousness of all the matters for which they are judged. The statements are wonderfully comprehensive, implying that there will be such a quickening of memory as to restore all thoughts, all deeds, all feelings, all motives, so that not only the external acts will pass in review but the very secrets of the soul.

The passage from Matthew, in that wonderful twenty-fifth chapter, is irresistible. Therein it is declared that the souls of all the dead will stand before God; and in the judgment it will be specifically stated what their acts were toward each other, for which they are then and there condemned or approved; which implies that they will remember both the acts and the persons. There could be no judgment without this. The court must have the case, and so must the party judged, if a sense of justice is to go with them from the judgment-seat. The proof is positive that memory survives death. This is all we now claim.

But the case is too plain to need more extended examinations. Let us now, therefore, proceed to the second part:

The souls of the departed will recognize those known in this state. That is, souls do meet in the next world, and recognize each other as John or Mary, known in a former state. This proposition differs from the former in this particular: it includes identification of persons, as well as personal memory of relations to them, or knowledge of them, in a previous state. It involves, not only that souls will carry with them the recollection that they once knew, in a former state, certain persons by certain names; but more, that this particular spirit now present was that very person called father; this one, the person called son; that one, wife; these, friends, of various degrees of intimacy, known at particular times and places, and bearing certain relations to our acts and affections.

This is the proposition we are now to establish. The range of argument is so wide that we can not undertake to exhaust it. The first point we make is this: The souls of the departed will exist in society, will meet in the next state, by which I mean they will dwell in a place or places where they will be together and have intercourse! This is important. It is not in my plan to raise the question, sometimes mooted, of the materiality of the abode of the departed, saved or lost; or to indicate any opinion as to the locality of the places they shall inhabit. This one point only is now made: they will exist, somewhere and in some method, in society. I am free to acknowledge, that, for myself, I know of nothing in revelation, and that is our only authority, that makes known any thing about the precise place in the universe where the saved or lost will finally dwell; nor do I know any thing in revelation which gives me a clear and definite idea of the manner of their existence. There are hints, but they are not such as to admit dogmatism. They will exist, and it is now my object to show that they will exist together.

I might urge as a final consideration, and one of great weight, the universality and reasonableness of the belief; but as

nothing short of revelation will be deemed final; and as it is final, our appeal will be to it alone. Still, let us for a moment look at the reasonableness of the supposition, aside from express revelation. Man is constituted for fellowship. His nature is constructed upon that idea. It is impossible to doubt this. Why shall his history become a violent contradiction to his nature? Why shall he, after that he is made and endowed for fellowship, become forever isolated and secluded? If his nature tends to the fellowship of those of his own kind, with a longing that is unappeasable, why suppose that he shall become forever an alien to his own kind? If, while in the body, he can not content himself with exile and loneliness, why, out of the body, suppose it will be otherwise? Is it not the first and last and strongest instinct, wish, and desire of his heart, to find companionship? Does he not, for the sake of it, endure all toil and hardship and peril? What is it that asserts its sway in death if it be not the hope and longing to join a celestial brotherhood? What is it that solaces for the grief of parting with the living, but the idea of joining the multitudes believed to be waiting on the other shore? The sobbings of the farewell mingle with the kisses of the welcome. What says the Word? A few passages will suffice.

From the Old Testament, we select all that class which represents the deceased patriarchs as gathered with and to their fathers or people, in which an obvious allusion is made, not to the grave, but to the concourse of departed spirits. This is well known to have always been the understanding of the people whose worthies are referred to. "The Hebrews regarded life as a journey, a pilgrimage, on the face of the earth. The traveler, as they supposed, when he arrived at the end of his journey, which happened when he died, was received into the company of his ancestors who had gone before him. Opinions of this kind are the origin and ground of such phrases as to be gathered unto one's people, to go

to one's fathers. (*Jahn's Archæology*.) Other particular passages, which will be quoted as bearing directly on the point of recognition, need not be named here. The New Testament is explicit. We can name but a few passages only to establish the principle. Take the words of Christ to his disciples, and through them to all Christians: "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Again: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

Thus the saints are to be gathered to one place, where Christ is. The indirect assertion here is equal to the most direct and positive declaration. It shows that it is the will and purpose of the Redeemer to bring all the redeemed into the place where he himself is, that they may constitute a glorified society. To that end he goes to prepare a place for them, in which they shall all alike behold and share his glory. No just criticism can extort from the words any other meaning. Many other passages are in accord with this interpretation.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people; and God himself will be with them and be their God." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-



born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. . . . And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed with white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white

in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple."

But I need not extend. These texts establish all that we claim now: that souls will be gathered together in the same place, constituting an assemblage and society, taking part in the same religious rites, joining their voices and uniting their hearts in the same strains and sentiments of worship. These and kindred Scriptures have inspired the whole Church of Christ, along all the Christian ages, with the idea of heaven as the final home, where all the redeemed family meet, and abide forever. Whatever diversities have existed on other subjects, on this there has been scarcely any disagreement. Living and dying, this hope has cheered all believers. There can be no question as to its Scriptural authority. Here we rest it.

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### THE LOVES OF THE LOWLY.

THE story of Orpheus, in some form, must have been current among men at least four thousand years. It comes to us from the Greek; but its primary elements are found in very ancient Hindoo literature; and it is the opinion of the learned that, before Greek was Greek, or Hindoo was Hindoo, it had a place in a common and united household. As that family, the Japhetic or Caucasian, became great, and scattered over large portions of the globe, each division carried with it some fragment of this life-picture. The genius of the Greek gave to the story its most human and enchanting form; and with the freshness of its youth, it still holds its place among various nations. Why?

Orpheus's love for the beautiful Eurydice; her early death from the bite of a snake; his wretchedness; the silence of his golden lyre, the music of which had

often lured after him men, brutes, and trees alike; his soothing with his matchless song Cerberus, the watch-dogs at the mouth of Hades; his search in the spirit-land for the object of his love; the permission that he received from Pluto to lead her away on condition that he would not look on her face till they had reached the earth; his forgetfulness, and her loss; his inconsolable grief; the silence of his music, and his death,—embrace an experience which is the common property of all nations; for it belongs to humanity. It matters not what Orpheus may be in mythology, the human heart has adopted the god as its oracle.

Love, as an element of human nature, is not only strong in itself, but it stirs to action, and makes doubly strong, every other noble quality of the human heart. If the soul is capable of courage, of daring, of steadiness of purpose, and of endurance,

these qualities, under the inspiration of a quenchless love, will give to character in the hour of adversity a heroism and a greatness of supreme sublimity. It is because of woman's superior spiritual passion that she possesses a courage and a confidence to fight on when man's failing heart would surrender the field. There are few sublimer spectacles for angels to behold on earth than a young, intelligent wife, calm, intrepid, still happy, tender, and affectionate, amidst the disasters which have overwhelmed her husband in despair and his affairs in ruin; and if any thing could induce a man to renew the struggle, and renew it a thousand times, it would be the rainbow of such a presence

"Arching the clouds in his sky."

But I sat down to write of facts—of facts which in part came under my own observation. In 1845, Lewis Verder was a little less than twenty years of age, and lived in the Oglethorpe district, south of Savannah, Georgia. Emma, a little younger, lived on an upland cotton-plantation, about five miles to the west. Both were under medium size, of the same complexion, each betraying a distinct trace of Caucasian blood. In mental ability, they were somewhat above the average of their race. They became acquainted; they loved—loved like an Orpheus—and were married. Every Saturday night, as early as ten o'clock, Lewis knocked at the door of Emma's cabin. A happiness as pure, as strong, and as constant as can flow from the union of human hearts, was given them to enjoy. Such was the depth and fullness of the flow of love that for once the cup of slavery was so sweetened that the bitter was scarcely tasted. As obedient and faithful slaves, the value of both was increased by their marriage. They determined that no negligence of theirs should interrupt the visits of Saturday night and Sunday.

A Methodist society worshiped in a rude meeting-house standing on the plantation of Emma's master, and both Lewis

and Emma were members. To them was born a child; the day was set for its baptism, and a white minister of the Gospel was engaged to administer the rite. In fixing its dress for that day, the mother had done her best, and it must be confessed that Lewy made a rather gaudy appearance for such an occasion. As Lewis and Emma, with the boy in her arms, left the cabin for the church, Mrs. Liater, Emma's mistress, a childless wife, sat by a raised window, watching their movements. Not a word was spoken. Emma had faintly hoped for the "smile of a benediction." As Mrs. Liater saw them pass up the lane leading to the highway, one carrying the babe a little distance and then the other, each giving it a kiss as it changed arms. She thought at first, How foolish, how childish! Still she could not take her eyes away from the happy pair. Another thought struck her, and it sunk deep into her very sensitive nature. It was an arrow from the full-bent bow of "the green-eyed monster." Deep in her sepulchral soul she felt and said: "They are blessed—they are happy; I am not." Mrs. Liater was mad at the God of Emma. Her nature in a moment curdled into one feeling, and that was wretchedness. Mrs. Liater hated Emma, and all the more because she could find no fault with her.

About two o'clock—a half-hour later than usual—Lewis and Emma, with their consecrated child, returned from Church. Mrs. Liater saw them pass into the cabin, and, shouting to her husband, said, bitterly:

"There; that nasty wench has got back. I want you to set the dogs on that Lew, and drive him back to his rice-swamps, and give Em thirty lashes for her conduct."

"Why, my dear honey, what's wrong?"

"Do n't call me honey, nor any thing else, till that hussy of a nigger is whipped for disobedience and neglect; and the day that brat she's got is old enough to wean, he shall be sold for what he'll bring. She'll be good for nothing while he's around for her to fuss with. She's



been up half the night, for weeks, fixing him for his sprinkling to-day."

This kind of a storm was as unexpected to Mr. Liater as it was to Lewis and Emma. He was one of that sort of men who are the coolest and the most calm when storms are impetuous and wild. In his judgment this thunder and lightning were from a clear sky, and his sympathies were with the sky. Emma was not whipped, nor were the dogs set on Lewis. It may be that Mrs. Liater, who had received the education of a lady, was ashamed of her own boisterousness, for she was seen no more that day. Had she paused to analyze her feelings before they became a tempest—this, women seldom do; but had she, it would have appeared that a senseless jealousy was the cause of her madness and wretchedness. She might, too, have been ashamed to envy a colored female slave her little cup of happiness, simply because it was full to the brim. Mrs. Liater probably went to her chamber, baffled, pale, and sick with rage. Be that as it may, all was calm again; but Lewis and Emma were troubled. A slave's instincts were often the profoundest philosophy. An irruption had taken place, an ominous silence prevailed, and the next visitation might be the all-ingulfing earthquake. That night the baby slept as usual; but the parents watched and thought and counseled. Their fears had only intensified their love for each other and for their boy. A little before day-break, far down the road, Emma and Lewis said to each other, "God bless you," and parted.

As Emma returned, she saw a light in her mistress's room. She would rather it had been dark. After a little, she heard voices—occasionally a loud and angry tone, the thunder-tone of a gathering tempest. At the baptism the minister had said she must care for her child as our Heavenly Father cares for us. These words came to her mind. She reasoned, as instinct reasons: If my Heavenly Father cares for me—and surely he does—as I care for my boy, I have nothing to fear. Emma had the

faith of a child, and lying down by the side of her babe, she was soon asleep.

It was a common thing for slaves to spend much of two or three nights in a week visiting friends, and rambling from one plantation to another. Husbands and wives were not generally owned by the same master. The young men almost invariably met the object of their love away from home. Negro friendships and relationships are very strong, and nationality has a controlling influence. Though among white people, they were not of them. To be in each other's society, they sacrificed much of the rest and sleep the night was intended to give to laboring man. It was in this way that intelligence circulated with great rapidity among the colored people. A sale or a whipping, a wedding or a birth, was known for miles around within a day or so. But the rice-fields were isolated, in a measure, from the upland cotton-plantations. A line somewhat dimly defined often separated the one class of slaves from the other. The cotton high lands were preferred to the rice-swamps by the laborers. There is an aristocracy among negro slaves. A house-servant ranks a field-hand; one who drives the family chaise ranks the one who drives a six-mule team; the driver of a six-mule team is in rank about equal to a mechanic; and the city, in every respect, ranks the country. These aristocratic lines do not cut very deep, and the transit from one side to the other is easily made. Lewis's master was a rich rice-producer, and he was a house-servant. His rank was the same as Emma's, who was a cook.

Three days had not passed away before it was known throughout the Oglethorpe district that trouble had broken out on the Liater estate among the slaves. Mrs. Liater, in some way, was mixed in with the difficulty, and the order had been given for all "rice-swampers" to keep away from that plantation. It was further reported that Emma had been driven from the kitchen, and, being too fragile for field service, was for sale.

Lewis, on hearing these things, besought his master to buy his wife, and put her into the kitchen or chamber. It was with trembling he made this request, as he feared that for some trifling offense she might be banished to the rice-swamps. His master gave him an evasive answer, as if the matter could be attended to at one time as well as another.

The distress of Lewis was frightful to behold. About ten o'clock that night he started for the Liatier plantation. On his way he met two friendly acquaintances who were hastening to inform him that his wife and child had been sold early that morning to a gentleman from the upper Altamaha country, who wanted a cook, and that she was taken immediately to her new home. Five hundred dollars had been paid for his wife, and one hundred for his baby. Stunned by this intelligence, Lewis fell to the ground, and for some time his breathing was a gasp. His friends gave him the fullness of their rough but sincere sympathy, and with their help, he was soon on his feet again. He could not be persuaded to return till he had verified, by actual observation and inquiry, that what they had told him was true. While in Emma's vacant cabin, the chamber-maid came in, and gave him the dress his boy had worn at his baptism, with this message from her: "Tell Lewis to keep this, for, as God lives, we shall meet again." Lewis was unable to obtain the slightest clew to the place of Emma's destination, further than it was the upper Altamaha country; nor could any one tell him the name of her new master.

Lewis was one of the most quiet and even-tempered men I ever knew. His life was a model of Christian consistency. But this terrible surge of wrong and agony had thrown him upon the crumbling edge of a crater, and beneath him he could see only the smoke of smoldering fires.

As he returned alone to the rice-plantation, he thought of Emma's message: "'As God lives!' Sure 'as God lives!' And does he live? If he lives, why was

Emma sold? We have both tried to serve him and our master well. 'Lives, lives?' Does he really live? Could it have been worse did he not live?" Lewis felt angry. A world so dark, it seemed to him, could have no God. If there was a God, a glimmer of light somewhere would indicate his presence. Look where he might, the very blackness of darkness was there. A moonless, starless midnight came before he reached the plantation; but its darkness was nothing compared to that other darkness which he felt. That was heavy, and he was crushed beneath its weight. He thought again of Emma's last words to him: "Tell Lewis—we shall meet again!" He was inclined to linger upon these words, not because God was in the message, not because he thought there was truth in it, but because she had uttered the words and sent them as a message to him. As he neared his cabin, the sea-breeze brought to his ears the cry of pelicans in the direction of St. Simon's Island. Great quantities of these gloomy birds were found upon this coast; hence Georgia is called the Pelican State. I have often seen the sandy beach, for a distance of many miles, alive with them. Their dismal, distant, midnight song reminds one of the wail of a child crying itself to sleep. This music touched the heart of Lewis. He listened. As he sat in the door of his cabin, the house-clock struck two. About the premises the stillness of a grave-yard reigned. In the distance and the darkness he heard the soft fall of footsteps. Two great, benevolent-looking blood-hounds came to him and licked his clinched hands. They relaxed, he faintly returned the caress of one, then the other; his sympathies were touched, and he felt the better for it. The clouds broke away in the east, and his familiar stars burned suddenly; he scarcely knew them, but he saw that morning was near at hand. He was sorry, for he wished the darkness to continue. He shrunk from seeing himself and his wretchedness by daylight. The darkness of the grave had attractions



superior to the brightness of day. It was well for Lewis that his agony was sharp and severe, for he had to think of his aching heart. Thoughts of his lost Emma and his lost boy were distracting. As he thought of the darkness and the agony which were upon him, he made a discovery. He suffered from the loss of his wife and his child; but he suffered still more, as he saw, from the loss of God. Emma's words returned to him, "As God lives." He thought, "There is a God; for he was Emma's strength, or she could not have left that message for me, 'We shall meet again.' Yes: as there is a God, if he wills it, we may. She believes it, and why may not I believe?" Faith returned, and Lewis emerged from the billows, as Peter had done before him. Though the tempest was terrible, he could now see in the midst of it the presence of a Superior Power. Lewis found that his heart was breaking; but breaking in tenderness; and as the morning dawned, his eyes, which had been tearless, and which had worn the glare of death, became the channels through which he poured upon the ground great floods of grief.

The message, "Tell Lewis to keep this, for, as God lives, we shall meet again," was now, for the first time, accepted and embalmed in his heart. He passed the days in the silence of a great sorrow. He performed his duties with his usual care; and thus, with but little variation, twelve long years passed away. He seemed to be alive only to his labor, his Church, and Emma's message. Night never found him absent from his cabin. Of society he knew nothing. The watch-dogs' moan and the pelicans' cry were sweeter music to him than the voice of revelry and glee.

Early in 1862, Lewis enlisted as a soldier, and was put into the Thirty-fourth Regiment, United States Colored Troops. He was made a corporal, and, soon after, a sergeant. Apparently, he was making for himself a country, and securing his own liberty; but really, his thoughts were on those he had not seen

or heard from for twelve sad years. "God lives," had become his creed.

Emma's history in the up-country had been without incident. She had been a faithful servant, and had not changed masters. She did not severely blame her old master, as he sold her to save her from abuse. Her boy had remained with her, a care and a comfort.

In 1864, General Sherman's army, in its great march to the sea, swept through the country watered by the northern branches of the Altamaha River. With a great many others, Emma and her son, now a lad of fifteen, fled to the Union camp, and drifted down to the coast. In Savannah she found old acquaintances, and learned that Lewis was still alive, and a soldier in the service. On learning the route Sherman's army had taken, and that a great number of slaves had accompanied him to Savannah, a gleam of hope entered the mind of Lewis that his wife might possibly be of the number. His regiment was on duty a little south of Charleston, and, on the fall of that city, the brigade to which he belonged was ordered to Florida. On its way it stopped at Savannah. Emma, in the mean time, had learned that Lewis was in the Thirty-fourth Regiment; and the peculiarities of her case were known to many of the colored people of the city. This large brigade had not been in camp an hour before both Lewis and Emma were on the alert.

A young, frolicsome girl, who had taken a liking for the lad, young Lewis, came dashing up to Emma on the street, and said:

"Your man hab cum; for I seed him, and hearn him 'quire for you of dese town folks."

"Did you tell him I was here?"

"No; I runned right straight for you, quick as I could, to tell ye."

Young Lew knew what had brought her there so quick, felt a little embarrassed, and said:

"I'll be snaked if I would n't be glad to see pap myself."

In the mean time, the girl is piloting

the wife and son to the place where she left the husband and father. Pointing to a group of men, she says:

"Dat be him, wid de blue coat on, and de straps on he arm."

Emma stopped, and said to the girl:

"Hear me. Say nothing of me to Lewis; but tell him to go to his tent and wait there, for somebody wants to see him. Mind that you do n't even look toward me or Lew. Then come and show me to his tent."

The girl was apt at this kind of business; and, that the injunction not to look toward Lew might be removed, she made all possible haste. She soon returned, with a shout of victory in her face:

"He in de tent, and all de odder nigger men hab gone."

A little further on, she said, pointing with her finger to the spot:

"Dat be de tent, where de smoke is."

Lewis, in the mean time, had fallen behind a little, admiring the soldiers' uniforms and the fixtures about the camp. The girl, feeling that her duty was done, dropped behind too. She rather retarded, than otherwise, the movements of the boy. Emma was not sorry for this, as she entered Lewis's tent alone.

An hour or so after this, it was known throughout the camp that Sergeant Verder's long-lost wife and son were found, and that they were in camp. Every body knew Lewis Verder, and thought he was worthy of just such a fortune as that. After a while his most intimate friends went to his tent to pronounce a "God bless you!" on them both. Then

others came, in squads and platoons. Army officers learned the cause of the excitement; and they came to see the man-slave and the woman-slave who, during fifteen years of separation, had been faithful to each other, and had met again. One, glittering in epaulets, and bearing the scars of battles, said, with tears in his eyes:

"I bless God for this war!"

Hundreds and thousands of the freed slaves had been remarried, as, according to the laws of Georgia, their first marriage was without legal warrant, and by slave-owners and statesmen was regarded as a sham. Some, who were exultant that they had been married lawfully, suggested this idea to Lewis and Emma; but she said, with emphasis:

"No; God married us;" and added, as if she felt the sting of an insult: "Since the day we stood up in the cabin, and, with our hands joined, promised to love each other and no one else, I have been faithful to my promise, and I have not a doubt that Lewis has been true to me; and a marriage which has been tested, and has lasted as ours has, I think, will now carry us through life."

This was the beginning and ending of impertinence.

Lewis found a home for his wife and boy in Savannah, and proceeded with his regiment to Florida. This was in April, 1864. The following May, with his regiment, he was mustered out of service. Drawing from the Beaufort Freedmen's Bank five hundred and three dollars there deposited, he rejoined his family in Savannah.

H. H. MOORE.



## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S "ARCADIA."

OUR much-agitated world, with its claims on our time, its daily increasing details that demand our attention, is becoming compelled reluctantly to withdraw its gaze from its older books. The line dividing those works which entertain us, from the authors which we read with conscious effort approaching to study, is daily being advanced, seeming to keep a uniform distance from the present. Probably, three centuries hence critics will be collating Mark Twain with Mr. Parton, and indulging in cautious comment on the condition of society as depicted in the "Gilded Age." Whenever we are led into such a conjecture, we can not avoid a shudder at the labors of the antiquarian of that epoch, who will have all our periodicals and newspaper files to pore over in his investigation. We are ashamed to think how scant is our knowledge of times gone by; but the antiquarian society of the future, should no merciful deluge inundate our libraries, will feel embarrassed that he knows so much.

There is scarce any name in our literature more instructive to be considered than that of Philip Sidney. He may now be, not less than three centuries ago, the favorite of men; but he exemplifies the vicissitudes of fame, from the fact that we have by common consent agreed to transfer our homage from his pen to his sword. We are unwilling to admit, to any aspirant, fame in more than one direction; for in truth we have too few niches in our Pantheon to allow a plurality of statues to the same hero. When, however, it happens that fame, both in literature and active life, is achieved by one and the same person, it is usually the writings that call us to the author's deeds. But with Sidney the case is reversed. His books no longer call us to his life; rather, the incidents of his life perpetuate our interest in his books. Nor is the explanation difficult. Sometimes

remarkable events are so associated in a man's life—or it may be ordinary experiences are recounted by some Boswell—that we (perhaps a little lazy in our reading) accept such a life as a better expression of ideas than the best work of his pen. Many circumstances unite to bring about this result with Sidney. His career and accomplishments, the marvel of his age; his ever-benignant fortune; above all, that gallant death in the charge at Zutphen,—dazzle us much more than the antiquated type of his writings. In fact, when we turn over the venerable folio, we can only with difficulty bring ourselves to conceive that two hundred and fifty years ago it was the passion of gayety and beauty to dwell on its pages.

On the other hand, Sidney's life becomes invested with the haze and indistinctness that distance gives to the days of Good Queen Bess. Whether we regard Sidney purely personally, or as a representative of that accomplished group in which were gathered Raleigh, Essex, and Oxford, he may in either case be said to have no successor. We delight to think him the last of knights-errant, and link his virtues with the Round-table. His time is a transition in warfare. Until after him, a battle was the arena of valor rather than a field of tactics. The onset of skilled men-at-arms turned the fortune of the day, and numbers had still to yield to heroes. Our fancy lingers on this period. We summon up to our imagination three-decked monsters of the Armada, and are fascinated by them in the same way that the walls and black turrets of Nuremberg please us rather than the symmetrical defenses of Paris. Whence it happens that Sidney's writings only grow gradually less prominent amid the ocean of literature, at the same time that his life is richer in its associations. We must refer to his books—reflecting as they do the inner life of the age—whether we are curious to trace the

ideas and expressions of the time, or would observe that mine of expression which Sidney worked, and from which Shakespeare, Addison, and Lamb have not scrupled to gather treasure.

Every one is familiar with his Sonnets, from the selections and appreciative criticism of Lamb. Their sweetness and delightful exaggerative passion have given them a place unequaled in our poetry. Their warmth, the sparkling overflow of spirits, that crowding of tender images in the writer's fancy, are more peculiar to the love-songs of the South. The "Defense of Poesie" is more read, and has received higher praise, than his other writings. As a critical argument drawn from comparison of ancient and modern poetry, it is the earliest in our language. With what a graceful dash he lays down his arguments! He felt none of that cautious dread of reviewers that we feel; but overturns his imaginary objector as he would unhorse an adversary in the lists. The impulsive spirit of the age shows itself in his expressions. To sum up the standard of accomplishments, to be learned was not enough, it was to say "he both knew and durst." Hence, in the "Defense of Poesie," the arguments savor of a defiance. The stealthy advance in reasoning, that attempt to ingratiate the reader, to coax him into assent, and finally surprise him in the conclusion, was not then in vogue.

But it is of the "Arcadia" that we would write. Who has not been led into unreal conjectures by the very name? So many associations lurk in its title that we expect too much before we open its time-worn pages. Our disappointment on beginning to read is like our first view of the ocean; our expectations had been too vague. We are not satisfied at finding only a pastoral. Nor would we have been more content had it, like the "Eutopia," attempted to set forth an ideal realm. Those speculations of politicians whose fancy would supplant facts, have nothing in common with the "Arcadia." It was not written in hope of introducing novelties in legislation. It was but the

irregular effusions of a mind of twenty-six, "in summe, a young head not so staid as I wish it were." Despite its defects, which every critic from Milton to Taine has pointed out, it occasions surprise that so much was produced by one so young.

We are in the habit of styling the present the age of precocity. It is, however, probable that the past was more truly so. Marlowe wrote the "Faustus" at twenty-five; Thomson wrote the "Seasons" at twenty-seven; and Beaumont, the dramatist, died at twenty-nine. Nor was this true only among authors. It will be difficult, among Sidney's contemporaries, to select the name of a single warrior who had not achieved distinction at an age when boys are nowadays at school. Henry III of France, Henry of Navarre, Conde, Alexander of Parma, and William the Silent, had all commanded armies when little over twenty. The average duration of life being then shortened by the greater frequency of wars, the ravages of contagions, and the violence of the times, young men sooner fitted themselves for active life, and were earlier intrusted with posts of responsibility.

When Sidney penned the "Arcadia," his want of age had been fully compensated by the advantages of his study and experience. How many years of ordinary observation could be compared with the college companionship of his two friends, Raleigh and Spenser, what visionary speculations, what warm-hearted confidences, what enthusiastic plans for the future, figured in the words of the trio as they sauntered together in academic groves! Did Sidney enjoy best to sacrifice to the graces with Spenser as he unfolded the outlines of his "Fairly Queen?" or did he oftener discourse with Raleigh on battles, and the new-found lands in the West? The college passed, Sidney sets forth on the Continent, with three servants and four horses, going first to Paris. To such a mind as Sidney's, a journey to Paris—the capital city of "that sweet enemy, France"—would at



any time have been fraught with remembrance. How must his sensitive spirit have been impressed as he listened to the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois on that St. Bartholomew eve! In his travels he journeyed to Heidelberg, Vienna, and Venice, and read "Aristotle" at Padua. He afterward passed through the Netherlands, made the acquaintance of William the Silent—the most profound statesman of his time—and observed the incipient uprising of the Low Countries against the power of Philip. After his return came the story-telling and congratulations. We may imagine him surrounded by the beauty of Elizabeth's court, acquiring that singular art of interweaving adulations with his narratives, of digressing into complimentary euphuisms, in which the "Arcadia" surpasses all books. He tells us he wrote more to relieve his crowded thought than from any impulse of communicating ideas. On loose sheets of paper the "Arcadia" was begun. The continual recollection that his sister's eye would follow his pen—to whom the detached sheets were submitted as soon as finished—gave new ardor to his glowing fancy. To captivate and enchain her attention, to merit her sisterly approval, was his whole aim. No thought of cold criticism repressed his redundant sentences. Action in abundance was produced, that the ladies' interest in their brother's work should not flag; shipwreck, disasters, battles, and sentiment were thrown together without stint. Did chance thoughts recall his studies at Padua, where he read the maxims of Aristotle, was not the personal presence of the ladies sufficient to excuse any innovations on the rules laid down by the Stagirite? Then, too, the young "piece of a logician" found it easy to justify himself. When he was incited by sisterly praise, he would soothe any little qualms about florid metaphor by saying that all rules of writing must be subjected to time and place, and surely what style could be more appropriate to his present condition and audience? In this manner came our romance, which delights our attention the

more it is studied. Not that any amount of sympathetic enthusiasm may blind us to its failings, which, resulting from the extraordinary circumstances under which it was written, the peculiar bias of the writer's mind, or the prevalent opinions of the day, are all the more instructive to observe.

The location of the scene in Greece, the giving to the *dramatis personæ* Greek names, arrests our notice at the outset. Such an anachronism as to impose feudal usages and Gothic ideas on the Peloponnesus is, from the first, distasteful. It is the natural plot of a young man, fascinated with the studies of the University, whose whole reading, except a few tales of chivalry, had been among the classics. Dr. Johnson thought English unfit for an epitaph, and pedantically preferred Latin. Sidney's excited imagination refused even to use our commonplace English names; he would introduce his heroes under Greek titles. Our art of fiction not yet having been commenced, it seemed that the every-day world was to have no place in our imaginations. We were to exclude every thing modern from our books; at least, if we suffered it to enter, let it be under a Greek dress. But Sidney made no attempt at that which has recently become contagious; he did not imitate the style of Greece. Having Greek names and *loci*, he was therewith content. The freedom with which he deals in these names astonishes us. We meet Queen Helen of Corinth, driving out with her footmen exactly as if in St. James Park; the pendent boughs are hung with shields of daring knights; solitudes are peopled with impossibly lovely maidens waiting to be extricated by venturesome valor; swords are brandished with that facility for inflicting wounds that is common to all the tales of the day. But the supernatural is not introduced. We come many times to the threshold, but the giants, the azure-eyed dragons, and that legion of fanciful persecutors of beauty, never encroach on the story. Excepting a vague allusion to the Oracle at Delphi, there is no repre-

sentation of the real Greece. Whence it seems that the students of that day, though perhaps excellently versed in classic lore, were wanting in that accurate comprehension of Hellenic customs, which modern research has developed. Could any writer, in our time, describe his hero's journey to the Olympic games, and say nothing of what he saw there? Would he not introduce the spectacle of Herodotus reading history, Milo wrestling, or, at least, take his reader into the temple where, majestic in ivory and gold, was the masterpiece of Pheidias?

The characters of the "Arcadia" are not artistically combined; neither is attempt made to unite paradoxical virtues and vices. We never meet an action whose motive is concealed, or is intended to arrest the reader and lead him to speculate on its qualities. He represents to us, in Musydorus and Pyrocles, that courage, sense of honor, extreme sensibility, ardent friendship, that lead us to think that in delineating them he merely multiplies himself. They fight, sigh, adore, and sing interminable pastorals, after the manner of the gentlemen of his time. His heroines are womanly goddesses, who sit in the chief place at tournaments, both of arms and of song, and bestow bright glances on the conquerors. To woman Sidney allowed a more exalted rank than any of his predecessors in literature.

Next to Sidney's adoration of women, and facility for turning every occasion into a compliment, comes his propensity to make verses. While he forces his thought into prose, the spontaneous flow of the words almost transmutes the lines into poetry. But when he bursts the barriers of prose and allows his singing vein full vent, the effect becomes wearisome. His most ardent admirer can scarce struggle through those long-drawn effusions in verse, that go on in that leisurely way that seems to promise endless duration. In truth, his prose almost makes fine poetry, while his poetry approaches to the most wearying prose. To understand this relation between prose

and verse, we must look to the national taste. A closer connection subsisted between poetry and prose then than ever since. It may be asked, Why did he find any occasion to write a defense of poetry? But the very familiarity with which poetry dwelt among them, bred, if not contempt, at least a diminution of that respect which it ordinarily receives. The muses did not remove themselves from commonplaces, and attend the thought only after elaborate invocation. They accompanied the child to school, attended him through his studies, kept him company in society, held important influence in politics, invaded the study of the divine, as well as the temple and the courts. Verses instructed not only in the nursery, but even in the elementary principles of the sciences. Sidney himself informs us, that, "for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses." Again, he declares poeisie was "the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse whose milk, little and little, enabled them to feed afterward on rougher knowledge." The habit of versifying was stimulated by bands of strolling players, who became as frequent in London as are now the Punch and Judy shows. In such a company, Ben Jonson did not scruple to take part, his portly figure incased in leathern jerkin. Hence, it came about that even magistrates delivered their official speeches in rhymes. The clergy made the duties of life more readily remembered by putting them into verse. The dreary opacities of our common law began to form themselves into couplets, and it has been suggested that, at one time, the pleas were chanted to the court! We can easily judge how impulsive persons might be overwhelmed by this wide-spread impulse to verse-making. Sidney dryly alludes to the possibility of being "rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland," where, through his father's residence as deputy, he had learned something of their susceptible temperament. Poetry



having thus become so intimately joined with every-day affairs, its rules were suspended. As all the ordinary and homely details of life became versified, so the drama rejected no scene, true to nature, from its representation. Hence, the absolute universality and even coarseness of Shakespeare's plays. Many expressions of the "Arcadia" should be interpreted in the light of this usage of verse-making. It is only when we come to regard his heavy-laden sentences, his amplified language, and his frequent plays on words, as the involuntary result of popular habit, that they are a pleasure to the reader. To consider them as contrived in imitation of the Italian poets, makes them repulsive, as a mannerism, or conscious striving after effect. If we view them to be marks of popular speech, we put the peculiarities on the same plane with the assonances of Dante and Shakespeare. Having made allowances for the effect of external causes, much remains chargeable to the peculiar bent of the author's genius. Plato's comparison of the mind to a darkened cave, in which all external objects appeared as shadows falling within, applies to Sidney with singular force. He had a wonderful faculty for tracing correspondences between objects that to others had nothing in common. No single shadow might fall into the chamber of his mind that his fertile fancy did not seize, and bring forth expressed with a richness of diction bordering on profusion.

We take the following as a specimen:

"Then went they together abroad, the good Kallender entertaining them with pleasant discoursing; how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man; how much, in comparison thereof, he disdained all chamber delights, that the sun, how great a journey soever he had to make, could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deers feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with

joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it falls out that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember how much 'Arcadia' was changed since his youth, activitie and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant companie, beguiled the time's haste and shortened the way's length till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but, with a whining accent, craving liberty; many of them in color and marks so resembling, that it showed they were of one kinde. The huntsmen, handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were the children of Summer, with staves in their hands, began to beat the guiltless earth when the hounds were at fault, and with horns about their necks to sound an alarum upon a silly fugitive. The hounds were strait uncoupled, and erelong the stag thought it best to trust to the nimbleness of his feet, then to the slender fortification of his lodging, and even his feet betrayed him; for howsoever they went they uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, whom, taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors (the huntsmen) with open mouths, then denounced war when the war was already begun, their cry being composed of so well sorted mouths that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion; but the skilled woodman did finde a music."

Can any finer scene be found in Addison? That concluding fancy of the hounds baying in harmony was so pleasing to Shakespeare that he has adopted it in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where Theseus's hounds are described as

"Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tunable  
Was never hallooed to, nor cheered with horn."

Addison, too, has followed the figure, telling us that the cry of Sir Roger's hounds forms a complete concert. But beyond mere felicities of expression, many curious ideas are found in these pages, that, like out-croppings of upheaved strata, indicate the drift of opinion in the buried past. How many allusions to the celebrities of the age are found in what remains of Sidney's correspondence! Schiller has remarked that the intercourse between the great men was a peculiar feature of that age. No great, absorbing national literature having arisen, Latin formed the medium of thought, and served to unite the scholars of Europe. Curious in these letters are the frequent references to the Turks. Hardly a letter passed to Languet in which Sidney did not allude to this dreaded nation. Sometimes it was rumored that the Sultan would soon assail Italy; again, that he had entered into a league with Philip against the Protestants. In the "Defense of Poesie," he says that, "In Turkie, besides their law-giving divines, they have no other writers but poets." The Ottoman power had at this time reached its supreme point, and was the bugbear of Christendom. Long after its decline, their name affrighted the world, and finally survived to us in epithets. It even found its way into the New World, as we read in the history of the New Netherlands of a libel, under the government of Peter Stuyvesant, where a citizen was addressed as "a Turke, a rascal, and a horned beast."

A singular trait, which has occasioned not a little comment, is the state of affectionate endearment existing between Pyrocles and Musydorus. They apply to one another terms of such doting confidence as seems only suited to lovers' addresses. This passionate attachment then existing between young men to each other, has led modern critics into much conjecture. Coleridge asserts in his "Table Talk" that the defective education of women led men to form friendship for sympathy with those of their own sex. It is, however, by no means

certain that the education of woman was then relatively neglected. The attainments of Lady Jane Grey have been the surprise of modern students; and Queen Elizabeth, we are informed, read daily in the Greek Testament, and occasionally discussed Plato's dialogues with her maids of honor. Considering the requisite attention demanded for those three thousand dresses and eighty wigs, which made up the queenly outfit, we should be inclined to suppose opportunities for such interchange of Greek criticism extremely infrequent. But young men's affections have sometimes little to do with women's education. We read in the annals of the time of much blood having been shed in disputing the relative merits of ladies. We read defiances of which the gist was "my mistress is fairer than thine." But we think no research has hitherto discovered a contest on the issue of learned accomplishments of ladies. It is possible that the assertion was made, "my mistress can read, and thine can't," but it does not seem to have aroused much angry strife. It may be said that in those times the affections, and not the suspicions, were developed. An era of violence made the relation of friend and foe more pronounced. In the days of chivalry, common danger produced greater sincerity; and vows of friendship on setting out on perilous enterprises became frequent:

"By my faith,  
Everich in others' hond his trouthe laithe  
For to be sworn brethren til they dey."

CHAUCER *Friere's Tale.*

Neither can it be overlooked that such friendship as once was, is growing mythic to the world. The increased conveniences of life are teaching us to get along without the highest type of friendship. Winckelmann, who saw the past clearest of any of the moderns, often lamented the lack of true Platonic intimacy—the Damon and Pythias conception of friendship—a lack so characteristic of modern life. Winckelmann's prejudice for the classics, and his interpretation of Scripture in the lives of its followers, led him



so far as to attribute this want to the Christian religion. Our friendships are, with us, only one source of pleasure among many. It was otherwise with Cicero, who tells us that, among all the advantages that fortune or nature had bestowed on him, none could compare with Scipio's friendship.\* Something of the same spirit of affection is manifested in those terms of tenderness with which Dante addresses Virgil.

Partly from the warmth of his own nature, and partly from his classical studies, Sidney caught the same spirit. "The chief object of my life," he writes Languet, "next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship." To our mind, this picture of disinterested love existing between young men is the finest thing in the "Arcadia." Many of Sidney's thoughts have been copied, and, in such hands as Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Waller, and Cowley, have been improved; but we think no writer has expressed this confiding sympathy between men, this bond of *Brüderschaft*, so well as in the "Arcadia." It is of itself enough to justify Sir William Temple in saying that he found the true spirit of the vein of ancient poetry in Sidney.

Languet frankly tells Sidney, "Besides, you are not over-cheerful in nature;" and elsewhere refers to his sober, almost melancholic, temperament. The range of his accomplishments, wide as it undoubtedly was, failed to include a true sense of humor. The few attempts in the "Arcadia" at a burlesque are utter failures. This sense of the ridiculous we conceive to have been the leading deficiency of his style. A sense of humor, a proper perception of the ludicrous, is so nearly allied to that shaping imagination which tends to regard beauty of form, that, unless a writer possesses it, his works will seldom be characterized by due coherence of parts. Sidney seems

to have felt rather contemptuous toward humor, and condemns mirth, declaring that "laughter hath only a scornful tickling." But it has much more. Had Sidney possessed this art, the prolonged narratives of the "Arcadia" would have been condensed, collateral representation subjected to the main plot, and that irksome feeling avoided that even the surpassing beauty of the language can not entirely dispel. How the "Arcadia" would then be amended, we can readily imagine from a single illustration. The sketch entitled "Cupid's Revenge," in "Essays of Elia," is wholly borrowed from the "Arcadia." By a comparison with the original, we may trace the abridgments and delicate touches, the art which makes the "usury genius pays for borrowing." Lamb surely thought higher of laughter than to call it scornful tickling; and under his hand we see the "Arcadia" assume a new beauty of outline.

We may believe that many of Sidney's faults had their causes in his youth, which time would have corrected. Increasing experience would have toned down imaginative excess of rhetoric, repressed his prolixity of expression, and invigorated the force of his thought, at the same time that it clarified his style. What he might then have achieved, it is vain to conjecture. Perhaps he would have supplied the great need of our literature, by giving us a prose picture of social life in the Elizabethan time. That, had he lived, he would have been led to attempt it, seems clear. In the midst of an age when new-fangled usages of the Continent turned the heads of traveled youth, he preserved himself firm in the instincts of his nationality. He was one of the few classical scholars of the time who had abiding faith in the capabilities of the English language. Besides, he felt the absurdity of trying to import Italian novelties into England. "Marry," he writes to his younger brother, "my heresy is that the English behavior is best in England, and the Italian's in Italy." This, taken with his

\*"Equidem ex omnibus rebus quas mihi aut fortuna aut natura tribuit nihil habeo quas cum amicitia Scipionis comparare."—*De Amicitia*.

motto, "Look in thy heart and write," brings us to think him capable of painting such a picture of old English manners as could never have been surpassed. It was, however, to be otherwise. In the foggy morning before Zutphen, having exemplified even his ideal of valor, against the arms of Spain, Sidney received his death-wound. A few choice scenes of the past glow in the inner

chamber of memory, as do the master-pieces of art in the Tribuna of the Uffizi Palace at Florence. Hither the world have placed the dying Sidney. The fainting, pallid hero, prostrate in his gilded armor—that dying, unnamed soldier beside him, the proffered cup of water, and the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

HARRINGTON PUTNAM.

### ONE OF THE LEAST.

ONE could see at a glance that he was n't very smart. When he first appeared at my uncle's door, and asked for work, his whole "make-up" indicated that. A great awkward, shuffling fellow he was; and from the crown of his almost crownless hat—his jean pants held up by one suspender—down to the tattered boots, his was an atmosphere of shiftlessness.

Not that he meant to be shiftless. He was willing to work, willing to do any thing honest; but somehow or other he could not plan or carry out the least thing by himself; with no directing mind at his side he was a failure. He was no beauty, either, as he stood at the kitchen-door that cold Autumn morning. The immense stretch of limbs, and little round bullet head at the top, reminded one of an animated clothes-pin; and the light hair and eyebrows, the pale, watery eyes, and his general air of uncertainty, only bore out the resemblance.

"I'm Job Dart," he announced, in a thin, quavering voice; "an' I'm huntin' work. Do n't keer what it is, so it's honest, an' I kin git enough to keep soul and body together—though it's neck an' neck to do 't. Must be gettin' some clothes, too," he added ruefully, looking down at his thin garments, through which the wind that fluttered his tatters was sending a shiver.

We were sitting at the breakfast-table

as he spoke, and my Uncle George went to the door.

"No," he said, kindly; "I am not wishing any body at present. I have plenty of help now."

"S'pose sq; more 'n likely; that 's what they all tell me. Every-where, all over the kentry, I 've been trampin'; an' every body says, Do n't want ye. Do n't know what I'm goin' to do. Can 't go to the poor-house, 'cause I 've tried 'em. They say I do n't belong in their county, an' to go on to the next one—an' so it goes. Seems as if I did n't b'long anywheres, and were n't wanted nowheres—an' I'm e'enamost discouraged. S'pose, likely, when I die, an' go to that nice home the good book tells so much about, they'll be tellin' me I ain't wanted there, neither," and something very like tears fell down poor Job's face, and his voice became more shaky than ever as he turned drearily away.

A grave, compassionate look came over my uncle's face, but he made no answer to the despairing words.

"He spoke of the good book," said Aunt Susan, softly; "and you know, George, it says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

"So it does! so it does!" responded my uncle, with sudden energy. "Maybe—perhaps—he may be one of *these*, though he do n't look much like it. Here,



young man," he called aloud, "come right in here. We'll see what we can do for you."

It needed no second invitation, and Job Dart was soon comfortably ensconced by the kitchen fire.

"Seems powerful warmin' in here," he said, stretching out his great hands to the bright blaze. "I kinder needed warmin', too; kinder needed 'most every thing—coffee an' sich," he added, with a longing look toward the breakfast-table.

Aunt Susan took the hint immediately. She spread the table anew for her guest, and the way the "coffee and sich" disappeared was indeed surprising. With a good appetite, and means to satisfy it, Job Dart's confidence and inward peace of mind and stomach returned, and his face beamed all over with smiles. The world was n't such a bad world, after all; nor was he the most unfortunate mortal in it. He was ready to talk business now; and the result of the business talk was that Uncle George hired him for the time being—at least until he could find other employment.

And that was the way Job Dart became a member of my uncle's household. We found him a faithful, willing fellow enough; but possessing a remarkable tact for doing things wrong, and blundering into trouble himself, and frequently taking others with him—all with the best of motives. Why, he had n't been in the house one hour before he caused trouble! Aunt Susan had concluded to clean out the cellar that morning, and Job was given her to assist in rolling about barrels and boxes, and carrying out the rubbish. He rendered valuable help, too, with his great strength, and the work progressed finely until, from behind the apple-bins, Aunt Susan fished up an old hoop-skirt.

"There!" she said, "you had better take that and burn it, or put it somewhere out of the way of tripping people."

Job had just filled his basket with other bits of departed usefulness, and he placed the hoop-skirt on top. But at the head of the stairs he paused, and set down

the basket. Then he picked up the hoop-skirt, and examined it carefully.

"'Pears like I might make somethin' o' this," he said to himself. "These folks are powerful good here, an' I'd like to do somethin' for 'em. I'd take these wires an' make a bird-cage for the children, if I only had the tools and knew how. Guess I'll save it, any way."

With this laudable desire to reward kindness, he placed the dilapidated article on the top step until he should return, then went on his cheerful way to empty his basket. As Job disappeared through the back door, my uncle came in at the front, and started cellarward to get an apple. Doubtless, my uncle had heard of there being a "skeleton in every house," but he was not thinking of skeletons just then, nor did he expect to find one in the cellar-way. The old hoop-skirt found him though, as he placed his foot in its wiry folds, and immediately he began a very unexpected and premature advance toward the cellar bottom. Now, Aunt Susan was coming up at the time, in fact, was nearly at the top of the stairs, when her husband's feet struck her, and she seated herself calmly in his lap, and the good old couple went sliding down the stairs together. But they did not reach bottom. O no! When half-way down, Uncle George executed a brilliant flank movement, passing over at one side and descending feet foremost into the family pork-barrel. Aunt Susan did the same thing on the other side, and succeeded in thoroughly routing a pile of peach-blow potatoes. And then

"A solemn silence fell."

From his extemporary pulpit, my uncle was the first to lift up his voice; and he began a very emphatic and personal discourse directed to Aunt Susan. His subject was hoop-skirts. But the remark did not seem to suit Aunt Susan. She asserted as a remarkable fact, that she had never known the barrel to contain more pork than it did at that particular time, and expressed her surprise at the celerity with which the pork-packing

business could be conducted. What reply my uncle would have made, I do not know, as just then Job came shuffling down stairs, with his basket drawn over his head and resting on his ears.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, dropping his basket, and sitting down on the steps. "Seems like a powerful trouble down here, don't there?"

"Yes, you scoundrel," answered my uncle, vehemently, as in trying to escape his prison, he and the barrel rolled over on the cellar-floor. "Did you place that hoop-skirt on the stairs?"

"S'pose so; more 'n likely I did. An' you jest went slidin' down on 't into the bar'l. Know ye did, 'cause it's jest my luck!" responded Job, in a hopeless sort of way.

With his pickled garments clinging to him, shivering from cold, and dripping with brine, my uncle felt angry enough to discharge Job on the spot. Aunt Susan interfered, however, and advised a change of the wet clothing; and by the time that was accomplished, better feeling was restored, and Job was given another trial.

Yes, poor Job was given another trial; and many trials, too, he gave himself and us after that. He severely tested one's patience at times by his blunders; but he was withal so willing, so honest, so patient under reproof, that it was hard to remain displeased with him; and his promise to be "more keerful," always brought forgiveness. He became very much attached to the family, especially to the children. They admired him greatly, and wherever Job was, there they might be found, the little sunbonnet and straw hat bobbing here and there, and two sober little faces watching his every movement. It was no uncommon thing, after the day's work was done, to see them riding "pick-a-back" on his great broad shoulders about the yard; and many were the toys he made for their amusement. Rough toys, to be sure, for Job had n't a bit of ingenuity about him; but Jennie and Rob found no fault. Whatever Job did was perfec-

tion in their eyes. The horses, though, were his particular pride. He had sole care of them, and never did horses look more sleek and glossy than those of Uncle George.

And thus passed the days, through that Autumn, through the Winter, until the Spring came with its promise of brighter, warmer times. One Saturday evening, in May, my uncle returned from the city. He had been off selling some cattle; and as the family sat around the tea-table, he took from his pocket a roll of bills, and gave them to Aunt Susan.

"Here, wife," he said, "is fifty dollars. When I received it the bank was closed, so I could n't deposit it. I wish you would put it somewhere until Monday morning."

Now, usually my aunt was a woman of quiet and peace of mind, excepting when she had possession of money. Then she became exceedingly nervous and apprehensive. Money in the house suggested burglars, and forthwith all sense of security was gone, until the money was spent, or lodged safely in bank. She took the fifty dollars from my uncle, however, and put it down in her capacious pocket. Then when night came on, and Uncle George went over to the village for a little while, she became uneasy lest her pocket might be picked. To be sure, pickpockets did not abound in our secluded neighborhood, nor were they usually found in the sitting-rooms of respectable farmers. I mildly mentioned this fact to Aunt Susan, whereupon she responded, rather sharply:

"You do n't know about such things, Mary. How do we know what these pickpockets and horse-thieves and incendiaries may do? They're up to all kinds of tricks; and like as not they saw your uncle get the money, and just followed him home."

Poor Aunt Susan! Of course, I was silenced. She drew down the curtains, locked the doors, and then, taking off her shoe, she placed the money carefully inside her stocking. Even this did not satisfy her; for, later in the evening,



I saw her deposit it in the bureau-drawer. And then, after she had retired to bed, a new dread arose. Burglars would be sure to search the bureau; of course they would! She did not wish to disturb her husband, for he would only laugh at her fears; so, after waiting until that worthy man was snoring profoundly, she got out of bed once more; and once more the dread treasure was on the move.

But where to put it? The clock would be a good place—so would the cupboard; but some one might look in there. At last her eye rested on the stove, the old Franklin, shining with all the polish of a disused ornament. That was the very spot. It was not used for fires now; burglars would never think of looking there; and she placed the small roll inside. Then she went back peacefully to bed.

The next day was Sunday; and, as was usual, all went to church—all excepting Job, who was left to look after things. Before she went, my aunt thought of the money; and her first idea was to tell Job of the hiding-place. But her fears got the uppermost. How did she know what he would do if tempted. No; she would keep her secret. So she only said:

"O Job, I wish you'd take particular care of things while we are gone. That is, keep an eye on—on things; that is, on—the stove."

More than that she dared not say; and Job's eyes looked his wonderment at the request. He had no time to ask an explanation, however; for Uncle George called sharply from the door, and my aunt hurried away.

It was five miles to the church; and Job did not expect the family home until near evening, as they usually carried a lunch, and remained for the two services. When they left home the day was warm and pleasant enough; but along in the afternoon the wind changed, and there came up a cold, drizzling rain. Job noticed that it had grown quite chilly, as he came in from the barn.

"Seems to be gettin' sort of cold," he said to himself, as he stood in the large

sitting-room. "Should n't wonder if the folks come home kind of wet an' cold too, and—" His face brightened with a sudden thought. "Sakes, now! Cur'ous I did n't think on 't afore. That 's what Mis' Woodruff meant when she spoke about the stove; she wanted a fire built for 'em. I 'll do it too,"

The task was not a long one: and, when the church-goers arrived, a bright fire was snapping and crackling in the stove, and Job's honest face was beaming from over the family Bible.

"Holloa! a fire!" exclaimed my uncle, coming into the room. "That was a good idea, Job; I am glad you made one."

"What's that? A fire!" replied my aunt, rushing in from the hall. "O my! O my!" And the poor woman staggered to a chair, and sank down in a passionate fit of weeping.

"Why, Susan, what is the matter?" asked my uncle, in astonishment. "Run and get the camphor, Mary: your aunt has got the—the— Run and get the camphor, quick."

"No, it is n't that," sobbed my aunt; "it's the money."

"What money?"

"Why, that fifty dollars. I was so afraid of burglars; and I hid it in the stove; and now it is—"

That was sufficient. We all understood it at once; and my uncle sank down on the lounge, almost as much overcome as his wife.

"And now, here is some more of your blundering, Job," he said, as soon as he could find voice to speak. "Fifty dollars gone—just burned up by your meddling! Why, in Sam Hill, you can't let things alone, I do n't see. It seems to me you bring ill luck wherever you go."

In his wrath and chagrin at losing the money, my uncle forgot all justice; and his words were not chosen.

Poor Job! And this was the result of his efforts to please. Never shall I forget the look that came over his face then: a pained, sad look; a look of such desolate homelessness that I pitied him, from my

very heart. All hope, all ambition, seemed to have entirely left him. In a helpless sort of way he closed the old Bible, laid it on the shelf, and, without a word, walked, or rather staggered, from the room. We heard a low moan as he got outside, heard his uncertain step on the stair, heard him enter his little chamber; and that was all.

"There, George; I hope you are satisfied," said my aunt, forgetting the money in her pity for Job. "That was n't his fault; it was mine. There was no reason nor justice in the way you talked."

I think my uncle must have thought so too; for when Job came down he spoke to him with unusual kindness, yet was too proud to acknowledge himself in the wrong. And it seemed as if Job could n't get over it. All through that evening, I remember, he went about his tasks, milking the cows and feeding the horses, in a way that made my heart ache. Hitherto he had taken so much interest in the family and all that belonged to them, doing little things for them, and seeming so thankful for any kindness shown himself; but now he was utterly dejected.

We did not learn it until afterward; but Job had made up his mind to leave us that night. It was a hard struggle for him to arrive at this conclusion—a struggle, as he thought, between duty and inclination. But duty triumphed.

"I can't stay here any longer," he murmured sadly, as he was out in the barn alone with the horses. "They've been real good to me here, too—God bless 'em!—an' that's jest the reason I ought n't to stay. I'm allers a blunderin' an' doin' things wrong; and I jest know they'd rather I was n't here. I'd oughter have gone long ago. I haint no home but this one nowheres, and I don't know where to go to"—here the tears began to trickle down the poor fellow's cheeks—"but that do n't make the least mite o' difference. It's my dooty to go." And then the tears fell faster than ever.

Yes; Job had resolved to go—where, he knew not. I recall now, as he took up his lamp to go up-stairs at bed-time,

his sad face, and how earnestly he looked at us all; how he paused at the door, hesitated, and then turned back to kiss little Jennie, who was lying asleep on the lounge.

But once in his own room, and he began making his preparations. They were but few—the gathering up of such little articles of clothing as he possessed, the small Bible given him by Aunt Susan; and he was ready. He waited until the family retired, and he thought them asleep; then, with a trembling, faltering step, he moved softly down the stairs, out of the kitchen-door, and out into the world—homeless. The full import of that word came over poor Job like a pall, as he stopped at the gate and looked back at the house. How dear it seemed, as it stood there in the moonlight! True, it was a home to which he had no real title; but it was the only home he had ever known. His pale eyes filled with tears.

"Good-bye, an' God bless ye! ye who have been so good to me, God bless ye!" he fairly sobbed. "I'd like to stay, powerful; but I ain't wanted, and I must go; yes, I must go."

Then his eye rested on the barn. There were the horses he had cared for so often; he could n't go away without seeing them once more. He walked slowly in that direction, opened the door, and entered. The faithful animals seemed to recognize him, and turned their heads and whinnied at his approach. He stood for some little time by their side, patting and rubbing, and calling them affectionate names. But he felt he must leave them.

"Good-bye, Box! good-bye, Brownie!" he said. "Goes agin the grain to leave ye; but I must go. Reckon ye'll be taken keer on, though; an' ye've got a home, any how—more 'n I have," he added, looking out drearily into the moonlight.

Just then, he heard voices outside, and presently steps, as of some one approaching the barn. Who could they be, and what their object? Was it any of the



family? Job tried to think if any were out; but he was sure all were inside the house. Nearer and nearer came the steps; and he forgot his own troubles in his desire to discover who the intruders were, and what they were after. Across the passage was the corn-room. The door was open, and he moved cautiously into the shadow of its dark interior.

From where he stood, he had a plain view of the outer door; and presently two men appeared. They were strangers—Job saw that—and when they reached the door they paused, seemingly surprised at finding it open. They whispered together a moment; then they stepped inside, and one drew the slide of a dark-lantern, throwing a bright stream of light over the horses.

"There 's no one 'ere, Bill," exclaimed the man with the lantern. "Guess old Woodruff must ha' know'd we was com-in', an' jest left the door open out o' complement. Werry kind o' the old chap, too. Now, you jest lead out the hanimals, an' I 'll get some straw and touch off the old trap. My heyes! but won't there be a fuss 'ere, d'rectly.

Job understood it at once. They were horse-thieves, and they intended to steal the horses and fire the barn. No thought of leaving had he now; his only wish was to frustrate the villainous scheme, and save the property of his friends. But how? Many plans flitted through his brain, plans to frighten them; but none seemed feasible. Only one way was left, and he resolved to try it. He would attack them. One of the men presently came so close as almost to touch him, and Job sprang upon him with the fierceness of a tiger. Then followed a terrible and unequal conflict. Job knew it would be unequal, with two against one; yet he fought with desperate valor, shouting for help as he had opportunity. But no help came. Finally, one of the men dealt him a severe blow with a loaded cane, and it staggered him. He felt his sight failing. His power of resistance was gone, and again he cried for help. Again was the cruel weapon raised above

him, and then it descended with fearful force on his temple. And poor Job sank, bleeding and senseless, to the floor.

Now, on that night could not Aunt Susan sleep. The events of the day had a very disturbing effect on her mind—especially the loss of the money; and she lay meditating the economy of using greenbacks for fuel. More particularly did she think of the ashes. She had heard that among the mysteries of the Treasury Department at Washington were a corps of young ladies, experts, who possessed wonderful skill in discovering people's money for them, when said money was burned, and they could not discover it themselves. That is, these young ladies examined the charred remains, and, by some singular process, told the numbers, dates, and amount, and then Uncle Sam kindly furnished new bills in place of those destroyed. Knowing this, my aunt was seriously pondering whether she should n't save the ashes of the stove, and send them on forthwith for redemption. And then, while thus engaged in thoughts so pleasant to a contemplative mind, suddenly there came to her ear a loud cry for help. She listened. Her window was open, and again she heard the cry.

"George! George!" she exclaimed, poking that gentleman until his dream of innocence was changed into a fight with his grandfather, "wake up! there 's some one in trouble outside!"

"O no, I guess not," answered my uncle, sleepily; yet he awakened sufficiently to listen. Again the cry for help came floating in through the window.

"That 's Job's voice, and he 's in trouble," said my aunt.

But Uncle George made no reply; he was out of bed in an instant, and a moment afterward was rushing toward the door. My aunt followed. The cries had awakened the whole household, as well. We were all up, and all met in the yard about the same time. As my uncle reached the barn-door, the two thieves ran out. One of them escaped through the orchard, and the other, in his haste,

ran against Aunt Susan, knocking her into the horse-trough. My aunt did n't wish to take a bath at that time of night; but she did. And the ungallant thief never stopped to apologize either; he sprang over the garden-fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed my aunt, getting out of the horse-trough. "Did you ever?"

No one ever did, probably; at any rate, no one answered her. We all hastened to the barn, where we found Uncle George bending over the unconscious form of Job.

How Job came there? why that little bundle of clothing by his side? why his bed had been undisturbed that night? these were questions we could not answer then; but in the brain-fever that followed as a result of his injury, the full story came out, little by little, in the ravings of his wild delirium. He went over it all—his leaving the house, his feeling of homelessness, and his effort to save his friend's property by the sacrifice of self. O, what a story of pathos it was!

"I must go now," he would say, trying to rise; "yes, I must go. They do n't want me any more, an' I do n't know

where to go to. I hain't no home now—no home—nowheres. But I'd die for 'em!" he would add, his thoughts turning to his fight with the thieves. "Yes: I'd die for 'em! they was so good to me. An' the robbers sha'n't take their horses. I'll save 'em, an' then I'll go. But I hain't no home, now!"

The piteous way he spoke was enough to melt one's heart; and during the long days of that sickness, when the thin hands became thinner, and the pale face whiter, than before, I think my uncle sincerely repented his hasty words to poor Job. I know he did. I know that he, as did we all, prayed God for the sparing of that life. And God answered too. There came a day when the fever left; when Job rejoiced in the possession of reason and of a home once more; when long-denied slumber visited him again. And over that sleeping form, I remember, my aunt repeated the words she had uttered at his first coming:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

His brethren! Yes; surely poor Job had a place there—"one of the least."

ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

### GOOD-NIGHT, BUT NOT GOOD-BYE.

WE lingered at the little gate,  
Beneath a dark and dewy sky;  
And when at last we parted, fate  
Behind the shadows whispered "Wait;"  
But she, unheeding, murmured "Late,  
Late, sweetheart, it is growing late—  
O, then good-night, and not good-bye!"

I watched her flitting up the stair,  
And longed to be where thought could fly,  
But half-way up the darkened stair  
She turned and chid my lingering there;  
"Even love," she cried, "must rest to bear

New buds for blooming! Only swear  
You'll not forget—ah, do *not* swear—  
And then good-night, but not good-bye!"

Her voice is in my memory yet,  
A still, small sound that passeth by,  
For who can love and then forget?  
But death is sleep; and somewhere yet  
Love's morn will rise and never set!  
Therefore close up her coffin; let  
Her rest awhile from care and fret;  
Sleep well, sweetheart, I'll not forget:  
"Good-night, indeed, but not good-bye!"



## A LETTER TO EDITORS.

THIS letter might, with propriety, be called a chapter of grievances. It pertains to certain treatment which women receive from the press, and is written expressly for the eye and conscience of the editors of religious and secular papers. I publish it in a magazine, because I want to—reason sufficient for a woman! but if any of you kindly choose to copy it, so much the better. Now, very well I know that you will all and severally declare that you have not time to read my letter, because you have so much to do on which the welfare of the world, and of the entire solar system, and of all the adjacent systems, depend; but, brothers, my letter is, or ought to be, of vital interest to yourselves; it is published with the best intentions, and was “composed” in the kindest spirit; for, like all my sex, I am mindful of your noble courtesy toward us in relation to all subjects outside of the four grievances alluded to in this letter, and I believe that the cruel things you so often say of us are uttered thoughtlessly—without due consideration of their meaning or effects.

Partly for the sake of being understandable and logical, but chiefly to please you—for I observe that nothing pleases you so much as logic—I shall not mass my grievances in a round, glowing, sublime conglomerate, but shall consider them separately, and in regular, consecutive order. I shall speak as frankly as yourselves. To save your everlasting “time,” I will begin abruptly.

Not longer ago than two or three years, it was quite the “fashion,” as it had been before, and will be again, to publish articles accusing women of the better classes, of using intoxicating liquors, either openly or secretly; and the habit was said to be alarmingly common; and also, of course, on the rapid increase. This vile and groundless slander flourished in your columns for months. Not a paper could we spread before our teetotal eyes but

bristled with dreadful ejaculations, solemn adjurations, warning, wonder, alarm, horror, all because of woman's intemperate habits! Yes, we drank; we all drank; or, if here and there women might be found, gingerly dotted about the country, who did not, they were, one would have thought, such lonely exceptions as to be almost monstrosities; at best, poor sphinxes, they only served to point the rule. Above all, the Binghamton Asylum for Inebriates, that colossal breakwater against intemperance, was repeatedly represented as being crowded and overrun with women, while “scores of female applicants were turned away for lack of room.” Our “inebriate” brothers could have, it appeared, no place for even the soles of their feet to stand. What came of it all? Why, after the tempest had raged long, a faint voice piped out of it, purporting to be the property of the head-physician of the asylum, which feebly chirped the information that all the other information was false! In short, the Binghamton story, and all its adjuncts, like every other wholesale calumny against women, was a base slander. Truth is mighty, and even this tardy and feeble enunciator of it received strength; and, as though a voice of thunder had commanded,

“Tumult cease, sink to peace,”

the storm subsided. It was suddenly conceded, that, after all, comparatively few ladies drank to excess intoxicating liquors; and that those few were confined to small and ultra-fashionable circles, about which circles religious editors, especially, are prone to make us think, from their curious and legendary denunciations of them, that they know nothing whatever, personally, and would n't for the world.

Because of its delicacy, or rather indelicacy, I hesitate to refer to another and graver charge, made at periodical

intervals, and in the same wholesale and proofless manner: the charge that woman is following a broad and common custom when she stoops to murder of the lowest and vilest type! At those unfortunate epochs, when this slander riots through the papers—papers read, remember, by the sons and the young daughters of our homes; alas, what must be their reflections!—such terms are freely used as “fearfully prevalent crime,” “very customary;” and fiery fulminations are written, with such sensational headings as “Slaughter of the Innocents.” A Mohammedan, coming to this country just in one of these hegiras, would imagine that nearly every married woman in our Christian land out-Heroded Herod. With complaisance, born apparently of the novel and cheerful idea of letting people know that man does not do all the world’s murdering, and with a unanimity seldom seen, women are told—and it is always news to tens of thousands of them—that for a long while they have had almost the monopoly of murder; and that their ghastly crime, although already appallingly frequent, is spreading like an infection; until I suppose a vision of the final and complete extinction of the American race rises like an awful ghost before the prophetic eyes of the accusers; and the unspeakable horribleness of the world’s loss, congeals them into silence. The slander dies with the same curious celerity distinguishing its coming into life, and its last low mutterings are of “decay of races,” “decrease of families,” “deterioration,” and sundry other terrible items, beginning with sundry other letters of the alphabet. At this present writing, we are not accused in the papers of being either drunkards or murderers. These two woes are past, but they will return. These changes will be revamped, as they often have been, probably at the instance of some semi-confidential correspondent, fond of startling romances, and anxious to fill out his column; and we know—we say it not in anger, but in sorrow—we know that the great first-class religious and secular papers will take up these

ancient and ever-recurring slanders, and the land will ring again with reiterations of woman’s falseness to the holiest instincts of nature, and of her ale-drinking, and her wine-bibbing. These charges, my brothers, have always hitherto been made in a singularly indiscriminate and wholesale manner. They have not justly applied, and never will apply, to the great mass of intelligent and cultured women.

When these two calumnious charges, which may be called the sensational accusations, are disposed of, the public is let down gently, to next consider two others, which may be called the staple accusations, namely:

1. *Woman’s Extravagance.*

2. *Woman’s Idleness.*

These two topics serve, at all times, for the most diverse purposes, and when all other subjects under the sun fail. They finish off a newspaper column which happens to fall short within a few lines of the bottom, with a paragraph set by itself, like some holy apothegm. They serve to point a moral in a newspaper “lecture” on any kind of moral or immoral subject; they adorn with an air of frank courage, of the do-or-die order, an editorial relating to the general affairs of the current epoch; and they make almost sublimely “splendid” topics for Christian gentlemen, when they aim to exhibit in one breath, as it were, the profoundest sagacity of which the human mind is capable, the tenderest pity, the loftiest condescension, and an absolutely limitless capacity for giving advice. Are the times prosperous? Man discourses incessantly, through the press, of woman’s ruinous waste, and hurls philippics, discourteous and general, against her reckless extravagance in furniture, equipage, and, above all, in dress—extravagance which is fast driving the country to the brink of insolvency, and evolving a financial panic. And when the panic comes, evoked by man’s economic methods of railroading, or by his conscientious speculations in wheat, or gold, or corn, or apples, or any of his other closely reck-



oned investments of money, with its logically gauged returns—what then? Why, now is the time, above all times since the creation of the world, for woman to begin to save! Now is the time for her to retrench in her boundless and fearful extravagance! But no, no; and the amazed Mentors shake their heads, as the winds the leaves on a poplar-tree in a gale, and they cry: Lo, she does not mend; she grows worse; look at her costly silks, and her velvets, worth their weight in silver; consider her embroidered array; contemplate her laces, which cost lives in the making; her shawls, which consumed years; behold her “trimmings,” her plumes, her ruffles. And it is a curious circumstance that we are always more extravagant than we ever were before. Our spendthrift habits, in fact, constitute, in the eyes of our accusers, as in all other varieties of insanity, “One dreadful *now!*”

The loud plaint over our extravagance, which may be said to form the grand bass in the song, is finely varied and kept from that somewhat wearing monotony belonging to Jew’s-harps and other one-voiced instruments, by a minor string, twanged occasionally, even often, but not all the time, as is the grand bass. This minor string discourses sweet music concerning woman’s idleness. According to its touching refrain, woman, as a “generality,” sits at home with folded hands, or drives about to interview other women sitting at home with folded hands, or parades the streets to flaunt before the aggrieved gaze of man, the aforementioned extravagant attire; here the bass always wails out, deep, awful, pathetic. The young ladies of the period, who will be, an avenging Providence permitting, the wives of the future, do nothing that they ought to do. But they do so many things that they ought not, that one often feels that the charge of idleness is refuted by the very argument adduced for it. Any young lady who does all, or the half of what she is accused “in the papers,” must be very busy, work very hard, and sleep very little.

For you tell us that the young ladies—ah, how sharp you look after them!—embroider, say you, armies of animals, of all shapes except the natural ones, and millions of flowers, of all hues except the right ones; they paint “things,” in water-colors, which have no existence on earth, and are devoutly hoped to be missing in heaven; they dawdle hours and hours each day over the piano; they change their dresses from three to five times every twenty-four hours; they read enervating novels by the score; they flirt—not, I hope, with any editors; they rove from house to house by day, pricking those present, and abusing those absent; they keep shockingly late hours by night, at balls and parties. In short, the young ladies swarm in parlors, in streets, in stores; and they are always doing something that they should not do. Always pounding pianos; always spoiling good Bristol-board and canvas; always wasting worsted and embroidering silks, which man has to pay for; always putting on “another dress;” always reading Miss Bradon’s latest novel; always running about; always dancing; always breaking the brittle heart of man. If your picture is true, the young ladies crowd their lives with profitless and foolish acts; but they are certainly not idle. Why, they toil harder than the old French galley-slaves.

But I entreat you now, to leave assertion and censure, and consider the facts behind these four accusations—accusations most damaging to woman, whether you so will or not; most deplorable if true, most cruel if unjustly made. I presume that no man of you really believes that intemperance is at all general among women of either respectable or prominent position. If there be one such editor, we are heartily sorry for his obfuscation. True, some women use ale and wines; but every particle of evidence shows that their number is exceedingly small, nay, even scarcely noticeable, by the side of the vast array of women who stand, a mighty phalanx opposing, by voice and life, every approach of this vice. You know that, as a class, we are

not intemperate; you know that, humanly speaking, there is no danger of our becoming so. You know that the women who pass the wine-cup to the easily failing hosts of your sex are but as units among the tens of thousands whose hands are guiltless of such proffers. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors is the habit of nine hundred women out of every thousand throughout the United States. I assert it boldly. I am not afraid of any proof to the contrary. There is none. I am not mad, most noble, but most thoughtless, most cruel accusers. I speak the words of truth and soberness.

The second accusation would be too base for refutation, were it not more generally believed than the first,—more generally, I suppose, because, from its nature, it is less provable and more mysterious. This calumny always has for its base the “opinion” of physicians, and for its cupola, so to speak, the ponderous, but somewhat funny, and wholly vague, anathemas of clergymen, from the editor who happens to be a Reverend, all the way down to a bishop. As to physicians, if the crime is prevalent, they can know it only as participants, or as advisers, or as men whom women dare to tell! (Bad omens.) When we observe that, during every epoch of the intemperance hegira, doctors are always thrust forward—a meagre half-dozen giving their groundless opinion against us, an opinion in which, I believe, no decent physician was ever yet known to concur—What, I ask, is the assertion of these men good for? That women sometimes strive to escape from pain, agony, and care; that they sometimes dread the dreary years of confinement in the nursery, by the bedside of children; that they sometimes shrink from the myriad social privations, inseparable from a large family, as insupportable, is accorded; but that women commit murder deliberately, systematically, in cold blood, often, or at any one time, let the man believe who is himself vile enough to destroy human life. No other man has a right to believe

it. No other man than he who feels within himself the awful tendencies to murder, has the right to say of woman, She slaughters the innocent; to procure ease and leisure, freedom from suffering, or from care, or from expense, she steepers her soul in blood! A few perpetrate this crime: some thoughtlessly, like fools; some wickedly, like fiends. What are they to the great host of pure and noble women whose conscience is white before God? What are they, that you lift up your voice through the press, virtually accusing your mothers, your married sisters and daughters, and the beloved wives of your friends, of being murderers—fit only for the moral slums of the earth—walking free, and with unshamed faces, when prison-bars and bolts should hold them?

A moment's reflection shows that, as a sex, we are not extravagant. We are constantly told that we are. This, and the accusation of idleness, twin sins in respectable society, hum perpetual duets in the papers. Extravagant! Because a minority of wealthy, or would-be-thought wealthy, women in our large cities, with small circles in small towns, are spend-thrifts, lo, the armies of Magog! Lo, the sex deplete and plunder the pockets of their natural providers! Woman impoverishes man, wastes his earnings, spoils his goods, pillages him like a swarm of locusts. And, worst of all, roar the editors, she prevents his marrying her! “Why, how can a poor young man provide—” but we need not go through that passage, we all know it by heart. Ah! my brothers, what are a few thousand women who care naught for the value of money, or the effort with which man often obtains it—what are a few thousand such women, in a great country like ours, compared with that vast majority planning with brain or hand, or both, to make shillings do the work of dollars, whose thoughtfulness creates the handsome garment, or the comfortable meal, out of materials that female ignorance would waste, that man's larger and more careless management would overlook;



who study the ways of their households; and all are wisely ambitious to accumulate for the future? Such women are all around you—in your own homes. Your mothers, your wives, your sisters, even your daughters—poor, persecuted girls—are, we wot, among the number. But somewhere, away off, looming on a dim, vague horizon, is a vision (vision indeed!) of almost a nation of extravagant women; and, straining your eyes into the far space, to catch aching glimpses of the mocking mirage, you lose sight of the dear helpers right by your side. You forget the ingenious, contriving, astute, but generous managers of your own households. There are extravagant men in this nation. We say naught of the general and daily extras—no expenditure in tobacco. There are men who are puppets of fashion; men who fling away fortunes in riotous living; men whose wanton waste, were it the rule of your sex, would rank you by the side of the improvident savage. Would we be justified, in view of them, to mass you, as you mass us, when you discourse of our extravagance? Would you feel that such treatment is fair, reasonable, or polite?

"Ye are idle, ye are idle!" cried the task-masters of old. You do not mean to be like the task-masters, although you utter incessantly, against woman, their complaint against Israel. If you will leave complaining, and fall to thinking, one half-hour's study—not "idle" reverie, but hard, honest thinking—will revolutionize your theory; and you will perceive that, abating the minority of exceptions proving the rule, American women work too much! Certainly young girls do not put forth the same apparent effort that many young men do. Nor ought they; young girls are not strong. Their physical ability to do even the measure of "house-work," about which you bewail so bitterly, is inadequate; and you denounce you know not what. But the average American girl is not idle; her life is as full of downright "work" as it can harmlessly endure. The amount of useful exercise which she takes may

justly be regarded as sufficient; and, on candid reflection, I believe that you will admit that the exertions of the young ladies whom you *know*—do n't peer into the distant horizon, please—are greater, in proportion to their strength, than are the efforts of their brothers. As to the number of really idle girls, it is not larger than the number of really idle young men.

The existence in this country of a large class of idle women who have reached maturity is, at present, a normal impossibility. Look around you! High and low, rich and poor, women are ever weary through overexertion. Exercise, suitably gauged, is invaluable. Exhaustion is terrible, almost wicked. And few women of the better class but retire exhausted many nights of the year. They arise unrefreshed, and go on until disease disables them; even then they cease not, but put forth effort on effort. The typical American woman rests not but in the grave. The circumstances causing this deplorable state of things are inexorable; they spring out of our crude, but magnificently developing life, as a great and a new people. Too much is exacted from us all. We, men and women, are worked to the absolute limit of human endurance. Our social and domestic burdens are simply enormous; insufficient aids and constantly widening efforts go hand in hand. How preposterous to fatigue yourselves further, O men and brothers, in fighting this woman of straw, this idle and extravagant femininity, evolved from your morbid fancies, and dwelling in cloud-land!

Ah, gentlemen, there are to yourselves many dark mysteries concerning ourselves, which are to us as plain things as the clear, shining, midday sun. But let us reckon what you *do* know, *ought* to know, and *might* know. You know, that, compared with their number as a whole, very few women are intemperate; you ought to know that very few are murderers; and you might know, would you but reflect, that very few are really extravagant or idle. One item you will honestly deny;

namely, that you ever accuse us of intemperance in any general or extended sense. Watch your columns when the next periodical intemperance hegira rolls round. You will be amazed (your lady readers are) at the criminally careless, shockingly discourteous, and wholesale accusations; and you will find yourselves penning editorials containing general and cruel denunciations against women, which no gentleman would dare utter in your own drawing-rooms, to your wives and your daughters.

We complain not that you point out faults in our sex. We grieve that, in so doing, you mass us so flippantly; you denounce us so broadly; you accuse us of wrongs and follies which are perpetrated by the few, as though they were committed by the many. This it is of which we complain. There are thieves and defaulters, and vile men of all grades; dishonesty is not so rare as to raise any alarm as to the too near approach of that time when the Golden Age shall reappear, or the Millennium begin. The national treasuries are plundered—by men; high places are bought and sold—by men; among men, dishonor, and deceit, and domestic infidelity, and social position, and great power, walk lovingly hand in hand. What then? As man, you still lift your face Godward, and the glory falls on lip and brow. We give thanks unto the Creator for it. We hear of Tweeds and Fisks and rings; of confiscated votes, despoiled bureaus, base traffic in office; of falsehood and perjury; of foulness, linked with names that should be only heaven-shriven,—but none of these things move us. We fear not that, as a sex, you will sink to such depths that your integrity will become corruption, that your broad, far-reaching plans for the honorable acquisition of wealth will end in your degenerating into public thieves and robbers. We always, and properly, separate you in our thoughts from these exceptionable individuals; we distinguish, when we talk of you, between the men who love these things and the men who hate them.

We fortify ourselves with the technical terms you invent, and which serve as boundary-lines to divide the few from the many. We know what such a term as the ring means, and what a vast host is outside of it; we knew what the salary-grab was, and how many—alas! brothers—and how many refused it; any way, we gladly recognized the thunderings of your papers, and what they portended. We like your careful geographical boundaries between each other; but when you fulminate an anathema against women, you forget distinctions. Where are the boundaries set for us? When ever did you limit your accusations against us? What dividing lines are drawn between the few and the many? Can you recall an instance, during any of the four hegiras? Unless the week before election, when you are so occupied with maledictions, politics, and with warning each other against each other, that you forget all about us, did you ever publish an issue not marred by flings, discourteous and general, against us? Open your last paper, and read. If your conscience is alive, the perusal will scorch your eyes, unless, as is unlikely, you are an "exception proving the rule." If woman had control of the press, would you like to have her treat you as you now treat her? What would you think of her, if, in view of the terrible catalogue of crime really existing against man, she should denounce you in such unmeasured, undistinguishing, and universal terms as you, in writing of her, constantly employ? Would not you feel that it is unjust?

If this treatment of the press, so cruel to the assailed, so lamentable in its effects, especially upon young men, educating them from week to week to distrust and to despise woman, were but from other hands! Were it but from the men who may fitly stand beside those of our sex of whom such words are true! But "Thou, too, Brutus!" and lo, they for whom we keep kindly thoughts and reverence turn against us. The hands that ministered are raised to strike us down.



They whose wisdom helps more and yet more, as true culture advances, to guide the world of opinion aright, they are the men from whose lips drop these thoughtless calumnies. For I am not writing to the base man, who sometimes runs a short and accidental span in the great editorial arena; nor to the merely respectable common man. I am writing to you, the gentleman; to you, who do, and cause to be done, much of the world's great work; who look upon life's broad possibilities with gravity; who battle with its falseness, and meet its rebuffs with dignity, as well as with a stout heart.

O brothers! ye who aim to be courteous, and are most unknightly; who think to be kind, and are cruel; who scorn injustice, and who cast stones at

the innocent; who would fain shelter us from every rough wind, and who poison the air with calumnies,—we, like yourselves, are neither idlers, nor spend-thrifts, nor drunkards, nor murderers. Open your eyes, and behold us as we are: a vast multitude walking by your side, with all the mighty army of God's noblemen on earth around; our faces set toward the same hope, the hope of goodlier ages for the world's future sons and daughters; ages in which right shall triumph, for might itself shall be just and pure. Fair hope! now arising over the nations, like the morning dawn. High hope! in whose promise we, like you, will rejoice, and for whose fulfillment we, with you, will labor.

ELIZA WOODWORTH.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### CHAPTER III.

ONE Winter night, M. Saurin had kept me later than usual at my recitations, so that I did not reach home until the dusk was closing in. Arriving there, however, I found the door fastened. It was the hour when my father usually returned, and when my mother prepared the supper. I could not imagine what had happened to them both. I seated myself on one of the steps of the staircase to wait their coming, and had been there some time, when little Rose came down and perceived me. I asked her if she knew why the door was locked; but instead of replying, she ran with all speed up the stairs, as if frightened; and I heard her cry, as she entered her mother's room, "Pierre Henri is down below!" Some one answered her, and then they spoke in rapid whispers. At length, Mère Cauville appeared at the head of the stairway, and invited me, in a friendly voice, to come up to her apartment. She had made the table ready for her chil-

dren, and wished me to partake of their evening meal. I replied that I would rather wait for my mother.

"She is gone out—for some purpose." Spoken in a hesitating manner. "Perhaps she will not return as soon as you expect. Eat, my poor Pierre, and you will remember this meal a long time."

I took the vacant place near Rose. Every one in the family kept a solemn silence, save the Mère Cauville, who tried to make me eat. Without knowing why, I felt heart-broken, and was always listening for a step coming up the stairs, and looking every instant toward the door.

The repast over, they gave me a chair near the fire. The Cauvilles gathered around me, but without speaking a word. This silence, this unusual care, frightened me, and I rose up, crying:

"I want to see my mother."

"Wait a little; she will come back," said the widow.

"Where is she," I asked.

"Ah, well!" replied Mere Cauville, "she is in the hospital."

"Is she sick, then?"

"No: she has gone to help your father, who has had an accident in the ship-yard."

I insisted that I must go to them; but the merchant-peddler, Cauville, opposed it. She pretended ignorance as to the hospital where the wounded man was taken, and hinted that I might not be well received there. So I had to remain and wait where I was. But my heart felt bound up as in a vice. I nearly suffocated. Every one seemed to pity me. We were all seated before the fire, which made a little crackling noise. We heard the pelting of the rain without, and the north wind roared terribly around the dilapidated old building. At this moment a dog began to howl in the direction of Pautin's, a French physician's, inclosure, and without having any reason, I again wept bitterly. The Mother Cauville left me to do so, without saying any thing to check the tears, as if, indeed, she could give me neither hope nor consolation. At length, when quite late in the night, we heard slow, heavy steps upon the staircase. The neighbor and her children ran to the door. I rose up too, yet trembling all over with a strange dread, and gazed into the entry. My mother appeared there. She was dripping with the rain. Her face was stained with dust and blood, and wore an expression I had never before seen on it.

She advanced quite to the fire without speaking a word, and fell exhausted into a chair. We saw that she wished to say something, for her lips moved; but only a stifled sound came from them.

I threw myself against her, and pressed her in my arms. The Mère Cauville asked her at last:

"What news from Jerome?"

"Ah, well! I must say it," stammered my mother, in a voice nearly unintelligible. "The doctor foresaw it all along—there was only time for him to recognize me—he gave me his watch—and then—it was all over."

The neighbor clasped her hands, while her children looked earnestly in her face. As for myself, I did not well understand, and uttered a cry that I wanted to go to the hospital, where my father lay. At this request, the poor wife turned hastily toward me, took my two hands in hers, and drew me to her with a sort of angry grief.

"Thy father? poor unfortunate!" said she. "But thou hast one no longer! Dost thou hear well? thou hast none!"

I looked at her, stupefied. Such an image could not enter my mind, and I continued to repeat, "I want to see my father!"

"Thou dost not understand, then, that he is dead?" broke in Mother Cauville, with a harsh tone.

That sentence was to me like a thunderbolt. I had seen the clothes-merchant, and my little sister, and knew what death was. That word, indeed, was connected in my memory to many of the most frightful pictures—a dreary pall, a close-covered bier, a deep hollow in the earth; and I began to utter the most piteous cries and sobs. They carried me to my mother, and she took me to our lodging. I can remember nothing more.

When I saw my mother on the morrow, she seemed to me better than on the evening before, because she was not so pale. The women told me, however, that she had a fever. Friend Maurice came in the course of the day to visit her, and took me away with him, after he had spoken a few words to her. The next day I went with him to seek a spot, wherein to bury my father. On the day of the burial, I was dressed in my best suit of clothes, and they fastened a black crape band around my hat. We were only six or eight that followed the coffin, which I remember surprised me, as my idea of a burial included a long funeral procession. My father was in the common grave-yard, and Maurice bought, on the spot, a wooden cross, which he planted himself in the place where they interred him. I went home with red eyes, but heart already comforted. I



was not unlike the generality of children, whom grief can not long enthrall.

Since then, I have often meditated on this subject, and once consulted a famous M. D. about the explanation of the apparent ingratitude and insensibility of these early years. He replied that it was a safeguard Providence cast around young children. The forced occupations of life, he said to me, turn men away from their most sincere regrets. When one has a workshop, he must put back his sorrow until work is finished; and thus, little by little, labor consoles us, in spite of ourselves. But the child has his whole time on his hands, and if his trouble should be ever present, his heart would be without any rest or distraction, until grief sapped the very fountain of life, and the child would die. God does not wish to weaken him by such hard trials. He knows that the little ones require all the strength possible to *grow*—that he must have all the fire of life to light him on, before leaving it, to be watered, and quenched by too many tears. And thus he grants him forgetfulness, as he has given him hunger, that he may strengthen and gather up his forces, to make a man.

Friend Maurice, after leaving the cemetery, went with me to my mother's room. At sight of us, she wept afresh, for our return told her that the companion of twenty years could never take part in life with her again. But the sight of her tears irritated Maurice.

"Go to, Madeline," said he, in a brusque voice, although he felt the utmost kindness, "what you are doing is not reasonable. Jerome, like ourselves, is where the good Lord has placed him. Do what you ought. Let him rest in peace. You must work, and take courage. Here is a poor waif, who has need of you. Look! is he not in reality Jerome? He surely resembles him as much as one sou does another sou;" and then he gave me a gentle push toward my mother, who embraced me, stifling great sobs as she did so. "That will do," repeated he, as he drew me away

again, after some minutes. "Now, dry up your tears, wipe your eyes, and close the fountain of your heart. You are a valiant one, my old woman, and I only have to stir you up a little to prove it. Now, how do you expect to maintain yourself? Let us speak of it here and now, for it is the most pressing thought."

My mother replied that she "knew of nothing; that she could see no other means of living, than to beg from door to door."

"Do not speak of any thing so stupid!" cried Maurice, good-humoredly. "Is that an idea which ought to come into the mind of the widow of an honest mechanic? If you have hands to beg, perhaps you can as well work with them! I do not believe for a moment that you have any fear of work—you, whom I always cite as a model to my daughter and my wife! Are there no households to assist? Is there nothing for the best laundry woman in this quarter? Well, it falls upon me, then, to bring to your remembrance the pet name by which you are called in the country, even the 'little cunning one,' because of the dexterity of your fingers!"

These praises raised somewhat the tone of my mother's mind, and she consented to try, with Maurice's help, what she could best perform. The mason already had his plan made out, which he rendered acceptable to her by seeming to leave the honor of suggesting it to the widow.

It was decided that she should seek a household where there was a boy to take care of; meanwhile, I should enter the yard as an apprentice in tempering and carrying mortar. Maurice promised to oversee all the arrangement, and engaged, in his country way of speaking, if the remuneration was not equal to the need, to add a little butter to the salad!

We left our pleasant lodgings, or what seemed so to us, to take possession of the ground-floor rooms, formerly occupied by the clothes-merchant, and which had been vacant since then.

We were forced to this change for

economy's sake, but it gave my poor mother a sad heart. Our household goods could not find standing space in the cave to which we descended. It would be necessary to sell all the movables which we did not require. The little cradle, where my baby sister had slept, I regretted more than any thing else. As for my mother, there was no end to her lamentations. Her housekeeping had been her chief glory, and seeing it so reduced, and heaped up in the gloomy place, which we were now to inhabit, she covered her head in her apron, until one, at seeing her, would have declared that actual dishonor had fallen upon her.

I do not know why poor men, more than the rich, hold on with such tenacity to the dumb objects among which they have lived! Perhaps their attachment is in proportion to the trouble they have in acquiring, or, it may be, by its continual use. With them, nothing disappears—nothing changes. The furniture with which they began their housekeeping remains in the same place to the day when their housekeeping ends. It becomes a part of themselves. If time mutilates or mars it, then it is repaired, or transformed by making it over anew. The broken pieces, even, are utilized. When the fire has done its work, in cracking the earthen kettle, in which the poor man's dinner and that of his family has heretofore been cooked, then they plant sweet peas and mignonnette in it to ornament the window. All these household goods in ruins are like friends that have grown old by our sides. For my part, I have never been able, voluntarily, to separate myself from that which has for a long time lived with me. Even to this day, I have a garret encumbered with lame furniture, and utensils out of fashion;

it is my "*Hotel des Invalides*," for old servants. Nevertheless, I know there is no reason in it. But we must occasionally accord something to what we feel, as well as do always what we ought.

During the following week my mother found a place with a bachelor, who resided in a small pavilion above the *fau-bourg* St. Martin.

M. Lenoir had but one passion—that of geography. The entire walls of his dwelling were tapestried with maps, which he had fastened with pins, the heads being ornamented with wax to conceal them. These pins also marked, as I afterward learned, the route followed by the most celebrated travelers. M. Lenoir related their smallest adventures with gusto, knew the names of all the places they visited, and was acquainted with the most insignificant plantation of Africa. As a compensation to such knowledge, he could not tell who were his nearest neighbors, and he had only visited Paris as he sat in his own quarters. He was considered and treated as a maniac by the world outside; but as I have since reflected on the subject, I have more than half believed that most part of the men who mocked at M. Lenoir were not much more wise. They also neglect nothing which is indispensable to the prosecution of their ruinous or useless fancies. Do they not travel in Africa with red-headed pins occasionally, when they ought to be engrossed with their higher affairs, and those of their families? Every time that I have been tempted to waste time with matters that can have no results, I remember M. Lenoir, and that arrests me. A proof that from every description of person that comes under our notice, even from fools themselves, we can derive lessons of wisdom.

FROM THE FRENCH.



## METHODISM AND MISSIONS.

THE Missionary operations and enterprises of the nineteenth century—a feature of the century as distinguishing as steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, insurance and express agencies—are not a hundred years old, yet humanitarians are already confidently predicting their failure. The theory of the wise of this world is, civilize and then christianize; that of the Church is, christianize, and civilization will follow as a matter of course. The obstacles to missionary success are manifold,—climate, race repugnances, false religions, antiquated superstitions, cherished sins, barbarous customs, laws, and usages, the thousand hinderances to the introduction and progress of Christianity on heathen soil. More formidable obstacles are found in the ignorance, apathy, indifference, selfishness, covetousness, and conceit, that prevail and flourish in Christian lands. In an age of wholesale, the Church confines its operations to a retail scale. At a time when private incomes are measured by the million, the Church is satisfied with thousands. While the State expends in arts of destruction its billions, all Christendom expects, with a few meagre millions, to save continents and hemispheres.

The missionary operations of the Methodist Episcopal Church are respectable, though, it must be confessed, nothing remarkable in view of the numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the denomination. During the earlier years of the existence of the organization, pioneer work on American soil absorbed the energies of the body, and left neither time nor men nor means for extraneous enterprises. Engaged in overlaying, with a vast net-work of circuits, the advancing populations of the West, the Church was a little tardy in assuming its share in the great missionary movement that characterizes the century. For a while it left to the other branches

of the great Protestant family the labor of breaking ground in pure heathendoms, constructing grammars and dictionaries in uncouth dialects, and translating the Scriptures into foreign and barbarous tongues. Regrets are useless; but it is in us to regret that the Church, young as it was, had not embarked in heathen missions contemporaneously with the Congregationalists and Baptists, in 1812. We were numerically stronger than the latter at the period of Judson's defection to their ranks; and probably twice as numerous as the former, when their agents, with twelve hundred dollars in hand, broke the ice in American missionary enterprise by resolving to send four families to India. So great has been the advance in missionary sentiment and daring, since, by experiment, it has been found out what can be done, that we are not now surprised to find Sabbatarians, with numbers equal to those of the Methodists of ante-revolutionary time, sending missionaries to China; and Free Will Baptists, only equal to the Methodists of the first days of the Republic, with a flourishing missionary establishment in India.

How slow the Methodist Church was to enter the missionary field proper, may be learned from the fact that, in 1819, when we were two hundred and forty thousand strong; when all the Christian world was alive to foreign missionary enterprise; while Carey was erecting a college at Serampore, Judson baptizing his first convert in Burma, Morrison and Milne publishing the Bible in Chinese, the celebrated Pomare consecrating a chapel larger than St. Peter's at Rome, rivaling the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and receiving baptism in it in the presence of five thousand of his subjects, and constructing a Tahitian Missionary Society; while the London Missionary Society was entering Madagascar, and the

Wesleyans responding to the call of Hottentots and Bushmen in South Africa; while Moffat was entering upon his labors among the Griquas and Bechuanas; while Bingham and his associates were embarking for the Sandwich Islands, Pliny Fiske for Palestine, and Winslow and Scudder to re-enforce Ceylon,—the Methodist Episcopal Church was constituting a Missionary Society, whose vision embraced the "French of Louisiana," the "Spaniards of South America," and "every other people," under the prudent saving clause, "as far as our means may admit." The year 1819, that of the discovery of the electro-magnetic agency by Oersted, was not the epoch of Atlantic telegraphs, Pacific railroads, ocean steamers, and magnificent undertakings of every description; and the modesty of the aims of the Methodist Missionary Society, as set forth by the elder Emory, in the report to the General Conference of 1820, is doubtless commendable, though it savors of a caution to which the present age is, fortunately or unfortunately, a stranger.

"The time, indeed, may not yet be come in which we should send our missionaries beyond the seas. Our own continent presents fields sufficiently vast, which are opening before us, and whitening unto harvest. These, it is probable, will demand all the laborers and all the means which we can command at present."

The express object of the Society was to aid the conferences in carrying on the work of itinerant evangelization; and to this original purpose it devoted for years its choicest energies. Even after the Society had, somewhat timidly, engaged in foreign work, the Reports of the Society annually remind its patrons of its primitive design. "The supply of destitute places," and "feeble societies," "within the limits of our own regular work," and "sustaining those devoted itinerants who are laboring in places where they are unable to procure a support," are "leading objects contemplated

in the establishment of a Missionary Society," as "expressed in the first article of its Constitution."

The Report for 1849, says: "Nearly one-third of the Society's annual income has hitherto been appropriated to feeble circuits and stations, in the regular work, leaving a little more than two-thirds to be divided between foreign missions proper, and the foreign populations of this country."

By this, it appears that, between natives and immigrant foreigners, two-thirds of the Society's annual income was expended at home, at a period when Liberia, Oregon, South America, China, and California constituted its foreign missions. It is curious, in looking over the Annual Reports, to see how much special pleading is put forth for domestic missions. The Thirty-ninth Report, says: "This class of missions is at present the most valuable of all our missions, in the estimation of many of our most intelligent brethren. They receive a larger support than any other class, and always have."

"Domestic Missions," says the Report for 1856 (page 49), "like domestic virtues, are the least visible and striking, in the grand missionary action of the Church, yet, like the domestic virtues, they are the most important, at least in this new world."

So, out of \$265,000, the Committee and Board appropriate about \$175,000 to "domestic missions, or missions under the care of the conferences, severally," and leave less than \$90,000 to carry on missions of the Church in Liberia, China, Norway, Sweden, South America, Central America, New Mexico, India, Turkey, France, and Germany. This frightful disparity between foreign fields and the resources for their cultivation reminds us of the dismay of the disciples at the sight of hungry thousands with only a few diminutive loaves to supply the need, and leads us to wish for a repetition of the miracle. In 1858, seventy thousand dollars appropriated to the itinerancy, and sixty thousand to the



whole outside world, shows the estimate of the comparative value of foreign and domestic missions, in the minds of the leaders of the Church. Occasional hints lead us to suppose that the laity do not always agree with the leaders in this estimate.

The Thirty-second Annual Report (page 8) says of the domestic work: "This is the most extensive, as well as the most important, part of our missionary work at present; and yet it is not so esteemed, generally, by the Church, because it is not so open to observation, and can not be so frequently and clearly reported in our missionary publications, as our foreign missions."

The traditional relation of the domestic to the foreign work has been steadily maintained down to the appropriations for the year 1875, in which more than one-third of the entire appropriation is to be expended in aid of the English itinerant work, and only about one dollar in four reaches a Godless, Bibleless, Christless heathendom. Though the Missionary Society was domestic in its origin, and has ever been so largely domestic in its administration, it is a curious historical fact, that it is to the foreign department that the domestic owes, largely, both its contributions and its impetus. The itinerancy of Wesley and the fathers did not take kindly to the idea of aid in the form of missionary contributions. For the first dozen years of the Society's existence, though the income was meagre, surplus funds rusted idly in its coffers. A self-sacrificing ministry had subsisted for fifty years on the voluntary offerings of those whom it benefited. The Twenty-eighth Annual Report says: "To the everlasting honor of our laborious and self-denying itinerancy, it must be admitted that most of the real missionary work of this country has been performed by men who never received a dollar from the missionary treasury." It was not until the stimulus of the Young Men's Missionary Society of Boston, and the zeal of Cox, had infused a foreign element

into its calculations, and thrust foreign work upon its hands, that the word "foreign" was, somewhat tautologically, inserted in the first article of its Constitution, that the Society engaged in home operations with any thing like the zeal that their importance and relative magnitude demanded. The foreign cause not only gave the home interest its first impetus, but by every access of popular fervor in favor of the foreign department, the home cause has largely profited. The itinerant missions have profited still more largely by being associated with so powerful an auxiliary as missions among the foreign populations in our own country. Almost simultaneously with the commencement of our foreign operations, a domestic work of surprising interest, was thrust upon our hands. Cox went to Liberia in 1832; Nast was sent to the Germans in 1835. The German work in America at once enlisted the sympathies, and drafted the contributions, of the Church. With this theme upon his lips, the popular orator was sure of his audience. "Destitute fields" in the home itinerant work, experimented as little upon the platform as in the Society's Annual Reports. In the condensed notices of the speeches at anniversaries, prefixed to the Reports of the years previous to 1858, we find but one,—Rev. D. Wise, in 1852, who spoke openly and directly about "destitute portions of the home field," though several touched upon the ever-popular topic, "frontier itinerancy;" and Wise enforced his argument by the usual plea, speedy remuneration for the outlay. We, who are advocates for the separation of the foreign work from the domestic, complain that thousands of dollars, raised by dilating on the miseries of Indians and foreigners, are annually expended on American-born citizens; that the heathen world, with its teeming millions of perishing souls, is put into rhetorical requisition to raise funds to spend on sparse thousands of semi-Christians between the Hudson and Mississippi; that money is raised in

dimes, by picturing the wants and woes of the heathen, ten thousand miles away, to spend in dollars on people not a league off; people who, with a tithe of the self-sacrifice that the heathen make in behalf of idolatry, would amply sustain their own burdens, without a dollar of aid from the Missionary Society. In 1820, the Rajah of Burdwan spent £120,000, or \$600,000, in a single pilgrimage to the temple of Juggernaut. Many feel as a New England preacher did, when he concluded an argument in favor of a division of the societies, in the *Zion's Herald*, with the words: "I can not ask the people to give their money to send the Gospel to the heathen when I know that so large a portion of it is paid to preachers among ourselves, who preach to people better able to support them, than they are from whom we solicit the funds." In the old certificates of life membership, the twenty-dollar subscription throws the fanes of heathendom into volcanic agonies, when, probably, not five of the twenty get outside of Sandy Hook.

A separation of the domestic work from the foreign, in our opinion, is, and has for a long time been, the great want of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The original constitution of the Society was essentially domestic. Let the foreign element, that was grafted upon it, be eliminated, and relegated to its own secretary and board. Let there be a home secretary, and a foreign secretary. Let each present the claims of his own work, on its own merits; and, on the annual Missionary Sunday, let each contributor designate the direction he wishes his funds to take, whether home or foreign. The expenses of administration may be increased, but the income will be proportionately increased. The demands on the missionary benevolence of the people may be, and should be, doubled; but their light will also be doubled, and their gifts will be proportioned to their light. The home secretary will borrow his arguments from home fields, and no

more money will be begged for home consumption over the case of the perishing heathen; and the zeal of each secretary will be quickened by intimate contact with his own especial field. We are told that this division is practically made now in the New York office; that one secretary has special charge of the home work, and another of the foreign. This is as it should be, according to the principles of division of labor; and we contend that the same division of the work should be made before the people, the contributors, the holders of the purse-strings of benevolent enterprise, that they may know, from the lips of their agents, the demand and supply of the respective fields. But these things, it is replied, are spread before the people in the Annual Reports, and in the Church papers. Not one in a thousand ever sees an Annual Report; and while the amounts appropriated to the domestic work, as well as foreign, are spread before the people, the money for the home field goes into the annual conferences, who disburse it, and it goes into the general work of the itinerancy, and makes no special showing as missionary work, either there or elsewhere. One-fourth of our ministry are recipients of aid from the missionary funds; but who, outside of their own conferences, knows them as missionaries? or who could, from the General Minutes, distinguish the mission stations of a conference from any other? or what report has the Church journal of the work performed by these two thousand home missionaries?

We have, happily, got beyond the stale, self-complacent pleas of former years: "Ours is a Missionary Church;" "We are all missionaries;" and that the magnitude of our mission at home excuses us from foreign fields. The German department of the home work was drafted to enforce this view. In Strickland's "History of Methodist Missions," he calls the German work in America "the most brilliant and successful of all missions since the days of the apostles; in the prosecution of which, during the



brief space of fourteen years, in the conversion of souls and accessions to the Church, more has been accomplished than has resulted from the labors of all the Churches, during a period of fifty years, for the conversion of India and China." How unjust this comparison is may be seen from a few statistics. In 1854 there were 8,868 members and probationers in the German Missions of the Methodist Church. In India there were 17,093 communicants that same year. In India itself, in 1850, the contributions to Protestant Missions amounted to \$167,700. The contributions of the entire Methodist Church, for the same year, were \$107,815. A brilliant and successful work the German revival in America has been, and we have supplied it with cash, system, and theology; but beyond this, nothing, unless it be prayers and good wishes. The German work from the beginning has been *self-evolving*. The Germans have simply lighted their torch at our fire, borrowed organization and material aid, and gone forth to do their own preaching and evangelizing. We are not aware of it if the German work has cost the American portion of the work a single missionary during the entire period of its existence. Germans have converted Germans, and spared our own young men the labor of dictionaries and translations, and the mortification of mangling a beautiful foreign tongue by the brogue that ever waits on the tongue of the foreigner. In 1873, the average of the German contribution to the general missionary fund was sixty-two cents per member, while those of the American portion of the Church was fifty-one.

It outraged patience twenty years ago, the implied claim that because Methodists were doing so much in the home field, they could therefore be excused from the foreign. Baird's "Religion in America," compared with the statistics of the Annual Report for 1854, showed them, without entering into particulars, that one-sixth of the men, and one-eighth of the money employed on American soil,

were furnished by the Methodist Episcopal Church; in other words, that that Church was simply doing its fair proportion of the work of home evangelization, along with the other five or six leading denominations of the Union. At that time we were not doing our fair proportion of the work in foreign lands, considering our wealth and numbers. We are doing better now. Yet there still lingers among us a frightful amount of the conceit that the special mission of Methodism is to infuse new life into decayed Christianities; that our chief sphere of labor is among the Churches of America; and that until these are fitted for heaven beyond a peradventure, we have neither time, nor men, nor means, for any other work whatever. The practical language of these zealous home reformers is, let others toil and moil among the suffocating corruptions of heathenism; let others fit out the ships and send missionaries to the ends of the earth, to endure the hazards of acclimation, brave the opposition of governments, overcome difficult tongues, make dictionaries and translations, institute schools and work presses,—our work is here. Home work pays; heathen missions are fearfully expensive, and gigantically unremunerative. Work in Christian countries is prepared to hand. Germans, for instance, however destitute of spirituality, are born, baptized, and educated Christians; and mostly, if not universally, members of a Christian Church. Even its ologies profess Christianity, and the deadliest of its infidel productions is a "Life of Jesus." In Romish countries the pictures, images, and ceremonies reflect the Bible, life professes to be guided by its precepts and teachings; the most degraded in Christendom are seldom out of sight of church spires, the hearing of church bells, or the voices of the heralds of salvation. Christian names remind them of Christian origin and hint Christian obligations; religious ceremonies, marriage and funeral rites, and other solemnities, intimate to the most thoughtless and ignorant that they are in a

Christian land. The Christian heathen of Protestantism are out of the loins of Christian fathers, and were taught to pray by Christian mothers. They are the lineal descendants of the Lutheran Reformation. The very vocabulary of blasphemy in Christian lands embraces the entire round of Scriptural theology. That sublime profanity, indigenous in Christendom, before which the boldest quail, borrows its terribleness from the daring debasement of the highest and holiest ideas the human mind is capable of conceiving. It implies a knowledge of all the agencies of salvation, and all the liabilities of damnation.

The godless heathen has no religious phraseology to swear by. His profanity is limited to low earth-born ribaldry. His knowledge of the true God antedates Abraham. Of the name of Christ he never heard. The "Law and the Prophets" he knows nothing of; he has no Sabbath, no knowledge of the joys of heaven or the doom of hell. The Christian Missionary has not the task, as in Christendom, of awakening slumbering associations, dormant memories, or stagnant consciences; he must infuse new ideas, invent terms for expressing them. He has not only to teach the being of a God, a heaven, hell, and the need of repentance, faith, righteousness, and salvation; he has also to elevate words and phrases to make them embrace the true import of these novel doctrines. Years must be consumed in displacing venerable superstitions and cherished idolatries, and years more in laying the basis, in intelligible language, of theoretical Christianity, before any just comparison can be instituted between the relative success of missionary work in Christendom and heathendom. Every computation of the results of labor on Christian and heathen soil, at this stage of missionary progress, must result fearfully to the disadvantage of the latter. Faith and figures are instantly at war. The material outweighs the immaterial; the "almighty dollar" is of more value than the immortal soul! The foreign

work should be separated from the domestic, that the former may not be perpetually put into injurious comparison with the latter in the showing of its tale of expenses, and its numerical results. The heathen world can not wait till all the destitute fields at home become self-supporting stations. Now and then the Annual Reports inform us that the East, weakened by migrations to the West, is ever and anon demanding back the money it once so flushly poured into the missionary treasury; so that, having missionized the American Continent from ocean to ocean, we now seem likely to begin our work over again where we started. Thus, the domestic work already gives signs of becoming a perpetual motion, vibrating from sea to sea! What are the hopes of heathenism if the stay-at-home policy should predominate?

Thank God, it no longer predominates. We are fairly represented in India and China, pure heathendoms, and are still better furnished forth in lands nominally Christian. Our greatest want is money. Our funds want doubling; and our own conviction has long been, that, by separating the two interests and presenting each by its own corresponding secretary, on its own merits, to the laity, as much might be obtained for each as is now contributed for both. The home department has been divided and subdivided till it now embraces some six different departments. Why the foreign should still be chained to the domestic, while the Sunday-school Union, Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid, and others, have been sundered from it and made specialties, we can not conceive. The last General Conference made three missionary secretaries. If we had had the ordering of their work, we would have made each the head of a separate department of the work,—one to supervise, represent, plead for, and provide for the domestic work within the bounds of the Annual Conferences; one to work in behalf of unevangelized Christianities, and the other to have the oversight and charge of the work in pure heathendom—



each man charged to enlighten the people to the fullest extent possible in his respective department, and every contributor at liberty to give direction to his benevolence, and to say whether it should go to the home or foreign field. Three departments will be at once pronounced impracticable. Two, the home and foreign, are certainly practicable; and the division would speedily be followed, we predict, by the union of the home de-

partment with that of Church extension, which are but branches of the same work, and capable of management by the same secretaries; and the coalescence of the foreign department with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to which there would no longer be any objection, theoretical or practical, when the men and women were of the Church both engaged in the same grand enterprise.

EDITOR.

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### THE SON, MOTHER, AND WIFE.

"AND Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her: and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

We said that a wife, to be a comfort to a man, after his mother's death, has to be good, and gentle. To be sure, all mothers are not gentle; but they always have a consideration,—a quick apprehension of the sorrows of their children, and a credit for the good that is in them, which others do not, and can not, have. This must be supplied by what comes as near to it as possible in the wife. And especially must the wife bring up nothing of the mother but pleasant recollections. Unfortunately, many a wife does not love her husband's mother. One would think that this state of things was only to be found in low life, where there is but little culture; but it is deplorably the case with many who have had great advantages in society for the cultivation of refinement. I have known some amiable men who refrain from speaking of the dearly loved mother in their wife's presence, because they know the mention of her name or opinion would raise an element of antagonism. I do not say that every mother does right toward her son's wife. I think many mothers do wrong in taking upon themselves the task of trying to prevent the expenditure of the son's money, by

her who has a right to it,—as much as her husband allows her. But it is only an anxiety in the heart of the mother for the son's welfare which prompts to this. "The poor boy's hard earnings must not be wasted;" or, "He is tied too closely to business; it will kill him if he has to supply so much money." These are the mother's feelings, which compel her to speak; and they really are meant for the good of all,—such words; and they are often needed, but seldom do good. The young wife perceives not the good in them. She takes them as only opposition to herself. She thinks it is interfering with her affairs. And so it is; but it is not an insult to her. And years hence, perhaps, when her husband comes to bankruptcy, or suddenly breaks down in health, and dies, leaving her without means, which might have been avoided, had the mother's expostulations been thought of any consequence, she will think otherwise.

But it seems that many a poor anxious mother really forgets that a new government is established, when her son takes a wife,—as really so, as when she herself was first made the mistress of an establishment; and that always each new government is perfectly independent of the former. It is only the applying of the same rule to another, that you would have applied to yourself under like cir-

cumstances, that will regulate this matter. The young wife herself might see how she ought to receive counsel from one so experienced, and truly interested, as the mother of her husband, if she would but look forward to the time when she will be the mother of a man,—and he takes to himself a wife. Some one will say: "It is the manner in which advice is given that spoils it." But we must look through the manner to the motive, and manifest gratitude for what we know is sincere interest for our welfare, and the welfare of those dearest to us. How can it be otherwise? And yet it is otherwise in multitudes of cases, or I would not write this; for it humiliates me to suppose it needed.

Let me tell you, young wife, she, who is dear as life to him whom you love, should be dear to you. Do not try the fatal experiment of turning his mind against his mother, by rehearsing to him

your grievances. It may seem for a little time to be tolerated by him, but it will not long be so; his heart soon turns back to her who gave him birth, and carried him on her bosom, and he will love you the less for the part you took against her. I shall never forget what a mother once recounted to me in her grief about a scene of this kind. She says: "I thought I should fall my length, as I accidentally overheard the wife of my son W. talking to him against me." "To think that the boy I had so loved and lived for, should ever sit and hear it;" but it reacted, as it always does, and resulted in greater clinging to his mother, and less to his wife. Beware, young wife, of going counter to nature's laws. Your husband will love his mother. If you love her too, and live in harmony with her, you not only comfort him, but strengthen the bonds which bind him to you.

E. W. TRUE.

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### COME TO MY GRAVE ALONE.

COME to my grave alone, when no footstep is falling near,  
And water my lowly bed with affection's gentle tear;  
Pause by the heartless stone, by the marble cold and chill,  
And think of the heart below, as the marble, cold and still.

Come in the Summer's prime, at the close of the busy day,  
When the love-tuned wild-wood birds warble their vesper lay;  
Kneel at my grassy couch, whisper to Heaven a prayer,  
And the spirit of her you love will hover around you there.

Come when the Autumn leaves are withered, faded, and sere,  
When the moaning November breeze sighs over the dying year—  
When the reaper's work is done and the harvests are gathered all,  
And think of the reaper Death, who gathers the great and small.

Come when the Winter cold, on rushing and icy feet,  
Has traveled around the earth in his frosted winding-sheet,  
And has blasted the woods and fields in his journey of storm and strife,  
And shown in the closing year an emblem of human life.

Come in the budding Spring, when Nature is fresh and gay,  
When the petals of early flowers are bright with the dews of May;  
And think of that heavenly Spring, the Spring of eternal bloom,  
When the loved shall meet together beyond the night of the tomb.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE foreign educational journals are of late much engaged in the discussion of the condition of the host of young women, from Switzerland and Germany, who go to England as governesses. It is said that there are about thirty thousand of these persons now scattered throughout England, and in many cases their lot is a terrible one. The struggle for existence is so desperate among the daughters of the middle classes, and especially among those of the military and civil officers of the Government, that many of them are absolutely forced to do something for a living, especially when bereft of parents or protectors, and this something must be genteel to accord with their tastes and position in society. Such avenues at home are rare, comparatively; and then, among friends and acquaintances, it is so difficult to step down out of one's position, that hosts of these poor girls prefer to take their chances in a foreign land. Some are allured by the flattering opportunity of escaping from their narrow circles and seeing the world, with a view of enlarging their minds and spheres of action. To others the salary given to what are called "finishing governesses" is quite alluring, especially in contrast with the low scale of remuneration for female teachers and governesses on the Continent. In the best English families these governesses receive from three to five hundred dollars per annum in addition to their homes; but a great part of this money is often swallowed up in the outlay for dress required to appear respectable in such surroundings. If they can save half of their salary and invest it in England at six per cent, they are supremely happy, and, in a few years, comparatively above want; but this state is more often realized in day-dreams than in the banks.

A goodly number of young German and Swiss girls go annually to England as governesses, with a view to become competent in the English language, so that they may return to desirable posts at home, either in the schools or in the better families, as private teachers. Many of these are bitterly disappointed, from the fact that they, too, go thither in perfect ignorance of the elements of the language, and are called professionally to associate with those who do not desire them to know any English, to the end that all their conversation may be in a foreign tongue, for the benefit of the children under their care, or the family at large. Thus they continually meet with antagonisms in those very efforts on which they counted for personal profit. These foreign governesses, as a body, fall into three classes in England, according to their capacity and good fortune. Most of English girls of the better classes are educated altogether at home through their entire course of study — boarding-schools like our own are neither popular nor any too respectable. The result is a need for "nursery governesses" for the children until they are nine or ten years of age, when they pass until their fourteenth year into the hands of the "day governess." In these departments, French, Swiss, and German girls are desirable that the children may learn the language "naturally," as it is termed; that is, solely by intercourse with their teachers, who are in many instances but little better or little more than nurses. The lot of these is frequently very bitter, because of the absolute necessity of yielding to the caprices and tyranny of all the members of the family, from young to old; and the position of such girls in the households of England is quite subordinate and humiliating — they are

neither fish nor flesh, and associate neither with the family nor the servants; the nursery, with all its labor and annoyances, is their only home and retreat. The finishing governess takes charge of the young ladies from their fourteenth year until they are ready to "come out," and thus, with good luck, may have a refined and acceptable occupation; but even these are subjected to so many caprices from the parents, and are liable to so many complications from members of the household, or those who visit the family, that the poor girl is fortunate indeed who finds her place a bed of roses. Her path is too often thorny and tortuous, and not one in a dozen of those who leave their homes with a view of bettering their condition, actually do so, and the final history of the greatest number winds up in grief and failure.

As the Easter holidays approach, about which period our readers will be perusing these lines, all of youthful Germany will be in a state of excitement in the preparation for "confirmation," not only in the Catholic, but also in the Protestant, Churches; for the custom is universal among Christians. And just herein we find our own trouble in regard to the matter. This very universality makes it just what it is—very little more in most cases than mere form and ceremony—because all children are baptized in the Church very shortly after birth, and, about the fifteenth year, enter into "full connection" through the process of "confirmation." As we have looked upon these very interesting and festive ceremonies, the question has frequently arisen in our own mind as to the sum and substance of vital religion required to give them life; and we have decided that it is lamentably small. The beautiful blooming girls and the gallant lads around the altar, surrounded by their parents, relatives, and friends, form a company full of interest. The whole scene is very beautiful, but it is not solemn; and the impression that it makes on the young candidates—not converts—is certainly very fleeting. It would seem that they are more proud of passing out of childhood than of any other fact, and look on this religious ceremony as the path to this end. And then it is marvelous how little solemnity there is in regard to the

matter even in the minds of mothers. One will say, "I must have my daughter confirmed, although she is a little backward in her studies, and still childish in her nature; but she is old enough, and is ashamed to be behind her playmates." In short, it is the same argument as that for putting on long dresses, and is pressed in the household in the same way. Another mother argues: "My daughter is only thirteen years old, it is true; but she is so large that I can hardly let her wait any longer." When such unreasonable views fill the hearts of mothers, it is not wonderful that the daughters have so little appreciation of the importance of the act. This abuse has grown so alarmingly of late that the teachers of the advanced classes in the schools are complaining of its interference with their finishing work. With great trouble and care they have trained their pupils to industry, order, and interest in their studies, and brought them to the goal of their elementary school-days. But in the last year, comes this preparation for confirmation, when, at a single blow, the result of many years' labor is weakened or destroyed. Instead of the earnestness of the event announcing itself in the closer attention to school duties, the very opposite takes place. Many branches of study are neglected, with a view to taking special religious instruction in preparation for a catechetical examination; and the teacher has the greatest trouble to keep his pupils to their ordinary tasks. The minds of the pupils are engaged with the dress preparations for the occasion, as if it were a great party, and the most trivial and insignificant things occupy the attention.

Now, this all occurs under the fiction that the girl is mature in the matter of science and religion, while the absorbing character of the ceremony and the occasion prevent, to a certain extent, this very thing. The idea that girls of fifteen years of age should, as a matter of course, be prepared for such a transformation, and introduction to the Church, as a free act, dependent on their own knowledge and conviction, is simply absurd, and we are glad to see that many of the Germans are beginning to regard it as such. In a moral and religious point of view, the custom is a great abuse, at least from our stand-point. It shortens the period



of school-days in an arbitrary way; it imposes upon poor parents an amount of expense in what is called an outfit of dress, which they are not able to meet; and it tempts the rich to a public display of vanity in apparel that ill befits a solemn, religious occasion. Therefore, there is an effort at present, on the part of the best educators of the country, to delay the ceremony of confirmation to a later period, when the girls shall have finished their educational course at school, and reached the riper age of eighteen or twenty; when they ought to be in a much better condition to appreciate the solemnity of the act, and not regard it as one considers a "coming out" in fashionable society. It is to be hoped that this most sensible appeal from those who have charge of the important years of childhood will not be disregarded by parents.

A YOUNG lady by the name of Simonowitch—Russian, of course—studied medicine for some time in Zurich, and recently graduated in Berne, Switzerland, with the highest honor. She is the first lady who has taken the medical doctorate at Berne, and the affair caused, therefore, considerable talk. This fact will make Switzerland a favorite objective point for women who wish to complete a higher course of professional study. And just here let us say that the Swiss schools for young ladies in general studies are perhaps the best in the world. We would much rather send a daughter to French Switzerland than to France, even for the French language itself, which is spoken with great purity in Geneva. The famous old University of Göttingen, in Germany, has also just tried its hand at granting a doctorate to a lady, though not for the first time. Among the busts that adorn the historical hall of the library, one of the most beautiful is that of Doctor Dorothea Schlözer, who, in times gone by, acquired the doctorate after a thorough examination. In face of such a precedent from the fathers, the University could hardly reject the application for graduation from another lady; and, therefore, a few months ago, Sophia Kowalewsky, from Moscow, applied to the Philosophical Faculty for examination in mathematics, of which she showed a rare knowledge, and in addition to which she

presented a thesis on partial and differential equations. Her whole work was very satisfactory, and she took the degree of master of liberal arts and doctor of philosophy.

WE are pleased to notice increasing efforts on the part of German ladies to provide the poor of their sex with the means of earning a satisfactory and honorable living. A band of noble women have founded an association for the advancement of female industry, and have sent lithograph letters to thousands with the invitation to join them and co-operate in a plan which is fully laid down in a prospectus. The German Empress stands at the head of the list, and the Crown-Princess follows, so that the enterprise presents itself to the world supported by noble godmothers. Besides, there are many ladies of rank who seem waking up to the fact that it is high time to take effective measures to relieve the necessities of working-women, and provide for them fitting spheres in which to support themselves. The post-office and telegraph departments of the Government are now commencing to employ them, and their labor in this field is likely greatly to increase. But we are most pleased to see the growing interest taken in the question of employing women in the public-schools. In this matter, they are learning from us; and we see some very eulogistic notices of our work made, on the bases of certain annual reports by the Educational Boards of certain cities. They acknowledge that the system is a perfect success with us, and therefore are quite inclined to try it. It is not a little gratifying that the land of schools and the nation of teachers find something good coming out of our Nazareth.

THE temperance movement is spreading rapidly in Russia. In the district of Mohilev, it is stated that no less than forty-eight communes have resolved to require that the liquor-sellers shall sell no more liquor to any customer than they are sure he can bear without inebriety; and, on the principle of the "civil damage" legislation, they are held responsible for any excess. No customer is allowed to seek an evening's, or even half an hour's, social entertainment in the liquor-saloon; he must drink and go. Nor can he drink on credit.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE Sixteenth Amendment, which has been supposed by our masculine friends to be the particular pet only of old-maids, maiden ladies, and mis-mated wives, will doubtless be regarded with more favor, now that "the prettiest and winsomest ladies" of a certain Western city have been exerting for its passage "so fascinating an influence as is hard to withstand." Having first decked the voting places with evergreens, flags, and pictures, they formed in double file at each ward, and presented to every male voter a ballot, reading: "Woman Suffrage—Yes;" accompanying the ballot with, "Please, sir, vote this ticket for us." Let Miss Anthony take heart, even though our brethren of the secular press have condescended of late to ridicule even the bonnet she wears—albeit they have been scolding the women for the last decade for not wearing bonnets—for since the days when Delilah, with sweet words and loving smiles, vexed the soul of Samson unto death, in order to find the secret of his great strength, one pretty woman with cajolery upon her tongue has been able to accomplish greater wonders than a score of ugly women with plain truths upon their lips.

—Great reforms move slowly. The abolition of slavery in our country was not effected till the subject had been agitated for more than a score of years. Hence, dress reformers, crusaders, and extreme advocates of woman's rights, should not be easily discouraged at the little accomplished, but look rather at the progress made. Fashion still exerts too strong an influence over the feminine mind for dress reform to meet with much favor; but the effect of the Women's Temperance Movement of 1874 will be felt for years to come. Two hundred and fifty Western towns have been freed from rum-selling establishments; nearly one thousand rum-sellers have given up their business, and professed their faith in Christ; and twenty-five hundred dram-shops have been closed. Fifteen millions of dollars less of revenue from rum-sellers have been paid into the Government coffers than during the same length of time in other years. All honor to the Presi-

dent, who, when told of it, said: "Very well; put the tax on something else." Women all over the country are discouraging the use of intoxicating drinks on festive occasions; saloon keepers and owners are being sued for damages by long-suffering wives; and civil suits for the violation of the excise laws have of late been commenced by Women's Temperance Unions. Moral suasion having proved a failure, instances are constantly being given by the press, of wives resorting to such desperate measures with their besotted husbands as marching them off to the police station, and having them cared for, or of making them prisoners in their own house until promise of better behavior.

—Thirty years ago, a woman had only a pauper's right; namely, the right to be maintained. The product of hands and of brains belonged to her husband; her children were not hers; the property she had was not hers; she could not make a will or a contract, nor give a deed of the land she owned. Now, she can legally buy and sell, earn and own, will, deed, and contract; can be guardian of her children; can vote in Utah and Wyoming; is eligible for office on school boards in several States; and is not necessarily required to promise to "obey," at the altar. The last Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law under which a wife can go into business on her own account, and can force her husband to support her, no matter how much money she may make, or how poor her husband may be. Michigan cast 39,805 votes for female suffrage, in connection with the vote upon the proposed new Constitution.

—Several hundred female *employes* of the printing-bureau of the Treasury Department were discharged on Christmas-day, which will bring misery and destitution to hundreds who had anticipated employment through the Winter. The increasing liberality of the age does not, as of yore, restrict the labor of fair hands to one or two avocations; but gives Anna Dickinson, as lecturer, in Music Hall, Boston, an audience larger than had listened to any speaker preceding



her this season; finds a place in a marble-yard for the labor of a mother (in supporting her fatherless children) whose only apprenticeship at the business was in working a marble slab to the memory of her husband; makes Mrs. Sally Reid engrossing clerk in the Legislature of Arkansas; sets many a Southern girl to assisting her father and brothers in sowing grain and picking cotton; allows a Saginaw woman to drive wood to market, and saw it for customers, in support of a sick husband and four children; gives Vinnie Ream the commission to execute a marble statue of Admiral Farragut; and helps a Mississippi orphan to raise, with the assistance of a little brother and sister, eight bales of cotton, and plenty of corn and potatoes for her little family and team.

—The Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union have issued an Annual Report, by which it seems that their special field of labor is being carefully cultivated.

—Boston has elected six women as members of the school committee; and the Providence school committee has chosen a woman for secretary.

—A recent reduction of one-third in the wages of the female *employees* in the manufactory of the New Jersey Rubber Company caused a strike of one hundred women.

—America should not be behind the Friendly Islands, which allow Queen Charlotte to be a Methodist class-leader; behind Japan, which has just recognized woman's right to be a party to a marriage contract; or behind Germany, which grants the degree of doctor of philosophy to a young lady.

—Dr. Emma Kendrick, a graduate of Philadelphia Medical College, and Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, have both recently died. Dr. Hunt was one of the earliest female practitioners and advocates of woman's rights in the city. Her taxes had long been paid under protest that she was not represented.

—The Misses Brittain, Marston, Kimball, and Woodward have sailed from New York for Calcutta, under the care of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America. The Quarterly Report of the Cincinnati Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

speaks favorably of the organization of new auxiliaries and of the addition of life members, as well as of the work accomplished in foreign lands. •

—The Annual Report of the Girls' Reform School, at Columbus, Ohio, shows that the institution is in a prosperous condition. The girls are required to do house-work, make their own clothing, manufacture articles for the market, and are taught the elementary branches of education. The Hannah Neil Mission, of the same city, has ladies for its officers and its Board of Directors. Evening schools for girls have been opened in several towns in Rhode Island.

—Clergymen afflicted with the ministerial sore throat, or who have the European fever at the expense of their parishioners, would do well to keep the salary in the family by imitating the example of Rev. Mr. Crosby, of Illinois, who, lately, being ill on Sunday, besought the aid of his wife. Like a true helpmeet, Mrs. Crosby came to the rescue with two excellent sermons. The prediction of the prophet Joel, that "both your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," seems to be in process of fulfillment in our day. Ordinances, canons, and disciplines will have to be modified in accordance with the spirit of the age; for the discussion no longer turns upon a woman's fitness, piety, or ability—these having long since been conceded—but simply on the question, Shall she be allowed to preach? Mrs. Van Cott and Mrs. Collins have been licensed and are candidates for orders, when orders can be obtained; while Miss Young, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Boardman, and Miss Drake, like Mrs. Palmer, will perform evangelist work without seeking license or orders. Even so conservative a body as the Protestant Episcopal Church has of late admitted the twelfth lady to the order of deaconess. The experiment was made two years ago, in the diocese of Long Island, and has proved satisfactory. The candidates must be either widows or unmarried women. On the recent occasion of ordination, Bishop Littlejohn spoke of the order as existing in the early days of the Church, and said it was not a sphere in which woman's ambition could be gratified; but a field for beneficent and quiet work among the sick.

## ART NOTES.

FERGUSON, in his work, "History of the Modern Styles of Architecture," makes use of this sweeping language: "It is perhaps not too much to say that no perfectly truthful architectural building has been erected in Europe since the Reformation. In modern designs there is always an effort either to reproduce the style of some foreign country, or that of some bygone age; frequently both. . . . Besides the loss of intellectual value, the art [architecture] has thus lost all ethnographic signification." These pungent words, and like expressions throughout this history, have greatly influenced thoughtful Englishmen (and some Americans) to inquire into the remedy for this great evil. Some have suggested this, others another, stimulus of originality. A thoughtful writer in a recent number of the *London Quarterly* attempts to show that the hope of English architecture, and the method of bringing back a measure of originality, will be the recognition of the existence and influence of the *master-workman*. Whenever art has been true, original, and great, *the workman was the master*. Therefore, to restrict the exercise of his imagination in his work is a fraud on human nature, and injurious to all men. Nothing can be more dangerous and prejudicial to the State than the neglect of the imaginative power among men. If the imagination is not thus developed, the working-men will, as they become instructed, become also increasingly obnoxious and depraved, and vulgar knowingness and vain impatient levity will be the ruling characteristics of the people. Art is not to be attained by dilettante schemes or fanciful designs; or by a vain expenditure of wealth; or even by some recondite researches in the path of knowledge. Art is the noble end of study and laborious work; the glory and reward of honest, thoughtful, self-devoted handicraft. Art, when a reality, indicates something impressive and sublime. It stamps a man with a divine seal, setting him before us as invariably impelled to do a divine thing. Work is not to him a profession, but a vocation. It is not something that he chooses for himself, but for which he is chosen; which he does not advance to

because he will, but because he must. The man is not at liberty to decline the call. Such was the master-workman of the past, whose free imaginative power has ever been the life of art; and, in like manner, the emancipated workman, gloriously impelled, must always be, as he is, the only real hope of architecture.

—The commissioners who have charge of the arrangements for the Centennial Exhibition have published somewhat definite details of the buildings to be erected at Fairmount Park. There are to be five structures, the Main Building, the Art Gallery, and the Machinery, Agricultural, and Horticultural Halls. The main building is to be 1880 feet long and 464 feet wide, covering over twenty acres of space. The whole will consist of one story only, saving a gallery in the projections and towers, by which about one and a half acres additional space will be secured. The art gallery is intended to be the best and handsomest yet erected on the continent for similar purposes. It is to be constructed of granite, glass, and iron—thoroughly fire-proof. Its dimensions are 365 feet long, 210 feet broad, and 72 feet high, with a dome, surmounted by a figure of Columbia, rising to 150 feet from the ground. The arrangements for lighting are of the most perfect character. The center hall and galleries will have a capacity for holding eight thousand persons—nearly twice the dimensions of any hall in this country. Should these buildings be finished in accordance with the plans and specifications, our country will not need to be ashamed of the arrangements for the Grand Centennial Exhibition, and, in the buildings themselves, we shall show a wonderful stride in advance in respect to architecture.

—F. B. Patterson, of New York, has done a good work for Americans in publishing a neat folio of thirteen photographs of some of the best sketches of the German artist Hendschel. Hendschel is regarded one of the most spirited designers of the modern German school. His reputation in Europe is most excellent, and these photographs



introduce us to some of his most charming sketches, as well as give a capital picture of the artist himself.

—The recent discovery, just beyond the old city-wall toward Piræus, Athens, of a large and beautifully wrought sarcophagus, has caused considerable excitement among the archæologists. This sarcophagus is nine feet long, four broad, and six deep, shaped like an empty sofa, or couch, with a large flat pillow, with tassel, lying on a luxurious-looking mattress; the whole supported by four massive legs, which terminate in lion's feet. The whole sarcophagus, composed of two enormous blocks of purest Pentelic marble, is in the highest style of art, and in the most perfect state of preservation. On removing the slab, there were found a male and a female skeleton, nearly perfect; also several very interesting gold ornaments, and a coin with the inscription, "Hadrian August." This serves tolerably to fix the date of this art-work.

—Should we not have fewer dabblers in art and more thorough work done if the following truths were conscientiously heeded? "Painting is, after all, but a language with more vivid and beautiful vocables than ordinary speech. Mastery in painting can no more constitute a man a great artist than mastery in grammar can constitute a man a great author. This is an elementary truth, yet people are constantly forgetting it; and even Mr. Ruskin, who, within the first twenty pages he ever gave to the world on art, laid it down with exquisite lucidity and precision, and who has never in terms abandoned it, has talked in successive books, more and more as a drawing-master, and less and less as an art-critic. The fact is, that generally, perhaps invariably, consummate power of hand in painting has been the pledge, and therefore might be made the test, of higher power. Between the touch of Titian and of Holbein, of Gainsborough and of Turner, and the feeling, imaginative, invention of those painters, there has been a connection. But is it not true, also, that there is a connection—a pre-established and absolute harmony—between Shakespeare's language and Shakespeare's thought? Yet do we not recognize a distinction, a deep and just distinction, between mere gram-

matical criticism of his dramas—mere discussions of his spelling, punctuation, and words—and criticism of his ideas, his characters, and the general articulation and modulation of his mighty works? 'Commas and points they set exactly right,' says Pope of the grammatical critic. Goethe did not concern himself with Shakespeare's commas and points; many could have spoken of these things better than he; but he was a better Shakespearean critic than any of the ninety and nine grammatical pedants who have left their names on the walls of Shakespeare's palaces. The studies of good painters—their exercises in the grammar of their art—are so difficult to execute and so interesting to look at, that critics constantly talk as if studies could be works of art. The principle of the distinction is simple. A drawing or a painting becomes a work of art in proportion as the spirit of a man is breathed into it—in proportion as it is charged with feeling, thought, or imagination. The stamp of humanity may be slightly impressed; it may, in landscape-art, be little more than choice of subject, with the faintest irradiation of feeling; but the image and superscription of man every work of art must wear."

—We feel constrained again to call attention to the attempts of Osgood & Co., of Boston, to bring within the reach of students of limited means, materials for the study of the works of the old masters. This house some time since published selections from the "Gray Collection of Engravings," of Harvard College, of Frescoes after Parmegiano and Correggio. They now present to the public a second equally valuable contribution under the title, "A Series of Studies, designed and engraved after Five Paintings by Raphael. With Historical and Critical Notes, by Eméric David." The Heliotype process is here again used, as in the other series. While, of course, this process can not reproduce the clearness, harmony, and depth of an engraving, and while it can at most give the thought, composition, and general form of an artist's work, even these are invaluable to those who are prevented from purchasing the more expensive works, that can only find a place in the homes of the opulent.

—W. H. Rinehart, the American sculptor, who died in Rome in October last, was buried in Baltimore in January. His death is a serious loss to American art.

—Miss Mathilde E. Toedt, of Brooklyn, the accomplished young violinist, who is studying at the Brussels Conservatory, has had a genuine triumph. The competitive examination of her class—embracing thirty pupils, all males except herself—resulted in giving her the first position in the first class.

—We have formerly noticed the death of Fortuny, the leading Spanish painter. His loss is more and more deeply felt, since he gave rich promise of still grander achievements in his profession. But he, like Raphael, at the early age of thirty-six, had secured a well-earned immortality. His funeral was held from the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, and was attended by a throng of artists, and many of the most eminent clergy.

—The art collectors and archæologists have had so many experiences of the "Katie King" order, that they are sometimes provoked to believe that the world is all a *sham*—"a fleeting show for man's delusion given." So skillful and shameless have become the relic-makers that even adepts are often deceived. We might be prepared to believe Irving's statement that enough wood of the true cross to make a seventy-four gun ship has been sold to ignorant, credulous, religionists; but that modern *savants* should be so frequently imposed upon by bogus relics seems truly wonderful. But what most provokes a smile are the grave discussions of a German Orientalist on the "Cardiff Giant," after the most positive proofs of the manufacture of this happy fraud have been afforded. To read the learned speculations about this "Phœnician Adonis" makes us chary to accept the results of this *a priori* method of historic and archæological examination. We are glad, however, to note a reaction against this credulity that is setting in in some quarters. The De Cesnola collection has not been accepted without serious question; and the genuineness of the Moabite pottery has been established only after the most searching criticism and exhaustive comparisons. This is a most hopeful sign, since it is self-evident that the value

of these as indices of a former civilization must depend absolutely on their genuineness, otherwise they are of no more consequence than fragments picked up near a modern pottery. We predict that the result of some methods now practiced will be to make space in some departments of our great museums.

—Some quite extended love of good art, or fondness to be *believed* admirers of good art, must exist to warrant the outlay involved in the production of an English edition of the illustrations of the New Testament from Bida's designs. The original French publication, by Hachette & Co., was the result of twenty years of most persevering and expensive toil. Nothing seemed to have been spared to make the work all that capital and skill could produce. The original edition seemed absolutely perfect, so far as the mechanical execution was concerned. Unfortunately, few French artists have possessed the exact qualifications requisite to illustrate much of the Biblical text. There seem to be scenes whose depth and significance could never be sounded by the average French illustrator. While there is ever care, and generally truthfulness, in the reproduction of the scenery of Palestine, and while there is sometimes an admirable portraiture of character and scenes, there is too frequently manifest an indulgence in a semi-dramatic treatment that tends only to belittle and degrade the most sacred subjects. In Biblical illustration the German artists have usually far surpassed the French. The English edition seems to fall not a whit behind the French in all essentials of grand illustration.

—The largest mosaic painting of modern times, is now being executed at the famous establishment of Salviati in Venice. It is designed by Professor Werner, of Berlin, and is composed of four harmoniously arranged divisions, representing "The Call to Arms;" in the late contest between Germany and France; "The Impetuous Charge" of the German forces; "Victory;" and "Bavaria handing the Crown to Emperor William." The whole work will be eighty-two feet long and eighteen feet high. It will adorn the arcade around the "Column of Victory" in Berlin. The work contains many portraits of characters prominent in the late war.



## CURRENT HISTORY.

DURING the month of December, 1874, Spanish affairs took quite a remarkable turn. On the 12th, Marshal Serrano was gazetted as Generalissimo of all the armies of Spain. Only a few days elapsed, and Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, is offered the crown, at the hands of the Spanish grandees. On the 30th, just ten days later, Alfonso is proclaimed king, and he accepts the honor. January 1, 1875, Gen. Dorregaray laid down his arms, and a number of prominent Carlist leaders followed his example, for the purpose of supporting Alfonso. January 2d, a Spanish frigate was dispatched to Marseilles to convey the new king to the capital of his kingdom. Such is the manner in which the Spanish make history.

—The following is the record from South America: December 5th, a revolutionary outbreak at Cajamarca, Peru, was quelled after twenty-three persons were killed and forty wounded. December 12th, the insurrection in the Argentine Republic was brought to a conclusion, and the Government issued a proclamation granting amnesty to all political offenders. December 22d, advices were received from Venezuela, dated on the 8th instant, stating that a desperate battle was fought in Bargausimento, between the Government troops, under General Margues, and the insurgents, under General Colina. The engagement lasted eighty-four hours. Between 700 and 800 men were killed and wounded. Both sides claim victory. December 30th, advices from Peru state that the Government troops, after two days' fighting, forced Pierola, leader of the revolutionists, to abandon his stronghold, on the heights of Torato. Pierola and his principal officers escaped into Bolivia.

—The Pacific mail steamship, *Japan*, was burned at sea, sixty miles from Yokohama, and only twelve miles from land, on Thursday, December 17th. She had on board three cabin passengers, 424 Chinese in the steerage, and \$375,000 in treasure, and 973 tons of freight. The captain and crew, with fifty Chinese, escaped in boats. About 400 lives were lost.

—The suppression of the religious order of Sisters of Charity was decreed by the Mexican Congress, by a vote of 113 to 57, December 9th.

—The combined armies of the partially independent native rulers in India number 315,000 men and 5,300 guns—a formidable power if united in opposition to British rule.

—Since the famine set in, in Asia Minor, 50,000 persons have migrated from various parts of the country to the city of Adana, fully half of whom have since succumbed to disease.

—Advices, dated Rome, January 2d, state that Garibaldi has written a letter declining the national grant for his relief, because of the condition of Italian finances. He expressed his gratitude to Parliament.

—Observations of the transit of Venus, on December 8th, were successful at Hobart-town, Tasmania; Nagasaki, Japan; Teheran, Persia; Yokohama; Mokattan Heights, Suez, and Thebes, Egypt; and partially so at a few other points. The observations were, however, unsuccessful at Ormsk, Orenburg, Kasan, Uralsk, Astrachan, Merth, and Tiflis.

—News reached the advanced posts of the Russian army, December 12th, in Central Asia, of the safe arrival in Khorasan of the first Russian trading caravan which ever penetrated that country. The reports from the caravan complain of hostile agitation among the native tribes, caused by the intrigues and instigations of British agents.

—Her Majesty's ship, *Basilisk*, returned to England, December 25th, after a commission of nearly four years, and brings word that a large archipelago has been discovered in the neighborhood of New Guinea; and that two mountains in this region, each about 11,000 feet high, have been named Mount Gladstone and Mount Disraeli.

—Seven hundred letters by Michael Angelo, and fourteen hundred addressed to him by distinguished personages of his time, have just been published in Florence.

—Westminster Abbey has been protected against fire, at a cost of about \$10,000, by the placing of a tank in one of the towers, which will contain 6,000 gallons of water, and is to be kept always charged.

—The Mikado gave a breakfast, on the 22d of September, to all the foreign diplomats, at his own residence. This was the first entertainment at which the sovereign has freely mingled with foreign guests, and received them at his table.

—The library of the British Museum purchased no less than 3,415 manuscripts last year. Among them was a curious treatise in French, on the holy sacrament, composed by King Edward VI of England in 1549, and written in his own hand.

—It has frequently been stated that the Ashantee war cost nearly nine millions sterling. The actual cost is announced to have been about seventeen hundred thousand pounds, an amount yet to be reduced by a valuation of a large quantity of returned stores.

—The sacred Ganges has at last been spanned by a bridge, much to the horror of the devout Brahmins, who confidently predict that the structure can not stand. The span is across the Hoogly, one of the deltoid mouths of the Ganges, which is regarded by the Hindoos as the true course of the sacred river, and which is the only channel now frequented by large ships.

—The Russian Government has determined to try the experiment of "compulsory education," in the case of children between eight and twelve years of age, in the city of St. Petersburg. There are 28,000 of these children, and 15,000 of those at present receive no instruction whatever.

—At least 1,500 native women, principally of the middle class, in and around Calcutta, India, are being educated at their own homes. The expense is met by a Government grant. It is estimated that for the past ten years, 2,500 women have been constantly under instruction at their own homes in that part of India.

—The Rev. William R. Nicholson, D. D., formerly of Newark, New Jersey, who recently withdrew from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and connected himself with the

Reformed Episcopalians, has been formally deposed from the ministry of the former Church by the Right Rev. Bishop Smith, according to the provisions of Can. 5, Tit. ii., of the digest.

—Among the works which are progressing favorably at the Observatory at Paris is the determination of the velocity of light, by MM. Fizeau and Cornu.

—The English expedition in Africa, under Lieutenant Cameron, is proving most successful. Letters to May 16th have been received from it. The party were all well. They had circumnavigated the Tanganyika Lake, and found the effluent south of Speke's Islands, which the natives reported to be the Congo, identical with Livingstone's Lu-alabu. Mr. Cameron hopes to reach Jellala Falls and Loanda.

—Some interesting statistics are given of the National Library of Paris. During the last five months it has received 31,101 copies of books, papers, etc., from Paris alone; of these, only 1,200 were retained, the rest being sent to the paper-mill. If the woodwork of the book-shelves were placed end to end it would reach from Paris to Naples. The Library contains 2,075,871 volumes, 200,000 manuscripts, 8,000 maps, and 120,000 pamphlets. The reading-room is visited monthly by 4,300 readers; and the inner alcove, which is devoted to men of letters, by 1,150.

—The following is the extent of the territory governed by our royal visitor from the Pacific: The Sandwich Islands are twelve in number, comprising in all a little over 6,000 square miles—about the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Two-thirds of this area belongs to the island of Hawaii, although Oahu is better known generally from its containing Honolulu, the capital city, which has about 16,000 inhabitants. The population of the whole group in 1872 was 56,897. It appears by the last census of the inhabitants that there were 49,044 persons of the pure native race, 2,485 of mixed origin, 1,938 Chinese, 889 Americans, 619 English, and the remainder hailed from other European countries. The twentieth degree of north latitude runs through the group, so that they are in the same latitude as Cuba.



## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

COLLOQUIAL PROVINCIALISMS.—We once heard an intelligent gentleman assert that he could generally tell where a person had been born and brought up, upon listening to his or her conversation for half an hour. "There are very few individuals, however well educated," he said, in explanation of his theory, "who do not retain, in their ordinary conversation, some colloquialisms or peculiarities of pronunciation indigenous to the locality where they first learned to talk. A Virginian could be distinguished," he continued, "by one kind of intonation, a New Englander by another, and a Philadelphian by a third. A phrase would frequently betray whether the speaker came from the North or South, the Atlantic sea-board or the West. Words which had been, two centuries ago, good English, and which had been brought over at that time by colonists, had, in some sections, retained their meaning, and in others become obsolete; and the use of such words, or the substitution of more modern synonyms, betrayed the domicile of those who employed them. Even thorough masters of the English tongue, who, when they wrote, wrote with the greatest purity, fell often, in hurried talk, into the careless, slipshod style of their childhood, and deformed their conversation with colloquial provincialisms."

Every accurate observer will concede the truth of these remarks. New Yorkers have a fashion of using "dickering" for "bargaining;" the Yankee says "'cute" instead of "smart;" and in Georgia "do do n't" is often inelegantly substituted for "do not." Many a Virginia woman, in other respects perfectly well bred, says "tote" when she means "carry"—a habit acquired in youth from hearing the plantation negroes use the word. We know an excellent old lady, who has resided here for fifty years, who says "*bun-net*" for "bonnet," because she so learned to pronounce it when a child, in Boston. A Yankee says "hum" for "home," "heow" for "how." We might multiply examples. Improprieties of speech not belonging to any particular locality are as common. Even educated persons frequently

say "I set down," instead of "I sat down;" and the phrase "I have saw," instead of "I have seen," is actually heard. The most villainous barbarism is "I had went," which we believe is of exclusively Pennsylvania origin. "Let you and I go," is still a more ordinary mistake. "Learn your brother that lesson," instead of "teach your brother," is a phrase sometimes used even by cultivated people. "This fifty years," in place of "these fifty years," is a not unfrequent error. "Between you and I" is another colloquial error. We do not say that educated persons write in this way, but that often in conversation they talk thus. One who attends to such things will notice, even in the best companies, an astonishing number of similar blunders.

Generally, these mistakes are the fault of parents, though sometimes they are unavoidable. If a mother is uncultivated, if she uses slang words, or if she leaves her progeny to grow up among servants, the children will acquire numerous provincialisms or other improprieties of speech, which, in after life, they will find it difficult to shake off. We knew a brother and sister, once, who had different nurses, and whose mother, being in delicate health, saw comparatively little of them. One nurse was Irish, the other German; and to this day each child retains more or less of the peculiarities of its nurse's pronunciation. We knew another case, in which a boy had been brought up wholly by the mother, who, years ago, fell into the error, as the phrase goes, of "talking like a book;" and the result is, that the child has few, or none, of the idioms of the language, and, instead of speaking the racy Saxon, converses like a Johnson in petticoats. Too much care can not be taken, even in the nursery, to use pure English. There is, perhaps, no more certain method of telling whether a man or woman has been accustomed to cultivated society from infancy, than to listen to his or her every-day talk. Education, unless it begins with babyhood, can not, in general, teach persons to avoid colloquial provincialisms. — *Phil. Ledger.*

**SHARP BIRDS.**—Dr. Buchanan, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Calcutta, says: "I write this at the bottom of the lofty mountain called Cape Comorin, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which build pendulous nests are very numerous. At night, each of their little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and picks up a fire-fly and sticks it upon the clay, to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four flies, and the blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds.

**A RARE COIN.**—A great rarity in the shape of a coin is a silver one struck off at Breslau, in 1751. Among the persons employed at that time in the mint was an Austrian, who, out of hatred to Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who had taken possession of Silesia by right of conquest, conceived the idea of revenging himself on that monarch in the following manner: The motto on the coin, *Ein reichs thaler* (a crown of the kingdom), he divided in such a manner as to make it read, *Ein reich stahl er* (he stole a kingdom). The King ordered these insulting coins to be all melted down, but some few of them escaped the furnace, and are still in existence.

**THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN THE OLDEN TIME.**—There are well-known and often-quoted passages in Swift, Macaulay, Thackeray, and many other authors, about the position of clergymen in England one hundred and fifty years ago. A curious illustration occurs in one of the Winchelsea papers recently acquired by the British Museum, but not yet calendared or bound. A letter, dated the 3d of November, 1729, from Mr. John Wilkinson to a noble duke, or possibly to the archbishop, but the name does not come out, contains the following passage: "Howsoever some People may sink beneath their Characters by reporting Things entirely false and groundless, I can not say: but, my Lord, I cou'd not be easy untill I had solemnly assured your Grace that the late Earl of Winchelsea gave me the Presentations, in every Respect truly great and noble; and that a Wife was never whispered to me

till the day after my Lord's Death: then indeed my Lady Herself told me that Her maid Morffee was always intended to go along with the Livings, and that if I desired to make Her Ladysp. my Friend, I must not refuse the Offer; I own, my Lord, I was at first unable to give a direct answer, but recovering the surprise, I gave Her Ladysp. an absolute denial, upon which She in a Passion ordered me to withdraw, and I have never seen Her Ladysp. since." He goes on to explain that the livings had been five months vacant, and that Lord Winchelsea appointed him, just before his death, as a reward for his attendance; that no condition was ever mentioned; and that he was not the person first "pick'd upon." A certain John Wilkinson, M. A., is mentioned by Hasted as having been appointed Rector of Eastwell on the 26th of May, 1730. He resigned in 1733.

**GENTLEMAN, LADY.**—These words have been forced upon us until they have begun to be nauseous, by people who will not do me the honor of reading these articles; so that any plea here for man and woman would be in vain and out of place. But I will notice a very common misuse of the former which prevails in business correspondence, in which Mr. A. is addressed as sir, but the plural of A. B. & Co., as gentlemen. Now, the plural of sir is sirs; and if gentleman has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes. As to the ado that is made about "Mr. Blank and lady," it seems to me quite superfluous. If it pleases any man to announce, on a hotel-book, that his wife, or any other woman who is traveling under his protection, is a lady, a perfect lady, let him do so in perfect quiet. This is a matter of taste and habit. The world is wide, and the freedom of this country has not quite yet deprived us of the right of choosing our associates, or of forming our own manners.

C. E. P.

**PHONOGRAPHIC BLUNDER.**—The late Dr. Bethune relates an amusing instance of a phonographic blunder. Reading, one morning, a report of one of his discourses of the day before, he found the text, "His enemy came and sowed tares," printed, "His enemy came and sawed trees."



## SCIENTIFIC.

**GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF COLORADO.**—At the last semi-annual session of the American Academy of Sciences, held at Philadelphia, Professor Hayden read a paper giving the results of his geological survey of Colorado. He exhibited photographs of ruined cities and villages discovered by his party in the cañons leading into the Colorado River, and upon the plains in the vicinity, supposed to have been built more than a thousand years ago by the ancestors of the present Moquis Indians. The important fact established by these discoveries is, that there once existed, in what are now the arid plains and savage gorges of South-eastern Colorado, a race so far civilized that they built large cities, constructing their houses of well-hewn blocks of stone, with timber floors, well-formed windows and doorways, and smoothly plastered walls, and possessed the art of making pottery.

**ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPLORATION.**—At last we have authentic information that the British Government has decided to undertake an Arctic expedition to sail next Spring. The fact is thus announced by Mr. Disraeli to Sir Henry Rawlinson: "Her Majesty's Government have had under consideration the representations made by you on behalf of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, the Council of the Royal Society, the British Association, and other eminent scientific bodies, in favor of a renewed expedition, under conduct of Government, to explore the region of the North Pole; and I have the honor to inform you that, having carefully weighed the reasons set forth in support of such an expedition, the scientific advantages to be derived from it, its chances of success, as well as the importance of encouraging that spirit of maritime enterprise which has ever distinguished the English people, Her Majesty's Government have determined to lose no time in organizing a suitable expedition for the purposes in view." Steps have already been taken to carry this resolution into effect. Two steam whalers are to be fitted out under the superintendence of that tried explorer, Admiral M'Clintock. Captain A. H. Markham, who

went to Baffin's Bay last year, will probably occupy an important post in the expedition, the route of which will, of course, be Smith's Sound. Now, that the thing has been decided upon, there is no doubt that we may expect real work, if not, indeed, the solution of the Arctic mystery.

**GEOLOGICAL.**—A strange geological discovery was made a short time ago by some workmen engaged in laying water-pipes near Rideau Hall, on the grounds of the Governor-General of Canada. It is a stratum of fossil rock, several feet thick, containing the most accurate and beautiful petrified winged insects. There are some like butterflies, with the delicate fiber of the wings in a most perfect state of preservation. Several excellent specimens have been secured.

**SINGULAR SUICIDE OF A SCORPION.**—A correspondent of *Nature* describes a singular fact with reference to the common black scorpion of Southern India. "One morning a servant brought to me a very large specimen of this scorpion, which, having stayed out too long in its nocturnal rambles, had apparently got bewildered at day-break, and been unable to find its way home. To keep it safe, the creature was at once put into a glazed entomological case. Having a few leisure moments in the course of the forenoon, I thought I would see how my prisoner was getting on; and, to have a better view of it, the case was put in a window in the rays of a hot sun. The light and heat seemed to irritate it very much. And this recalled to my mind a story I had read somewhere, that a scorpion, on being surrounded by fire, had committed suicide. I hesitated about subjecting my pet to such a terrible ordeal; but taking a common botanical lens, I focused the rays of the sun on its back. The moment this was done, it began to run hurriedly about the case, hissing and spitting very fiercely. This experiment was repeated some four or five times with like results; but on trying it once again, the scorpion turned up its tail, and, quick as lightning, plunged the sting into its own back. The infliction of the wound was fol-

lowed by a sudden escape of fluid; and a friend standing by me called out: 'See, it has stung itself; it is dead!' And sure enough, in less than half a minute, life was extinct." This proves that animals may commit suicide, and, also, that the poison of certain animals may be destructive to themselves.

**ASH OF COAL.**—The ash of the better article of coals of the American Carboniferous age appears to be derived wholly from the plants which formed them. According to analyses by many chemists, made on lycopods, ferns, equisetæ, mosses, conifera, etc., there is in them an average quantity of silica and alumina, such that, if plants were converted into coal, it would amount to four per cent of the whole, and the whole ash would be four and three-quarters. Many analyses of bituminous coal show but three percent of ash, and four and a half is an average. Hence, it follows: First, that the whole of the impurity in the best coals may have been derived from plants. Second, the amount of ash in the plants was less than the average of modern species of the same tribes. Third, the winds and waters for long periods contributed almost no dust or detritus to the marshes. In that era of moist climate and universal forests, there was hardly any chance for the winds to gather dust or sand for transportation.

**CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISHES.**—The present French Government, two years since, sent M. G. Pouchet on a scientific mission to the laboratory of living animals at Concarneau. He applied himself to the study of the changes of color in fishes. In his report to the Government, he gives an account of the minute anatomy of the masses of pigment which are the seat of the colors displayed by fishes, reptiles, and batrachians, as well as some of the lower animals. These pigments are either liquid or solid, forming a granular mass. The cells in which they are contained, he calls *chromoblasts*. During life these cells are dilated; but in death they are contracted, thus producing the livid hue often seen in dead fishes. This change in color is due to the nervous system, of which the facts that the chromatic functions of the chameleon are arrested during sleep, and that the colors of

some fishes change when they are irritated, are proof. It sometimes happens that these changes of color are produced with extreme rapidity by the fish simply seeing some object which gives a shock to the brain. It is difficult to say whether this change of color is voluntary or not. The means of testing the action of the nervous system were to remove the eyes. When this was done, the fish became of a color intermediate between the dark hues it assumed when placed on a dark bottom, and on a lighter sandy bottom; and this tint remained without change. He proves that the great sympathetic nerve produces this color. The point of departure, then, of this power of change in color is the retina, the impressions on which, communicated to the brain, react in the pigment cells of the skin, and the nerves regulate the action by the great sympathetic. In this connection, it is interesting to record the latest discoveries concerning the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, made by Professor F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Academy of Sciences, Salem, Massachusetts. In a recent exploration, he visited several caverns never before entered. His investigations have resulted in finding colored fish without eyes, exploding the theory hitherto held that all eyeless fish are colorless, and going to prove that it is really controlled by the great sympathetic nerve, at least in these fishes. White fish with eyes, and crawfish both with and without those organs, were obtained, presenting many new features of great interest to naturalists. A large variety of valuable archæological relics were found in the new chambers, such as skeletons of human beings, mounds, rude instruments, and the like.

**THE POLYP PECTINATELLA MAGNIFICA.**—This animal is by far the largest of all the known fresh-water ciliated polyps, and, indeed, is not surpassed by any of the known marine forms. It has not been determined whether the huge *Pectinatella* colonies start each from a single individual, or are the result of the confluence of a number of small colonies. On the approach of Winter, the colonies die, and undergo decomposition, in which process the remarkable Winter eggs, or statoblasts, are liberated.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE SELFISH POPLAR.

"Get out of my way!"

"But I can't, you see. I grew here, and here's my place; and I've as good right to it as any body."

"Let me alone, then, and help yourself, and don't cling to me so! You'll make me as crooked as that ugly old oak over there. He has always had somebody clambering over him, ever since I came to the forest; and I heard him tell the fir-tree, one day, that that horrid crook in his back came of his lifting a grape-vine all Summer, when he was quite a little fellow. I'd rather die this minute than ever come to look like that."

So spoke a straight, handsome young poplar to a tender ivy of a few inches' growth, that was just beginning to wind itself about his trunk.

"But I won't hurt you," pleaded the poor, helpless ivy. "I won't make a crook in your back; I'm not heavy, am I? like the grape-vine; and you're not so very young, either. Indeed, I promise not to be a burden and hang heavy on you. Only give me leave to stand beside you, and cling just a little."

"I say I don't want you," answered the poplar, roughly, trembling all over with anger. "Take care of yourself, as I do, or bother somebody else, if you must. I've enough to do for myself, without helping every idle vagrant that chooses to seize hold of me,—so, hands off, I say."

"Tut, tut," said the towering white pine, who had heard it all, while the ivy shrank back, frightened, and would have fallen flat upon the ground, had not a friendly fern caught and upheld it.

"What a bad temper the handsome young fellow has, to be sure! Who'd think it?" whispered the ash to his nearest neighbor. "O, it's just like the whole family," answered the elm. "Selfish, every one of them, and proud of their beauty, putting on such airs, too, and flirting with every breeze that happens to come this way. They're a very light-minded set, I can tell you."

"O, for shame, poplar," spoke the tall fir,

whom every body looked up to and respected. "What are we trees good for but to be kind to one another, and to help and protect the weaker plants that grow in our shadow? Here we are, set as rulers in the wood, and beneath us are all the vines and ferns and mosses and pretty flowers; and the Good Master and Lord of us all, who made us to be and to grow, made us, too, to be kind and helpful, to give of our strength to the weak, to protect the fearful, to make room for the crowded, and to give place for the sunshine to the hungry and faint."

"Good, good!" said the great, blunt hickory, "I'd rather be that crooked old oak yonder, than the tallest, straightest poplar there is in this whole forest."

"Ah, every body loves the oak!" cried a generous maple, standing near.

"Yes, indeed; and I must say it's the first time I've ever heard the oak called 'ugly,'" said a pretty wild cherry, covered thick with blossoms. "Who ever stopped to think whether the oak were straight or crooked? An oak's an oak, and that's enough; but a crooked poplar! ah, that would be bad, indeed." And the lovely tree shook her head, and laughed, so that her white blossoms fell in a shower over a bed of ferns, so that the timid things thought, for a moment, that cruel Winter had come back again with his snowstorms; and the poor, fallen ivy began, too, to fear fresh troubles. But a friendly young birch, whom nobody had ever accused of putting on airs, had seen and heard all that had happened, and felt sorry for the innocent cause of all the commotion, so he said: "Here, little ivy, take hold of me," and he kindly bent a bough so that the ivy might reach it.

"Thank you, indeed," exclaimed the grateful ivy, taking heart again and seizing fast hold of the green bough, while the selfish young poplar was left quite to himself, as he had wished.

Just then the west wind, whom all the trees love, came into the wood. He kissed first the brow of the sympathetic birch; set a low, sweet tune for the white pine to sing;

greeted gaily the graceful ferns; gathered playfully some of the cherry-tree's sweet blossoms, and carried them to strew upon a bank of mosses; stirred all the branches of the great, good oak; set the ash whispering pretty secrets to his neighbor, the elm; and so on he went through the whole forest, saluting all the trees and plants, and making them all glad by his coming,—all except the selfish young poplar, who trembled and shook as if afraid,—afraid of the west wind! afraid of all the good and the generous,—alone in his vanity and pride and selfishness.

#### HOW INDIA-RUBBER WAS FOUND.

Is n't the rubber ball a funny fellow? He no sooner falls heavily to the ground than up he springs again into the air, in a way that is not so very easily imitated. He goes hand in hand with the child, like a true friend. He goes hop, skip, and jump, all his life long, till, tired and worn out at last with endless blows and tumbles, he makes one despairing spring, and finds in a gutter-spout, or some out-of-the-way corner, a safe resting-place for his old age.

The child generally makes first the acquaintance of the rubber ball as he, all ready and nimble, looks out at him from the gay window of the toy shop. But before he got there, a good deal had happened to him, and the child will surely be glad to learn something of the earlier life of his familiar play-fellow.

Upon an island belonging to far-off India, there was once a war, and soldiers fought and struggled with each other. On one side they shot with poisoned arrows; on the other, with muskets. These were Europeans. At one time, they could not subdue the native soldiers, because they were protected on one side by a thick wood: so a company of soldiers was ordered to press through this wood to surround the enemy, and attack them from behind. This was more easily said than done. The wood was indeed beautiful, cool, and shady, while outside of it the sun was shining intolerably hot; but the getting into it was by no means like going through our forests of oak, beech, and ash, with undergrowth of hazel-nut bushes and wild cherry. In this forest, the space underneath between the trees was closely interwoven with numberless clinging

growths and vines, some of which climbed from the ground to the branches; others fell like ropes and garlands down to the earth again; while still others braided themselves across from side to side, and in and out between the trees, knitting the whole into such a tangled web that it was quite impossible to force one's way through. So the soldiers drew their swords, and hewed for themselves a path, as they would through the ranks of the enemy itself. Among the growths which were so disagreeable in their way, was one especially troublesome—a twining shrub, which botanists have called the pitcher flower shrub (*Urceola*). Its winding trunk and branches were not thread-like and tender, like those of our beans, for instance, but as thick as a man's arm.

They seized hold of the tree trunks standing near, and coiled themselves about them like serpents around their prey. Whatever was not really strong and vigorous was pressed dead, and hung half-decayed and broken by the wind, still in their fatal embraces, or strewn upon the ground below. Upon the younger branches of this shrub grew oval-shaped, smooth-margined leaves, by twos, opposite one another; and at the end of the branch unfolded a cluster of numerous greenish flowers. These are not showy, but their pitcher-like form gave the name to the whole plant.

Into these great twining stems pressed with strong strokes the daggers of the soldiers, and out of them flowed a milky juice in thick drops, as if it were the blood of the wounded plant, and ran down upon the smooth, sharp blades. They hewed on still; but gradually their weapons grew dull, and finally would cut no more. The milky juice upon them had become a thick, sticky mass, which clung to them so obstinately that it could scarcely be removed. This elastic, gummy stuff, was nothing else than caoutchouc (India-rubber), out of which the child's ball is made. Many caoutchouc-trees (*Siphonia*) grow in America, from which great quantities of caoutchouc are obtained. A deep cut is made in the smooth trunk of the tree, and a little wooden wedge driven in to keep it open, while out of it flows the sap, white as milk. A great many different things, both useful and ornamental, are made out of caoutchouc.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WHILE books of travel are so abundant, uniting, what it is so desirable and yet so difficult to unite, entertainment with instruction, there is no excuse for wasting time, especially for those who have but little time to waste, in the perusal of pure fiction. The *Remains of Lost Empires*, by P. V. N. Myers, A. M., conducts the reader through the enchanting Orient, among the ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, Persepolis, and other ancient and half-buried cities, with lively descriptions of the scenes and living populations of those regions, so full both of historic interest and of Oriental fable. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

GLADSTONE's great pamphlet on the *Vatican Decrees and Civil Allegiance*, that made such a prodigious stir in Europe, bound up with the "Papal Syllabus" and Dr. Schaff's "History of the Vatican Council, with Latin and English Text,"—modern Papacy in a nutshell—can be bought or ordered for seventy-five cents, of any bookseller, and should be owned and read by every cleric and layman who wishes to be intelligently informed on the present attitude of the Roman controversy. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co. and Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

It is pleasant to be able to furnish entertainment for mankind, pleasanter to impart useful information, pleasantest of all to possess the rare power of combining the useful with the entertaining. Mr. Charles Nordhoff's busy pen, never idle, enlightens the world agreeably on a variety of useful topics. His *Communitistic Societies in the United States* (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), will command attention by the fullness of its exhibit, the great pains and care he has been at to procure exact information, the cool, careful, and unimpassioned spirit in which he records his facts and opinions, and the large light that he sheds upon the subject of Communism generally. All classes of Communists will be thought the better of by the readers of Mr. Nordhoff's book. Even the Perfectionists of Oneida

will be found to be, not the carnal indulgers in unlicensed and promiscuous cohabitation they generally get credit for; but the conscientious, though mistaken, workers-out of a theory, a plan, unsanctioned by natural or revealed religion, for producing a better edition of the human race than that furnished by the ordinary mode of pairing individuals for life. Mr. Nordhoff thinks well of Communism; vastly better of it than he does of trade's-unions, those modern curses to human industry and advancement. Out of scores, perhaps hundreds, of efforts to establish communities, Mr. Nordhoff finds only eight in a condition so flourishing as to merit notice, while scores have been failures. If communities would not interfere with the family relation, and if they would aspire to higher cultivation as they become wealthy, they might, in the opinion of this dispassionate and unprejudiced author, become a useful and valuable form of human society. As it is, they are mostly stationary, if not on the decline.

HURST's "History of Rationalism" gave its talented author a national reputation. His last work, *Life and Literature in the Father-land* (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati), will add to that reputation. In his early days while yet in his teens and a student in college, young Hurst formed the design of completing his education in Germany. The mode in which he accomplished this plan, and how others may do the same, is told in this book. Later in life, he had the opportunity of returning to Germany and spending some years there in official position, so that he had rare facilities for acquiring the information so liberally and accurately spread before his readers in these pages. His pictures of life in Germany, his descriptions of the universities, his characterization of learned professors, his accurate delineation of their manners, lives, and philosophies, his facts about university education, its value and usefulness to American students, his memories of the Franco-Germanic War, and his excursions into the Tyrol, are all so

intensely interesting, that when we take up the volume, we do not lay it down till we have devoured its contents as we would a romance. The most of our information of European countries is either obtained at second hand from their own literature, or from the observations of transient travelers, who get only cursory views of the outside of things. Here are the recorded experiences of one thoroughly acquainted, by continuous residence and long study, with the life and literature of the people he essays to describe.

MRS. CATHERINE E. HURST made good use of her foreign residence to accumulate literary treasures, and add to our stores of knowledge. Her latest contribution to our information and entertainment is a fine history of *Queen Louisa of Prussia*; or, "Goodness in a Palace," from German Sources, with five illustrations. (Published by Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

DANIEL WISE'S pen is as restless as that of Sir Walter Scott. Here we have for the edification of boys, *The Squire of Walton Hall*; or, Sketches and Incidents from the Life of Charles Waterton, the adventurous traveler and daring naturalist. Stories somewhat Munchausenish, if we may judge from the picture of a man astride an alligator in the frontispiece, and the account given of the mode of his capture in the body of the work. Still, boys, and men also, love tales of the marvelous, and hunters and travelers supply them in full tale. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S first expedition to the Nile and its affluents, of which he gave account in two previous volumes, resulted in a third, the story of which is told in *Ismailia*, just published in this country by the Harpers. His "Albert Nyanza," published in 1866, was followed by his "Nile Tributaries," of Abyssinia. On his return from the Upper Nile he was intrusted, by the Khedive of Egypt, with the command of an expedition to put an end to the slave-trade, of which the upper districts of the Nile, from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and beyond, were the theater. This volume is an account of the expedition and its results. Owing to the unpopularity of the measure

with the Egyptian officials, and the complicity of the Government with the slave-dealers and the slave-trade, the expedition was not so prolific of good results as might have been expected or desired. Baker laid his plans wisely, carried them out energetically, manifested any amount of that practical shrewdness called tact, on occasions, a presence of mind unfailing, and an invention that seemed endless in resources; yet, not being seconded by his patrons, and thwarted at all points by interested parties, he only partially succeeded in his mission. His wife accompanied him in his tours of exploration, and, in his warlike demonstrations, with tact and wit and courage and invention only second to his own; ready to fight, negotiate, advance, or retreat, as occasion required. The books of Baker are full of incident, and enchain the reader's attention from the beginning to the end. "*Ismailia*" is a splendid octavo of more than five hundred pages, with over sixty finely engraved and richly instructive illustrations. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*Scenes in Europe*; or, Observations by an Amateur Artist. Loretta J. Post describes a voyage across the ocean, Killarney and its Lakes, Dublin and the Irish Channel, England and its Castles, Stratford-upon-Avon and Shakespeare's home, London and its treasures and vastness, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and Europe generally. The descriptions are as lively as they are numerous, and the volume is both richly bound and richly illustrated. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

*The Full Envelope*; or, Gleanings for Youthful Readers. By Rev. Richard Donkersley. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) Dr. Vincent gives the compiler credit for great success in putting into one envelope some of the best of his gatherings, and expects the young readers to like the compiler's selections.

If any body wants a private prayer-book, he will find a good one ready-made to hand in *Helps to Prayer*, a manual prepared by Dr. Kidder, designed to aid Christian believers in acquiring the gift, and in maintaining the practice and spirit of prayer in



the closet, the family, the social gathering, and the public congregation. The volume is full of good reading and abundant food both for memory and reflection. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

THE reading of some men runs in familiar ruts, out of which they are afraid to trust themselves, and hence their views belong to the "narrow gauge" all their life-time. Other some like to read the record of experiences and beliefs that do not tally exactly with their own, and find both profit and enlargement of heart and betterment of life from contact with statements of doctrine with which they do not perfectly agree, and phases of experience unlike any with which they are acquainted. In *Grace for Grace*, letters of the Rev. William James (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), a deceased Presbyterian minister, we have a Calvinist's views of sanctification, combined with earnest life-struggles after personal purity. Both for its peculiar statements of doctrine and its devout, earnest, and pious spirit, the book is worthy of perusal.

OUT of the slender material at command, Rev. J. F. Marlay, of the Cincinnati Conference, has woven an exceedingly interesting biography of our late "father in God," Bishop Morris. Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden (Nelson & Phillips, New York) have published Mr. Marlay's work in a bright-looking volume of four hundred pages, embellished with a portrait of the Bishop, and graced with an Introduction by Bishop Janes. Bishop Morris's official life, as preacher, editor, writer, bishop, has long been before the public. This work of Mr. Marlay traces his life from its beginnings, gives it unity, shows the beginnings of life tendencies, and the outcome of life purposes, founded on early adopted principles and early taken resolves. "The boy is father of the man," and man is the offspring of his early surroundings. Young Morris was well-born and well-bred, early gave himself to thought, morality, and religion. It is interesting to observe that he filled every office in the Church consecutively, class-leader, exhorter, preacher, bishop. He was made General Superintendent against his own wishes, and

in the face of own earnest remonstrances. At the end of the first quadrennium, he wrote a resignation, stating his conviction of his unfitness for the office—rather an unusual plea, and probably the last that will ever be urged in that line. He was born April 28, 1794, converted in February, 1813, received on trial in August of the same year, made class-leader soon after, received license to exhort February 1, 1816, admitted into the Ohio Conference September, 1816, sent to the General Conference as delegate in 1824, made presiding elder in 1825, stationed in Cincinnati in 1831, made editor of *Western Christian Advocate* in 1834, elected Bishop in 1836. The travels, the labors, the sermons, the exhortations, the incidents—the sad and the serious, the grave and gay, the lively and severe, the material and spiritual, the earthly and religious—that cluster about these naked dates, are given in this book with remarkable fidelity, picturesqueness, and effect. The author's own summation of the life, character, and opinions of the Bishop, based on a life-long acquaintance with his subject are not the least interesting portion of this highly interesting volume. The distinguished position, eminent character, and useful life-services of the Bishop, would naturally attract attention. Add to these the effective groupings, the easy-flowing natural style of his able biographer, and the public has a monument to the memory of one of the last of its pioneer superintendents that it will be sure to account honorable and worthy of his name and fame.

*Floral Guide*, for 1875. James Vick, Rochester, New York. *Sowed by the Wind*; or, the Poor Boy's Fortune, by Elijah Kellogg. (Lee & Shepard, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *Uncle John*, by J. G. Whyte Melville. (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *His Two Wives*, by Mary Clemmer Ames. (Hurd & Houghton, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Starling*, by Norman M'Leod, D. D. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Treasure-hunters*; *Jack's Sister*; *In Honor Bound*; and *Jesse Trim*. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUNDAY, in these latter days, is a different affair from the Sabbath of the Jews and Puritans. Fifty years ago, the New England "Lord's day" commenced at sundown, Saturday night, and ended at sundown on Sunday night. Promptly as Phœbus and the birds sank to rest, at the close of the seventh day of the week, all labor was suspended, and holy time began. The tools of the mechanic, the implements of the husbandman, the measures of the merchant, the studies and calculations of the office and counting-room, the cares of the household, were laid aside. The trader locked his door against customers, the stock of the farmer was carefully stalled and fed before night-fall, and the careful housewife shut the oven-door on the brown loaves and the earthen jar of pork and beans, that they might keep hot over night, and save the labor of cooking on the following morning. Potatoes roasted in the ashes while the family were at morning Church service formed the simple accompaniment to the cold roast, made ready on the preceding day for the Sunday dinner. Quiet on Saturday evening, total freedom from cares and labor, and a full night's repose, prepared every body for the enjoyment of a day of rest, the sole burden of which was attendance, morning and afternoon on Church service, where prayer, preaching, and singing were all to be had for the simple price of hearing, and imposed no care, labor, responsibility, or burden upon the hearer. For twenty-four hours the New England Sunday of half a century ago came as nearly as possible to realizing the Jewish idea of rest, complete absence or quiescence of activities, which somnolent sermons, drowsy prayers, and dreary singing, tending to provoke sleep or dozing, did not sadly interrupt or seriously interfere with. Sunday evening was devoted to light household cares and social visits, courting, or preparation for the inevitable Monday's washing. Both Puritanism and Judaism, like friendly night and darkness, brought all occupations to a dead stand-still, and forced man to take recuperative rest. Works of necessity were allowed, but these were re-

duced to the fewest possible; and even works of mercy touched the minimum. With any sort of profanation of the Lord's day by irreverent trifling, the Puritan had no patience. In our own family history, we blush to find, in the records of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, for 1770, that "Lemuel Wentworth (son to James Wentworth)," our grandsire, then a youth of eighteen, in company with two other young men and a brace of equally thoughtless girls, was presented by a grand jury to one of King George's justices of the peace; and complained of, that they "did, on Sabbath or Lord's day evening, meet and converse together and walk in the street in company, upon no religious occasion;" and were duly convicted therefor, and fined "three shillings each, and one shilling cost," to be "paid to the treasury of the town." Our own father, himself a Puritan of the Puritans, once on a homeward-bound journey, of which only a few miles remained, that he was anxious to complete by a brief early drive on Sunday morning, was arrested by a "tithing man," and sent to a hotel, to wait on expense till Monday morning; and within our own recollection, the daughter of Dr. Benoni Sweet, the great natural bone-setter, was taken out of a public stage-coach within a few miles of her father's, in Lebanon, Connecticut, and compelled to wait till holy time had expired before she prosecuted her journey. Forty years ago, the great city of New York used to be as quiet on Sunday as a country village; now, horse-cars jingle in every direction, and Broadway, though free from the thunder of omnibuses, is a thronged promenade from end to end.

The change from keeping Saturday evening to Sunday evening was not healthful. The custom prevails extensively of paying off workmen on Saturday evening, and hence Saturday night has become the great market night of the week, and Sunday the great day for rioting, drinking, depleting purses, and unfitting men for moral and social duties, and physically incapacitating them for healthful resumption of employments on Monday morning. It is a cheering



sign, seen in the windows of many heavy establishments in New York City, "This store closes at three o'clock on Saturdays." Every place of business ought to close at sundown, Saturday, and even marketing ought to be all over by nine o'clock in the evening. Heads of manufactories who are Christian men, and anxious for the best welfare of society, should adopt Monday or Wednesday, in place of Saturday, as pay-day. Christian merchants should co-operate to secure "early closing" on Saturday evenings. Men and boys who are employed till midnight in waiting on customers or delivering goods will necessarily sleep on Sunday morning, and will be absent from church, or sleepy during worship. A determined effort is being made on the part of infidels and unprincipled gain-mongers and pleasure-mongers to sweep away the old landmarks, and to blot out the Christian Sabbath altogether. There is no doubt in any sane mind that this would be fatal to the best interests of the race, and a long stride toward anarchy and barbarism. Christian men, by precept and example, should "remember the Sabbath [REST] day to keep it holy."

**SAVE THE WEAKLINGS.**—Every new-born infant is a bundle of hopes and possibilities. However weakly or sickly, its life should be carefully preserved and tenderly nurtured for the sake of what it may possibly be hereafter. The Spartans, whose sole desire was to rear a nation of soldiers, ruthlessly cast into a common Golgotha all infants of sickly, weakly, or deformed bodily constitution. The same custom prevailed with other Greeks, the Romans, and many other semi-savages or barbarous tribes. Christianity checked infanticide, and in so doing has given to the world its brightest intellects. Civilization teaches the value of mind and soul, however frail or unsightly the casket in which they are enshrined. Experience shows that bodily disease often increases mental acumen; and one has only to look through a narrow range of biography to prove that some of the brightest geniuses the world has ever produced, were those that Spartan barbarity or savage neglect would have quenched in infancy, on account of bodily feebleness or deformity.

Byron was club-footed from infancy; Talleyrand, a cripple from the cradle; the poet Akenside had a life-long halt in his gait; Walter Scott's infancy and childhood were a painful struggle with lameness and disease. The great poet and novelist is described by his biographer as a "pining child," whose juvenile sickness developed wonderful mental power, whose youth was spent in reading, through inability to do any thing else.

Spinoza developed marvelous mental acuteness in a frail and sickly constitution, which forced him, from childhood, to find solace in study.

Descartes joined great delicacy of constitution, with a mind of the highest order, and his illustrious disciple, Malebranche, had a sickly and deformed habit of body, which compelled him to pass his youth in retirement and the close study of languages and literature.

Voltaire, one of the greatest minds of the last century, was too feeble, during the first seven months of his existence, to be taken to the church to be baptized.

The historian Gibbon had delicate health in his childhood.

The great mathematician and astronomer, Kepler, was weak and sickly, and well-nigh destroyed by small-pox in infancy.

The great Sam Johnson was the victim of king's evil, and emerged from his childhood with a disfigured face and impaired vision.

Sir Isaac Newton was of exceedingly diminutive size when born, and D'Alembert was a foundling, saved from the streets of Paris in a dying condition.

England's great naval captain, Lord Nelson, had neither a strong frame nor a hardy constitution.

England's great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, from childhood united a weak bodily frame with a precocious mind.

Spartan rigor would have put out in infancy that great light of philanthropy, John Howard; sent to early oblivion the mathematical powers of blind Dr. Sanderson, and the genial humor of our own Washington Irving.

James Watt, the illustrious author of the steam-engine, possessed in infancy a delicate constitution and feeble health, which confined him to his chamber, and led him

to cultivate, with great assiduity, his mental faculties and inventive powers.

The celebrated apostle of antislavery, Wilberforce, was weak from infancy, and rejoiced and thanked God that he was born in civilized times and in a Christian land, which made it possible to raise so sickly and delicate a child.

To these examples, hastily cited from the highest walks of mind, could be added thousands upon thousands from the common walks of life, if history would only put them upon record, of superior intellect developed in diseased, deformed, and sickly frames.

AUTHORSHIP in America is practiced under difficulties. "Poets make poets," authors make authors, books make books. In his "Life and Literature in the Father-land," President Hurst shows us the prolific springs of German authorship. In the first place, the writers are in contact with inexhaustible libraries. Libraries are the great want of America. Let a man undertake to write on any subject, and he is instantly compelled to resort to the libraries in quest of the thoughts of those who have preceded him; and how often is he doomed to disappointment. Encyclopædias, like commentaries, are often most bare and meagre and contain least at those points where we need light most. College and city libraries present fearful hiatuses where they ought to have every thing that was ever printed on a given subject. If one undertakes an article for a quarterly he must, if he live inland, make one or two trips to Boston or New York to verify statements or settle facts. In Germany, libraries are close at hand. It is a land of books. The student lives in an atmosphere of thought, literature, and authorship. He can not choose but write.

Another German plan for saving labor is noted by Dr. Hurst. It is the employment of amanuenses. Americans are too poor, labor is too scarce, and prices too high, for an author to indulge in the luxury of much secretarial help; and yet such help, the employment of clerks and scribes, would double life. Instead of adopting a labor-saving system of stenography, and educating all our students to its use, we persist in keeping up the old Phœnician semi-hieroglyphics—a system of writing as bungling as that of the

Chinese—and thus compel authors to use ten times the amount of chirographic labor they would need to employ if the system of short-hand could be brought into universal use. Every literary man in the country ought to be able to have his amanuensis. How much time would be saved to editors, bishops, preachers, lecturers, writers of all classes, if this system of saving hand labor prevailed! Germans are proverbially the most painstaking, laborious, industrious people in the world; and while they are all this, they multiply themselves five and ten fold by making use of labor-saving appliances to which the writers of other countries are, as a class, almost total strangers.

PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.—In the January number of the *Quarterly*, Rev. W. R. Goodwin, of the Illinois Conference, has an article at once sensible and sharp on this well-thumbed subject. There is no doubt that the matter needs attention, though it may not need to go before the General Conference for uniform and general legislation. It is now within the reach of the annual conferences, and local circumstances differ and dictate different lines of policy in different sections. It is proposed to make the office elective. In the Troy Conference, when a district wants a new elder, the ministers of the district assemble in caucus, and ballot for a candidate, nominate the man selected, and the bishop appoints the man thus indicated. An elder's business should be to supervise. Preaching was once an important item; it is no longer so. The elder should travel, like a bishop, from station to station, holding his quarterly conferences evening after evening, and preaching where he happens to be on Sunday, and always, if possible, in some place where he is specially needed, and does not displace the regular minister. There is no use of keeping up a quarterly system out of which all the quarterly elements have long since died.

CINCINNATI MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Boston will no longer enjoy a monopoly of musical festivals, or the reputation of being the musical emporium of the Union. The Handel and Haydn Society, her distinguished musical conservatories, and the compactness and homogeneousness of her



population, have hitherto enabled that cultivated city to distance all rivals in oratorio. In opera and orchestra, New York has always taken the precedence. Musical taste and execution, and power to combine musical elements for grand effect, are no longer confined to, or peculiar to, Eastern cities. With increasing wealth, increasing age, increasing homogeneity of population, Western cities are competing with the Eastern in musical associations and effective musical displays. The Cincinnati May Festival, of two years ago, was an acknowledged success, thoroughly prepared, ably led, liberally patronized, and richly enjoyed. Jews and Gentiles, Romanists and Protestants, foreigners and natives, combined their talents in a flow of melody and a tide of harmony in the rendering of the works of the favorite masters, such as perhaps had never been before heard west of the Alleghanies. The freshness of the voices was a surprise and a pleasure. Cincinnati's own fine orchestra was re-enforced by Theodore Thomas's unrivaled band. Thomas himself wielded the baton, crowning the preparatory labors of Professor Singer, and a masterly board of organizers, with Colonel Nichols at their head. An equally fine programme is in preparation for the coming May. Vigorous rehearsals are in weekly progress. Singing makes singers. When Gilmore gathered his first jubilee-band of ten thousand oratorio singers, we prophesied that twenty thousand would be ready for the next call; and, singular to say, the next call was for twenty thousand, and the twenty thousand were readily forthcoming. These triennial, biennial, or quadrennial festivals will grow with each new success. Each will educate its successor. Public taste will improve, the public ear will become more discriminative, and public patronage more generous; and the community, instead of paying such enormous sums to foreign *artistes*, will learn to make its own music, and will thrive in taste and virtue while thus generating home entertainment for home consumption.

CHURCH LIBRARIES.—Mr. W. A. Ingham presented the Church and pastor's library of the new church in Cleveland with valuable books to the amount of five hundred dollars. This is a good beginning, and an

example worthy of being followed. There is no reason why a Church should not keep up an adult, as well as a Sunday-school, library. Every church should have a pastor's room or study, and the sides of that room should be lined with shelves and loaded with books for the use of the preacher and the leaders of the Church and Sunday-school. Commentaries, cyclopædias, and lexicons are indispensable and yet heavy things to move. In a settled pastorate the preacher inquires, "How many books can I buy annually with my surplus of salary?" An itinerant asks an entirely different question. In view of the liability to annual moves, he says to himself, "How few books can I get along with?" In every Church, some benevolent brother, like Mr. Ingham, of Cleveland, should lay the nucleus, and every generation should build there, or till each church is furnished with all the heavier and more cumbersome books, leaving the pastor to spend his excess of income on such works as lie in his special line of taste or study.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, devoted to religious literature and social progress, volume one, number one, is a monthly of the Canadian Methodist Church, edited by a well-known correspondent of the REPOSITORY, Rev. W. H. Withrow, A. M., and published by Samuel Rose, Methodist Book-room, Toronto, Canada. It is a neat pamphlet of ninety-six pages, beautifully printed, with wide margin and fair type, and contains a fine variety of articles, mostly written by clergymen, with an editorial salutatory, current topics, book notices, etc. We welcome this new-comer to the literary and religious field, and wish the new enterprise every imaginable success.

DR. WHEDON says some very nice things of the REPOSITORY and its editor in the January *Quarterly*, for which we thank him. The Doctor will never be bishop. It is late in the day to be regretting that he had not been made editor of the REPOSITORY instead of the *Quarterly*; but he has the consolation of reflecting, with the five dozen disappointees of the late General Conference, that a world of good material for the office has floated by unused. Presidents, popes, and bishops form a meagre minority, whose ever-lengthening lists present but few names

worthy of being printed in italics, and fewer still dignified by capitals. The Doctor trains with the grand majority, and will be remembered when many an itinerant of "the big circuit" is forgotten. The current number of the *Quarterly* is full of good things. Its book notices are, as usual, gems that need not to be made attractive by elegant settings.

GONE.—Here is a little scrap sent us for the "Letter-bag," which we insert for critics of the "Festus" school to carp at:

Gone to the spirit-land!  
While I, with trembling heart, in silence stand,  
Striving through gloom and mists my child to see;  
Striving to hear of that strange mystery  
That called thee from our joys so soon away,  
Leaving a shadow on life's happy day.  
But must I stand in vain?  
Sunlight and storm, the thunder and the rain,  
Have fallen on my path, as in the former time;  
And I have heard the Spring-day's silvery chime,  
And seen the Summer gloaming on the hill,  
And heard the harvest-song the red air fill,  
And seen the Wintry cloud hang dull and low,  
Shaking from out its folds the soft, white snow;  
But Spring or Summer, or the Autumn glee,  
Or Wintry winds, bring no sweet word of thee.  
No word my soul to cheer,  
Or chase the darkness from my life so drear;  
No touch to make the pulses wildly thrill,  
And send the life-blood tingling at their will;  
No smiles to glitter on thy fair young brow,  
Sparkling from eyes like streams 'neath noonday's  
glow;  
No music from thy lips my ear to greet;  
No whispered word where I thy form shall meet.  
Begone to shades of night!  
Can I the immortal see with mortal sight?  
Why on the shores of time so sadly wait,  
When my loved child has passed the pearly gate?  
But up, and follow where her steps have led;  
In duty's path these aching feet must tread.  
And moving on, urged by a power divine,  
Some day the mists will part and glory shine;  
For heaven will open wide its gates for me,  
And then these eyes my spirit-child shall see. B.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In the old Roman religion, the State was regarded as one great family; so that, while each separate household had its fireside guardians, the Lares, the goddess Vesta, watched over the welfare of the State. In her honor public altars were erected, and at Rome there was also a temple. Upon the altar burned a perpetual fire, which was carefully tended day and night by virgins, hence named *Vestals*. They were chosen from the most beautiful and perfect of the free-born maidens, between the ages of six and ten years, and were required to take a solemn vow of chas-

tity for the period of thirty years; after which time they were at liberty to marry if they were so disposed. Our picture represents a Vestal about the period when her novitiate of ten years has expired, and she is fully installed as a priestess of Vesta. The Vestals were four or six in number, and their chief duties were to keep the sacred fire alive, to sprinkle the temple every morning with pure water, to present offerings to the goddess, and to guard the relics of their religion.

The *Lake Farm*, Greenwood, is a feast to the eyes. It is one of those scenes which makes us forget the driving storms and piercing winds of March, and introduces us to the genial warmth of Summer, beneath blue skies and a serener atmosphere.

ROME.—Just as Mr. Gladstone, in his recent pamphlet, has dealt a staggering blow at this insidious foe of States and human welfare, comes the intelligence that a plan is on foot to invade England with an immense missionary force, priestly, monkish, and educational. Ritualism has prepared the soil, high-churchmen are more than half-Romanists to begin upon, and the result can not be doubtful.

In our own country, they are working zealously, through the ballot-box and base politicians, for the destruction of the common-school system, the banishment of the Bible, and the overthrow of free institutions. Those who want to know what Romanism is, from an inside stand-point, may enlighten themselves by reading the spiritual struggles of Rev. L. N. Beaudry, a converted Romanist, now a preacher in the Troy Conference. This little work, published by Nelson & Phillips, is as attractive in style as romance, and is as true as it is attractive. Its publication is most opportune.

DR. HOYT, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, has our thanks for the numerous complimentary and appreciative notices of the REPOSITORY that have appeared from time to time in his columns. Meanwhile, we might return the Doctor's compliments with interest if we were to speak all we think of the enlarged and well-filled sheet, of which he is editor. A constantly swelling subscription-list shows what the public think of the *Western*.















THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1875.

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THE DOCTRINE OF RECOGNITION.

SECOND PAPER.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

THE next point I make is: Thus assembled in one place and united in one society, spirits will have knowledge of each other's presence, and will recognize those known in a former state!

It is strange that a doubt ever should have arisen on the subject. The fact can only be explained on the principle that love takes flight when the slightest possibility of disappointment exists; and fear engenders doubt where no doubt is. The affections, in matters of great concern, demand absolute certainty, and when this can not be attained, then repose is disturbed. The whole subject of the future life, both as to the fact and conditions, is matter of faith, not of knowledge. Subjects of faith, as a rule, may be subjects of doubt; and especially where the affections are interested. But let us attend to the argument.

The first consideration I name, is: The common consent of mankind. This, while alone it might not be final, I must think is of great weight.

I have said the common consent of mankind. This may sound strange. The general supposition among Christians, perhaps, is, that they alone entertain this belief. A greater mistake could scarcely be conceived. It is and has been in some form the common heritage of hu-

manity. It is not in contradiction of this statement that some men, and even some skeptical periods, have called it in question, or even denied it. There is no matter of knowledge or faith that has not been disputed. It remains true that no nation has been without it. It is traceable to the earliest antiquity, and has descended, as a common heir-loom, to all the peoples of the globe. To whatever cause we ascribe it, its truth seems probable. The universal judgment so stamps it; the common instinct pronounces in its favor. Upon these grounds alone, it deserves high consideration, until reasons are shown against it! As beliefs always imply supposed reasons competent to produce them, a universal belief would seem to imply a universal and strong ground in its favor; or at least it must show so much that it is not esteemed repugnant to common reason. To strengthen this conviction, and, it may be, the original ground of it, is this further fact: We feel that it is a want of our nature—an implanted or constitutional demand. We yearn for it; our nature craves it; we feel that it must be so. The unappeasable desire constructs for itself the hope and faith. Who dares say that the inference is irrational. All analogies, at least, indicate the probable supply

to an appetite as natural and inevitable as that for food! As well suppose a benign creator to endow the stomach with eternal craving without providing a supply! Thus, in the very longing of humanity, and in the common faith of the race, under all conditions, we find, as we think, a strong reason in favor of the doctrine. The voice of God in the heart of his child. He who creates the hunger of the affections is also the author of the contentful faith. The one is prophetic of the other. What love longs for, and reason dimly discerns, faith, with a vision of longer range and more delicate perception, detects as real, and clings to as the supremest of all treasures. Who dares say that what is concealed from sense, and what even transcends reason, may not be revealed in some way to the inner sense—consciousness itself?

We name as a second consideration of weight, an inference from premises already established; namely, first, memory, we have seen, will remain to the soul when it passes into the next world. This has been clearly shown both from reason and revelation. Second, it has been shown that in the next world men who lived together upon the earth, and were intimate in all social relations, will meet and dwell together in one place and in intimate social intercourse, communing together. Now, the inference, if not perfectly inevitable, is certainly of the highest probability, that, so communing and so remembering, they will in some method recognize each other.

There are two methods by which this would almost inevitably be brought about.

Take first the most indirect,—an interchange of reminiscence. That the fellowship will be intellectual and affectional, must result from the nature of the beings; and from the same cause it must, to a large extent, embrace matters of personal history, observation, and experience. It is impossible to conceive of spiritual beings dwelling together without such intercourse. They have no other life but that of ideas and loves, and the high activities which spring from them.

Their whole nature would have to change radically; they would have become other beings than they are, to make it possible for them to exist together in oblivion of the past. They must enter into each other's life, or cease to be of the kind of men. Inevitably, if in no other way, out of this must spring mutual recognition. They can not progress far before they reach common ground. Two spirits communicating together recur to past life. An event is introduced known to both! Upon inquiry, they find they are acquaintances—old familiar friends—husband, wife.

The second is, direct recognition from external appearances,—the common means of recognition here. This will be immediate. So soon as a friend is seen he will be known, as we know the respective members of our families, after a year's separation. This I must think will be a universal fact, and will preclude the tedious method already named. If recognition were not immediate, it would inevitably take place in the method already indicated; but it will be direct and immediate. This will preclude the other. Why not?

Should it be objected that spirits have no external appearance, no form, can not be seen, we answer in two parts:

First. It is an assumption that finite spiritual beings are ever formless, and still more a groundless supposition that, because they are invisible to us, they are therefore invisible to each other. Our senses limit our perceptions to material objects; but there is every reason to believe that this is a temporary arrangement. When we become spiritual, the requisite faculties will exist to put us in harmony with our new circumstances. When we need to communicate with spirits, we will come to the knowledge of the method.

Second. The Scripture teaching is explicit that they are formal, and visible in heaven! Should it be objected again that, if visible and formal, they all resemble, and so can not be distinguished one from another, which is the vain im-



agination of some; or, if they do not resemble, they at least have no badges, or resemblances to their former selves, remaining, by which they were known upon earth—which is the baseless idea of others,—our answer is again in two parts:

First. That they look exactly alike, or so nearly so as to be indistinguishable, is not only an assumption, but an assumption contrary to all analogies, which show diversity, and not uniformity, to be a divine law; and also to the Scriptures, which represent the glorified as differing and distinguishable in the future life: They were not alike when upon earth, why should they be alike in heaven? No two things were ever known which were indistinguishable. Why shall the eternal law be reversed? If forms carved in the crude elements of earth are endlessly varied, we may be sure the heavenly orders will not be less individualized.

Second. That the spirit when disembodied retains no resemblance to the former person, no marks or badges of any kind remaining, is also sheer assumption, and against the probabilities in the case!

It is not for us to explain how such resemblances will be carried over and discovered; it is sufficient that it is neither impossible nor improbable that they will be. The spiritual even here shines through the gross physical, and becomes the most expressive manifestation of the person. The expression of the countenance sinks deeper and carries longer than mere features. The spiritual organism will but unfold that expression in its ideal perfection. Freed from the rough marrings of the rude casket, we shall find the real person in its truest and most unblemished revelation. As the soul is the deepest seat of personality, it will, when it reaches its fullest expression, most perfectly disclose the persons we have known and loved. I do not myself believe that the cognition will be because of perpetuated exact resemblance of form and feature. Form and feature here are often blemishes, disguises, malformations.

Souls, clothed in spiritual bodies, will appear in perfect dress, with a beauty far surpassing any thing we knew of them when they were with us in houses of clay. Nevertheless, we shall see and know them in their altered dress,—know and see them as we did not in the earth,—know them fully. Allowing this to be so, recognition would be immediate and inevitable!

And that it is so, leaving the region of conjecture alone, Scripture makes certain; that is, that beings in the next world are formal and distinguishable, and retain resemblances to their former person when in the body, is plainly the Scripture doctrine. To support the position I allege two cases: The case of Samuel appearing to Saul; and the case of Moses and Elias appearing with our Savior on the mount of transfiguration! Whatever view we take of the two cases, there can be no difference of judgment as to what they are intended to teach, and do teach, on the point in question. That in both cases they are true and veritable history, we are unable to find any reason for doubt; but whether this be so or not does not affect the teaching. The dead are represented as appearing in such form as to be known. This is all that, for the present, we claim. Further evidence will appear on this point in the next argument.

But if any should still find difficulty on the point of objection now noticed, the resurrection of the body must displace it entirely. No one is able to determine authoritatively what is the precise doctrine on the subject of the resurrection. Many claim to, but it is a vain boast. There will be a resurrection of the dead—that we know. What the glory of it will be, we shall know hereafter. That the raised immortalized humanity will be greatly changed, we know; but what the precise nature and inclusions of the change, we shall know when we behold and experience it. But whatever it is, it furnishes the means of perpetuated resemblances to the fashion of the present form. Possibly we shall find the change

much less than we imagine—simply perfecting the being.

The next and final consideration I have to present in favor of recognition is derived from the express teaching of revelation.

The argument even now I think conclusive, could nothing more be alleged; but God has been pleased to express himself plainly and directly upon the point, which puts it to rest forever with all who receive his teaching. We shall make the argument turn upon a few passages.

The first text I offer is taken from Isaiah. It is a prophecy against the King of Babylon. It announces his downfall and describes the sensation it would create on earth and also in the eternal world! It is a passage of great poetic beauty and high-wrought imagery; but it is a revelation also of doctrine and a history of fact. (Chap. xiv.) "Hell [*sheol*, the eternal world,] from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee; even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee: Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? etc." The obvious announcement of the passage is the death of the wicked king and his entrance into the next world, where he is known and recognized by the previously dead. It is true that this passage seems to be a highly imaginative picture of the humiliation of a proud monarch, when death dashes his scepter from his hand, and he descends from his pomp to the level of other perished despots, once as potent as himself; and so it may require to be interpreted with allowance; but however this may be, the chief assumption on which it rests must be supposed to be believed and accepted by the writer; namely, that the introduction of spirits into the spiritual world is an event well known to those dwelling there, and also that the former history of the newly arrived is known likewise. This is the least significance the passage can possibly have.

The next text I give as direct, is the notable parable of the rich man and Lazarus:

"There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day: And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried: And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried, and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you, can not; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

This case is explicit and covers the whole ground. It has this advantage, that it is the calm utterance of him who never spoke with passion, and that it was designed to convey in the plainest manner his doctrine touching the state of the dead. The rich man sees Abra-



ham: Abraham has therefore a visible and distinguishable person. He sees Lazarus in his bosom: the same is true of him therefore. He knows them: spirits therefore have the means of knowing each other. He remembers this life: memory therefore remains! The case covers the whole ground.

But the principles that hold in this case hold in every case. The power by which this particular recognition was made implies like recognition in every case. There is nothing to make it exceptional; nor does it change its form to call it a parable. We do not for a moment suppose it a veritable history. It is probably, as we think, purely a creation of our Savior's mind. But it was created to teach truth. It is a statement of his doctrine in the substance of its utterance. If he did not set forth definitive ideas, he never did in any of his public or private sermons. The text must be abandoned, or the doctrine admitted. If the text is the word of God, no other is needed to establish the point for which we contend. Not less striking is the text containing the speech of David, in his lamentation over his child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." (2 Sam. xii, 23.) The whole history shows that these are the words of triumphant hope—words with which the mourner comforted himself—and so illustrate his faith in the certainty of a speedy and perpetual reunion beyond the grave.

Taking the whole scope of the argument, to my own mind, it is no more an open question; it is a verity, equally established by natural reason and revelation. The force of the argument is only reached by taking into view all its elements. There are individual proofs which alone are conclusive; but the combined evidence is overwhelming. The whole book of Revelation carries the spirit of the doctrine, and the entire literature of the Christian ages is saturated with it. It impregnates the whole atmosphere of religious faith of all phases and dispensations. It is the first and last demand of the affections. Millions have been

consoled with it in hours of the deepest sorrow and bereavement; and other millions, in the unwavering faith of it, have passed the Jordan with shoutings of holy triumph. Multitudes, without number, and in circumstances to give great weight to their words, have, like Stephen, died declaring that they saw heaven open, and beheld well-known friends waiting to receive them. I can no more doubt Stephen's vision than I can disbelieve the Sermon on the Mount; and I know not why many others of God's dear children may not, as they have confidently declared, have been favored in like manner. To my own faith, it is unfalteringly certain that death will bring me to those I loved and bring them to me, as it is that it will bring me to immortality. If the one is true, the other must be. I must cease to be a man, and be clothed with some other order of life, before I could even consent to enter a heaven which is barren of the spirits who have been so dear to me on earth. Ruth's devotion demanded a home and a grave with her whom she loved; but not less did she demand a heaven with her. "Thy God shall be my God," carries in it the avowal of a hope of eternal union. It is safe to say that no hope is so universal, so inextinguishable, so confident. Its disappointment would shroud eternity with darkness, and cover its ages with woe. There is no fact in human experience, no attribute of human nature, no quality of Godhead, no circumstance in the divine administration, which warrants doubt. Every principle must be revolutionized, the future must be a total contradiction of the past, old precedents and analogies must all fail, all things must radically change, death must obliterate all memories and affections, and ideas and laws, or the awakening in the next world will be amid the welcomes and loves and raptures of those who left us with tearful farewells, and with dying promises that they would wait to welcome us when we should arrive. And so they do. Not sorrowfully, not anxiously, but lovingly, they wait to bid us welcome.

We claim in the course of these discussions that we have made to appear, upon good and sufficient evidence, the following points:

First, that the relationships which exist among men in this life are not continued in the next.

Second, that the peculiar loves which cement such relationships are not permanent.

Third, that souls in the next life have a full and thorough recollection of this life.

Fourth, that souls in the next life dwell in one place, and have communion.

Fifth, that souls in the next life recognize those known in this life, with a perfect remembrance of their former acquaintance and friendships.

These points, we think, are clearly established as entitled to rational faith. They can not be matters of absolute knowledge. The proof, in the nature of the case, can do no more than produce a contentful faith. This it unquestionably does. We may restfully believe. There is absolutely nothing to allege against the doctrine; nothing to authorize doubt. There are good reasons for it; every thing to warrant faith. It is rational to accept it. It is a case in which our affections will insist on a conclusion. In matters where knowledge is impossible, we must be content with faith. It is wisdom to accept the consolations it offers, and to take them in their fullness; not questioningly, not with the chill and palsy of distrust. Rational faith is next to absolute knowledge, only less assuring. It has foundation. It lays hold on truth. What it sees, though invisible to sense, is nevertheless real; as real as if we could touch and handle it.

What, then, is this truth which we believe? The dead live. In the years gone we had them with us; they became very dear to us. They separated from the throng, and gave us their love. They grew into our being and were a part of us. One day they became weary and sick. We thought nothing of it at first; but morning after morning came and they were more faint. The story of the

dark days that followed is too sad. One dreary night, with radiant face, they kissed us and said good-bye. They were dead. Kind neighbors came and carried them out of our homes, and we followed with dumb awe, and saw them lay them down gently beneath the earth. We returned to the vacant house, which never could be home again. Our hearts were broken. The earth and sky have been so dark since that day. We have searched through the long nights and desolate days for them, but we can not find them; they do not come back. We listen, but we get no tidings. Neither form nor voice comes to us. The dark, silent immensity has swallowed them up. Are they extinct? No. They live; we can not tell where, whether near us or remote; we can not tell in what form; but they live. They are essentially the same beings they were when they went in and out among us. There has been no break in their life. It is as if they had crossed the sea. The old memories and old loves still are with them. New friends do not displace old ones. They are more beautiful than when we knew them, and purer and holier and happier. They are not sick or weary now. They have no sorrow. They are not alone. They have joined others. They think and talk of us. They make affectionate inquiries for our welfare. They wait for us. They are learning great lessons, which they mean to recite to us some day. They are not lonely; they are a glorious company. They have no envies or jealousies. They are ravished with the happiness of their new life. I do not know where it is, or how it is; but I am certain it is so. They are kings and priests unto God. They wear crowns, that flash in the everlasting light. They wear robes that are spotlessly white. They wave victorious palms. They sing anthems of such exceeding sweetness as no earthly choirs ever approach. They stand before the throne. They fly on ministries of love. They muse on tops of Mount Zion. They meditate on the banks of the river of life. They are rap-



turous with ecstasies of love. God wipes away all tears from their faces; and there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; for the former things are passed away. The glorious angels are their teachers and companions. But why attempt to describe their ineffable state. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive it.

Soon we shall know it all. A day may unfold it. It will burst upon us like a revelation. We shall be speaking tenderly to the weeping ones about us, sorrowful ourselves to leave them, dreading to go; our faith struggling with terrors of doubt; our frames shivering as our feet enter the cold river; darkness coming over us; the earth receding, *disappearing* alone out in the pitiless tempest; our senses closed up, death will have completed its work; eternity, heaven, opens on our eyes; our ears with sounds seraphic ring; lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene will change. While the weeping living are yet caressing the still warm clay, the loving watchers will be lavishing their kisses of welcome. Not as strangers approaching some lonely shore should we depart, but as loved and longed-for pilgrims, who return to open arms and welcoming hearts. I long to see Jesus, and angels who have watched over me and befriended me, and all of the great and good whose virtues have enriched the ages. I know I shall hasten rapturously to worship my Lord; may be he will take me in his arms to bear me over the river, and so to him I shall pour out my great and reverent love; but I am certain I shall see crowding down nearest the shore some forms that will give me their first caresses; forms that will be more to me than all the jeweled host that circle the eternal throne. The etiquette of heaven will recognize their right. Nor will it be for a day.

The objections chiefly urged against the doctrine of recognition as they have come under my notice, are: First, the

change which passes upon the dead, destroying all means of identification. This has been sufficiently noticed already. Second, that saints will be so absorbed in the contemplation of the divine glory and in acts of worship, that they will have no time or inclination for society and communion among themselves. My answer to this is: It is a mere imagination, unwarranted in the Scriptures, therefore entitled to no weight; and in obvious violation of all the laws and purposes of our existence, therefore to be rejected. The idea of heavenly life which it implies, is absurd and irrational, a vain and idle dream. All analogies and all the laws of intelligent existence are against it. It is unsuited to the nature and cravings of the human soul. It is a sickly dream which has in it nothing attractive, except to a class of masters who would spend eternity in rapt contemplation. The glory of God will doubtless be the all-engrossing subject; but it will be contemplated and enjoyed in the light of what he has wrought for his redeemed children, and as it is seen in the happiness and glory of his unsinners sons. The love that pours itself forth in adoration and worship, that makes him the central object, the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, will kindle its fervors by seeing in him the source of all other holy loves. A chief part of his glory will be revealed in their fellowships. The love they bear each other will be his highest crown; their mutual ministries in all holy pursuits, his greatest delight. Their heaven will consist in their ever-growing knowledge of the greatness of their Author, as seen in his magnificent works, or of his plan as it shall continue to unfold before them, and in the high activities in which their love for each other and their adoring devotion to him shall find expression. They are, and must forever be, finite; and while they worship the infinite with rapturous delight, they must derive most of their joy, and put forth most of their activity, in the fellowship of the finite. Their duties and pleasures will be, then

as now, to beings and from beings whom they can serve, and by whom they can be served. The idea of heaven which resolves it into a mere ecstasy is degrading to men and discreditable to God, and in contradiction of all that we can see of his plan. Nothing is more obvious than that his plan contemplates the development of grand robust spirits, who shall have their highest happiness in magnificent growth and achievements; spirits that shall be helpful and be helped; spirits that shall minister and gratefully receive ministers; that shall grow together in mutual experiences; that shall become cemented in the grandest friendships; that shall thrill with the holiest loves; that progress together along the immortal ages and over infinite ranges of study, growing more and more dear as they advance in greatness and power. Their knowledge of each other's history, the common ideas and common experiences, furnishing their noblest pleasures. It is simply a silly dream, unfounded alike in reason and revelation, and without the force which calls for serious refutation.

Third. It is objected, that if saints are recognized, and dearest friends should not be found among them, and so should be known, or even supposed, to be lost, it would spread a gloom over heaven. My answer is: The objection, viewed from our present stand-point, is confessedly grave and serious. Many answers have been made to it. I have never found one to satisfy my own mind. I leave the difficulty to be relieved when things, incomprehensible now, will be made plain. It embarrasses the subject, but is only of the nature of a difficulty, and not an overthrow! These two things remain certain: Saints will know and remember each other; saints will be perfectly happy! How they will be so, if they should miss dear ones from their circle, I do not know. I am willing to leave it where it is, waiting for the end to reveal it. These are the only objections I now think of. To my own mind, they bear nothing against our positions.

From the general scope of the discussion, we are prepared to advance the following speculations as probably true in the main, if not in every particular:

First. There is probably much more resemblance between the present and future state than is generally supposed. The difference in some respects must necessarily be great; in others, more important it may be, only as they differ between childhood and manhood, or the different stages and spheres of the present life. All that kind of desire and effort which springs from bodily wants will disappear, and this will be a wonderful change. Physical appetite of every variety, which produces so much disquietude, and which, to so large an extent, determines the structure of society here, and stimulates the pursuits of this life, will disappear. Temptation, moral struggle, doubt, sin, pain, sickness, death, and all the tendencies and methods which spring from them, will disappear. What pertains to family, Church, and civil governments; methods and machinery of education; industries, commerce, and all such activities as grow out of this earthy state, will pass away. They were of the waste-work, scaffolding in the building, and there will be no further use for them. But all that is of permanent worth will remain,—personality, intellect, emotion, will, the real manhood, with all of endeavor, enjoyment, and fellowship, that pertain to such a life in its unembarrassed and endless development. What disappears is the tear, friction, alloy, rust; what remains is the gold, the pure and permanent.

Second. The soul wakes up in the future world, or passes into it, as it passes from one city to another, with as little interruption of its faculties. In its transfer, however, it loses the services of the physical senses. They have finished their function, and disappear. How this affects its relation to material affairs, we do not know; possibly, it interrupts commerce with this life entirely; and on many accounts it may be desirable that it should: but if there is the loss of the



gross physical sense, we may infer there is the acquisition of a higher order of sensorium, by which it becomes related to the spiritual realm.

Third. The former friends it meets when it enters the new society, though wonderfully changed, it knows as readily and embraces as cordially as those we meet when, after a few days' journey, we return to our homes.

Fourth. It is not probable that the soul, on entering the future world, will recognize or know any others except those known before, until acquaintance by some means is formed. The imagination that disembodiment becomes the means of knowing, without acquiring information by some process, is without warrant and irrational. In the next world we have reason to suppose that our faculties will be greatly strengthened and impediments will be less; but knowledge will not be by intuition. The soul will still be finite, and its joy in a great part will continue to arise from gradual unfolding of its powers, and enlargement of its knowledges. The zest of new ideas and fresh discoveries will in part make its heaven. Let us believe it will have its favorites.

Fifth. It is probable that as we, when we find ourselves in a strange city, incline to seek out some friend whom we may have known before; so when we enter the heavenly world, we will naturally seek out and consort with those known and loved before. Is it a fancy? Admit it. Is it not natural and probable? It will be so or not. Can we imagine the possibility of opposite?

Sixth. It is probable that special friendship, commenced on earth, will be continued and carried on in heaven and through eternity. As by a natural law we incline to the society of friends, not strangers, our intimate circles there will be probably commenced here; while by another law, that of affinity and sympathy from similarity of tastes, and such like, new intimacies may take the place of old ones. That souls do have their characteristic tastes now is certainly true;

why not forever? Affinities result from correspondences of ideas and pursuits. Why may they not find play in the eternal realm? The field of truth is infinite; finite faculties will be forever growing. Who dares say that classified tastes and attainments may not be ground of special affiliations hereafter as now, and all heaven be gained?

Seventh. While pure love and sincere affection will bind all heavenly beings as one family, no jars, jealousies, or discords ever disturbing the blessed union; no affections ever being injured or growing cold; still there will be special intimacies, closer and more special friendships. Some will probably not know each other, having lived in different ages, and never spoken together; others will be on speaking terms, exchanging occasional salutations; while some again will be the close companions of centuries and ages. Who can number the millions that will live in heaven? Who can measure the distance in degrees of power and rank between the foremost sons of light and the just admitted sons? Will they not have graded employments? Will they not come into special intimacies?

Finally. The whole order and society of heaven will be adjusted for the social comfort and complete development of all the glorified spirits who shall compose it. Whatever separates will be taken down and abolished forever, and perfect love and friendship reign to all eternity. Blessed state! Let us not doubt that in measure more than we can conceive, and an order of felicity higher than we can imagine, all glorified souls will forever progress along the enlarging and ascending experiences of immortal life. All that was useless in acquirement in their inferior earthly life, or only useful for the earth, will perish with the earthly; all needless and false learnings; all imperfect and unworthy ideas and affections; all that were arrangements for physical production and growth and discipline; all impediments and hinderances; and those things only will carry over that ennobles, aggrandize our existence. Unal-

loyed life will remain,—the life of perfect love; the life of ceaseless acquisition of knowledge; the life of joyous and happy freedom in noble activities; the life of useful and helpful ministries; the life of fellowship with God—eternal life. As we look up into those glorious culminations, how grand life becomes! To be forever with the Lord, and forever changing into his likeness, and, still more, forever deepening in the companionship of his thought and bliss, “from glory to glory,”—could we desire more?

The discussion has its practical uses. It comes to us fraught with comforts concerning those who have gone out from us. Whatever our sorrow, could we, were it possible, call them back?

It furnishes us hope amid our bereavements, and against our fears. We shall not always sorrow. “Now for a season, if needs be,” we must walk in the dark; must spend our nights in weeping; but it is only for a little. Soon the everlasting day will welcome us, and our sorrowing will be turned into rejoicing. Tears no more forever.

It teaches us the greatness of the future,

and urges its paramount claims. How can we be charmed any more with the earth? How can we resist the attraction of the blessed heaven? This time—a day, a moment—what has it for us, that we should cling to it, love it? The immortal home, the blessed ones awaiting us, the spirits of just men made perfect, the endless good in store, will they not draw us with irresistible attraction?

It clothes our friendships with a new charm, and enriches them with an eternal value. Blessed loves, how happy they have made us on the earth; what will they be when they have deepened through ages, with no alloy of envy or suspicion or selfishness or sorrow?

Who, as he stands here and looks into that blessed state, feels not arising within him the yearning to depart? Multitudes stand waiting to receive us, expecting our arrival. With open arms they will embrace us, and with blessed welcomes attend us to our prepared homes. Let us not disappoint them; but be up and pressing on, until the battle of life is fought and the victory won, and we ascend to join them!

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### THE SACRED DRAMA.\*

THE first germs of art in general, and of dramatic art in particular, of a nation, may generally be found at the beginning of its historical development. As the imitative instinct of the child leads him to attempt mimic representations of what he sees in adults, so the same instinct leads a people to mimic representations of whatever most powerfully affects or moves them. The child, for example, plays “school,” without ever having seen a stage or an actor. So the ancient Germans, caring for little else than war, in seasons of peace im-

itated battle scenes, and thus invented the “war dance.” Cicero says that that was the only kind of “play” among them. Although Roman colonies had been established in various parts of Germany during the reign of the Cæsars, it is not known that the Germans borrowed any of their vulgar histrionic plays. These sturdy Teutons kept up their war-plays, interwoven with the myths of their gods. With the introduction of nominal Christianity, however, a new era dawned upon them. The Roman Catholic missionaries, unable to banish at once all pagan practices, attempted to give them a spiritual significance. Gregory the Great advised his missionaries to retain

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\*See Dr. H. Alt's “Theater und Kirche; also, Heinrich Reidt's “Das Geistliche Schauspiel.”



some of them, and thereby gradually induce the people to participate in the higher pleasures of the Christian religion. It was the care of the priests that those who had been accustomed to the more sensuous cultus of paganism, should again find in the Christian Church, in an improved form, what they had relinquished at the time of their conversion to Christianity. In order not to deprive them altogether of their former amusements, the "wandering singers and players" that traveled through the country, singing heroic songs, and acting rude "plays," were sometimes permitted to "perform" in churches and cloisters. The various ecclesiastical offices and practices were gradually made the subjects of histrionic representations. The result was a mixture of Christian and pagan notions and practices. And thus it was that the Church of the Middle Ages, in order to divert the attention of the people from purely pagan plays and songs, for which they still had a taste, was obliged to provide them with plays of a more Christian character, the subjects of which were generally taken from the Bible. But the Roman Catholic priests, who, up to the time of the Hohenstauffen Emperors, had been almost the sole conservators and cultivators of literature—such as it was—adopted Latin as the Church language; and succeeded, too, in introducing it as the language of the "educated." The "plays," or "dramas," designed for the people, were, with few exceptions, composed in that language; and thus the proper cultivation of the German language was for a long time entirely neglected.

Thus the so-called "Sacred Drama of the Middle Ages" came into existence. And yet it was a drama essentially different from that of the ancient Greeks. It was a peculiar invention of the Roman Catholic Church, having proceeded from the endeavor to furnish a substitute for those pagan "plays" that endangered the dignity of the Church, and the purity of the Christian religion.

The basis for this "Sacred Drama"

was furnished by the Liturgy of the early Christian Church. It has well been called the "grandest symbolico-liturgical drama of all ages;" for its structure and component parts, such as the hymns, responses, antiphonies, etc., are all elements of the dramatic art. Thus, the Ritual employed at the celebration of the different Christian festivals led gradually to its expansion into "dramatic songs." In the celebration of the "Savior's Passion," for example, the text was no longer chanted by the priest alone, as was the case in earlier times; but the various parts of it were distributed to different persons. Thus, too, the different parts of the Liturgy of the early Church were assigned to different persons, the text having first been altered and expanded by additions in prose and poetry—in short, having first been "dramatized." Of course, the interior of the church buildings was also, to some extent, adapted to these dramatico-liturgical representations; that is, a certain scenic apparatus was introduced. These buildings were considered as the house of the Most High God, where he was to be publicly worshiped; and as such, it was thought necessary to adorn them with all the beauty and splendor that befitted its design and use. Besides, the ornamentations, etc., were to serve as a means of promoting the attendance upon divine worship among all classes of the community. Thus came into existence costly churches, with rich furniture, gorgeous ornamentations, and splendid decorations, some of which may still be seen in, and are the pride of, many an ancient European city.

The number of such "Sacred Dramas" that have come down to us from the earlier period of the Middle Ages are five Easter and two Christmas plays. Among the former may be mentioned one that was published by F. J. Mone, from a manuscript found in the cloister Ingelberg, Switzerland, and dating as far back as 1372, and that may be regarded as a specimen, indicating the transition from the exact text of the Church Liturgy to a

free elaboration of the sacred drama. No scenic directions are given therein, and the whole appears to have been chanted from the choir-stalls. The "*dramatis personæ*" are Jesus and the three Marys.

The second piece of the former class contains already three parts; and the "*dramatis personæ*" are Jesus, the disciples, an angel, and the three Marys. The scenic directions given in the headings of the text are scarcely sufficient to give a clear idea of the actual appearance of the dramatic representation; though it may be thus described: Immediately below the organ and the choir is the (ecclesiastical) stage; at one side, the Holy Sepulcher is seen, consisting either of a real sepulcher-like structure, or of a side-chapel; here sits a priest dressed in a long white robe, representing an angel, while on the middle of the stage the three Marys are seen, represented by three young priests covered with long cloaks; on the opposite side are seen the rest of the "*dramatis personæ*," represented by so many priests, properly dressed for the occasion. The "performance" commences by the three women walking slowly toward the sepulcher. On reaching it, one of them sings (we give here a free translation from the Latin of only a very small part of the play):

"O, our inmost souls are moved  
With heavy sighs and flowing tears  
For our dear Comforter,  
Of whom we, wretched, are deprived,  
And whom the rude, unscrup'ulous Jews  
Have given o'er to death."

Then the second Mary sings:

"O, great Shepherd, thou art smitten,  
And thy wretched sheep are scattered;  
Our Master is withdrawn.  
Thy disciples are in trouble;  
With excessive grief they labor,  
For from them thou art removed."

Thereupon Mary Magdalene sings:

"But let us go and hasten  
To his sepulcher;  
If in life we loved him,  
In death we love him more."

The three women chant in concert:

"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door  
of the sepulcher!"

The angel sings:

"Whom seek ye, weeping?"

The women:

"We seek Jesus Christ!"

The angel:

"He is not here, truly."

Two of the women return now to the opposite side, while Mary Magdalene remains standing a little distance from the sepulcher. The former turning toward the choir, sing:

"We came, sighing, to the sepulcher, and beheld  
the angel of the Lord sitting there, saying: Jesus is  
risen indeed."

And now, turning to Peter, they announce the same glad tidings to him, singing:

"We saw an angel's face,  
And heard him testify  
That Jesus is ris'n indeed.  
Peter, you should believe!"

Now Mary Magdalene, standing still alone, sings:

"When going the dead to anoint,  
The sepulcher empty I found.  
I could not discover the place  
Where the Master might have been seen!

My heart was heavy with sorrow,  
Because of the absence of him  
Who healed me, a sinner, and once  
From me seven demons cast out.

Truly, the tomb has received him,  
And a seal was placed upon it,  
And soldiers carefully watched it,  
But empty now it is."

The chorus concludes with,—

"Now upon the Sabbath day, very early in the morning," etc.

During this chant, the other two women return to the sepulcher, but remain silent. Mary Magdalene continues to sing several stanzas more, when, all of a sudden, the risen Savior approaches her, singing:

"Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

Mary answers, singing:

"Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where  
thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Hal-  
leluiah! Halleluiah!"

Then the Savior,—

"Mary! Mary! Mary!"

Mary, recognizing him, sings:

"Rabbi! Master!"



Jesus restrains her, singing:

"Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father. Halleluiah! Halleluiah!"

Mary, kneeling, worships him, and sings:

"Holy! Holy! Holy!"

Here Jesus and Mary continue to chant alternately several stanzas descriptive of life and immortality, after which Jesus retires behind the sepulcher, while Mary approaches the disciples, singing:

"For he is risen, as he said."

Now the chorus chants two songs, and Mary two, which, in the text, are indicated only by the first words, thus:

Chorus to her:

"Tell us, Mary."

She to the chorus:

"The sepulcher of Christ."

The chorus to her:

"It must be believed. We know Christ."

Now Peter and John hasten to the sepulcher; John, arriving first, waits for Peter. Finding it empty, they return to the chorus, greeting it with a song, which, in the manuscript, is indicated only by the line:

"Ergo die ista exultemus. Astra solum mare."

And this is followed by the

"Te Deum laudamus!"

The dramatic splendor of these extraordinary church services reached its highest degree in the celebration of the Christmas Festivals. In order to make a stronger impression on the minds of the people than the sermon was able to do, the events to be commemorated were addressed to their senses by means of gorgeous representations. Thus, the "Annunciation" was represented on the fourth Sunday in Advent, by a solemn procession, composed of the deacon, the sub deacons, and the acolytes, gorgeously dressed, moving toward the altar, where the deacon, representing the angel, chanted:

"The Angel Gabriel was sent from God, etc.,"

while the surprise of the Virgin was illustrated by the solemn silence that followed. The ceremony was interspersed with alternate chants and recitations.

At the celebration of the Christmas Festival a manger was set up in the church. Near it sat Mary, requesting Joseph to rock the child. While this was being done, the choir chanted a Christmas song. Then followed alternate chants and recitations by the angel, the shepherds, Mary, the Magi, and by the lamentations of the women of Bethlehem. Thus these ceremonies were gradually expanded into regular "dramatic plays."

The two oldest Christmas plays that have come down to us, date as far back as the twelfth century. The original manuscripts are now in the Royal Library at Munich. The full text has been published by C. Weinhold in his work, "Christmas Songs and Plays."

As has already been intimated, science and literature began to flourish during the reign of the Hohenstauffen Emperors. Indeed, with their reign was inaugurated an era of culture and progress. German poetry, which had been almost entirely neglected, was revived and cultivated. The priests, unable to assimilate it with their purely Latin Church dramas, were obliged to give the latter a more learned and symbolic character. Thus the "knighthood of theology," the scholastics, endeavored, in their way, to unite free thought with faith in the received doctrines of the Church. Hence, in the composition of the sacred drama, they confined themselves no longer exclusively to a representation of the historical meaning of Bible events, but extended it to their dogmatic meaning as well. As a necessary consequence of this, the size of these dramas was increased and the range of thought widened. This gave them necessarily a more strictly epic character than was formerly the case, which distinguishes them from the old classical, as well as from the modern, drama. The two dramas that have come down to us from this period, exhibit distinct traces of its scholasticism and symbolism. We notice them in their prophecies and disputations (learned tournaments), in their songs and recitations, and in their division of the world

into the Christian and antichristian. St. Augustine, the converted pagan philosopher, figures as the umpire between the contending parties; and Virgil and Sibyl are invested with prophetic ken.

Of the two dramas referred to that have come down to us, the first is entitled, "*Ludus Scenicus de Nativitate Domini*" (Scenic Play of the Nativity of our Lord). It was first published by A. Schmeller, in his "*Carmina Burana*," from a manuscript found in the Benediktbeuren cloister, and dating as far back as the thirteenth century, and is now preserved in the Royal Library at Munich. It contains seven acts; and the "*dramatis personæ*" are composed not only of almost all the leading characters of the Old and New Testaments, but of St. Augustine, Virgil, Sibyl, the Kings of Egypt and of Babylon with their followers, and of Antichrist.

The second play, entitled, "*Ludus de Adventu et Interitu Antichristi in Scena Sæculo Duodecimo Exhibitus*," was first published by B. Pez (Pezii Thesaurus Novissimorum Anecdotor,) from a manuscript found in the Bavarian cloister Tegernsee, and is properly regarded as an expansion into a separate drama of the concluding part of the first play. It exhibits a high degree of dramatic perfection, and is accompanied by a scenic apparatus of unusual extent and splendor. A brief analysis of it may not be wholly unwelcome to the readers. It is divided into twelve acts; and the "*dramatis personæ*" are, besides those mentioned in the first play, composed of an unusually large number and variety. In Act I, the scene requires seven rooms. In each room a throne is erected. In the East room is the King of Jerusalem, surrounded by Jews, whose collective name is "The Synagogue;" in the west, the Roman Emperor, the German and Franconian Kings; in the south-east, the Byzantine Emperor; in the south, the King of Babylon; and last, the "King of the Gentiles." Each is surrounded by his followers. At the beginning of the play, the thrones are empty. The King of the Gentiles and

the King of Babylon step forth, and, in a dialectic song, defend the existence and immortality of their deities. At its close, the "Synagogue" (Jews) enter, chanting the rejection of Christ and of the pagan deities. While they take their seat, a splendid procession appears, representing the "Ecclesia" (the Christian Church\*), clad in the habiliments of a woman. At her right is "Misericordia" (Mercy), bearing an olive-branch, and attended by "Apostolicus" and "Clericus;" and at her left is "Justitia," bearing the scales and a sword, attended by the Roman Emperor and his vassals. While replying to the denunciation of Christ by the "Synagogue," the "Ecclesia" takes her seat, at which moment the other Kings, with their followers, appear and sit down. In Act II, the Roman Emperor sends his ambassadors to the Kings of Franconia, Byzantium, and Jerusalem, to demand their subjection to him. The Franconian King scorns this demand, whereupon the Emperor gives him battle. The King and his followers are defeated, sue for pardon, and he is restored to his throne. The other Kings comply with the demand. In Act III, the Christian Kings become subject to the Roman Emperor. The King of Babylon, in order to destroy the faith in the God of the Bible, declares war against the King of Jerusalem. The latter calls upon the Roman Emperor for assistance, which is granted. "The Angel of the Lord" promises victory to the Jews and Christians. The Emperor gives battle to the King of Babylon, and defeats him. The "Temple of the Lord" now rises in splendor behind the throne of the King of Jerusalem. The Emperor enters, worships God, and then resumes his throne. In Act IV, the "Hypocrites" bow reverentially before the "Ecclesia" and the people, and then proceed to the King of Jerusalem, who receives them kindly. In Act V, "Antichrist" appears upon

\* It has been supposed that this play was performed in front of the church-building, as high in the background is to rise the "Temple of the Lord," in great splendor and magnificence.



the stage, accompanied by "Hypocrisy" and "Heresy." Chanting, he requests the former to win the people; the latter, the clergy. Then they attack the King of Jerusalem, defeat and dethrone him, and "Antichrist" takes possession of his throne. Act VI is almost a parallel to Act II. Antichrist demands the homage of the Christian Kings. The Byzantine Emperor is induced by threats, and the Franconian King by flattery and presents, to appear before him. He prints the initials of his name upon their foreheads. The German Emperor alone can not be deceived. He meets and defeats him, and returns, chanting, to his throne. In Act VII, Antichrist heals a cripple and a leper, and raises a man from the dead. The faith of the German Emperor begins to waver; he receives and worships him who is able to perform such miracles. Antichrist gives him the empire as a perpetual possession, on the promise of undertaking a crusade against the heathens. In Act VIII, the German Emperor orders in vain the King of Babylon to pay homage to Antichrist. He meets him in battle, and defeats him; but Antichrist restores him his crown. In Act IX, the Hypocrites succeed in deceiving the "Synagogue." Then the "Prophets" appear, preaching Christ to be the true Messiah, in whom Enoch and Elias believed. "Where are Enoch and Elias?" ask the Jews; when, behold! these two patriarchs appear, and confirm what the Prophets had preached. Thereupon the Jews become converted, and they bow their knees before the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. In Act X, the Hypocrites inform Antichrist of the conversion of the Jews. He summons them into his presence. They appear, accompanied by the Prophets. Unmoved by his threats, they hold fast the profession of their faith. He orders them to be led away to martyrdom. In Act XI, Antichrist, arrived at the height of his ambition, summons all kings to appear before him. They appear and worship him. In Act XII, a great noise is heard. Amidst the roars of thunder

Antichrist falls, his adherents flee, and "Ecclesia" sings:

"Ecce homo, qui non posuit Deum adiutorem suum!

Ego autem sicut olivia fructivera in domo Dei!"

All kings and rulers return, with penitential tears, to the "Ecclesia," who receives them into her fold, while the chorus chants the

"Te Deum laudamus!"

Such is the celebrated sacred drama of "Antichrist," as it came down to us from the Hohenstauffen period of the Middle Ages. It is fully worthy of the attention it has received from literary critics.

Of an Easter play, from this period, we have also some information. Mr. Pey mentions it in an essay on the life of the pious virgin Wildburgis; but the manuscript thereof has not yet been discovered.

It has already been mentioned that during the reign of the Hohenstauffen Emperors, German literature was revived and cultivated. The priests, aware of the inability of the laity to acquire even a partial knowledge of the doctrines and mysteries of the Church through the Latin language, began to translate some of these dramas, or compose new ones, in the German language. Besides, in smaller congregations, the co-operation of the laity was required in the performance of the plays. Hence the necessity of using the German language. Thus came into existence the so-called "Latin-German Church drama" of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Besides a few insignificant pieces, only one play, from this period, of considerable extent and importance has as yet been discovered. It is entitled, "*Ludus Paschalis, sive de Passione Domini*" (Paschal Play, or the Passion of our Lord); and is preserved in the Royal Library at Munich. The dramatic arrangement of the subject-matter is somewhat similar to that of "Antichrist." It contains nine acts: I. The call of the apostles; II. Jesus with the Pharisees, and his anointment by Mary Magdalene; III. The resurrec-

tion of Lazarus; IV. The negotiations between the high-priests and Judas; V. The sorrow of Jesus in Gethsemane, and his being led away captive; VI. Peter's denial; VII. The trial before Caiaphas; VIII. The trial before Pilate; IX. The crucifixion. Only the second and ninth acts were composed in German, the others in Latin; the phrases of the dialogue being taken from the Vulgate translation of the New Testament. In the second act, Mary Magdalene is the leading person, who appears ever to be the favorite figure in all subsequent Passion plays.

Before the Latin-German plays had accomplished their transition to those of a purely German character, there had grown up, alongside with the former, German plays of small dimensions and artless form. They are called the "Lamentations of Mary." As such lamentations are sometimes found with more or less fullness in Passion-plays, the question has been raised, Are these "Lamentations" to be regarded only as parts of larger plays, or as independent plays? Criticism has decided in favor of the later theory. And no wonder; for the high veneration in which "Mary, the Mother of God," was held by the Church of the Middle Ages, produced a perfect flood of "Maria-hymns," "Maria-plays," "Maria-lamentations." As the knighthood of those ages composed and sung "Minne-songs," in honor of the women, so the priesthood composed and chanted "Mario-songs," in innumerable lyrics and small plays. There were three kinds of such productions: the purely lyric, the narrative, and the dialogistic. Being separate plays, they were also separately performed. The *dramatis personæ* are chiefly composed of the weeping Mary, Jesus, and John. But whatever artistic defects may be detected in these productions, they are compensated for by a depth of fervor, and tenderness of feeling, not to be found within the whole range of the poetry of the Middle Ages.

As time passed on, the sacred drama became more and more popularized, and

with its popularization its degeneracy set in. The priests were no longer the sole "actors;" the laity, too, took part in them. The small circle of Christmas, Passion, and Easter plays, was widened, and plays were taken in that, while exhibiting a wider range of subjects, showed also traces of the ludicrous. But in so far as they admitted the comic element, they failed to answer their original purpose. Thus it came that some of them, on account of the excessive jocularities and frivolities, to say nothing of the travesties of sacred things they contained, were not allowed to be "performed" in the church. They were performed, nevertheless, if not in the church, yet in an open space, accompanied by other amusements, such as music, dancing, processions, etc. The number of "actors" was also increased. If for the former plays, forty or fifty persons would suffice, for these from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and sixty-five persons were required. Nor was there an indifference shown to the use of costumes. They were made to suit the occasion. If none were required, none were used. As to the length of time required to "perform" some of the later plays, it may be observed that one or two, and sometimes three, days—the nights excepted—were not unusual. Thus, a "Passion-play" from the fifteenth century, the manuscript of which is preserved in Prince Fürstenberg's palace, contains 4,106 verses. To "perform" this play would require nearly two days. Several manuscripts from this period contain only the scenic directions, together with a list of the *dramatis personæ*, and the first line of the part each person had to sing or recite. They indicate two and three days as the time required to "perform" the whole play. As to the scenic accompaniments, they were either simple or complex, according to the nature and extent of the play. The stage was generally large; for no "acting" was going on behind the scene. Some plays required three stages, one above the other; the first representing hell, the second, earth, and the third, heaven.



The scenic arrangements, as well as the distribution of the different parts, were such as to afford to the spectators, at one glance, a view of the *tout ensemble* of the play. Such arrangements did not fail to admit on the stages hellish, comic, and sacrilegious scenes. And thus the so-called "Sacred Dramas" of the Middle Ages gradually degenerated into vulgar, vile, and loathsome plays, which violated all sense of decency and decorum, and turned into ridicule the most sacred things in heaven and on earth. Such was the character of that drama at the beginning of the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

We close this brief account of the "Sacred Drama of the Middle Ages" with a few reflections:

1. The original intention on the part of the Roman Catholic Church, in introducing that drama, doubtless was, that it should serve as a means of promoting religious culture among the people by bringing to their sensuous perceptions the leading facts and truths of Christianity. Of course, the Church, knowing the religious tastes and wants of the people, endeavored to supply and gratify them. It was found that the drama would answer the purpose. Thus it became also a means, in the hands of the people, of indirectly indicating to their religious teachers the manner in which they desired to be educated in religion. Therefore the "Sacred Drama of the Middle Ages" may be regarded as a mirror, reflecting the intellectual, moral, and religious character of those ages far more perfectly than the modern drama does of our age. The people sought nothing in them which, indirectly, they did not first cause to be put therein; hence, unlike our modern public, they desired no new convictions, no new feelings.

2. It is evident that the sacred drama failed to accomplish the object for which it was introduced. Instead of promoting genuine religious culture, it undermined the spirituality of religion, distorted the facts and doctrines of Christianity, rendered them frequently ridiculous, if not

absurd, and pandered to the vicious tastes and passions of the people. Thus it was a means of promoting neither religious nor æsthetic culture, but rather the opposites of these.

3. However high well-directed art may be esteemed as a means of promoting æsthetic culture and of affording intellectual pleasure, it is of doubtful propriety, to say the least, to employ it as a means of representing heavenly and divine things. Although the absolute God has revealed himself to the world in and through his Son, Jesus Christ, who was at the same time perfect man, it is not only impossible, but absolutely prohibited by divine command, to make any artistic representation of the great mystery of godliness. Neither his being nor his attributes, nor yet his revelation of himself to man, are objects of the senses. They can in no way be perceived by them. For, since art, whether dramatic or plastic or graphic (the latter including painting), is essentially imitative, representing only objects, past or present, that are addressed to the senses, it is evident that spiritual beings and truths are incapable of being represented by it. Every attempt will give either an untrue or distorted representation, and hence will do more harm than good. While the work of redemption, from its inception in the incarnation to its culmination on the cross, has been figuratively called a drama, and while it is the grandest central truth and event in the world's history, it is nevertheless incapable of being represented or illustrated even by the highest dramatic art. Why? Because of the utter inability of finite man to comprehend the nature, plan, methods, and motives of the Infinite Persons engaged in that work. Hence any attempt to bring it within the limits of a drama, and to represent or imitate it on the stage, is not only futile, but absolutely sacrilegious.

The same may be said of all attempts on the part of graphic art, to represent Deity to our senses. Hence all so-called illustrated Bibles, whatever artistic merits they may possess, ought never to be in-

troduced into the family. For as often as a picture is found therein which is an attempt to represent one of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, so often does it convey an utterly false idea of that Person, and so often, too, does it violate a positive commandment of God. If works

of art are to be introduced into the family as a means of æsthetic culture—and we wish that all families might do so as far as they are able—they should be works of a different, and yet of an ennobling, character.

MICHAEL J. CRAMER.

### THE MORMON PROBLEM.

IN the month of March, 1829, Robert Southey, the poet-laureate of England, uttered these synchronous words:

"America is in danger from religious fanaticism. The Government there, not thinking it necessary to provide religious instruction for the people in any of the new States, the prevalence of superstition, and that perhaps in some wild and terrible shape, may be looked for as one likely consequence of this great and portentous omission. An Old Man of the Mountain might find dupes and followers as readily as the all-friend Jemima; and the next Aaron Burr who seeks to carve a kingdom for himself out of the overgrown territories of the Union, may discover that fanaticism is the most effectual weapon with which ambition can arm itself; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and necessarily induces. Were there another Mohammed to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope or fairer opportunity than in that part of the Anglo-American Union into which the older States continually discharge the restless part of their population, leaving laws and Gospel to overtake it if they can; for, in the march of modern civilization, both are left behind."

Religious delusion, whether of that fast decaying type which has anchored itself in the mountain fastnesses of the Old World, or better represented by the exotic transcendentalism of the Western

Hemisphere, has afflicted every age of progress, and met with an encouraging response in all peoples. Forgetting its birthright to power, the human mind, strange as it may seem, has prostrated itself before the shrine of superstition, and, in the very act, lost its independence in subordination to error.

We might suppose our own country, Gospel-informed as it is, would be exceptional in this respect; that fanaticism, religious or political, could obtain no foothold among us; but it seems a kind hitherto unknown has surreptitiously lifted its standard, presenting to the West a chief obstacle in the way of territorial development, and to the nation at large, a problem on which mature statesmanship has in vain expended itself. We have lived long enough to see the poet's prophecy measurably fulfilled in the development of Mormonism, which, intrenching itself in an isolated spot, has provoked admiration for the enthusiasm, but contempt for the credulity and ignorance, of its followers. And there can be but little doubt that he had in his mind, at the moment of writing it, a reference to the spread of this new faith, or the cardinal dogma which distinguished it from all others.

To define it at once, or by a monosyllable, would be difficult, if not impossible. In the effort to understand it, all its chameleon-like phases must be taken into account. Resting on antiquity for its basis, it claims the future as its heritage,



and leans on Providence, like Isaac on his staff, for support. Chronologically, it has planted itself midway between the Abrahamic covenant and the Apocalyptic Church, with its right-hand holding to the one, and with the left spanning the other. Its thigh is out of joint from wrestling with modern civilization, and, as it does not propose to keep step with our advancing age, it proudly lags behind. Regarding the Old Testament as a theological thesaurus, and explaining the New by an original exegesis, it has departed from all orthodox standards and exorcised universal truth-notions. As it proposes to restore, under a new name, and with certain modifications, the Old Dispensation, it clings to its rites so far as they are applicable to the great design, holding forth its doctrines, principally those relating to marriage and the constitution of the family, as the *summum bonum* of earthly morality.

To estimate fully the spirit of Mormonism, we must consider it in the fourfold aspect of a Church, a government, a society, and a religion; a conglomerate system truly, but susceptible of this analysis.

As a Church, Mormonism, like an ancient city of the Aztecs, is primitive in its construction, and attracts by its curious workmanship. In its hierarchial character it bears resemblance to the complexion of the Israelitish Church as it was up to the time of Saul. Strikingly prominent is the number of its hierophants, who are distributed into two classes, which correspond in general terms with the old Scriptural theocracy. First, there is the Melchisedec priesthood, to which belong the high-priest, priests in general, and a class of elders. Second, the Aaronic priesthood, composed of bishops, teachers, and a lower order of elders. The duties of the first are to administer spiritual blessings, and hold the keys of heaven (a popish prerogative); and it is claimed for them that they are under the inspiration of the Almighty, and sit within the shadow of his throne. The second administer the ordinances of the Church,

such as baptism, marriage, and the Eucharist.

In addition, there are other divisions which complicate the government, but simplify its labors. One body is known as the first presidency, composed of three officials, representing Peter, James, and John, in the Gospel. Brigham Young is one of these. The power of this company, in ecclesiastical matters, is final and supreme, and, extending itself over the life of the individual, a secret *auto-da-fé*, as a first punishment for heresy or disobedience, has been more than once ordered. Besides, there are twelve apostles who ordain elders, bishops, and teachers, who preach and preside over the destinies of Zion. Touched with a missionary spirit, they have organized a body called the *Seventies*, who travel to the ends of the earth, seeking recruits; and the epochal growth of their population is sufficient evidence of their success. Still another body is known as stewards, who receive all funds and watch over the temporal interests of the Church. It is likewise their duty to keep a record of marriages, births, and deaths, and hear complaints between members or elders. In the steward the Church really ends and the government begins. He is the bridge from one to the other. In cases of trial his decisions are little more than advisory; they are never final nor punitive. A court, called the High Council, has been established, before which differences are to be brought, and by which they are arbitrated. It consists of twelve priests, and to attach sanctity to their deliberations and make all parties submissive, it is claimed that the Lord revealed to them the manner of their organization. If a case is complex and difficult to adjust, they pretend to appeal to Revelation, and thus evade the responsibility of their joint action.

Such a form of Church government does away with all need of civil magistracy and authority; it absorbs, it disintegrates the political, and robs it of identity. The Church affects control of the individual in all his actions; and even

his aims in life are exposed to the surveillance of his superiors; it is his ruler, counselor, advocate, judge. A civil government, according to the Mormon faith, is a supererogation, an innovation to be tolerated from courtesy or necessity, to be detested from principle, and overthrown when convenient.

As a government, Mormonism is a singular instance of entire subjection of the civil influence to the moral, of abeyance of State power, and the abnormal assumption of Church superiority. The Church exercises, *de jure*, all the proper duties of the State. It levies taxes, arrests criminals, and inflicts punishment; manages elections, regulates commerce and naturalization, establishes post-offices, makes treaties, coins money, declares war, controls the public highways, establishes banks, deals in merchandise, builds railroads, and is, *de facto*, the government itself. What is the relation, if any, of the State to the Church but that of an *imperium in imperio*—a power within a power? or is it so much as this? The chief president of the Church, is in his own conceit, the civil governor; another president is virtually lieutenant-governor; another may be the secretary of State; the first apostle may be regarded as the auditor of State; the first steward, the treasurer of State; the High Council is the supreme court; the bishops are justices of the peace; the elders are marshals; and thus in the Church are the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of State. A people under such a government can not entertain reverence for outside presidents or rulers, though one article of their faith insincerely enjoins common respect for national laws. In its ecclesiastical mechanism it arrays itself against the Christian Church; and, in propagating its differences, is destructive of it. In its civil construction, it arrays itself against constitutional government, and openly defies its intervention. It disputes the authenticity of the one, and denies allegiance to the other. As a Church, it is a grave-yard Philistine; as a government,

it is a rock-rooted Bourbon, hostile to all forms except its own.

Which to condemn the more, the system itself combining the two in one, or the representative of it, who is still living, needs not give rise to discussion. Although Joseph Smith appears first in the line of Mormon worthies, Brigham Young must be regarded as the leader, the sultan of a circumscribed empire. He is not a mere figure-head, but a character of commanding qualities and inspiring force. After the death of Mr. Smith, it was not long before Mr. Young mounted the tripod, and exercised despotic sway over the willing multitude. Being the first of the twelve apostles, he had an advantage over every contestant, and used it afterward in an authoritative manner. A convention was called to decide the question of leadership, and, after sharp maneuvering, a vote was secured which elected no one; but an opinion was expressed that all authority should vest in the college of apostles, of which Mr. Young was President. By this act he became nominal and acknowledged leader. Leaving Illinois, the Mormons gathered on their westward march near Omaha, and went into Winter quarters. Here they built hundreds of log-houses, reorganized the Church, and solemnly declared that Brigham Young had inherited the prophet's mantle, and forthwith he was received as anointed successor of Joseph Smith.

This *coup-d'état* was but the beginning of a series of masterly strokes by which he has become one of the marked men of his times. Notwithstanding ambitious and influential Mormon contemporaries seceded, and drew after them a horde of apostates, Mr. Young has been able, through native force of character, to hold together the larger number, and stamp upon them somewhat of his own determined will. His greed is the greed of power, and his present position has been attained by the most methodical sagacity, and by no mere accident will it slip from his hand. His eagle eye is too keen and his talons are too strong to



permit the escape of his prey by unaided means or the pilfering of an enemy. In the solution of the Mormon problem, Mr. Young himself must be considered as important a factor as the system he has riveted on a hundred and twenty thousand subjects.

Mormonism, as a society, is of strange composition, and, being contrary to the American idea, creates a reasonable prejudice which is more than likely to terminate in expressive hostility. Polygamy is its substratum, though it was not formerly. From the year 1830 to 1843 was the period of the monogamic age, during which pure or original Mormonism prevailed; and it appears an eccentric faith rather than a corrupt institution. The one-wife theory was as much respected by them as by the country at large. But this was followed by the polygamic age, extending from 1843 to the present time, yet it was not openly avowed until 1852, when Brigham Young declared it. The doctrine of polygamy was not revealed on the golden plates, nor is it in the Mormon Bible, but it was first revealed to Joseph Smith, in Nauvoo, July 12, 1843, who, in handing it down, accompanied it with a line of defensive argument which compromises his claim to inspiration. In that document he urged that polygamy had been practiced by four-fifths of the nations of the earth, and that only one-fifth practice the one-wife system, which is confined to Europe and America. He further insisted that polygamy would do away with adultery, which, he charged, was the bane of Christian civilization. A divorce is rare among polygamists—another argument. Houses of ill-repute meet with no approbation—another statement. These things prevail in Christian lands, according to his testimony, and the adoption of polygamy is the only antidote for evils so great and fearful. The theory of the Shakers would lead finally to the extinction of the race; that of polygamists would continue it and prevent fornication; while monogamy, in its attempt to perpetuate the species, violates the laws of nature

and the ordinances of God, filling the land with wretchedness and crime. Presenting the subject in this manner, it was not difficult to impose it on consciences already in bondage to the iron will of the clergy. If the private character of Joseph Smith had been good—which it was not, if the sworn affidavits of some of his neighbors be true—the revelation might be entitled to consideration as a literary document, but nothing more. He may have been faithful to his family duties; courts may not have been able to convict him of crime; but his prophecies were forgeries, and the evidence is quite sufficient on which to pronounce him a knave.

Society in Utah rests on the polygamic idea. It gives direction to the social currents, and measures their velocity. While invading man's natural rights, it likewise curtails his social privileges, marking out the channels of trade, and shaping the movements of public industry. It lays its mighty hand on human responsibility, and uses it to meet its own demands. Considering that society in Utah is pretentiously on a religious basis, or, what is worse, that religion is on a social basis, speedy regeneration, it will be seen, is imperative; and as the two interplay, or are interwoven, like the Church and government, one step toward reformation will be the separation, on the one hand, of the government and the Church, and on the other, of society and religion.

We are interested in Mormonism as a religious idea, but not as a polygamic germ. Tracing its genesis, we are surprised at the manner of its introduction and the character of its claims. It is alleged, as the starting-point, that twenty-four golden plates, on which were written numerous divine truths, were discovered by Joseph Smith in Western New York; and that, having deciphered them, they constitute, in an abridged form, the present Book of Mormon. The plates bear date 421 A. D., and had been buried for safety; they were recovered in July, 1828 A. D., an angel having pointed

them out to the reputed founder of the faith. Though, it is said, a Mr. Spaulding wrote this sacred book, and Mr. Smith published it, it is not our purpose to dispute the common account, or settle the question of authorship, but to define the system, and expose it to analytical tests. That these plates contained a revelation from God, is confirmed by the printed testimony of eleven witnesses, who say: "We have handled the plates, which have the appearance of gold, and the engravings thereon had the appearance of ancient work and curious workmanship. And we lie not, God bearing us witness." And yet three original witnesses deny the above statement, while the Mormons, admitting the denial, claim that they repented of their apostasy, and were re-baptized.

The Mormon creed is expanded into fourteen articles, some of which are orthodox in statement, while others are certainly erroneous in both expression and meaning. The first article recites as follows: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost." There can be no objection to the form of this introductory and fundamental article, but the explanation advanced by the elders is both curious and repugnant. As to the godhead, the first person is considered the original *homo*, a man perfect in quality and parts; they think of him as a man; they worship him as a man. The Son is the second person, born of Mary, to whom God was solemnly sealed in matrimony by the Angel Gabriel. The third person is the Soul. Of this formula it may be said, there is more hidden in it than is revealed.

Equally ambiguous is the article beginning, "We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel." Very good, outwardly; but as the "ordinances" really refer to marriage, and divers baptisms, with numerous other ceremonies, this part of the creed is open to improvement. It is in Article VII the Mor-

monic faith comes to the front, and develops itself as follows: "We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel; namely, the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing tongues, and the interpretation of tongues." This opens the trap-door to fanaticism of the worst order.

Another article is in a hyper-reverential vein: "We believe the word of God recorded in the Bible; we also believe the word of God recorded in the Book of Mormon, and in all other good books." To give emphasis to this, they announce in Article IX, that "We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will reveal many more great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and Messiah's second coming." In the spirit of this creed, revelations have been received on various subjects; some concerning the sacraments; one relating to the management of the Bank of Missouri; another on the location of Zion; and still another on her tribulations. Sometimes three persons will receive the same revelation, or it may be committed to two, or one only may be favored with it.

Utah is a second Palestine. Utah is the Bible-making land. Its mountain peaks are nearest the divine throne, perchance give it grateful support, and often shake with the footfalls of the Almighty God. To what extravagance in faith the Mormon mind is led, is at once discovered by these religious assertions.

To soften their chronic disposition to intolerance, they declare: "We claim the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of our consciences, unmolested, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how or where they may." The final article is an affidavit of good intentions: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright, and in doing good to all men." Like the Jewish sepulcher, the Mormonic creed exhibits external attractions, but its interior is forbidding. Taken as a whole, there is in it a mixture of archaic dignity and



spontaneous imbecility; a literal assertion of truth, but errorward in every tendency. In common with evangelical denominations, they hold some essential theology, but the tenure by which it is held is professional, ay, hypocritical. We are not surprised that the system is tinctured with Methodism, for Mr. Young is a recalcitrant class-leader, and some of the bishops belong to the same line. Likewise the Calvinistic principle exposes itself, as some of the elders sprang from that regenerated stock. As another puts it, the Mormons are like the Jews in their theocracy, their ideas of angels, and their hatred of Gentiles. They are like Christians in holding to the Bible, the divinity of Christ, the Fall of man, the atonement, and regeneration. They are Moslems in their views of the inferior status of woman, and in their polygamy. Etymologically, the word *Mormon* is Greek, and means a female specter; but Joseph Smith made a meaning for it, which has the stamp of shrewdness and novelty. The Saxon word *good* is represented by the Egyptian word *mon*. If *mon* means *good*, the word *Mor-mon* is translatable into *more good*; that is, Mormonism is said to contain better precepts, is a better moral economy, than any that has preceded it. It is the substance of good, and eclipses all others in the beauty of its spirit, and its promise of the future. As such, it becomes a competing religion with Christianity, and faith in its ultimate universality is very strong. Instead of a receding wave, it is to be a deluge from the skies. Salt Lake City is not to be the final paradise of the saints. They have set up the tabernacle in the mountains for a period, but will return to Missouri, where the ensign of the Lord shall be established. Joseph Smith fixed the period of their return at A. D. 1890.

We have spoken of them as Mormons, a word derived from their code of doctrines, as polygamists, referring to their practice; but they prefer to be called "Latter-day Saints," which name they assumed in A. D. 1835, at the instance

of Sidney Rigdon, and it is in this name they unblushingly prosecute the claims of their iniquity.

Such is Mormonism in its compound form of Church, state, society, and religion, and that it presents a difficult problem for solution, is evident on the face of it. What shall be done with it? is not an idle question. What the Church has to do to overthrow the mammoth system of iniquity, and what is possible for the National Government to do, are questions none too important or opportune. The Church can only deal with the ethical side of it; the Government must put its strong hand on the giant. The one may turn public attention to it; the other must execute the plain law of necessity and right. As in the slavery epoch, so now, the Church must discover to the people the solemn duty of the hour, while the Government must risk its own fate in performing it. The contest between Mormonism and civilization is significant in more points than one; and while the issue is not doubtful, the disintegration of an institution, deeply rooted in prejudice and delusion as this is, is to be attended with difficulties that must not be underrated on the one hand, or appall on the other.

The defense of Mormonism is three-fold; namely, social, political, and religious. The social defense is of this nature: The disorganization of society and the multiplication of human suffering will follow the abolition of polygamy,—a point that has force in it, and can not be dismissed with a wave of the hand. For if the law steps in and compels an immediate and unconditional renunciation of all polygamic marriages, what is to become of the plural wives and their regiments of little ones? If it is said that the estate of the polygamist should be divided among them, he may reply that his estate is not large, that each would get but an insignificant portion, such as would not afford them adequate support. At this point the first wife would likely echo the sentiment of the law in demanding that her rights should not be violated

in this way. As she is the only legal sharer of her husband's property, the others might be debarred from dowry rights, and thus a vast amount of suffering be entailed on the innocent. By the contemplated renunciation of polygamy the husband acknowledges that the wives, so-called, are harlots, and the children are illegitimate; and but few men, touched with the conjugal or filial instinct, would participate in this denunciation. Society in Utah in that event would be as rotten as that in Paris. Evil in nature, and perhaps in design, as polygamy is, yet order and peace seem to prevail in Salt Lake City; and if domestic affairs are not always the most harmonious, it apologizes for itself by assuming to be better than a looser state which disgraces so many Eastern cities. Thus suffering, disgrace, and social disorganization seem to constitute the retribution that must follow any attempt to extinguish the gigantic evil. Prohibiting plural marriages in the future, and recognizing as virtuous those already established, might be an escape from the dilemma; yet it bolsters up the iniquity.

The political defense is a studied one, and presents a Gordian knot to the waspish politician. As the word "polygamy" is not in the Constitution of the United States, nor polygamous practices forbidden by it, interference on the part of the United States authorities is held to be unconstitutional. This instrument does not pretend to regulate the marriage relation, leaving it to the people to choose polygamy or monogamy as they see fit. The "States" practice the one-wife system out of choice, and not because the Constitution imposes it on them. The First Amendment to the Constitution is in these words: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." If Congress can not prohibit a religion, or define its duties and privileges, much less may a Territory legislate respecting it. For this liberality, the Mormons verbally venerate the Constitution. They see in it, negatively at least,

a license to polygamy, or any rite or ceremony to which they pledge conscientious attachment. But if the Constitution is open to this construction, it needs alteration again, to make plain what is obscure; if it is not, the duty of the Government can not be longer submerged in doubt. What is a proper interpretation of the Constitution on this subject? We take it that no religion may be established by the Government or supported from its treasury; that none shall have precedence in a denominational sense, or be winked at by law; but that a religion, not Christian, should expect the same hospitable encouragement by negative action, we doubt whether the framers of that instrument so intended. Regarding the Christian religion as essential to the welfare of the nation, they aided its introduction, and fostered its growth by public recommendation and by the calm and potent sympathy of private generosity. It is for our statesmen to determine the intended and logical meaning of this religious amendment, and whether our Christian nation is to be charged with intolerance and arbitrary quarrelsomeness in suppressing a fanatical vice or evil corporation, such as Mormonism is.

Germane to the defense is that other objection, that Utah was a part of Mexico when settled by the Mormons, and they were not a party to the negotiations which transferred them under the dominion of the United States. As they did not establish the Church on American soil, it is oppression to destroy it; as they did not thrust themselves on the country, what right has it over them? In olden times barbarous conquerors would compel the vanquished to renounce their own religion and accept that of their enemies; but it is not expected that the United States will imitate that practice, or revive that method in dealing with the Mormons. The last battle of the Mexican War was concluded in the capture of the city of Mexico, September 13, 1847; but the treaty which sanctioned the transfer of New Mexico and Upper California was not signed by the American Commission



and Mexican Government before February 2, 1848, and not adopted by the American Senate before the 10th of March, or by the Mexican Congress before the 30th of May, following. So the Mormons were in Mexican territory more than ten months before they came under the authority of our Government. Finding they could not live in peace in Illinois, Missouri, or Iowa, they fled the country; but after being coerced into citizenship, persecution is now employed against their religion and their government. It remains for our statesmen to vindicate the policy of compelling an annexed people to conform to our principles, and to tolerate nothing destructive of them. Annexation is profitable only as the unity of the Government is conserved. The same general law that prevails in Maine must be obeyed in Minnesota. Abrogate this theory, and the Government has no inherent power to prevent the division of the country into numerous hostile, fragmentary principalities.

Soon after the annexation of Utah, a convention was called, which met in Salt Lake City, March 5, 1849, whose avowed object was the organization of a free and independent Government under the name of the State of Deseret. Its boundaries were fixed, a Constitution adopted, and, in four months after, the Legislature petitioned for admission into the Union. Congress refused to grant the prayer, but organized the Territory of Utah. The Mormons resented defeat in a defiant spirit. Mr. Young averred, in a public sermon, that the Gentiles would yet seek office at his hands, and become his servants, and that the President of the United States would yet "black his boots." For years they have entertained the monstrous idea of demolishing the Union. Much of this spirit may be explained by the fact that the Mormons, as a class, are foreigners, and imbibed a hatred for our institutions before their immigration, and there is nothing in their system of faith to excite obedience to constitutional authority in whatever form it appears. It is not more their religion than their Eu-

ropean antecedents which is the foundation of that animosity to our free Government that, but for superior restraining force, would break out in mad attempts to destroy it. Its leaders are Americanized by birth and education, and no apology is to be offered in their behalf. They have uncapped a political Vesuvius which threatens ruin within the radius of its power.

The spiritual defense is a challenge for a Scriptural tournament. All the patriarchs were polygamists is the first military argument. Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, had a multitude of wives, Jacob contented himself with four, while, in later days, Solomon's wives and concubines numbered a thousand. The Savior of the world speaks well of these, and the apostles quote them all with approval. Such a broadside can be resisted, but space does not permit it here and now. They anchor their faith in a trinity of facts, composed of patriarchal example, apostolic approval, and the revelation to Joseph Smith; and so firm are they in this belief that they would suffer martyrdom in its defense.

In this position are involved the rights of conscience, the interpretation of Scripture, the principle of toleration, and the extent of constitutional supervision; and the most painstaking review is demanded if the problem be solved. The investigation must be close and defined; the decision must be clear and outspoken. If settled in their favor, persecution must cease. If decided against them, whatever the consequences, let every criminal suffer the penalty of the law, and the horrid system become a thing of the past.

In the event of the destruction of polygamy, by force or otherwise, Mormonism might brace itself up and remain. Its perspective might for a time be pleasant. By conceding this much, by themselves putting away their own vice, they could preserve the Church from further decay, and save it from final extinction. Religious toleration would compel the acknowledgment of Mormonism as a system of faith. But they have no

intention of conceding, and the moral and physical forces at work must be permitted to go on until inevitable destruction is accomplished. The law against bigamy is to be enforced at the solicitation of the first wife, who is the injured party; and this wedge of discontent will break up all tendency to harmony. By means of the Pacific railroad, the Protestant element is infusing itself in Mormon society, and has an educational influence hard to overcome. The mining interest has so advanced that Gentiles are getting rich without Mormon patronage, and eclipsing their industry and civilization. The age of Brigham Young affords some hope of his early decease, after which another prophet of equal skill may not be found; but this is no ground of anxiety among the Mormons, they believing Providence will raise up a suitable successor. By means of these and kindred

forces, the dissolution of Mormonism has hopefully commenced. It is now a stagnant pool. Its high pretensions turn out to be busted bubbles; its industry is tardy and deficient; its foundation is an error, a monster delusion; its granitic columns are eroded sandstone shafts. Eighteen years ago the Republican party declared, "It is both right and the duty of Congress to prohibit, in the territories, those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery." Slavery is gone and polygamy is going. Shall we smooth its bed, soften its pillow, or hasten the end with the dagger? Shall we give it decent burial, pronounce a eulogy upon its heroes, excuse their pious faults, or cast it out, Jezebel-like, to the dogs, and forever write, upon its forsaken sanctuary and its desolate hearthstone, the one word—*Ichabod*? May God smile upon its enemies!

J. W. MENDENHALL.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### CHAPTER IV.

IN advising me to accept the menial work of tempering mortar, called a *gâcheur*, for the lime-yard, father Maurice said:

"Thou seest the way, Pierre-Henri; be a truly faithful hodman if thou dost wish some day to become an independent operative. It is with our workshop, thou seest, as with every other occupation in this world: the best valets always make the best masters. Go forward then, and if some companion hustles you roughly about, accept the situation like a good child. At thy age there is no disgrace in receiving a hard kick; the only shame is in deserving it!"

This advice was not useless, in view of the peculiar manners common to the trade. From time without reckoning, the master-mason has always reserved the right to treat his apprentice with pa-

ternal solicitude—that is to say, switching him into an education. I was placed under the orders of a rough wall-plasterer, a Limousin, who preserved in this respect all antique traditions. For the smallest awkwardness, the strokes rained down upon me without mercy, accompanied by rolling trills of maledictions. One might have called it thunder and hail! I was at first stupefied with astonishment; but proved myself quick enough to learn the ways of the work-yard, and to "serve rigorously" as the friend Maurice had said.

For about a month I was the best hodman of the yard. Limousin continued to punish, as occasion required, my awkward blunders, but without seeking out pretexts for doing so. The man was simply brutal, not wicked. His severity seemed to him a legal right, and he



struck the apprentice who had failed in his duty as the judge applies the law to a criminal, without having any hatred toward the condemned. Saving these little roughnesses, my new employment and master did not displease me. He always allowed me to prove my strength and agility. Maurice did not fail to perceive what soon gained me popular reputation among my companions, and I therefore applied myself with redoubled zeal to sustain it.

The good which is ascribed to one is at once a recompense and an incentive. If one profits by it, then it becomes a permanent and absorbing passion. Like the earnest-money received by public men, which obliges them to perform their duty in the best manner, whether they will or no, I had succeeded in securing the good opinion of all the workmen of the yard by my easy temper and willing hand; and in gaining this, I was able to learn more rapidly and with less effort than many of my compeers, who could never find out the secret. The lessons which the artisans refused to give these unfortunates, and which they were therefore obliged to acquire by stealth, as one might say, the workmen imparted to me with a kind of self-importance. I became the scholar of all the companion-masons. Each took to himself the honor of teaching me something. They also permitted me to experiment in the more easy work, while some one of them directed my first attempts. Maurice, especially, kept an eye on me. He spared neither counsel nor encouragement.

"Seest thou, Pierre Henri," he repeated to me, without ceasing, "a mason is like a soldier. He must bring honor to his regiment by means of the trowel. The architect is our general, and lays down the plan of battle; but it is for us to win the victory by bravely wielding the mortar and rough stone, as the troubadours in the lower provinces put to rout the enemy with their instruments of music. The true workman does not think merely of a note of credit to the baker; he loves the labor of his arms, and glories in it. Just as thou seest it is

with me. I never planted a May-pole, garlanded with bright ribbons, on the gable-end of a building without feeling there was something in it. The houses whereon I have laid my hand become to me, in a certain sense, my children. When I see them, here and there, it rejoices the eye, and it seems to me the localities are a little under obligation to me, while I am greatly interested in them. When I speak in this way to many persons they laugh, and gaze at me as if the old man belonged to a race of animals, that lived before the flood. But good mechanics comprehend and sympathize in my sentiments. Besides, little one, believe me, if thou ever hopest to take thy place among the high-born doe-rabbits, put thy heart in the handle of thy trowel. It is only this that will create a master-companion."

I listened to this advice of Father Maurice the more willingly because I already felt within myself the force of its truth. The trade had become assimilated with my life-blood, as one might well express it; and I loved work for its own sake; I was proud of it; it became part of my being. From that time I realized perfectly what one means when he speaks of "a vocation." Every artisan who does not take a similar pleasure in his work, is out of his true calling. God never intended him for what a mere chance accident has made him. To make men or inanimate things a real value to each other, the first condition is perfect agreement between them. I knew an old gardener whose successful earth-culture was an astonishment to all his neighbors. If, elsewhere, the lettuce showed well, their owners saw his double the size, apparently at a mere wish. When the dry Summer wind withered other blossoming shrubs, his trellises were hidden under a cloud of flowers. While the hot August sun seared to a dusky brown the most beautiful lawns, his grass-plot remained green as emerald!

"What under the sun do you do to your plants, that they flourish in this way?" demanded the astonished neighbors.

"One thing only," replied the old gardener; "I love them."

In truth that sentence comprehends the whole secret. Example and experience may perhaps teach one the formula of a brick-kiln or lime-yard; but it is only a taste for the business which can ever make you a finished artisan.

On the whole, the counsels of Father Maurice were not my only encouragements. Every moment I found some indirect excitement from the conversation of the company of men surrounding me. As they laid on the stone, or rough-cast the wall, they recounted chronicles of the lime-yard, and of the heights in skill their great men had achieved. They kept in mind, above all, the history of big Mandit, of whose prowess I was never weary of hearing.

The stout Mandit was a master-companion, a native of Brie, who had been surnamed "Four Hands," because he performed as much labor as two of the best workmen in the same space of time. He labored always alone, waited upon by two hodmen, who were scarcely able to supply his want. Clad in a black coat, and breeches, with pumps glazed brightly with egg, and coiffured with the head of a royal bird, he finished up his day's work without a drop of plaster, or a jar to the high platform, that might tend to injure the elegance of his costume. People came from the four corners of France to see him work, and there was always around his scaffolding as many curious lookers-on as there were before the towers of Notre Dame.

No person had ever as yet ventured to compete with the stout Mandit, when there arrived one day, from Beance, a little man named Gauvert, who, after having seen the renowned Mandit at his work, demanded the privilege of a counter run with this king of master-companions.

Gauvert was not five feet high, was costumed entirely in brown cloth, with a little queue of hair that hung down over the collar of his coat.

They placed the two combatants on

each end of a high scaffold, and at a given signal the strife commenced. The wall sprang up grandly to the sight, under their swift fingers; but always on a level. So perfect was this equality that at the close of the day's work, neither had surpassed his competitor, even by the thickness of a flint. They recommenced the strife on the morrow, then on the following days, until they had carried the masonry up to the cornice. Each being then convinced of the impossibility of vanquishing the other, they embraced, and swore eternal friendship, while the stout Mandit gave his daughter in marriage to the little Gauvert. The descendants of these two valiant artisans have, at this day, a house of five stories in each of the wards of Paris.

This history, related with a thousand variations, and of whose authenticity I never permitted myself to have the least doubt, gave to my heart a burning fanaticism for the trowel and hammer. Without expressing it aloud, I nourished the hope of surpassing all the masters of France and Navarre—of becoming, indeed, a second Gauvert or a new Mandit.

This ambition so accelerated my progress, that it placed me in a fair way, while yet a mere youth, to take rank among the well-reputed artisans of the time, or to become an apprentice in general. Such success made me giddy. Elevated too soon from a dependent position which I had occupied until then, I abused an authority which I had not yet learned to exercise. My hodman was the worst treated of any other in the yard. Maurice warned me on several occasions. "Take care, little one!" he said to me, with his usual familiarity. "Thou hast, as yet, only cut thy milk teeth; if thou dost bite too hard, thou wilt break them."

His prophecy was soon fulfilled to the letter; for one fine day, my servant, wearied by my severe treatment, rebelled against it with a right good will, and dealt me a dose of the plaster he had been in the habit of preparing.

I carried about me, for more than a



month, the marks of this correction, only too well deserved, and which, in the end, profited me. But, having redress on the one side, I let myself fall, helplessly, on the other.

Some of my companions of the work-yard kept most devoutly the holiday Holy Monday, as it was satirically named, and had several times tried to ensnare me in their pleasures. I resisted, at first without much trouble. The fatal remembrance of the barrier was no laughing matter to me. But soon they attacked me by ridicule. They declared that I was afraid of being whipped by my mother, that I was not yet weaned, and that the cogniac would burn my throat. These fooleries piqued me. I was determined to prove that I was no longer an infant, and could conduct myself, if I pleased, as badly as a man. Tempted thus outside the barrier one pay-day, and being well provided with money, the fruit of my fortnight's work, I remained at the gay rendezvous until every sou had passed out of my vest pocket into the till of the wine merchant.

Sunday and Monday, two whole days, had been employed in this long debauch. On the evening of the second day, I returned home, without a hat, covered with dirt, and knocking my body against all the stone walls of the street. My mother, ignorant of my whereabouts, had believed me to be either wounded or dead, having at first sought me at the morgue, and then in a hospital. I found her with Maurice, who was striving to assure her of my safety. The sight of me checked her disquietude and fear, but not the sorrow and trouble. After the first joy of finding me was over, came the anger at seeing me in such a plight; to lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so intoxicated that I could hardly hear the words, much less comprehend them.

Like most drunkards, the wine had put me in a glorious mood of self-adoration, and for a quarter of an hour I was one of the kings of the world.

I replied by imposing silence on the

good woman, declaring that I would live as I wished, and carry, as one says, "my spoon to my own mouth alone." My mother raised her voice; I cried louder still; and the quarrel was becoming venomous, when the Father Maurice interposed. He said it was no time for dispute, and led me to my sleeping apartment, with no other remark. I slept in a cold draught until morning. When I opened my eyes, in the early dawn of day, I recalled all that had passed, and I felt shame, mingled with much embarrassment, as to the future. Nevertheless, my self-love kept a repentant spirit far away from me. One thing was certain: I had a right to the money earned by my own labor; I could dispose of my time as I pleased; no one had a right to gainsay these things; and I resolved to cut short all adverse objections. My mother alone gave me a restless trouble. Wishing to avoid her reproaches, I arose softly from my bed, and went out without seeing her.

When I reached the yard, I found the others already at work, but they did not seem to take any particular heed of me.

I reported myself to the Limousin with much ill humor, putting on also a careless air of indifference. These two days of debauch had taken away from me the taste for a workshop or yard. I experienced, above all, secret self-degradation, which I concealed under an air of bravado.

My ears were constantly on the alert to hear what the companion apprentices were saying, being always in fear of some wit at my expense, or angry judgment on my account.

When the master-builder arrived, I feigned not to see him, and avoided speaking, for fear he might demand the cause of my absence the evening before. I had lost that quiet conscience which heretofore enabled me to look, unblushingly, the whole world in the face. Now, I felt that my life must hereafter possess one memory that I must, if possible, conceal. Those who had tempted and drawn me outside the barrier-gates, were

not yet returned, which fact the master remarked upon.

"It is a weakness the men have here," said the gossip of the kiln; "when by accident they really do work, they swallow so much of the lime, that it takes a three days' drink of Argentine wine to rinse down their throats!"

All the apprentices laughed heartily; but it sounded to me like a very contemptuous laugh. I reddened involuntarily as if the pleasantry were directed entirely against myself. A stranger heretofore to all such disorderly experience, it awakened new scruples, and remorse.

The day passed thus in a dolorous sadness. That kind of enervation, and sickness that affected every part of my body, communicated itself to my mind, and gave me a great weariness and disgust, both without and within.

So long as we were at work, Father Maurice did not address a single word to me, but at the hour of leaving, he came to me, saying we would walk down the street together. As he lodged at the other extremity of the city from our dwelling, I inquired if he had any especial business in our quarter.

"Thou wilt soon see," replied he, briefly.

I desired to follow my ordinary route, but he led me through other streets, without telling me why, until we came opposite a house in the faubourg St. Martin; there he stopped.

"Dost thou see on this building," said he, "the high chimney which rises up near the gable-end, and which I call 'The Chimney of Jerome?' It is there that thy father was killed."

Every part of my body thrilled and quivered as with an ague; and I looked at the fatal chimney with a kind of horror, mingled with feverish anger.

"Ah, was it here?" repeated I, in a tremulous voice; "and you were there, is it not so, Father Maurice?"

"I was there."

"And how did the thing happen?"

"Neither from any fault in the build-

ing, neither by any fault in the working arrangements," replied Maurice.

"The scaffolding was firm, the labor without danger. But thy father ascended there, after coming down from the barrier. His sight was unsteady, his limbs faltered, he mistook vacant space for a plank; and he killed himself without excuse."

I felt the warm red color mount to my face, and the heart beat loudly against my breast.

"Father Jerome had been a brave workman," continued Maurice, "if gourmandizing in drink had not ruined him. By dint of oft seating himself at the table of liquor-shops, he lost his strength, his good address, and his cheerful spirit. But, bah! 'One has but one life to live,' as has before been often said. 'It is well to amuse one's self before one's burial.' If the widows and orphans are hungry and cold afterward, they may go to the bureau of charity, and blow on their fingers for heat. Is not this thy opinion? tell me."

And he commenced singing a bacchanalian refrain, according to the fashion of the day.

"We'll spend our time in drinking,  
For drink the wit supplies;  
And what's the use of thinking,  
If drinking makes one wise?"

I was abased, confused, and knew not what to reply. I felt well assured that Maurice was not serious in saying what he did at the last. To approve it, therefore, would have been a disgrace to me; to contradict was to condemn myself. I bent down my head, therefore, without saying any thing. Meanwhile, he continued to look steadfastly at the accursed gable.

"Poor Jerome!" soliloquized Maurice, in a changed and tender voice; "if he had not followed evil examples when he was young, we should still have him with us; Madeline, getting rest for her old body; and for thee, thou wouldst have some one to show thee the right road. But, no, there is nothing more of him, not even a good remembrance; for only



the faithful laborer can be regretted. When the unfortunate man fell, crushed upon the paving-stones, do you know what the task-master said? 'One drunkard less to be taken up and swept off.'"

I could not restrain an indignant gesture.

"Bless me! Yes, it is hard measure," continued Maurice. "He estimates men only for what they are worth. If death had taken away a good workman, he would have declared, instead, 'Ah, it is a loss!' The whole world thinks the same; and, as a proof, we know that only a few friends followed the body of Jerome to his grave. Those, even, with whom he clinked glasses, turned their backs on him as soon as he was laid on his bier. For the worthless, who frequent each other's society, seest thou, have no love in their hearts."

I listened without replying. We had resumed our walk, but at the first corner-crossing, Maurice again made a full stop, and, pointing out the chimney, which rose in the distance far above the neighboring roofs, said, solemnly: "When thou dost desire to re-commence thy life of yesterday, take a clear look first on this side, and the wine thou shalt afterward drink will have the taste of blood!" He parted from me here, and my brain grew bewildered with remorse and sorrow.

Maurice had a certain impressive way with him, which, later, I often noticed, that prevented one from forgetting what he said. He was an ignorant man, but his words always struck right. When he spoke, the sentences fell upon the mind as outward images do upon the eye. We saw in them form and color. It was not always the word alone which produced the effect, but the gesture, the look, the accent, I know not what, indeed, that gleamed from his spirit into your own. Since that time, I have read a little and thought a little, and am persuaded that the magnetic power Maurice possessed is that which makes other men eloquent.

I returned home to my mother, sorely distressed, yet without wishing to appear so. I rebelled against the lesson which

I had received, and revolted against myself, because I could not but feel greatly moved. I vowed, secretly, that I would never give up, and would take life joyously. I tried so much the more to fortify myself in my impenitence, that I expected the reproaches of Madeline. Prepared to cut short by a rough declaration of independence, I thus entered into our humble dwelling, with a haughty face and deliberate footstep.

The old woman had finished putting the house in order, and received me as usual. This goodness disconcerted all my resolutions. I was seized with such a clear view of my fault that, if I had not made a great effort, I should have wept. My mother apparently saw nothing out of the way (I have since learned that Maurice instructed her how to act), and talked as gayly as was her custom, not speaking of the money for my fortnight's work, of which I had for the first time deprived her, nor appearing at all disquieted. I went to my bed completely disarmed, and heart-tortured by remorse. All night I dreamed of seeing my father tottering on the scaffolding, or dashed to the pavement; and for myself, I seemed to be reeling in a drunken fit above the highest cornice, and ready to precipitate myself to the ground. When I rose in the morning I had an aching and heavy head, with which all the members of my body sympathized dolorously. Nevertheless, I went to work at the usual hour; but it continued to be a bad day with me. I was less stupid than on the preceding evening, but far more sad. To embarrassment had succeeded regret. It took nearly a week to give me back my vigor and my animation. The first time Maurice heard me sing after these doleful days, he passed, near me, and clapping me on the shoulder, said:

"Aha! content has returned to the cage. That's as it should be. Phew! take good care of this bird that is within there!"

"Never fear," replied I, smiling; "we will provide a more pleasant lodging, where it may find enough to eat!"

"Be careful above all things not to give it too much to drink!" replied Maurice.

We exchanged glances, and he passed by me, whistling.

Twenty-three years have rolled away since that day, and I have never forgotten the promise I then made to myself.

Exposed to all the temptations of intemperance, I have resisted the influence, by "taking care." In the good as in the bad it is only the first steps which decide the route we are to take. A habit is sometimes impossible to vanquish, but almost always easy to avoid.

FROM THE FRENCH.

### DIED YOUNG!

**D**IED young! about these little common words  
A mournful cadence ever seems to cling,  
Like echoes of a broken song, that still  
A sense of yearning to our spirits bring!

Died young! the living who remain grow gray;  
And yet these dead stand in our mem'ries light,  
Unwither'd, fresh, untouched by time and care,  
Or glorified, perchance, by faith's fond sight!

Died young! we think of them too oft as fruit  
Blighted by frost before the ripening hour;  
Or with a selfish pain, that on our path  
Should fade the beauty of an opening flower!

Died young! they have escaped so much of sin,  
So much of sorrow, and such stings of shame,  
That gratitude should mingle with our grief,  
Knowing these dear ones kept their youth's pure name!

Died young! they had not lost their eager hope,  
That glad, first trust in all that seemeth fair,  
The power to dream, to revel in romance,  
Or bring a guileless soul to God in prayer!

Died young! experience had never torn  
The roseate veil from nature's face away,  
Forc'd tears for perished loves and friendships slain,  
Or shown them that their idols were of clay!

Died young! they left the bitterness of life,  
Uncrown'd with thorns, unwearied with the cross;  
And if we miss them on our own bleak road,  
To us, to us alone, comes thought of loss!

Died young! leap'd warm into the vale of death,  
Which we, with solemn step, shall one day tread;  
And then, dear friends, grown old with this world's ill,  
We meet our youth again with earth's young dead!



## THE HOPEDALE COMMUNITY.

THE problem of "society" has justly agitated thinking minds in every age and country. The imperfections of the common order, the tardiness with which we move toward the completion of social harmony, the apparent conflict between capital and labor, the binding of the individual, and the individual conscience, to laws and customs sometimes repugnant to honest convictions, are among the objections urged by social reformers against society as it exists, and in favor of establishing a new order. However we may disapprove the judgment of this class of thinkers, we can not escape the conviction that much money, time, and energy have been bestowed by thoughtful men in this direction. Among the many attempts of no little insignificance to establish "a new social order" was that of the Hopedale Community, whose history is imperfectly traced in this article. In his book on Communistic Societies, published by Harpers, Mr. Charles Nordhoff includes the Hopedale Community in the list of "failures." Let us note, first,

## ITS GENERAL HISTORY.

The Hopedale Community, originally called Fraternal Community, No. 1, was formed at Mendon, Mass., January 28, 1841, by about thirty individuals, from various parts of the State. During that year they purchased what was called the "Dale Farm," lying in a pleasant valley in the adjoining town of Milford. This estate they called Hopedale—joining the word *hope* to its ancient designation, as significant of the great things they hoped for from their humble and unpropitious beginning. This farm contained about two hundred and fifty acres of land badly reduced; a shabby two-story dwelling that had borne the storm and battle of nearly two centuries; two or three decayed barns, with smaller outbuildings; a tolerable growth of orcharding; and

an unimproved water-power of twenty-eight feet head and fall. Soon after the purchase, two of the Community families took possession of the premises, and moved on to them for the Winter. The remaining families followed early in the Spring; and for lack of other accommodations, all domiciled in the "old house."

The history of this ancient mansion, built about the year 1700, is so full of interest to the people of the surrounding country, that its recent demolition has called out an interesting account of its various occupation during the whole of the last and present centuries. One coincidence, however, is of interest to the general reader. Just one hundred years previous to its purchase and appropriation for this new departure in the religious world, it was generously thrown open by its proprietor for a meeting of his "aggrieved" brethren of the parish, who subsequently drew off from the "first" and established the "second" Church. Here they organized and continued their meetings for several years, and here they ordained and installed their first pastor, Rev. Amariah Frost. This improvised chapel of the last century now, of necessity, became the humble meeting-place of this new band of worshipers. Here, in the same little parlor where the old Church received its baptism, this new one held its first meeting on the domain, on the evening of March 24, 1842. One who was present describes it as "a deeply interesting occasion, full of prayer, praise, thanksgiving, and fraternal greeting—a sort of dedication of the whole premises to God and humanity."

Without adequate means for so great an enterprise, this little band thus launched their bark of state—not doubting that through their own energy and their unwavering trust in the Divine protection and providence, they should succeed.

At this time the practical operations of

the Community were commenced, with a joint-stock capital of less than four thousand dollars, and scarcely any show of individual assets, beyond the stock investments, with the premises in the condition before stated, without a shop, mill, or dam. Among the new-comers were mechanics of various trades, farmers, and common laborers. All were dependent upon some remunerative employment for subsistence. The first requirement, then, beyond the necessary labor on the farm, was the building of shops, and the establishment of business that should give present employment, and open the way for others who stood ready to join them. Shops were built, business projected and entered upon, and a commendable appearance of thrift and enterprise became visible. During this period the "old house" had become the temporary home of ten families, including about fifty persons. Its common tables were literally thronged, and all its available space, from foundation to garret, was economically partitioned off for lodging-rooms, which barely sufficed for their straitest necessities. As no provision had been made for a permanent unitary household or general boarding-house, each family was thrown upon the necessity of providing its own home. A village site, consisting of lots of one-quarter to one-half acre, was laid out, comprising the land on both sides of the road, running through the domain a distance of nearly half a mile, and upon several streets branching on the right and the left. The building of houses now commenced, and one family after another left their crowded quarters to resume the duties of the single household; finally leaving the old house for the accommodation of new-comers, and such tenants as were waiting to or unable to build.

In 1846, there were eleven new dwellings; two mechanic-shops with water-power, occupied by various trades; a chapel for religious and educational purposes; and great improvement was visible upon the general premises, which

had now increased to four hundred acres. There were eighteen families, which, together with single persons and children, made a population of about one hundred. In 1856, the village consisted of fifty dwellings, a saw-mill, a grist-mill, a machine shop, several mechanic-shops with power, a printing-office, a bindery, and a new and commodious barn for Community purposes. It also had a union-store; a thriving boarding-school, with accomplished teachers for scholars from abroad; an improved and convenient public school-house; a new church, with a commodious social hall connected, erected upon the public-square, which had long before been laid out and ornamented for its reception. The joint-stock and individual capital had increased to more than one hundred thousand dollars, the domain to six hundred acres, the active membership to about one hundred, which, together with Community operatives and family dependents, made a population of about three hundred.

A Unitary Mansion had been contemplated from the beginning as soon as numbers and pecuniary resources should warrant. This work had been hitherto delayed; but the conveniencies and necessities of such an establishment had now become so apparent that, had the prosperity of the Community been furthered, it would have been soon undertaken.

The common-schools, by courtesy of the town, were left to the Community control, while they were not deprived of their share of the public appropriations, and the advanced pupils availed themselves of their privileges in the town high-school, about one mile distant, at Milford Center.

The whole property of the Community, including the domain, all the shops and their appurtenances, the public buildings, and several dwelling-houses, were covered by the joint-stock, nothing being held under what is called the common property system. The individual property consisted simply of the homesteads, and such personal investments as the



necessities of the case demanded. None but admitted members could hold real estate; and in case of retired membership, this must revert to the Community at a fair valuation.

#### CONSTITUTIONAL.

The Hopedale Community, as a body politic, as well as in its religious faith, recognized the supremacy of the divine over all human law, and accepted Jesus Christ as the only infallible expounder of that law, and his teachings as the only true light of the world. It held that "the body politic should at once be a true Church and State, illustrating in all the details of its polity the love which worketh no evil, and which teaches that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak; that all laudable trades and avocations are equally honorable, and should be equally compensated; that property should be so far common as to secure all the benefits of a united interest, and so far individual as to secure personal rights against the abuse of social tyranny."

The constitutional enactments provided that any person, without distinction of sex, not under eighteen, was eligible to membership, on acknowledgment of the religious test, and passing a stated probation, and an examination by the Council of Religion as to morals, habits, and general fitness; that other persons, not members of Communal families, might be admitted to residence by vote of the Council; that all membership should be strictly voluntary; that there should be no distinction in membership in sharing the rights, responsibilities, or immunities of the Community; that all property, whether joint-stock or individual, should be held within the membership, and be subject to such reasonable restrictions as might be imposed; that the interest accruing to the capital stock should be limited to four per cent per annum; that any excess of clear profits, above the four per cent, should be devoted to educational and other purposes, for the general good; that all members and their families should have employment adequate to a comfort-

able subsistence; that the sphere of individualism should not be so contracted as to prevent any one from attaining the highest point of capability.

All authority in the Community was derived from its own action, in legal meeting. Each member was allowed one vote, and but one, on every question, though a large portion of the members were not stockholders. The officers were a President (*ex officio* President of the Board of Directors), a Recorder, a Treasurer, a Board of Directors, a Board of Education, elected annually, and a Board of Trustees.

#### RELIGIOUS.\*

It was chiefly to the deep religious conviction of its founders that this Community owed its origin, and its philanthropic attempt not only to reform the social life, but to inspire individual character with a nobler sense of its obligations to God and the race. The Rev. Adin Ballou, the projector and expounder of the proposed new system, had been a preacher of the Universalist denomination. Not being a disciple of the ultra Universalist notions of that day, and believing that a higher tone of spiritual and practical life might be attained by the adoption of the Winchester Creed, he entered the lists with others against the Old School, and took an important part in the movement of 1831, which led to the secession of the Restorationists. From this time he became an independent preacher, holding with great earnestness to the practical teachings of Christ, and their strict exemplification in personal character as the important requisites of a true Christian life. In the Gospel of the New Testament he recognized the doctrines of personal non-resistance for individual action, and of

\* In considering especially the religious element of Community life, a mutual conference was held in Boston, between the projectors of this Community and Rev. George Ripley and his associates, who were contemplating the "Brook Farm Association," with the view of uniting their energies and means in the establishment somewhere in New England of a Community with a practical Christian basis. This project, however, failed; and the Hopedale movement received no accessions from the other party.

peaceful arbitration for the settlement of all civil and political difficulties. In this he was seconded by a member of his parish, Ebenezer D. Draper, a man well known in business circles, and long to be remembered for his private beneficence, who subsequently became the principal moneyed man and manager of the Community.

Hence, in the organization of the new order, the strictness of its religious test, and the fidelity with which it was held to, during all the years of its existence; and hence its declaration of principles, which insisted "upon supreme love to God and man—that love which worketh no ill to friend or foe;" upon recognized forms of religious worship, devoid as far as possible of cant or show; upon the exercise of wholesome moral restraint over the Community, the family, and the individual; upon the sacredness of the family and marriage relation, and the use of all proper means that should lead to the unity of families in a common bond; and especially upon the strict enforcement of the doctrine of personal non-resistance, as taught in the New Testament, and non-participation in all societies or governments that did not look for the peaceful arbitration of all their difficulties, however complicated.

No separate religious organization was ever formed. The principal means of religious improvement were the stated Sunday services, the Sunday-school and Bible-class, social prayer, and conference meetings, and the "Young People's Inductive Communion," for the moral and religious improvement of those looking forward to membership. There was a recognized ministry, consisting of Revs. Adin Ballou, William H. Fish, and William S. Haywood. These were all scholarly men and reputable preachers, and under their public ministrations the religious element was maintained and stimulated.

#### THE INDUSTRIES.

Up to the year 1852 or 1853, all the industries were managed by the Commu-

nity, under the supervision of the Board of Directors. But the difficulty of securing good managers for the several departments, and the failure to stimulate thorough and persevering habits of industry, led to the abandonment of this plan. Each department was now organized into a co-operative branch, with its own officers, becoming its own surety for its success or failure. In this way more care was taken to secure suitable management, and to introduce skilled labor, and an increase of thoroughness and activity was introduced into all the departments. As the joint-stock covered the domain with the shops and all their appurtenances, under this arrangement each of the branches became a lessee of the Community.

The agricultural branch improved all the lands, buildings, stock, etc., not covered by the village site, and set off to orcharding and horticulture.

The orcharding branch embraced all the principal orchards, the cranberry lands, and floral grounds.

The horticultural branch managed about twelve acres as a kitchen-garden, and found a ready sale for all its products in the adjoining town of Milford, which had a rapidly increasing population.

The printing and publishing branch issued a paper devoted to the interests of the Community in general, but more especially to the elucidation and promulgation of the religious principles underlying the whole superstructure. This paper was widely circulated through this country and most of the countries of Europe. Several works of importance were also published in the interest of the Community, the principal of which was an able treatise, of seven hundred pages, by Rev. Adin Ballou, illustrative of his views of the principles and plans of "Practical Christian Socialism."

Several other branches of industry were organized and equipped, and, considering their limited field, were as successful as could have been expected.

Looking over the material progress of the Community, no satisfactory estimate



can be reached, either by figures or statistics. How much was due to skill and management in sustaining the several departments of business, probably no one can tell. Success was aimed at, and if failure came at any point, other plans were projected, and the means cheerfully advanced, either by the Community or its chief stockholders, in hopes that the crude management might, ere long, be overcome. Finally, as the Community yielded its organization, these industries, in an apparently thriving condition, passed into the hands of individuals and individual corporations, and by the introduction of foreign capital, and an increase of facilities, have become largely remunerative. Out of what was originally the machine branch, has been developed an enterprise that has become the center and chief support of the still thriving village of Hopedale, furnishing lucrative employment to many mechanics and laborers, and is rapidly enriching its stockholders.

#### THE DISSOLUTION.

The Hopedale Community at no time maintained a sickly existence. It did not decline for lack of enterprise or activity on the part of its chief managers. The industries were sustained, as far as possible, by the Community, but more especially by the private munificence of the largest stockholder, and whether the entries were scored to profit or loss, the business was not allowed to flag. The shrinkage in the capital stock, and an increased distrust of the larger stockholders in the capacity of their fellow members, determined them to withdraw their stock, leaving only one quarter of the capital available for Community purposes. This necessarily precipitated the dissolution, which was effected by a resolution of the Community on the 8th of March, 1856. The smaller stockholders were reimbursed; all pecuniary liabilities, both with residents and outsiders, were satisfactorily adjusted, and "The Hopedale Community," as a joint-stock and industrial organization, ceased to exist, and its

local religious functions became absorbed in the Hopedale parish, which still retains the Rev. Mr. Ballou as its pastor.

#### THE FAILURE.

This Community has been set down among the failures in social organizations. Yes, we may call it failure, so far as its material workings were concerned. And what were the causes? asks every honest devotee of socialism, hoping, thereby, to improve upon its defects, and be able to work out the perplexing problem. What were the causes? asks the speculative inquirer, sometimes in derision and scorn, but oftener, it may be hoped, in sympathy with philanthropic minds, who thought they saw the good they might accomplish, but fell short of their hopes, because the material at their hands was too crude and unreliable. The principal causes of their failure may be set down,—

First. To their stringent religious test, which, doubtless, deterred many active and enterprising citizens from uniting with them, thus bringing their membership within very narrow limits.

Second. To the inexperience and incapacity of a large part of its membership, and their consequent inability to carry on business successfully.

Third. To the crude industrial management of their business, and the consequent losses, which so affected their capital as to render it injudicious and unsafe to proceed.

#### REFLECTIONS.

The Hopedale Community was purely a voluntary organization—a joint-stock company, without special privileges from the State. It took no part, politically, either in governmental or local matters. It was at once a moral, religious, and political organization, enforcing, within its membership, all the restraints of society and the Church. For its good order, and the enforcement of all its requirements, it relied wholly on its moral power, allowing no force or litigation, either in the dealings of its mem-

bers with each other, or between its members and those with whom they dealt outside. It paid its taxes to the State cheerfully, and in every thing submitted to the law, without protest, except in military and police requirements. It had an extensive trade with the surrounding country, and, through its machine branch, a lucrative business connection with nearly all the mills in New England. As a business community, it had an enviable reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and, as a social compact, was sought after and visited with evident interest by many of the leading socialists, both of this country and Europe. It is probably unquestioned, by those acquainted with its history and management, that the motives that led to its organization were of a high Christian

order, that it faithfully strove through toils and difficulties to establish a better hope for humanity, and that, so far as any human organization could do so, it faithfully fulfilled all its guarantees, whether pecuniary, moral, or social.

Humbly acknowledging the failure of their crude efforts at organization, the adherents of the Hopedale Community abate nothing from the principles, religious or social, that actuated their movement as a body politic, and still govern their individual action. They still claim that if there is any power in Christianity worth developing, the Church must be brought to the test of its simplest and purest teachings, and that society, in its leading attributes and workings, must correspond to its most rigid requirements.

N. S. WENTWORTH.

## M E D E A.

FROM the mists and fragments of the unwritten traditions of early Greece, little particles of fact and fiction were sifted down, to be gathered and polarized by the magnetic geniuses of Athenian greatness. These masterpieces in their turn awaited the pulverizing agencies of time, and drifting onward in fragments of an unfamiliar tongue, they to-day reward the gleaning of the patient. In seeking among these relics for a counterpart to Lady Macbeth, we are struck with the absence of what might be denominated, in popular phrase, the ambitious woman. Women, in that age, were slaves, not helpmeets, of men; objects of gratification and usefulness, not companions in thought and government. To be ruled or dictated, in any manner, by a woman, was indelible disgrace. Power, riches, and intellectual attainments were, to her, unknown incentives toward endeavor, wanting alike as stimulants to a more ennobling self-development, and as tempters to crime and

ignominy. Hence it is that, in general, we find the heroines of that early age filling unimportant places in the annals of heroic deeds, being rather the victims of both men and gods, than actors of an individual part upon the stage of life. They are represented strong only in their affections, vacillating in their purposes, erratic in their execution, and in their lives passively content and unaspiring.

Strange to say, however, among the gods women were not thus meekly subordinate. The mistress of heaven's king was quite determined that her power should be felt in the universe; and we find the omnipotent Jove going to the most undignified stratagems to evade the vigilance of the jealously watchful Juno. It was most generally the daughters of heaven that fought the battles of heroes among men, guarding, inspiring, saving, loving. It was the goddesses that spread verdure and beauty and plenty broadcast upon the earth, but gods were they that usually brought destruction. If among



the immortals the Greeks ideally paid woman homage, giving to her an aggressive and power-loving nature, in "the living representatives at their side these elements were not to be tolerated. Only in religion did woman hold an equal or pre-eminent position, and here only as a virgin, offering up the simple, natural joys of her life as she would sacrifice an unblemished lamb.

To this general view, there are a few exceptions. Love sometimes brought heroic actions, or, thwarted, sought its complement of hate, and strove to gain its ends through violence and bloodshed. Clytemnestra, robbed of her daughter, for ten years cherished her revenge, and welcomed home the hero of the Trojan war to plunge a dagger in his heart. Electra saved the boy Orestes, and through him acted the part of an avenger of blood. Penelope hoped and toiled and waited. Iphigenia submitted in the true spirit of sacrifice. Antigone, with a pure heart, dared obey its humane dictates. And we find, also, one object of our search: a woman, who, in overwhelming ambition, in daring exploits, in unscrupulousness of means and strong-heartedness, equals, if not excels, the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare. We refer to Medea, the Colchian Princess, afterward Queen of the renowned Ægeus of Athens.

The Argonautic expedition was the pride and boast of centuries. Its glories trembled through the souls of wandering bards, and woke the music of the voice and lyre. Listening, the young men grasped their swords in emulation, the old men smiled. Here, too, the poet drank in inspiration, and left his ardent fancies to give renown to Greece; and here the sculptor paused in meditation, then carved his thought in stone to charm the ages. Yet all its laurels of success were won by woman's skill and devotion. They were won, but not worn. The heroes were acknowledged sons of the immortal gods. Medea was never deemed a goddess.

The story has been familiar from our

childhood. The mystic Golden Fleece has mingled with the El Dorado of our dreams. Gray heads have pondered over these shadows of the past, hoping to trace in them some outline of the substance that should have been worthy of those heroic efforts.

Our intensest interest was centered in the young man Jason, so cruelly wronged from his birth, exiled by parental love from the warm care of parental hearts, because, forsooth, the same unjust hand that seized their kingdom threatened to descend with sterner fate upon the innocent heir of coveted power. But that wonderful Centaur was, in our youthful imaginations, a most entertaining school-master, and we almost envied the education that could be obtained in the forests by hunting, riding, fishing, the livelong day. When strength, beauty and manhood crowned the faithful Centaur's labors, we followed the young man starting for his native land, strong in purpose as he was strong in limb.

It was Jason standing with unsandaled foot before the haughty usurper, or calling to the brave to espouse his cause; it was the boat of fifty oars, with its figure-head of speaking oak, the far-famed Argo; it was the marvelous escapes from grinding rocks and wry-neck birds and fiery bulls and field of warriors and scaly dragon, that fastened our attention; we scarcely noticed Medea and her skillful charms. Yet in this old tale we obtain our first introduction to Medea, and here we would linger long enough to pay, in part, the attention so long withheld.

In the renowned palace of the fascinating Circe and her maidens, the girlhood of Medea was spent. Circe, with charms so fatally winning to ship-wrecked warriors, was her aunt and instructress. In their island home they studied nature, and wrested from her grasp secrets that had been locked therein for ages. Medea early developed into an intellectual woman, having, by application and fair natural endowments, become an adept in all the mysteries of enchantments, and wiser than the monarch and his people;

yet withal so fair and gentle did she remain, that, when she returned to her father's house, that monarch thought her but a child. He little dreamed that beneath that beautifully rounded exterior there beat a heart thirsting for a wider field of action and grander achievements. The hour of temptation and destiny was soon to approach.

A band of heroes came to that Colchian shore, boldly but politely stating to the king their errand, requesting possession of the Golden Fleece. King Æetes, secure of his prize, so terrifically guarded, invited them into his palace, and bade them be refreshed after their long journey. For several days the heroes gave themselves up to feasting and merriment, which the king lavishly furnished. In this delay the real harm came to Æetes.

Medea sat by her father's side and listened to stories of exploits before unknown to her. Quick to respond to the call of justice, the wrongs of Jason touched her pity. In a mind of such resources, to pity is to espouse the cause of the unfortunate, and to espouse the cause of one so brave in action and so noble in feature, so handsome in form and so worthy of winning, is soon to love. And so Medea loved, not the mighty Hercules, there present, nor the beguiling Orpheus, but the youthful Jason. It is the familiar story:

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them."

But this love, powerful as it was, had wide-folding doors, that opened into another apartment of the soul, quite as sacred and spacious as that which is termed more womanly. Here presided a goddess more influential than the hero that was enshrined in her affections. It was not alone the elegant figure and heroic undertakings of Jason that won her allegiance. She had listened to the stories of that far-famed Grecian land, so beautiful within its hilly ramparts, where dwelt a people mighty in war, and daring in achievement. Often, from a child, she had looked toward the setting sun, and fancied the prismatic glories painted

on the skies were but reflections from those happy shores. So Ambition robed itself in spotless drapery and pushed aside the folding-doors, and hung the walls of her soul's chambers with pictures more beautiful than those of which she had hitherto dreamed.

She beheld herself the bride of a king, shining with beauty and wisdom, amidst those Grecian heroes. Splendor and homage and fame were bowing at her feet; for would it not be Medea that saved the lives of those renowned men, and crowned their expedition with success? Doubtless, at that time, she little thought that the goddess of Ambition, so winning in appearance, was a far subtler sorceress than she could ever become; and that beneath those snowy garments there lurked the poison of a thousand asps, from whose sting, if once within her grasp, she might never hope to escape. Ill-fated Medea! Before her appeared only Jason, an angel of light, and her decision was made.

It is scarcely possible that so fair a being as Medea, the King's daughter, should not have attracted the attention of those gallant adventurers; and ardent Jason, kept so long amidst the secluded haunts of the Chiron's home, must have been impressed with charms as novel as they were fascinating; and the silent influence of reciprocal emotion could not have kept itself unfelt, however sedulously unuttered.

How long these entertainments lasted, we do not know; but they were long enough to rest, refresh, and make the heroes eager to show their prowess in order to obtain the Golden Fleece. This was Jason's desire; and he well knew an object so coveted and renowned would not be delivered up without great efforts. We have no reason to think Æetes a horrible monster of cruelty. It was natural for him to reason that it was his duty to guard his treasures; and if these men were determined to be killed by their own fool-hardiness, why should he concern himself? He had treated them civilly; so he pointed out the tests. Those



fire-breathing bulls must be yoked, a certain field must be plowed, and the famous dragon's teeth were displayed, that must be placed beneath the furrows. Jason's blood must have chilled a little when he thought of the test of Cadmus; and perhaps he wondered if each of these teeth would bring forth, as at that time, a warrior completely armed, and ready to defend the king's estate. One more morning, and the trial of daring would begin.

Medea's opportunity had arrived. She knew the resources and purposes of her father, and she knew, better than those Athenians, the plot of the scheming Pelias, who sent them on this expedition. Neither shall have their expected prey. Her single arm can put them all to naught. She requested an interview with Jason. If he had not before spoken of his love to the beautiful maiden, he could not longer have withheld this tribute of homage, when she told him that certain destruction awaited him, unless she intervened to save his life. This she was willing to do if he would protect her afterward. Their troth was mutually plighted, and when the vows of marriage were solemnly promised, she revealed the method of escape.

"Soft oils and antidotes she gave  
Her Jason's beauteous form to save;  
Till all prepared, to Hymen's sweet control,  
Their mutual loves they pledged and mingled soul  
with soul.

## EPODE X.

But when Æetes, full in sight,  
His adamantine plow produced,  
His furious bulls, whose nostrils bright  
Flames of consuming fire diffused,  
Battering the ground with brazen tread,  
These single-handed to their yokes he led;  
And steadfast drove his furrowed line  
Straight through the smoking glebe, severing in twain  
An acre's breadth, earth's sturdy spine.  
'Let him who ruled your vessel o'er the main  
Do me this deed,' the vaunting chieftain cries,  
And be the immortal Felt his prize.

## STROPHE XI.

His the rich fleece that glows with flakes of gold.  
Off, at this challenge roused, his saffron vest  
Flung Jason, and, in love's assurance bold,  
Closed on the task; charmed by his bride's behest,  
Singed not his frame the raging fire,  
Forward he drags the team and tire;

Their necks in close constraint he joins,  
Stirs with sharp goad their struggling loins,  
And with stout arm and manly grace  
Works out with ease th' appointed space.  
In speechless pang, yet muttering at the sight,  
Aghast Æetes stood, and marveled at his might.  
Forth to their gallant chief the heroic throng  
Stretched their glad hands, crowned him with chap-  
lets green,  
And gratulations poured from every tongue."  
MOORE'S *Pindar, Pythian Ode IV.*

If it is not stated in the above ode that, by Medea's charms, the field of armed warriors slew each other in the fight, thus leaving Jason opportunity to escape uninjured. He then claimed the Fleece by right of promise. Æetes would not yield it; but continued to plot how he might take their lives. Again, it is only Medea that can come to the aid of the band. We doubt not but there were conflicting emotions in her soul; for she had not yet become hardened in guilt. Love and ambition seldom permit the mind to count the cost before they are admitted. Perhaps at first, there came the delusive vision of a father's sanction added to love and fame. In reality she found a father's curse; for he guessed too truly the cause of his misfortunes. Either lover and Greece must be given up, or her father's love and home must be forfeited. But the future was too glowing in anticipated grandeur ever to leave her contented with her simple enjoyments; so the filial love was hushed, and she gave the needed directions to bring her espoused cause to a successful issue.

Quietly the heroes made their preparations for departure. A hideous dragon guarded the object of their toils. A stupefying potion rendered it powerless, and the coveted Fleece was obtained. Stealthily they went to the water's side where the Argo was waiting for its precious freight. Jason was near his bride, and beside her walked a youth hitherto unmentioned. Absyrtas, the king's heir and delight, had likewise felt the cravings for novelty and adventure. Forgetting the claims of his father in those longings for a more active career, he entreated permission to follow his sister; and so they all embarked.

Medea looked at the fading shores of her happy home, and silenced all misgivings or regrets with the roseate promises of a splendid return when time should have blunted the edge of her affront. A watery waste was before her, beset with many perils; but her spirit quailed not. The homage and gratitude of that hero-band speedily obliterated the shadows of regret.

Æetes, with the early morning light, was roused to a sense of his loss. Not only his treasure, but his son was with his unfilial daughter. We can hardly blame the grief of the old man. Vengeance, if not recovery, remained. His fleetest vessels were equipped, and the enraged king started in pursuit. Whether the heroes loitered on their way, having grown careless through success, or because the celebrated *Argo* was not as fleet as the Colchian ships, the avengers gained on the track. Perhaps, because of their fewer numbers, rather than their inability to fight upon the sea, the heroes' faces showed dismay and fear. Medea saw but one way of escape—a fearful alternative. With but little time for debate, she stifled her love for the trusting brother by her side, and, seizing him with ruthless hand, she quenched the young life, and cast the body, by pieces, into the waves. The anguished father saw the face of his dead son, and knew the object of the bloody deed; but not even for the sake of dear revenge could he see the mangled remains of his son float away, leaving the disembodied spirit to its sad fate—doomed to wander about the world in restless misery, without a passage to the realm of shades. The higher call of duty and love prevailed; the body was taken from the waves, and the ships turned back to Colchis, to give it the rites of sepulture. After a detention of twelve days, the ships were again sent forth; but although several times endangered, the Argonauts escaped capture.

Hailed with joyous acclamations, the wanderers landed on their native shores. The Golden Fleece was displayed to the admiring throng. But who was this

stranger maiden—a prize even more beautiful? Jason introduced his bride-elect, and the story of their adventures was narrated. Louder grew their acclamations in homage to the fair deliverer. We can imagine the flush of gratified ambition that tinged Medea's cheek; but the serpent's fang had entered her heart, and we wonder not that ever thereafter she is represented as having always at her service a chariot drawn by hissing dragons.

Friends gathered around their beloved prince, proclaiming him king by right. Feasting, sacrifice, and mirth made the city brilliant as on a gala-day. Preparations were made for splendid nuptials; but a shadow was on Jason's face. After the ceremonies were through, while the guests still lingered, turning to his wife, while the shadow deepened, he disclosed his one sorrow.

During all his young years he had been separated from the companionship of his father; and now, when success and glory and a throne were awaiting him, age had stolen all enjoyment from the old man's heart. Gray hairs were growing thin upon his temples; his step, once so firm, was too feeble for his staff to support; his eyes have grown dim, and his ear scarcely conveyed to the understanding the tones of his children's voices. Calling the beautiful woman at his side his savior and protectress, he besought her, if she loved him and would make his happiness complete, to take, by some magic potion, from the future years of his life, that was just opening, and add them to his aged father's life. These words of filial devotion touched the hearts of his courtiers, and tears glistened in their eyes. Medea replied that his life was too dear to her to shorten it by a year; nevertheless, she would try all her powers to bring back vigor to the aged Æson. With fastings, murmurings, and midnight conjurations, she obtained the secret from the stars, and, with the most solemn rites, she laid the old man on an altar, insensible through the influence of her drugs, and drew from a vein



in his neck the worn-out blood of his body, replacing it with that which was fresh and vigorous. He sprang from the altar with renewed energy, and with the health and appearance of the prime of manhood.

Notwithstanding his promise, the aged Pelias would not resign his place upon the throne until death should disable him from keeping it; and for some unaccountable reason, he was not hurled from it as an usurper, but Jason waited patiently for death to do its work. It certainly is an illustration of the power vested in the monarch by what the people considered divine right, and they dared not interfere.

A few years passed. The domestic happiness in Jason's family might have been complete were it not for that ambition that is restless as the surf. Jason may have been content, with his father restored to him, and two beautiful boys gladdening his home; but Medea was not a queen. The rejuvenation of Æson had so increased her fame throughout the land, that a plan to obtain the object of her ambition, without drawing upon herself the ill-will of the monarch's friends, presented itself. She feigned a quarrel with her husband, and fled to the house of Pelias for support. Being kindly received, she was so amiable in her deportment that she soon won the confidence of the King's loving daughters, and they expressed a wish that she would teach them how they might renew again the early manhood of their father. Medea expressed perfect willingness to instruct them, but that it was necessary that they should perform the rites. Accordingly, she entered into all the mockery of all her charms and incantations for ten days. A favorable opportunity arriving, when the aged king was asleep, she told the anxious daughters that the time had come when they should cut the vein in his neck, in order to insert a new life-blood. With trembling hands and in great tenderness, the most gentle daughter undertook the deed. The pain of the wound awakened the King, and he called out in indignation to his terri-

fied daughters. Medea, seeing her plot was about to fail, seized the knife, gave the fatal blow; then immediately ordered her dragon-drawn chariot, and went from the country for a time, to avoid the vengeance of the friends of Pelias.

She visited many countries and towns, not seeing or hearing any thing from her husband and children, until arriving in Corinth, she unexpectedly met them. At this point, in what might be termed the history of Medea, Euripides founds a play, and develops, with collateral embellishments, the few incidents that were then extant; and since this drama may not be very familiar to the reader, I will present a brief outline of its incidents.

The sad fate of Pelias had roused against Jason the vengeance of the family of the murdered king, although the principal offender had left the country. So dangerous did they threaten to become, that Jason determined to flee while there was yet opportunity. Proceeding to Corinth, he intended to wait until he obtained intelligence from his absent wife. Creon the King, became interested in the exiled prince, and offered him the hand of Glauce, his daughter, thus uniting the interests of the two monarchs. This Jason accepted, either from desire or policy; and the marriage had taken place before the arrival of Medea, and before he had left his first residence for that of the palace. Medea was soon made aware of the change, and the revelation was a terrible blow. She had loved Jason with all the strength of her nature; but this defection on his part had turned her love to gall.

She is represented as remaining in her room, with disheveled hair, untasted food, lost in a delirium of grief and rage; now, heaping invectives on the head of him by whom she was dishonored; now, upbraiding herself for leaving the home of her father; now, turning in loathing from her children, and wishing their existence, with her own, was ended. Having grown calm, she goes forth from the house and speaks of her woes to a chorus of sympathizing maidens there assem-

bled. She has no more than uttered her complaint than she is met by Creon, who informs her that she forthwith, that very day, must leave the kingdom, accompanied by her two children. Aghast at this intelligence, she asks the reason, and Creon tells her plainly that rumors had reached him that she meditated evil against the newly espoused pair and himself; that he had given credence to the report, knowing her wisdom and her skill in so many hidden sciences. He does not scruple to tell her that she is too formidable a person to be tolerated in his realm.

"Alas!" Medea replied, "let no man educate his children, since they are sure to bring distress and evil upon themselves!"

She assures him that she is quite harmless, and that she regards neither his daughter nor himself, but her husband, as offender. Creon mistrusts her soft words, but consents that she may remain a single day longer, in order to make up her mind in what way to turn her exiled footsteps.

When the king had gone, she scorns herself for having touched his hand or spoken one word in his presence. But her purpose was gained—that single day shall prove the day of doom! A part of her soliloquy has in it quite the ring of Lady Macbeth's invocation:

"O Hecate, mistress of my inmost heart,  
I swear by thee—revered of all the gods—  
They shall not wring my heart with grief, and live!  
Bitter and mournful shall their wedding be;  
Bitter their new-found joys; bitter my exiled flight;  
Ay, come, Medea, spare not thou thy skill  
In mystic lore; deliberate and plot,  
And hie thee forth to do the deed of blood!"

Jason, having some compunctions of conscience when he heard of her banishment, seeks her to inform her that what funds she needs for herself and children will be provided. To see him take her banishment thus cheerfully, not making the least effort for a reprieve, exasperates her already crushed heart, and adds tenfold to the desire of vengeance that smolders within. She reproaches him with contempt, and, to make his conduct

appear in its true light, recounts what she has done and suffered for his sake. Jason tries to make his conduct appear less glaringly cruel, by stating that his marriage with the king's daughter was one of policy. Owing to those difficulties in his native land, he was obliged to seek refuge elsewhere; that he had come in an impoverished condition, and he knew that an alliance with the royal family would at once give them wealth and position, thus adding to her comfort also.

So well pleased is he with this sophistry that he thinks he can afford to reproach women, in general, for placing so much stress on their affections, since, if in them they are the least disturbed, they lose all reason; and adds: "It would be far better for men if the race could be perpetuated from other source, since, if the female race did not exist, there would be no evil among men."

Milton makes the fallen Adam about as gallant:

"O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth—this fair defect  
Of nature—and not fill the world at once  
With men as angels, without feminine;  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind?" *Paradise Lost, Book X.*

Medea could not be beguiled by such glozing arguments. The instinctive nature is too true in its conclusions. If he still loved her and took this step out of regard for her good, he would have waited longer to consult with her, rather than leave her in ignorance until all entreaty was useless. Besides, he would not now so willingly see her depart. She rejects with scorn his tame offer of paltry assistance, and bids him begone from her presence.

Only one day remaining! Can even her great skill in poisonous arts slay the new dragons that have so effectually wounded her? At this juncture, Ægeus, King of Athens, having come to Corinth to consult a famous oracle concerning his childless condition, and having heard that Medea, with whom fame had made him acquainted, was in the city, thought



it was but proper that he should give her greeting. Medea received him cordially, and Ægeus, after stating the object that called him to Corinth, inquires for the cause of her evident sadness. She tells him of Jason's perfidy and of her banishment. The king expresses great sympathy for her affliction and abhorrence of Jason's conduct. Medea tells him if he will receive her in Athens, that the desire of his heart will be granted. Ægeus assures her that she will be willingly and hospitably entertained in his own palace, but that she must come of her own accord and independent of him, lest the king of this country should take offense. As soon as he had called the gods to witness his sincerity, Medea was satisfied, and they part.

Rejoiced in this prospect of an asylum so gratifying to her ambition, she laid, with a calloused heart, her plans of destruction. In her opinion, the end justified any means that should lead to its accomplishment. She sends word to Jason that she desires another interview with him. He comes, addressing her in terms of formal politeness. In the gentlest and most natural manner, she asks him to forgive her unkind words. She acknowledges that he acted wisely in this new alliance, and that she was blinded by her weak, womanly nature. She calls the children to come to their father and cherish no unkind feelings. As the bright little ones come forward to greet their father, stretching out their hands to be caught and fondled by him, tears came into the mother's eyes. Were they feigned or from natural emotion as she contemplated the cruel fate her own will had determined? Jason is greatly gratified, and praises her wisdom in looking at these events from reason's standpoint, rather than from that of feeling. Then he grows tender and fondles his boys, promising to help them in future to become leading men in the Corinthian state. Seeing the tears in Medea's eyes, he bids her be of good courage. Then she pleads that the boys be permitted to stay. For herself, perhaps, it was best

that she should leave the land, but why make these innocent ones suffer the privations of an exile's life? Would he not go to the king and make this petition, nay, will he not beseech his newly found bride to plead with her father? Jason assents, but is told to wait until she gets a present for the bride, and sends it in the hands of her sons.

She brings forth a finely wrought robe,—a precious heirloom from her grandfather the sun,—and a golden wrought chaplet from the same source. Jason, seeing their value and beauty, tries to dissuade her from sending them; but she insists that she could give her life for her sons, how much more these few articles! She charges the boys to deliver the presents into no hands but those of Glauce, and to then ask a reprieve from banishment.

The princess was delighted at this token of amity from the displaced Medea, and willingly gave her influence for the children. The boys, with their tutor, hasten back to tell the tidings to their mother, but instead of being received with gladness, grief and agitation only are manifested. She presses the two boys tenderly to her heart, and for a time the terrible resolution, which she had taken, of slaying them with her own hand, wavers.

Meantime, the bride, Glauce, flattered by the beautiful presents she had received, took the first opportunity for trying them on, and stood admiring their combined elegance, when the fatal poison, with which they were saturated, commenced its effects, and she soon lay on the floor a disgusting corpse. Frantically the father entered, and, seizing his prostrate daughter in his arms, bore her to a couch and strove to bring back life. Instead, however, the fatal poison was communicated to him, and they lay corpses in each other's arms.

The news was brought to Medea. She rejoiced in her terrible victory. Then nerving her heart with the thought that it was necessary to deliver her sons from

the fury of the royal family, but really because she had not sufficiently humbled her husband, designing to destroy his house, she slew her sons, carving them, as some authorities say, to the sound of music as a feast unto the everlasting gods. Tarrying long enough to witness the dismay and grief of Jason, and to tell him that her revenge was complete, she entered her chariot of fiery dragons, taking with her the bodies of her sons from the sight of the anguished father, who had awakened too late to an appreciation of his blessings, and proceeded to Athens.

In Athens, a grander field to satisfy her ambition was opened before her. She was received into the palace of the king, and, after a time, became his wife, although in a distant land was his first wife, training her infant boy Theseus, whom his father had never beheld. In the palace new sons were born to him, and upon them the mother's ambition rested. A score of years passed away, and Theseus sought his father, having gained strength enough to remove a stone that hid a sword, placed there by his father for the use of his unborn son. When Medea heard of his coming, she well knew the throne would be taken from her eldest son, Medus. She had not forgotten her former resources. Poisoning the mind of the king by stating that a young man was coming into his presence, apparently to ask a favor, but really to take his life, she prepared a goblet of wine that, as soon as touched to the lips, would cause instant death. The ingenuous youth approached, while the tempter sat beside the king, construing every emotion of joy and love into some tokens of guilt, until just as the youth was raising the goblet to his lips, the king caught sight of the well-remem-

bered sword that hung by the young man's side. Ægeus discovered the base deception of his wife, and grasped the hand of his noble, long-lost son. The anger of the king was turned toward Medea, and, taking with her a hoard of gold and gems, she entered her chariot, and those hissing dragons bore her away forever.

The characters of Lady Macbeth and Medea are perfectly distinct and individual, but that they are parallel cases of distortion, wrought by a selfish ambition, is too evident to need development. The mingling of the supernatural and unreal in the story of Medea, is the age and people from which it comes. Any event or personal characteristic above mediocrity was looked upon as directly from the gods, or given by their special inspiration. What the real personage must have been to make this impression upon tradition, is difficult to determine; but that she was beautiful, learned, skillful, ambitious, and unscrupulous, there can be little doubt. That fame should always associate her with the most subtle and dangerous object of the animal creation the brightly crested, death-dealing dragon, while men, equally treacherous in deed, were sometimes raised to the heights of Olympus, is, though perhaps unconsciously given, a tribute to the sex. Though evil and sin are constantly being laid to her charge, nevertheless there is an innate expectation in the minds of men that truth, purity and goodness have their native dwelling-place in woman's soul, else why does any departure from this ideal involuntarily call forth a cry of horror or disapproval? If, by comparison, this estimate seems unjust, women have need to be thankful, since virtue is at premium.

PAMELA HELEN GOODWIN.



## GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

THOUGH I have both seen and read of much to admire and love in aged people, the thought of becoming old myself brings always a saddened feeling, an inward shrinking—almost a shudder. I think it must be because, among the multitude of old people around us, it is only a few who present any thing attractive in their years; indeed, only a few who do not excite a feeling of repulsion.

In giving expression to this thought, I am conscious that I lay myself open to the judgment so freely, and, I must own, justly, uttered on this generation of the American people—that they are entirely lacking in due and proper reverence for age and its accompaniments. I see, as see I must, in common with any observer, and not of necessity acute observer, that old age is dreaded; old people often considered burdens, spoken of as having outlived their usefulness and their day; spoken of often with thoughtless, if not heartless, lack of reverence. I am often tempted to think that the words of the Bible were not written for all time, when long life, "length of days," is held out as a reward to the righteous-doer. Although the Bible speaks of gray hairs as a crown of glory, and tells of the honor in which the aged shall be held, of "rising up before the hoary head," or "the face of the old man;" and the promise is repeated, "with long life will I satisfy thee;" yet the dread of advanced years, particularly to years of helplessness, is almost universal.

The indications of age, as we commonly see them, do not relieve the feeling with which we would put back all thoughts of it. We know time sadly mars the human form divine. The eye becomes dim, the hearing defective; comely and beautiful features grow faded and sunken; the strong, erect, and healthy frame yields to infirmity and disease, and becomes frail and feeble; the mind, accustomed to vigorous effort, is perceived

by one's friends to be failing in its powers. Active labor of any kind is for evermore out of the question. Byron sadly writes,

"Years steal

Fire from the mind, as vigor from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the  
brim."

Disraeli sums up the lives of most men in these disheartening words: "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret." Still another writer, Irving, I think, "makes it no marvel that we regret our youth. Its bloom, its pleasures, depart, taking with them the singleness and innocence of the happy, trusting heart. The lessons of experience may open the eyes; but, as in the Northern superstition, they only open to see dust and ashes where once they beheld the beauty of palaces." These paint an uninviting picture of our years to come. Madame de Staël, we believe, originated the expression, "growing old gracefully." We seldom read of the beauties or the pleasures of old age, or hear advanced years spoken of as desirable. How often the sadness of decaying years is the theme of the writer and the song of the poet! This is so frequent, that approaching the end through the steps of a graceful old age is considered almost chimerical. Yet why should we not wear our years as a charm, gray and venerable it may be, but still lovable and beautiful? Have toilsome years no reward when the season of activity is past? Is there no recompense in weary age for the energies exhausted in the glorious struggle of earlier life?

Like some one I once read of, "I could accept old age cheerfully, if I could retain my sensibilities alive to every-thing noble and good and pleasurable and beautiful; and enjoy the society of friends, and spread happiness about me. On these conditions old age is lovable."

Are these unattainable conditions? Here is certainly evolved a great question.

There is a quaint old book, "The Pleasures of my Old Age," by Emile Souvestre, which casts a soothing and pleasing influence over the reader. Early in the book occurs this passage: "Old age! climax to all things here below, moment of supreme expectation—what shall prevent me from discovering the resources you still possess? The majority of men, indeed, hate or fear you, for they regard you as associated with the dismal *cortège* of selfishness, of inactivity, of sorrow, and of infirmities. In their eyes, to grow old is to put off life. Let us learn, on the contrary, that its true character is to perfect it; that old age is the crown of maturity, but a crown of flowers or of thorns, depending upon whether it comes to us as a reward or a punishment." On the last page is Souvestre's summing up of his search for what is lovely and pleasant in age. "Bitter *ennui*, distaste of life, regrets for the past, dislike of the present, dread of the future—somber phantoms of which old age, according to the world's dictum, is the mournful abode—where are you? I have entered the portals of old age, and have not discovered you. Together with fatigue and weakness, I have met with indulgence of conscience, the sweetness of merited repose, and occupations which are pleasures. I have found enforced loneliness accompanied by the consolations of memory and reflection, and of a more intimate communion with my own soul; in the midst of sickness even, and infirmity, compensations which have made them as dear to me as health; lastly, on the threshold of death, the hope of immortality."

What a peaceful and desirable record of a life! Would that ours could be like it!

Let us present some thoughts or theories evolved from an earnest consideration as to how far it lies within our power to make our old age less burdensome to ourselves, and those who surround us.

"We do all wax old as doth a garment." Let us accept this fact. When

age comes, let us not weakly exhibit to critical and younger eyes the pitiable, and, unhappily, not unfrequent, spectacle of faded, wrinkled age decked out in a counterfeit of youth; of juvenility of speech and manners that excite the ridicule as well as contempt of those around us. It is a hard lesson to learn, that our prime has passed, and that we must give place to those younger and stronger, who are pressing on closely in our footsteps. We do not willingly acknowledge, even to ourselves, that our powers are failing; our ability to work and win, on the decrease. It stings our self-love to find that our own particular work has dropped on other shoulders; that others are wearing our honors; and those whom we counted our worshipers are kneeling at other shrines; and that the world, even our own little home-world is somehow able to go on without us. Others are ready to take up the active labors, when our hands drop them through feebleness and infirmity; and that we have fallen out is scarcely perceived by the busy throng who remain. These thoughts associate age with feelings of sadness and repulsion in our minds. It can not be otherwise while sensibility remains. And yet just here is a call for strength and courage—courage to face the issue, to make the fight, painful though it be, and to gain the victory over self in its instinctive clinging to the pride and position of active prime—to gain the victory which alone can bring peace. While the consciousness of the present is still keen, let us bear in mind, also, the consciousness of its passage, and not make ourselves and our friends unhappy with useless complaints and repinings over the inevitable penalty of living. Let us accept life's different stages with a serene and religious philosophy, and adapt ourselves, in thought and feeling, to the varied influences, having the assurance that, through each rotation of life, we are followed by the divine compensations, if we will but see them. Let us be thankful for bounteous, exuberant youth, and the bright noontide; and then, with a patient and peaceful spirit,



if not with cheerfulness and rejoicing, let us enter into the calm of the twilight shadow.

The portion of the journey we have completed, makes the present a suitable stand-point for thought and reflection. There are some certain plain points, which, partly through reading and partly through observation, suggest themselves to our minds at the outset of the consideration how to make old age a graceful growth. There is, first, the personal appearance, so far as it is in our power to control it from the unpleasant and repulsive accompaniments of age. A study to make face, figure, and raiment appropriate and pleasing, may seem to some but minor matters of consideration. We have only to note the effect upon ourselves—in the one case, of attraction, and, in the other, of repulsion—by those among the aged, who give thought to these things, and those who do not, to feel that it would well repay care and attention. A face may be aged, but not necessarily therefore repulsive. The natural results of age, and the feebleness and disease that so often attend advanced years, destroy, of course, youthful bloom and beauty of features—often completely change the appearance. It is but repeating a truism to say that true beauty consists in expression; and the expression of our face is not beyond our power to control. Lord Lytton says in one of his works, that men and women make their own beauty or ugliness. Thought and emotion are chisels that are continually at work on our features. The countenance is a faithful index of the soul, and speaks in unmistakable utterance—particularly in the aged; for then the powers of resistance are weakened—of what reigns within the heart. Unrestrained evil passions produce the loathsome expression so abhorrent, particularly in age, as surely as the contrary effect is shown in one whose heart is the daily habitation, the temple, of an indwelling God. Philosophy can aid in bringing about an attractive or pleasant, rather than repulsive, expression of face, but can not accom-

plish it alone. Religion, reigning in the heart, and ruling over the spirit; religion, felt and practiced, can bring about the result so much to be desired. Though we think heart-culture almost all-powerful in originating and retaining the highest type of beauty—the expression of face and feature—attention to the laws of health does much to preserve good looks to later days. The climate and the hurry of American life account, in a great measure, for the evanescence of the beauty of American women. Still, it is well known that the women of few civilized nations pay so little heed to the great laws governing health and longevity as do our own country-women. If we will eat indigestible food, and take insufficient exercise and sleep, we must pay the penalty, and bear our punishment in our faces. Roger Bacon is responsible for the statement that man could live a thousand years if he only knew how to economize his vital force.

The impression produced by face and figure is much affected by apparel. Attention to the details of dress takes us quite out of the range of sentiment and romance. Because we grow old, we ought not to grow beyond these things. We owe it to those with whom we come in daily intercourse, and to our circle of friends and acquaintances, that our appearance should not be repulsive for lack of care of our dress. Let us survey with a critic's eye the elderly people with whom we may come in contact. We know what colors, what styles of dress, appear to us pleasant and harmonious. Why should we forget these things when we are ourselves old? Plain colors, suitable materials, and styles of making; whatever would not be conspicuous, or conspicuous only for being appropriate and becoming; some thought toward covering natural defects, or concealing loathsome or repulsive effects of disease; care in arranging, in donning attire; above all, spotless cleanliness and purity of person and dress,—why should these thoughts be beneath the attention of the aged, or, if they are helpless, of

those who have them in charge? Slovenliness is frequently charged as a besetting sin of old age. This habit may grow imperceptibly, occasioned by the gradual inroads of feebleness and infirmities. Then it is the duty of our friends to warn us of it, and it is ours to accept and profit by the warning, though it is a difficult matter for the aged to accept the opinions of those younger than themselves. Lack of cleanliness and care may also come from a feeling that the ability to please has departed, and that no one is interested in, or affected by, their appearance. One's own self-respect, and what is due to others, should outweigh this feeling; and we should remember, besides, that we are perhaps being watched more keenly and narrowly than we have any idea of. Habits of neatness can be cultivated so as to become almost second nature, and so that age or circumstances can have no control over them.

Voice and manners form another of the apparently minor items in our search for that which will make old age less distasteful. It is an oft-repeated theory that we may make our voices what we will by persevering care and attention. Is there not in it more than merely a theory? If we begin in time, surely we can cultivate a pleasant tone of voice and an attractive manner. How often I am reminded of the Englishman's complaint of the voices of American women. Having been charmed by the delicate and refined face of beauty, his ears would be suddenly saluted by harsh, unmelodious tones, that he shuddered to think could fall from such rosebud lips. They quickly dissolved the charm of personal loveliness.

When I was a school-girl, Miss Catherine Beecher's "Domestic Economy" was in our course of study. The solitary thought, in the whole book, that I now remember, was a caution and a kindly admonition to be careful of the tone of our voices, and never, even for a moment, lose control over it. Miss Strickland says of Queen Anne, that, save a well-formed hand and arm, she was absolutely

lacking in personal charms, and was so obese as to be unsightly; but her voice had been carefully cultivated in her girlhood by a celebrated actress, and she had acquired a thrilling sweetness and clearness of tone that found its way to the very hearts of her subjects, and formed a magnetic link between them.

How many of us have been held spell-bound by a tone of beauty! Its possessor may long since have passed to the spirit-world, but the sweet cadence of the "voice that is still" lingers yet in the cells of memory. If we can not acquire musical and melodious tones, we can, at least, avoid harsh and discordant ones. Polished, winning, lady-like manners can be ours for the effort. Let us lay up a charmed store against the lengthening days.

I know two old ladies—very old—and I think if I could grow old as they have done, I could accept age with a better grace. They have neither of them beauty, as beauty's regulations dictate; but they are very beautiful to me. Their hair is thin and gray; but, in one, the wave of the girlish tresses is not entirely obliterated. Both wear their hair drawn back under plain white caps, the delicate lace frills, or dainty ruffles forming a fitting frame-work for their faces. Their eyes are dim and faded. One has a placid though wrinkled face, as though the burden of life had not rested heavily upon her; the other wears two care or sorrow furrows distinctly engraved between her eyes. Then the gentle, lovely manners! When I look at them—these two dear old women—I think of battles fought, victories won, conflicts and struggles ended. They seem to me now but quietly *waiting*—how expressive the word when applied to them!—waiting for the Master's call; waiting in a quiet of nature so deep that nothing any more can disturb it; in a steady calm that nothing can ruffle; a blessed state that is reached only when the soul yields the struggle, and gains peace by an implicit trust in the will of God. I have seen boisterous, headstrong, turbulent boys and



girls come into these beneficent presences, and gradually tone down, voice, manner, whole bearing—subdued and changed before the indefinable but all-conquering influence that surrounds these aged people. I think that the dress of my two old women adds to the fascination they possess for me; at any rate, by perfect harmony, it helps complete the beautiful picture they present. Always perfectly, daintily clean, you instinctively think of that next attribute—godliness—when you see them. I never saw them dressed in other than sober blacks or browns, delicate grays or drabs, plainly made garments; but carefully arranged and worn. The voices of these old women, thin, attenuated tones, which we must sometimes strain our ears to catch, and yet sweet and musical. This may be partly attributed to a natural gift; but even when thus blessed by nature, without watchful care it seems impossible to live through the care and trials and burdens of life, and avoid a fretful, querulous, irritable tone.

These two old women seem to me to have lived so long that they are above and beyond the petty prejudices of our kind. Their words fall kindly on all their fellow-men. They seem to have cultivated sympathy for all, and to cherish only a kind, gentle forbearance toward what must seem to them, in the enlightened experience of years, the follies and foibles of humanity. I know it comes from feeding, day by day, on the heavenly manna, which lifts them above the world, and makes them akin to angels. The immortal soul apparently just spreading its wings for its heavenward and homeward flight, casts a controlling influence over every thought and motion. Old age on them, indeed, sits but as a crown of surpassing loveliness.

"Time has laid his hand  
Upon their hearts gently, not smiting them;  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp to deaden the vibration."

The mental and conversational abilities of the aged afford an interesting and profitable field for study. It is not un-

usual to hear it remarked of an aged person: "What a talented man he once was! I have seen him sway an audience at will by his brilliant powers of speech, his wit and humor." Now, perhaps, he sits unnoticed in the crowd, or, worse still, passes his time in the vacancy or imbecility, unhappily too frequently seen in age. There is, of course, a natural enfeebling of the powers of the mind as we grow older; for the tendency of fallen humanity is to decay; but we query, not irreverently, whether it is the divine will that the mind should decay so much more rapidly than the body. Physicians attribute it to our rapid way of living. They say, with great truth, that we exhaust our powers and faculties from lack of judgment in the using of them; and so it is too often the case, that the vitality of the mind dies out long before that of the body. If this be the case, better management in youth and prime will, to a great extent, control this decay. It is a question for serious thought, and no less serious effort, if with us rests the decision, whether our minds shall sink into comparative vacancy, even imbecility. God-given our mental gifts are. Let us not abuse them, and gather a store of useless regrets to sadden our age.

There are some salient points in regard to the mental and conversational decay of age, that we may, with profit, make it a study to avoid. I sometimes think that vanity is a besetting sin of age, or why do we so often hear of the superiority of the old times—the good old times—over the present? The times when we were young, our exploits, our deeds, our excellencies, so far in advance of the present generation, how frequently this forms the exclusive theme of conversation with old people. It requires an effort of the Christian graces to listen to this patiently, and if we can only avoid unhappy and always useless comparisons, how much more lovable we will be. Here is another point to bring our powers to bear upon. Years of experience, of seeing many plans formed, energy and strength expended upon them, to be

succeeded by failures, make the aged doubtful and unbelieving over every new project, and apt to reiterate to enthusiastic youth: "It is useless; you can not succeed; I have seen it tried and fail." While they may be correct in their views, yet there is so much in the way you say any thing. Few possess that exquisite tact which, without offense, enables them to lend the spectacles of experience to younger eyes. Do n't let us dampen the generous enthusiasm of youth. Let us keep our hearts young by entering heartily into the spirit, rather than smile contemptuously upon it. Let our interest in the pursuits of youth never be extinguished. Let us rather cherish ardor and enthusiasm. In Souvestre's beautiful words: "When life ebbs within us, let us borrow life from others, be strong in their strength and happy in their joys." Now is our time to win what shall be lovely in age. Egotism comes often with age. When we are old, we will not be willing to hear that here or there we might improve ourselves; and we shall lack then, as we do now, the "giftie" that shall show us

"Oursel's as ithers see us."

The mind fails from an improper use of its faculties. In old age it frequently fails rapidly from lack of use. The children and friends of the aged, with the kindest intentions, are often positively unkind in relieving them of all care and responsibility and all occasion for labor. This change, after a life of activity, is almost certainly disastrous, and sudden release from care will bring sudden failure of bodily and mental faculties, particularly of mental powers. The moral and religious faculties are usually exercised constantly and increasingly in the evening of life, and hence are preserved unimpaired. The understanding may certainly be preserved by judicious use of it, and if we observe, we will notice that old people who take an interest in books, newspapers and conversation, preserve their intellects by this means. I have an old friend who, at sixty, learned to make wax flowers; and

specimens of her graceful handiwork adorn the houses of her friends. At seventy, this same old lady crossed the ocean, and made the tour of Europe, coming back laden with choice and well-selected mementos of her trip, and full of incidents and descriptions that draw a circle of charmed listeners around her chair, when she yields full play to her conversational gifts. She is one who never loses her interest in current affairs, and attracts the young and gay to her, as well as her companions in point of age.

Dr. Johnson ascribed Swift's sudden decline of mental power to his foolish avoidance of spectacles, and his seclusion of himself from society. The natural progress of the mind in its growth is toward perfection, so our mental philosophers teach. Repeated experiences, long years of observation and study, should only ripen and enrich the mental powers, and it seems matter of marvel that instances of mental activity in age are accounted rare exceptions instead of a rule. The infant body advances rapidly toward youth and boyhood, ripens into manhood, declines with age, and returns to the dust, from which it was formed. The mind runs a similar career in its onward progress, but not in its retrogression. Feebleness and disease may fetter the powers and obscure their brightness, yet the fact remains, and can be sustained by numerous illustrations, that the intellect is frequently retained in its pristine vigor to advanced age, and retrogression is not a necessity. The realm of biography abounds in instances of mental activity in age. It is related of Dr. Johnson that in one morning of advanced life, for his own amusement, he committed to memory eight hundred lines of Virgil. At the age of seventy-three, when still feeling the effects of an attack of paralysis, sufficiently severe to render him speechless, he composed a Latin prayer, in order to test the loss or retention of his mental faculties. Necker offers a beautiful instance of the influence of studies in late life. He tells us: "The era of threescore and ten is an agreeable



age for writing. The mind has not lost its vigor, and envy leaves it in peace." The Count de Tressan offered, at seventy-five, the last fruits of his mind in an *eloge* to his master, the centenarian Fontenelle. "It was the voice of the dying to the dead; a last movement of the love and sensibility of genius, which feeble life could not extinguish." This striking passage occurs in the opening in one of La Mothe la Vega's Treatises: "I should but ill return the favors God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to give way to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life."

In that recent most interesting and delightful work, Crabb Robinson's Diary, similar instances abound, drawn from his personal acquaintance with those of whom he wrote. The number of cases of delightful old age and serene death, form an unusual record. He speaks of Samuel Rogers, the poet, when no longer able to walk, as full of vitality and lively spirits. Each morning he had a breakfast party of a few friends, when his vivacity and cheerfulness seemed to undergo no diminution. At last he made a quiet exit, and Robinson records of it: "His death occurred early in the morning, without pain. At ninety-two or three, pain is not to be feared." As Robinson approached his own peaceful departure from life, it is noticeable that he has recorded the deaths of nearly all his early associates, yet he never appears to sadden. "Religion in age," he says, "supplies the animal spirits of youth." As he found his old circle almost faded out, he observed: "Growing old is like growing poor, a sort of going down in the world;" but he was able to add: "This does not make me melancholy." When at last more than ninety years were added up to him, and he looked daily for death, even with the impediment of impaired hearing, he went into social life, the attraction of all circles that he entered. The records of his visits to his decaying old friends is very pathetic. The poet Wordsworth departs tranquilly,

at eighty years of age, "with every consolation which death admits of; and Clarkson, another dear friend, lingers to his eighty-sixth year, 'one of the happiest of men.'" John Wesley, at the age of seventy-seven, said: "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for one quarter of an hour since I was born." At eighty-seven years, he was still preaching, and was a tower of strength in Israel. The poet Crabbe heard him repeat, in a sermon, some lines of Anacreon:

"Oft am I by women told,  
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old;  
 See, thine hairs are falling all,  
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!  
 Whether I grow old or no,  
 By these signs I do not know;  
 By this I need not be told,  
 'T is time to live if I grow old."

Let us grasp the truths these illustrations convey. If we cultivate and use our mental powers properly, they will not fail us in old age, but will furnish pleasant employment in reading or conversation. And not this only; we will retain a pleasant store of memories. Much of the life and thoughts of the aged are made up of memories of their past. Let us save up for our own old age; save knowledge; save recollections of good and kind deeds, pure thoughts, fitly spoken words, well used time, opportunities improved, hearts uncomplaining and full of gratitude; let us save friends; save love; let us gather rich stores of a wealth which time can not diminish, nor earthly power take away.

Yet all our efforts to grow old gracefully will be unavailing, without, as a foundation, heart culture; a keeping of the soul white, that, while we present to man but the wrinkled face of age, to the angels and to God, we shall look ever young and fair. Christ, in the heart, is a fountain of perennial youth,—an indwelling spirit that exhibits itself in a tender, subdued feeling, an enlarged charity, a gentle humility, a growing heavenly-mindedness. With the Psalmist's confidence, the Christian's hope, old age is a growing brighter, younger, hap-

pier to the eternal day. This can beautify face, feature, and manner. It can give an expression of loveliness to the homeliest features. This can make us oblivious to defects, deformities, infirmities and disease in the aged, and we can see only the sweet serenity of a fading life, the beautiful reflex of a soul nearing the better land. One of the prettiest things Southey ever wrote is on the teachings of the decaying year:

"To you the beauties of the autumnal year  
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man,  
Bending beneath the burden of his years,  
Sense dulled and fretful, full of aches and pains,  
Yet clinging still to life. To me, they show

The calm decay of nature, when the mind  
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye  
Religion's holy hope kindles a joy  
That makes old age look lovely."

Old age is disarmed of its terrors, to those whose lives are an epistle of Christ; whose chief end and aim has been to glorify God and enjoy him forever. Proving by their lives the freeness and fullness of this love and grace, the all-sufficiency of his power, the Christian indeed may grow old gracefully, and hail time as a friend who brings the glad message: "The night is far spent—behold! the day is at hand."

KATIE CLARK MULLIKIN.

### LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS.\*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the great African explorer, was born near Glasgow, in Scotland, March 19, 1813. At ten years of age, he was a "piecer" in a cotton factory. With his first earnings, he purchased a Latin Grammar, which, at an evening school, between the hours of eight and ten, he studied so assiduously that, at sixteen, he "knew 'Horace' and 'Virgil' better than he did at forty." At nineteen, he was a "spinner." In reading, he "read every thing he could lay hands on except novels." Sensible boy! After an early profession of religion, he felt drawn to China, as a field of missionary labor, "resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery," and "set himself to obtain a medical education in order to be qualified for that enterprise." In 1840, he was sent to Africa, and spent the first sixteen years of his life, namely, till 1856, in medical and missionary labors there, "without cost to the inhabitants."

In Africa, he married the daughter of Rev. Robert Moffat, the distinguished missionary who went out in 1817, pub-

lished a volume on Southern Africa in 1843, and survived to bury his illustrious son-in-law. Expelled from his station by the Boers, Livingstone resolved to open the interior.

"The Boers," he says, "resolved to shut up the country, and I determined to open up the interior; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution, they or I." Turned by these Dutch Boers from direct missionary work at a fixed station, Livingstone, instead of retreating to the Cape, in 1849, accompanied by his family and Oswell and Murray, started for the unknown regions north. In three months, he had discovered Lake Ngami, the first in the great lacustrine system to show that the interior of Africa is watered and rivered, and not the barren desert that had hitherto been supposed. In 1852, he sent his family to England. In 1853 commenced those solitary wanderings which, with slight interruptions, continued for the next twenty years in the interest of geography, science, Christianity, and human freedom. With a company of Makololo, he started for the Atlantic coast, and in less than a year's time, came to St. Paul

\* Harper & Brothers, New York.



de Loanda, leaving on the dark map of "unexplored" Africa a track of geographical light two thousand miles long. In 1855, from the West Coast, he started on a second trip to the East Coast; and about the middle of November, came to the Victoria Falls, the most remarkable waterfall in the world, not excepting Niagara. In 1851, he and Oswell discovered the Zambezi, in the center of the continent.

Thus Livingstone, in this first four years' tour of discovery, proved that interior Africa, instead of being "a sandy desert into which rivers ran and were lost," was a "well-watered country, with large tracts of fine fertile soil covered with forest, and beautiful grassy valleys, occupied by a considerable population;" and one of the most wonderful waterfalls in the world was brought to light. In the Summer of 1856, the four-years wanderer left the East Coast to return to England, and visit his family. He had been separated sixteen years from the former and four years from the latter. He had earned indulgence and needed repose. While in England, he published his first work, "Missionary Travels," which was eagerly received and widely circulated.

In March, 1858, he headed an expedition to explore the Zambezi, and in September, 1859, discovered Lake Nyassa. In 1860, the exploring party visited Victoria Falls, and in 1861, surveyed Lake Nyassa, which they found to be four hundred miles long. In January, 1862, he was rejoined by Mrs. Livingstone. On the 27th of April, 1862, this estimable lady, mother of three sons and two daughters, herself the daughter of one missionary and wife of another, born in Africa, succumbed to the terrible African fever, and found a grave in Shupanga. In 1863, they visited the upper cataracts of the Zambezi. The following year, 1864, the expedition returned to England. In 1865, Dr. Livingstone gave the world his second volume, "Expedition to the Zambezi," and in 1866, plunged for a third time into the wilds of Africa alone to continue his explorations. His trav-

eling escort and attendants were thirteen Sepoys, or India soldiers, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyaus, one of whom was the now famous Chuma, a liberated slave in 1861, who had lived three years with a mission party before he was engaged by Dr. Livingstone. The Nassick lads were entire strangers, and had been trained in India. Musa, now notorious, was a sailor on the Zambezi Expedition; and Susi, the famous companion of Chuma, was engaged, at Shupanga, to cut wood for one of the steamers on the Zambesi. Thirty-six men! And yet a small escort for an African traveler, who has to carry with him provisions, cooking utensils, clothing, tents, guns and ammunition, mathematical instruments, books and medicines, beads, wire, and bales of cotton cloth, with which to buy provisions of the natives, and pay the tribute exacted of all travelers by the native tribes, and also to pay the wages of the men accompanying the traveler.

Africa is a country without money and without roads. Trade is conducted by barter, the exchange of one bulky article for another, and hence the need of a large supply of goods, in the shape of cloth for native wear, and beads and wire for native necklaces and bracelets, to get on at all through the country. Footpaths lead through high grass, thorny thickets or jungles, across endless morasses and marshes, through river fords, over desert tracts, where water is scarce and springs infrequent, along mountain passes, through hostile tribes, where guides are ever a necessity, where a new set of guides is often needed from day to day, as one set will only guide the traveler through their own district, and will leave him at the borders of another; where guides will demand pay beforehand for their services, and then decamp with their wages without rendering the services promised; where the inhabitants of every village or stockade meet the party with demands for tribute, or, if afraid of the guns, fly to the woods and mountains, and leave the party without

guidance, or provisions, shelter from the sun by day or wild beasts at night; refuse canoes for fording rivers and lakes, and treacherously lie in ambush with spears and poisoned arrows. In March, 1866, he left Zanzibar for Rovuma, a river visited in 1862, and made for the southern end of Lake Nyassa, which he reached in four months from the coast.

One of the greatest troubles of the African traveler is the laziness, greediness, and dishonesty of his own followers. The Sepoys became intolerable, and after harassing the march for three months in every conceivable way, Livingstone dismissed them, and sent them back to the coast. Musa, one of his returned disaffecteds, reported that the Doctor had been murdered by the blow of an ax, which cleft his skull, December 10, 1866. In June, 1867, Mr. Edward Gray and Lieutenant Faulkner reached the Chief Mussanda, at the foot of Lake Nyassa, and learned the falsity of the report of the lying Musa. In September, the Johanna men deserted him through fear of the Masitu, a hostile native tribe. In January, 1867, his medicine-chest was stolen, "the sorest loss of all." He says, "I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie." His editor says of this loss: "There can be but little doubt that the severity of his subsequent illnesses turned upon this, and that his constitution, from this time was steadily sapped by the effects of the fever-poison, which he was powerless to counteract owing to the want of quinine." Bishop Mackenzie lost all his medicines by the upsetting of a canoe; and the editor strongly urges upon explorers to divide their medicines, and distribute them among different packages in such a way that total loss shall become well-nigh impossible. In April, 1867, the traveler reached the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. In mid-April, he was hampered by a serious desertion of followers, and went on with only five attendants. He had to depend upon the natives for guides and bearers. On the 18th of July, 1868, Livingstone discovered one of the

largest of the lakes of Central Africa, Bemba, or Bangweolo, the name he prefers, although he is afraid English friends will bungle it into "Bungy-hollow!" It was not until December, after having got back his runaway followers, that he was able to start eastward for Ujiji. 1869 opened badly enough. He was sick—dangerously ill with pneumonia. Could neither walk nor speak; had to be carried on a litter, and the jolts and jars of the steps of the bearers, and changing shoulders from one set of bearers to another, were painful. The middle of March, he reached Ujiji, an Arab settlement on the eastern shore of the Lake Tanganyika, to find that the goods sent him from Zanzibar had been stolen, squandered, scattered in all directions. Sixty-two out of eighty pieces of cloth had been stolen, and most of his best beads. Ujiji he calls "a den of the worst kind of slave-traders." Here he remarked a current in the lake which almost led him to wish to call Tanganyika a river. It flowed northwardly. The geography of Africa comes by piecemeal. Every discoverer leaves hiatuses, which it is the business or good fortune of successors to fill up. The connection of Speke's and Baker's lakes with the Nile is still in unsatisfactory condition, though it is just now said that Colonel Long, an American explorer, has added materially to what Speke, Burton, and Baker have done. It is still uncertain whether he has discovered the true source of the Nile. Meanwhile Lieutenant Cameron is said to have found a large river flowing out of Lake Tanganyika, which may be the Congo, or one of its branches, and which he proposes to follow to the sea, aided by the Portuguese officials of Angola, and hoping to meet a German exploring party, working its way eastward along that river.

In July, 1869, Livingstone set out to explore the Manyema country, hitherto unknown. He recrossed Tanganyika, and set out for the north-west, directly into the heart of a region of Africa hitherto entirely unknown to Europeans. He



was weak and ill, and yet he persevered. In June, 1870, all his people deserted but three, "Susi, Chuma, and Gardner." Baffled by the difficulties of his way, and sorely troubled by the demoralization of his men, he was forced to turn back. In August, he writes, "Patience is all I can exercise, irritable ulcers hedge me in now, as did my attendants in June; but all will be for the best, for it is in Providence and not in me." "The watershed is from seven to eight hundred miles long from west to east." "Parts of it are enormous sponges, or bogs; in other parts innumerable rills unite into rivulets, which again form rivers." "It is seven hundred miles across the circle." When he had been out four years, reported "murdered," "married to an African princess," and the like, he writes, "I am in agony for news from home." "All I feel sure of now is, that all my friends will wish me to complete my task."

In 1870, he hears of Mr. Young's search-trip to Nyassa, and says, "Musa," who reported him dead, "is a fair specimen," for heartlessness and falsehood, of the lower classes of Mohammedans in East Africa. "Burton had to dismiss most of his followers at Ujiji for dishonesty; Speke's followers deserted at the first approach of danger, and Musa fled in terror on hearing a false report from a half-caste Arab about the Masitu, one hundred and fifty miles distant, though I promised to go west and not to turn north till past the beat of that tribe." In 1871, all his paper and ink are exhausted. He makes ink from the seeds of a plant, and writes his journals on scraps of old newspapers. A *fac-simile* of the shifts to which the tired, sick, desponding, and impoverished traveler had to resort, is given at page 368 of the "Last Journals." July 20, 1871, he starts back for Ujiji. The natives attacked them; spears were thrown by unseen assailants, one of which grazed his back; another missed him by about a foot in front; three times in one day he was delivered from impending death. The natives were infu-

riated by the aggressions of the Arab slaving-parties, and confounded Livingstone and his party with other foreigners. The entries in his journal for August and September are brief notes that attest how severely he was suffering during this part of the return trip. October 3, 1871, this man, whom some imagined married to an African princess, living in thoughtless ease, in a state of semi-barbarism, in inner Africa, and forgetting his native tongue, records, "I read the whole Bible through four times while I was in Manyuema!" a period of not more than twelve months.

October 23d, he reaches Ujiji again "reduced to a skeleton." An Arab, Shereef, had sold all his goods; "did not have a single yard of calico out of three thousand, nor a string of beads out of seven hundred pounds." He had no prospect but beggary, and felt miserable. Just as his fortunes and his spirits were at their lowest ebb, he was relieved by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, traveling correspondent of the New York *Herald*,—an expedition sent out by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of \$20,000, to find Livingstone. It will interest the numerous readers of Stanley's interesting work, one of the most interesting ever written on Interior Africa, "How I found Livingstone," to compare his narrative with the now published Journals of Livingstone, and to read the grateful expressions of the great explorer for the timely aid that reached him just at the period of his greatest exhaustion and disappointment. The news of two years was thrilling,—the fate of France, the ocean telegraph, the election of General Grant, the death of Lord Clarendon, and five thousand dollars voted him for supplies by the Government. In company with Stanley, he explored the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, and found that instead of its flowing outward and northwardly to supply the Nile, a river was running into the lake with a current of two miles an hour! So here was the end of another of the thousand and one "theoretical discoveries" with which African

geography has been favored from time to time.

After Stanley left, Livingstone, now fully ready, by Stanley's generosity, and supplies expected from Zanzibar for another great undertaking, returns to Lake Tanganyika, and, on the 25th of August, started for his fifth and final tour of exploration. For two months they toil along the mountains and hilly regions of the east side of Tanganyika, moving southwardly, thence westwardly, and December 20th, turned south toward Lake Bangweolo. The last of January he became entangled in the marshes on the east borders of Lake Bangweolo; and thence, what with rains and rivers and rivulets and bogs, called sponges, he and his followers had a desperate struggle. The 10th of April he writes, "I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely [with dysentery] ever since the 31st of March last." "O how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work!" In chapter twenty-five of the "Last Journals," we find Livingstone "rapidly sinking." From the 22d to the 27th of April, had not strength to write down any thing but the dates. April 21st, the dying explorer writes, "Tried to ride [his donkey], but was forced to lie down, and the men carried me back to the village, exhausted." The 27th he writes, "knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milch-goats. We are on the banks of the river Molilamo." These were the last words David Livingstone ever wrote. Readers of the "Last Journals" will be gratified to find, on page 506, a *fac-simile*, taken by the aid of photography, of the last pages of his diary. His faithful servants, Susi and Chuma, who had stuck to him during the last eight years of his wanderings, and who piloted his remains to the coast, and then accompanied them to England, supply the remainder of the information recorded in the "Last Journals" of the closing scenes in the life of the great African traveler.

At Chitambo's village, on the southern shore of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, on

the morning of May 1st, 1873, on his knees, as if in prayer, the missionary traveler and scientific explorer peacefully resigned his soul to the God who gave it. We can not give a detailed account of the last days of this illustrious life. The story will not bear abbreviating, and would be too long for our pages.

One knows not how sufficiently to admire the conduct of his servants, unlettered Africans, of whom only one could read; their solemn witness to their master's decease; the careful inventory of his remaining effects; their ingenuity in embalming the attenuated body, reduced by disease to skin and bones, by preserving it with brandy and salt, and drying it, African fashion, in the sun; their careful concealment, in a bark package, of their precious burden; at one point in their route, pretending to bury it, to throw curiosity and superstitious tribute-hunters off the track; the unwearied faithfulness, care, and watchfulness, with which they bore their precious burden, the remains of their beloved master, over hundreds of miles in the far interior to Zanzibar, excites admiration, and enforces the tribute of tears. Of the large train that started from Zanzibar with Livingstone, in 1866, only five could answer the roll-call as they handed over the body of their dead leader to his countrymen, after eight years' desperate service. The remains reached England in safety, and, on the 18th of April, 1874, followed by a large concourse of friends, were deposited in Westminster Abbey. In view of his life-long opposition to slavery, as developed in Africa by Portuguese and Arabs, no inscription could have been placed upon the tablet erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, more appropriate than the one selected; namely, the concluding words of a letter to the *New York Herald*, trying to enlist Americans to stop the East Coast slave-trade:

"All I can add, in my loneliness, is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world!"



These words were written May 1st, 1872, exactly one year before his death.

Livingstone possessed keen powers of observation, and these were strengthened by the habit of observing, and the custom for thirty years of recording carefully all his observations for scientific, religious, moral or humane purposes. Scattered all through his Journals are philosophic remarks, scientific conjectures, and pious reflections. His lonely life was one long martyrdom in behalf of science and religion, separated from his family, separated from society, in constant contact with ignorance, superstition, degradation, dishonesty, life and health constantly exposed to disease, malaria, venomous reptiles and insects, and ravenous beasts of prey. Yet upon these minor evils he rarely touches in his journals. Birthdays, Christmas and New-Year's were occasions for pious record, and the unconscious outgush of religious feeling that he strove rather to suppress, than to display ostentatiously to his fellows. Sunday was always carefully observed, and religious instruction imparted to his followers, or the native tribes. He never forgot that he was a missionary, and looked at all his discoveries in the light of future religious advantage to the world.

December 31st, he writes: "We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended; will try to do better in 1867, and be better, more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus's sake."

January 1, 1867. He prays: "May he who was full of grace and truth, impress his character on mine: grace, eagerness to show favor; truth, truthfulness, sincerity, honor—for his mercy's sake!"

January 1, 1868. "Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year, for thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it."

January 1, 1871. "O Father! help me to finish this work to thy honor."

January 1, 1872. "May the Almighty help me to finish my work this year, for Christ's sake!"

March 19, 1873. His sixtieth and last birthday. "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men, for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus!"

April 20th, Sunday. According to his usual custom, though excessively weak, and in great straits and difficulties, he notes the usual "service" on the holy day. On these occasions, he often used the Church of England prayer-book, and it is affecting to find Jacob Wainwright, one of his faithful attendants, reading the burial service on the banks of the Bangweolo, over the remains of his deceased master. Instead of being scrappy and incomplete, the final journals of Livingstone prove to be full and intensely interesting, and, with occasional notes from the editor, Rev. Horace Waller, formerly an African Missionary, and an old friend and companion of Dr. Livingstone on the Zambezi, and the explanations and corrections and supply of deficiencies by the intelligent servants Susi, Chuma, and Jacob Wainwright, nothing remains to be desired. The latest edition of Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," contains a full account of the final honors paid to the remains of the greatest traveler and philanthropist of the age. For himself, Livingstone would have craved a resting-place under some spreading baobab, or on the banks of the Zambezi, beside the companion of his youth; but the humble Scotch factory-boy rests among the greatest and noblest of England's best, among kings and lords and heroes, in Westminster Abbey. Englishmen growl and grumble and find fault constitutionally, and sometimes do tardy justice to merit and greatness, but it comes at last. Among the greatest of her great, in energy, pluck, endurance and goodness, is the missionary scientist and explorer, David Livingstone.

EDITOR.

"THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF."

UPON the shore  
 Of Evermore,  
 We sport like children at their play;  
 And gather shells  
 Where sinks and swells  
 The mighty sea from far away.  
 Upon that beach,  
 Nor voice nor speech  
 Doth things intelligibly say;  
 But through our souls  
 A whisper rolls  
 That comes to us from far away.  
 Into our ears  
 The voice of years  
 Comes deeper, deeper, day by day:  
 We stoop to hear,  
 As it draws near,  
 Its awfulness from far away.  
 At what it tells  
 We drop the shells  
 We were so full of yesterday,  
 And pick no more  
 Upon that shore,  
 But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,  
 Far out and wide,  
 The yearnings of our souls do stray;  
 We long to go,  
 We do not know  
 Where it may be, but far away.  
 The mighty deep  
 Doth slowly creep  
 Up on the shore where we did play:  
 The very sand  
 Where we did stand  
 A moment since, swept far away.  
 Our playmates all  
 Beyond our call  
 Are passing hence, as we, too, may;  
 Unto that shore  
 Of Evermore  
 Beyond the boundless far away.  
 We'll trust the wave,  
 And Him to save,  
 Beneath whose feet as marble lay  
 The rolling deep,  
 For He can keep  
 Our souls in that dim far away.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

WORK.

DOWN and up, and up and down,  
 Over and over and over;  
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,  
 Turn out the bright red clover;  
 Work, and the sun your work will share,  
 And the rain in its time will fall;  
 For Nature she worketh every-where,  
 And the grace of God through all.  
 With hand on spade and heart in the sky,  
 Dress the ground and till it;  
 Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,  
 Turn out the golden millet;  
 Work, and your house shall be duly fed;  
 Work, and rest shall be won;  
 I hold that a man had better be dead  
 Than alive when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,  
 On the hill-top, low in the valley,  
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,  
 Turn out the rose and lily;  
 Work with a plan, or without a plan,  
 And your ends they shall be shaped true;  
 Work, and learn at first hand, like a man,  
 The best way to *know* what is to *do*!  
 Down and up till life shall close,  
 Ceasing not your praises:  
 Turn in the wild white Winter snows,  
 Turn out the sweet Spring daisies.  
 Work, the sun your work will share,  
 And the rain in its time will fall;  
 For Nature sheworketh every-where,  
 And the grace of God through all.



## EDWARD IV AND ELIZABETH WOODVILLE.

IT was a dark, stormy night in March. It had been raining for a week, with no signs of clearing weather. Everything without doors looked gloomy enough; the sharp wind swept through the tall trees bordering the avenue leading to Grafton manor, till the spectral branches, stiff with frost, rattled against each other like hail; and miniature waves rose in the dark pools, that had been created by a seven days' equinoctial storm. And within doors, it was almost as cheerless, so still and cold were the halls; many the fierce blast whistled through while a time-worn crevice and broken casement.

A large fire of beechen logs was burning on the open hearth of a large apartment, in which sat a lady of about twenty-five years of age. Her cheek, of exquisite fairness, reclined against the crimson velvet cushions of an antiques-carved walnut chair, in bright contrast with the brilliant coloring. Leaning upon her knee were two lovely children, the elder evidently not more than four years of age; he held in his hand a book with beautifully colored pictures, and both were begging mamma to relate the history of the fairies therein dancing in the ring. The lady appeared so youthful it was almost impossible to realize she was the mother of the two beautiful children, were it not for the mourning robe with its loose falling crape sleeves, and the strangely fashioned widow's cap, which told, more than motherhood, of sorrow and desolation.

It was Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Sir John Gray, who sat musing over the past in the stormy twilight, with her two infants by her side. In that same room at Grafton, had she played in childhood, as now did her children. How vividly she recalled those unconscious hours of happiness! It was also in that same room John Gray, heir of the illustrious and wealthy Lordship of Ferrers

of Groby, wooed and won her for his bride. Her noble husband was a cavalier, warmly attached to the cause of the Queen—her ardent and faithful partisan, on whom she had conferred the honor of leader of her cavalry.

The ferocious contest growing out of the fierce rivalry existing between the royal houses of York and Lancaster, and which so long desolated England under the so-called War of the Red and White Roses, commenced immediately after their union, leaving to them not even the shadow of a honeymoon, and cruelly separating them, frequently for months. Lovingly fond as both were, these chances and changes which rushed between were greatly deplored. John Gray was at this period twenty-five years of age; a remarkably graceful; handsome man, and brave as he was handsome. Queen Margaret held him in high esteem, never wearying in showing him marks of her especial favor.

Soon after his marriage with the fair Elizabeth, they had removed to the family seat of Bradgate. There she remained for three years, while he went to the wars; occasionally, when favored by opportunity, visiting his bride. It was at this place their two sons were born, which made him pre-eminently happy; so that he averred his only troubles were the frequent calls of the Queen, drawing him from the peaceful enjoyments of home to the turmoil and distractions of the camp; but it could not be otherwise, he being her best leader, and the disturbances and troubles incident to civil war requiring his constant presence there; so far, indeed, interfering with private duties, as to render it impossible for him to take his seat in the House of Peers, as entitled by the death of his father, or to go through the ceremonial of assuming the ancient title of Ferrers. Sometimes Elizabeth became desperate at the prolonged absence of her husband,

and would then intrust her babes to the care of a faithful servant, and follow her lord in his campaigns.

In consequence of one of these travels, Lady Gray was within a very short distance of St. Albans during the second furious battle that occurred at that town. All the long day, in trembling terror, she listened to the roar of cannon and the booming of artillery, and at nightfall, saw her beloved husband, the Queen's gallant captain, covered with desperate wounds, almost unconscious, borne into the house where she sojourned for the time. In despairing agony too overpowering to admit a swoon, the young wife bowed at his pillow, whispering caressing words to the ears too deaf to recognize even love's tones.

The Queen had won the day; the house of Lancaster was triumphant; but he to whom the victory was due, lay wounded; helpless, and dying, at the small village of Colney. There the Queen visited and knighted him, an honor, however, which could not stay the fleeting spirit. On the 28th day of February, 1461, death claimed war's victim. Elizabeth, the fair widow, overwhelmed with grief, with her two orphan boys, accompanied the remains of her young husband to Bradgate, there interring him in the family vault.

The Queen returned to her battles, soon losing all gained by the victory at St. Albans; and the White Rose of York bloomed triumphantly over the despoiled and trampled crimson emblem of Lancaster, whose defeat crushed in one general ruin all the adherents of the unfortunate and unhappy Margaret of Anjou. Sir John Gray, who had borne so prominent a part in these quarrels, had been deeply hated, with a rancor that not only still clung to his memory, but was visited upon his harmless infants, depriving them of their inheritance of Bradgate, and rendering their mother destitute, as well as sorrow-stricken.

Edward IV had just ascended the throne, when this forlorn woman, with her two boys, returned to the only shelter she possessed in England, her native

bower of Grafton, and the residence of her mother, Jacquetta, Duchess of Bedford, a woman of consummate art, who won to her will all who came within the sphere of her wiles and machinations. The influence she exercised was deemed diabolical; and all the country round accredited her as enchantress and witch.

It was a well-known fact that, within recent date, she had aided and abetted Queen Margaret. Few were unacquainted with the stormy scenes that had occurred between Prince Edward and her son at Calais; nor how her son-in-law, the lamented Sir John Gray, almost turned the scale of victory at St. Albans against the house of York. Yet, in defiance of all these circumstances, she had effected a reconciliation of the most cordial degree between herself and the Prince, obtaining from him the annual stipend of her dower, three hundred and thirty-three marks, four shillings, and a third of a farthing, one hundred pounds of this amount to be actually paid in advance! This wondrous effect of her influence, as it was then considered, was by most persons attributed to sorcery, utterly ignoring past evidences of her diplomatic energy and astuteness, which ranked her first *intriguante* of the day. They also took no account that the youthful monarch, when passing Grafton Castle, had seen the Widow Gray, seated upon the terrace, and had paused in admiring astonishment of her rare and exceeding loveliness, which had so fired his fancy that, his mercurial temperament fancying it love, he felt resolved to win her. A few days subsequent, still in the height of infatuation, he granted Jacquetta's suit, which stands to this day, in no equivocal terms, on the Issue Rolls of Edward's Exchequer, expressing the affection with which she had inspired the King, and his especial grace now shown her, as proof of that affection.

During the memorable interview between the King and the Duchess, the Widow Gray was present by his special request; but during the entire hour, not one word did she utter, nor scarcely raise



her eyes, drooping between their heavily fringed lashes, under the shadow of the widow's coif. Her heart throbbed with anger against the monarch whose adherents had robbed her children of their inheritance; she was poor and sorrowing, still mourning the death of her husband, whose memory she fondly cherished, and with it also the recollection that were it not for the hated house of York, and its detestable rivalry with Lancaster, he would still be living.

The King, finding all efforts to win favor vain, gave up at length the attempt, and departed. The Duchess accompanied him to the hall-door, bowing her head in pleased attention, as he whispered a few words into her ear; then mounted his horse and rode out of the court-yard, followed by his suite. Jacquetta returned to the room where she had left Elizabeth Gray, to whom she was loud in praises of the King, to which her daughter listened in silence; but, nothing daunted, she lost no opportunity of uttering praises of Edward. Apparently she made no impression upon the widow's heart till she spoke of the future poverty of her grandsons and the heavy shadows that rested upon them, which could only be removed through Edward's favor. These words and arguments roused Elizabeth to earnest thought and reflection; long she considered and deliberated on the best course to pursue to attain the restoration of her children's rights; a year passed, however, before resolve and opportunity served.

The hunt was a favorite pastime with Edward IV, and the forest of Whittlebury a royal chase to which he frequently resorted, and quite near to Grafton. It was near the edge of this forest Elizabeth resolved to wait for the King and prefer her suit, thus avoiding the formalities of a private audience. The shadow on the dial told it was not yet noon, when the widow, holding a boy by either hand, reached the border of the wood, and took shelter from the heat beneath the overhanging branches of a century-old oak. Not long did she have to wait; the gay

sound of trumpets and the baying of hounds announced the approach of the royal cavalcade; as it came in sight, the boys shouted in glee at the music and gallant array. Each knight and gentleman was mounted on horses whose trappings gleamed with gold. The ladies of the court wore velvet robes of the most brilliant tints, drooping ostrich plumes waved from their jaunty hunting-caps; the band accompanying played martial music, and pages carried azure and snowy banners that floated on the breeze like the soft, filmy clouds of dawn. The fair widow drew closer to the tree as the merry party came nigh; but Edward had seen and already recognized her. Throwing his bridle to a gentleman in attendance, he sprang from his horse and stood before Lady Gray ere astonishment had found fitting words to express itself in. The lady cast aside the heavy crape veil that concealed her loveliness, as she gracefully bowed low to the monarch; then advanced a step to meet him, exclaiming:

"My lord and gracious Sovereign, I come to thee for justice for my fatherless infants. Alone, poor, and widowed, I brave the dungeon in seeking from thee restitution of our rights, wrested from us, by those who call themselves thy friends. My children have been robbed of their inheritance by those, my liege, who would have thee believe it is done through love of thee. Alas! the cruel spoliations of war have made me a widow, my boys fatherless, and from us both bereft land and home."

As she spoke, she threw herself at Edward's feet, bowing her lovely tear-stained face into the high grass. Her beautiful eyes, her mournful beauty, had powerfully moved the susceptible heart of the King, already favorably disposed toward the fair client. With grateful courtesy, raising her from the ground, he assured her, in low tone, her prayer was granted; to be at peace; Bradgate, with all its appurtenances, should be restored; leaving untold the fact her woman's wit discerned, that she had not alone won back

her children's inheritance, but had conquered the heart of the Prince. A few moments he detained, while praying of her an hour's interview upon the morrow's eve beneath that same oak, where, freed from the ceremonials of rank and of court etiquette, their converse might be of ease.

"Elizabeth, you owe me this at least in return. Consent to grant this trifling mark of favor."

The widow possessed a considerable degree of vanity, that, having lain long dormant beneath her weeds, was now more deeply stirred by the King's undisguised admiration; her pulses beat tumultuously, as blushing she consented to the requested interview. Taking her gloved hand, Edward pressed his lips upon it, while his radiant blue eyes shot fiery glances of farewell.

As slowly Elizabeth Gray returned homeward, thought was busy in her brain; the two boys chased each other through the wood unheeded by her, whose whole nature seemed to have undergone a change during the last half hour, whose influence might affect the entire tenor of her life. What could not her Sovereign's homage confer? Wealth and power, two bright genii, without whom beauty was naught. Had not the last year, with its slights, shown her this, much as her pride had been chafed? had she Edward's love, she could avenge all, taking rank above the highest lady in the land. As these fancies rioted, she desired, as ardently as did the King, for the hour of tryst, believing it would influence her future destiny.

The day was at last near its close, twilight was falling, a few stars even were visible in the deep blue sky, when Elizabeth, with rare art, for the first time since her husband's death, wore, instead of the somber mourning-robe, one of embroidered white muslin of the finest texture, confining its soft folds at the waist by a silken ribbon; a pale white rose, symbol of the house of York, rested on her bosom; her rich golden hair fell in a profusion of curls over her lovely shoul-

ders. Her mother watched her as she went forth; a smile of pride and triumph curled her lips, for she knew few women of that day could compete with her in grace and beauty. As she watched her turn toward the forest, the smile deepened, for her subtle intellect and cunning spirit divined whom she went to meet, and saw the end.

One half-hour's walk through grassy glades, brought fair Widow Gray to the oak where the tryst was promised. The King was already there; she was unable to refuse her hand, nor the kiss he pressed upon it; and he forgot all, crown, rank, and power, remembering only he was a suppliant for the favor of fair Elizabeth Woodville, and that was far more potent at the moment than sovereign sway. Fondly he gazed on cheeks bright with the hues of health and early womanhood, upon the brow seeming born to command, upon the eyes flashing with regal beauty, and clasped the small hand that appeared created only to wave off worshipers; the fair face bore no trace of past tears, it only attracted and fascinated, and he determined to possess it in its peerless beauty. In impassioned language he spoke of the happiness he experienced at seeing her; how he had sighed the hours away, and would gladly relinquish scepter, crown, and throne to become only her lover.

The lady replied in her usual soft tones, assuring the pleasure was mutual, and of the intense gratitude he had inspired in granting the favor she had craved; then the azure eyes drooped, and the voice trembled with emotion, as she told him she must leave, and bade farewell.

"Nay, lady, nay; why this haste? Can you not for one hour forget the King in Edward? Believe, dear one, when with you I am ever only Edward. Stay yet awhile; I have much to say, and the pleasure is great to doff mask of State, and feel freedom from the bond. Stay: soon the moon will have risen; then I will accompany thee home. Hast thou no word of reply; doth my love offend thee? Dost thou not think it sin and



shame to hide such gem as thou art in the shade and obscurity of Grafton bower?"

Then he related to the not unwilling ears, how long he had loved; that her beauty's spell had enthralled his soul ever since that morn when accident or fortune had favored him with a sight of her in Queen Margaret's camp. It was her magnetic glance drew him to Grafton, and her mother's dower had only been granted for her sake. Since their meeting on yester-morn, life had lost half its charms bereft of Elizabeth's presence, which had evoked the deep, passionate emotion only felt for the object we desire wholly to possess.

"Smile, fairest, on thine adorer; believe love's star never beamed on truer heart than mine; the knowledge of thy virtues, modesty, and grace, has made its every pulsation thine."

Elizabeth was still young, vain, and ambitious, so it was not strange these flatteries charmed her senses; that the King's pleadings, through the pleasant forest-walk, should win not only favorable attention, but renewal of promise of future meetings, beneath the oak that had witnessed their first interview, and is still known in the local traditions of Northamptonshire, as "The Queen's Oak!"

Notwithstanding Edward was greatly enamored, he retained full consciousness at this time of the fitness and propriety of station; and he knew the rank of Widow Gray was too far below his own to permit the indulgence of wedding her; indeed, he was fully aware it would have been regarded, by his entire court, as an absurdity, and therefore furthest from his intention or design; besides, were he guilty of the folly of entertaining such an idea, he would have incurred the disapproval of his council; this he feared to do; so to make Elizabeth sharer of his regal dignity was not to be thought of; his wishes must be compassed in some other way; he resolving, by will and endearment, to induce her to become his on his own terms.

After months of almost daily inter-

course, walks in the forest when the weather permitted, or chats in her own boudoir when the rain fell, he found opportunity to broach the proposal to the proud woman whom he believed already won, explaining the bondage constraining those of royal birth to wed only within their own degree; dear as she was to him, he dared not make her Queen. In the sight of heaven, she would be ever his own dear wife, sweeter title by far, than that of England's Queen. "Am I not right, sweet one?"

Greatly Edward had mistaken the woman he wooed; not all the fabulous treasures of the East, poured at her feet as gifts, nor his vaunted love, could have tempted her to barter innocence and virtue. With a cheek ashen pale, sighing deeply, she turned away; her disappointment was extreme; bitterly, she replied: "My liege, I know I am not good enough to be your Queen; but I am far too good to be your mistress;" and, with a proud step, she walked down the path, trod so oft of late with feelings of ecstatic happiness. Stung, reproved by the dignified answer given him by the woman, whom, though the mother of two boys, yet from whose manner and appearance he had almost looked upon as herself a child, wholly devoted to him in affection, and ready, at his word, to sacrifice name and position for his sake, he forgot, in astonishment, to speak or follow, to entreat pardon. Elizabeth pursued the path to Grafton with feelings of bitter pain, inly resolving this interview should be the last, till the question was settled in his own breast, whether the affection he professed was sufficiently powerful to brave public opinion, and, by wedding, make her partner on England's throne; for those were the only terms on which, henceforth, she would ever listen to him. She was well aware such devotion and promises had before been made by Edward, to those credulous enough to trust him, always resulting in betrayal and desertion; her name should never be added to the list. Old memories, too, gained the ascendancy; she thought of the

chivalrous devotion of her husband, who would have died rather than so have insulted her; recollections thronged of his knightly honor, his faith in her affection, his cruel death. "Ah!" she cried, "were he living, Edward would not have dared so to have spoken, were he the possessor of a hundred thrones!" At this thought, her step became prouder, her carriage more haughty.

The following morning, a letter was brought, by messenger, from her lover; every word betokened penitence and distress; he pleaded for one more interview, confident, if Elizabeth would see him, he would make all right, and be forgiven for that which was an involuntary offense.

In anger, Elizabeth destroyed the letter, nor vouchsafed reply to the fond entreaty to walk that evening in the forest glade; nor was she tempted to regret this, when the slanting sunbeams, falling on the old wood, made the cool shade within appear so inviting.

With the morrow arrived one of the lords in waiting, bearer of a more formal missive, which prayed the Lady Gray to grant unto the King an hour's interview, she to appoint time and place, that he might be afforded opportunity of making known business of importance.

This message met with little better success than the former, the reply being: "If the King commanded, her time was at his disposal; otherwise, her children claimed all her hours and care." With this ungracious rejoinder, she dismissed him.

Edward could not brook this treatment; he was too much in love to be baffled; her assumed indifference had but served to increase his passion, and he resolved to conquer her pride.

Two weeks later, Elizabeth, according to her now usual custom, sat alone in the apartment, appropriated to her use since her return to Grafton. For more than an hour a storm had been gathering. Rapidly the dark night came on. The large fire, early lighted on the wide old hearth, could scarcely drive out the cold and

damp. Big rain drops, mingled with hail, beat against the casements, and the wind howled in fierce gusts around the castle walls. In the midst of the wildest burst of the tempest, a loud summons was heard at the gate, and a noise of servants running to and fro; then the trampling of many feet through the hall; and the door of the apartment in which the fair widow sat was unceremoniously thrown open, as a servant, in loud accents, announced, "The King!"

Lady Gray rose immediately, and would have kneeled before him—a ceremony, however, which the King prevented, graciously taking her hand with intent to lead her to a seat, which she would fain have refused, but for the constraint used.

Courteously Edward related how, engaged in the hunt, the approach of the storm had been unobserved, till it burst upon them in the town of Grafton, near to Stoney Strafford, drenching them to the skin. "Our strait," he continued, "would have been great indeed, had I not remembered my good friend, the Duchess of Bedford, lived near by. I knew she would not refuse hospitality, for one night, for myself and suite. I was not wrong in my belief, and, having lain aside my wet garments, I, with the permission of the Duchess, offer my respects to you."

He took good care to refrain from even a hint that he had really seen the threatening clouds, and delayed purposely, so as to have fair excuse for asking shelter at Grafton, feeling confident that if once more within the castle walls, and opportunity thus afforded of pleading his suit, he would come off victor.

The Duchess of Bedford and her husband now entered, and, having before seen the King and bidden him welcome, now invited him into an adjoining hall, where the evening meal was spread. Though so hastily prepared, there was no lack of substantial fare, or rare delicacy, to which the monarch, equally with his followers (after their hard ride), did full justice.



Long before midnight the King slipped away from the board, making a sign to Jacquetta to follow him. Alone with her, his wooing and its disastrous end was soon told; also how many attempts since he had made to see her daughter to solicit pardon; but the beautiful widow had proven inexorable, and still refused to see him. This treatment had driven him to despair; weary days and sleepless nights were no longer to be endured; he could not live without Elizabeth. Then, in a formal manner, he made the proud offer of his hand and crown for her daughter.

Here was the fruition of the desires of this ambitious mother, the attainment of the object for which she had so long schemed. In that supreme moment, this cold, crafty woman almost shed tears of joy, while promising her future son-in-law success. Before sleeping that night, she sought the chamber of Elizabeth, to make known the King's proposal, and all that it involved—royal estate, promotion for all her kin; and for herself, rank of first lady in England, Elizabeth Woodville, Queen Consort of England.

Before his departure from the castle, upon the next morning, Edward received Elizabeth's hand, and in token of betrothal, slipped upon her finger a ring of inestimable value, whispering:

"Sweetheart, all is well between us; I will soon be here again."

Jacquetta, with infinite cunning, kept all things quiet while the preliminaries were being arranged for the espousals, pretending even to keep all knowledge of the affair secret from her husband. All progressed fairly for the success of her schemes.

The first day of May, 1464, dawned brightly, such a morn as only dawns in England; the hawthorn hedges were all in bloom, and the fields fragrant with clover. In the little humble church of Grafton, before the altar, with her bridal group, the Duchess of Bedford and two young, fair girls, friends of the bride, the priest and his assistants, the bride, Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Sir John

Gray, there and then gave her hand in solemn wedlock to Edward IV of England. Soon as the marriage was solemnized, the King rode away to Stoney Strafford, where he had left his suite, pretending to them he had been absent hunting. At nightfall, he again stole away, and returned to his bride. A few days later, Edward sent a letter to Lord Rivers, the father of his wife, announcing his intention to visit and lodge with him for a season. The letter was speedily followed by himself, and being received with due honors, he tarried with his wife four days; but as ever haps, particularly where kings are bridegrooms, the bridal could not be kept long a secret. In whispers, reports of the marriage flew around the court, and honor compelled the King to acknowledge their truth; but this admission, instead of silencing the scandal, served as fuel to the flame. All averred the King had been enchanted by the Duchess of Bedford; won by her arts to wed her daughter, else he had never made her his wife.

Notwithstanding the scandalous reports, and the annoyances they involved, it was not till Michaelmas day, 1464, that Edward IV formally declared Elizabeth his wedded wife in the ancient Palace of Reading. With great pomp, he convoked a Council of Peers. Among that grand assemblage of lords and ladies, conspicuous was the tall figure of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. It was notorious that, years before, when the Queen was merely Dame Elizabeth Woodville, the stout Earl had been very partial to her, and that even now his eyes rested on her with undisguised admiration.

Edward entered the throne-room, leading his wife, attired as a royal bride. A lofty crown of peculiar richness, the points surmounted by *fleurs de lis*, bound from her lofty brow the beautiful hair, which streamed down her back; her dress was of gold brocade alternated with stripes of blue, the sleeves tight to the arms, as was also the bodice to the form, cut low in the neck, with robings

of ermine turned back over the shoulders and girded round the waist with a silken scarf. The dress trailed yards behind, bordered also with ermine; the Queen held it partly gathered in one hand, one of her sisters followed close, holding across her arm the extremity, permitting display of the rich blue satin petticoat worn beneath. Pointed shoes, according to the prevailing fashion of the day, and a necklace of costly pearls, completed her attire.

With much ceremony, Edward presented Elizabeth to those present as their rightful Queen. The young Duke of Clarence here arose, and ceremoniously, with solemn pomp, led her, followed by the courtly throng, into the stately Abbey Church of Reading, where she was publicly declared Queen. After kneeling for a short time at the altar, and making a few rich offerings, she rose and received with dignity the congratulations of all the nobility. MRS. H. S. LACHMAN.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO MARIAZELL.

### NUMBER III.

THE picture of adoration in the treasury is of miraculous birth. King Ludwig of Hungary had many wars with Poland. He was a zealous honorer of Mary. He had her picture on his house altar, and borne with him in his wars. Once he must meet a very large force of the enemy, 20,000 to 80,000. He was sadly discouraged. But in a dream vision the picture of Mary rested upon his breast. This greatly strengthened him and encouraged him to a new and victorious battle. Then he and his wife came and brought their marriage garments—still to be seen, heavy with gold embroidery; I have handled them—his battle trappings, stirrups, spurs, sword, and the picture, and gave them to Mariazell. Before a picture of his victorious battle, which hangs in the treasury, holy mass is read once a year.

In 1829, many diamonds, jewels, pearls, chains, laces, etc., were taken out of the treasury, to aid in the rebuilding, rendered necessary by the fire. But there are enough left. The bones of two saints, covered with diamonds and pearls, would be a rich dowry.

A whole chest of drawers is filled with rich mass dresses, given by kings and queens, embroidered in gold and silver and pearls and diamonds; one, a hun-

dred and eighty years old; and two, heavy valuable ones, from 1364, not now in use, from Ludwig of Hungary. There were altar lanterns and crucifixes, and antependiums and crystals, and breast pictures overlaid with gold, and neck ornaments with great diamonds, and heavy chains and rings, and miniature altars composed of precious stones, and ancient mass books and silver snuffers, and hearts and crowns and crucifixes almost without number. The custodian reverently kneeled before the Mary-picture when he went in, and again before he left, and deeply impressed it upon our minds that that was the veritable picture which rested upon the breast of Ludwig in his dream vision.

Perhaps the most convincing proof of miraculous power in the carved image is seen in the numerous crutches that hang in the upper galleries. All of them were worn by people who came and prayed to the Linden-wood Mary, and went away healed. Six thousand pictures of wonderful cures and deliverances from dangers and accidents lend their voices to the testimony.

A woman, who had lost her speech for fourteen months, came to Mary in 1860, and speaks, through a picture, of her cure.



Eight children, in regular gradation, pray before her picture for a father, dying on the bed. He arises to life. A house, with stones on the roof, tumbles in upon the people; but Mary saves. Forked lightning descends upon church and congregation; but Mary saves. A boy lies crushed under the wheels of a loaded wagon; but Mary rescues him unharmed. A blind boy prays; and Mary appears in the sky. Two men hold a child's head, giving it medicine, while the mother kneels to Mary; the child is cured. A man deliberately pitches, head first, off a red omnibus on to a fence, while the people inside sit calmly; Mary descends to his aid. Many wagons are going over cliffs, being crushed by stones from above, or are turned over, crushing the people; but in every case Mary puts in at the opportune moment. The danger from horses and wagons, especially red ones, is greatly augmented to me, since I see how accidents from these preponderate over all others. A mother, with her babe in her arms, stands up and testifies, in a picture, that the child suffered from colic for ten months; but, through prayers to Mary, it was cured. You will be generous enough to excuse from a further mention of the six thousand similar miracles.

The following week, the first pilgrimage of the season was to arrive. It was impossible to remain for it. The next best thing was to see what cheer the Popes had been providing for the people all these years, and if there was an available superfluity on hand for us. I mention but a few of the ample provisions.

In 1346, Pope Clemens issued an indulgence bull, available for every pilgrim to Mariazell for one hundred days. Pope Innocent VI, in 1357, issued an indulgence for two years.

In 1396, a complete indulgence to every pilgrim coming to Mariazell, without distinction, was issued. Pope Innocent X granted indulgence for seven years, and lengthened it seven years. Pope Clemens extended the time ten more years, and added seven more to all

who were present at a holy litany. To encourage pilgrimages, Pope Benedict XIII confirmed previous indulgences in year 1724. In 1754, Pope Benedict, by a bull, granted full indulgence to all living in Mariazell, as well as to all pilgrims. Pope Pius VI, in 1779, allowed indulgences. And in 1857, the seven hundredth year jubilee, Pope Pius IX, "gloriously reigning," permitted a complete indulgence to every one who undertook a pilgrimage to Mariazell.

By the time the five o'clock bells ring in the morning, a little wooden booth is open in the church-yard, when the devout may obtain candles, beads, etc. Later in the morning, all the low, black, shed-like buildings around one side of the church-yard, and a large circular one near by, become bazars. Here the most gorgeously decorated candles, four feet long, and big around in proportion, hang by the wick, regularly graduated to little red ones, no bigger than a pipe-stem. And beads enough to shell an army, hung by blue and red ribbons, carved smooth, round, square, little and big, with all kinds of crosses attached, make a protection from wind and rain to the saleswoman who stands behind, and who cries, as do the market-women: "What do you wish, my lovely lady?" Each booth presents the same bill of carved mother gods, statuettes in wood or composition, pictures of the same, medallions of the same, crosses, crucifixes and prayer-books,—enough variety and color to make the place gay.

High up on the mountain, back of the church, shine three figures on crosses, the central blazing in the noonday sun. We made a pilgrimage to them, only to find their composition sheet iron.

One has only to walk to Erlassee, two miles away, a clear, cold lake, surrounded by lofty mountains, with ferns at the bottom, and air bubbles coming to the surface, and on, an hour farther, to the Marien waterfall, to get the type of all the shrines. Numbers are by the wayside, and one in every house-yard. Noah's smoking sacrifice was ever pres-

ent to my mind. But these altars were to "unknown gods," or lacked the sacrifice. They are square stone structures, large enough to contain the statues or pictures, and kneeling-boards for two or four persons. But more frequently the kneeling-boards are outside—but always a kneeling-board—the face of the stone structure, shut off half-way up by wooden or iron lattice. Some have the crucifix over the altar, but most Maria, as she is at Mariazell. In one was a large family of Marys, all the way from a foot tall, to no larger than the little finger. In another, to the right of the crucifix, Peter stood, with the cock roosting at his elbow. But most of the stone structures are solid, and have only recesses on the outside for statues or pictures. Many shrines are red boxes, nailed to pine-trees, full of cheap pictures and artificials. Some are squares in the tree trunk itself, containing images and odds and ends, covered by glass, and the trunk stuck full of little pine crosses. Tapers are kept burning before many of these all night.

The knees of Christ are always represented as bleeding, and are black with the kisses of the people.

Toward Bruck, from Mariazell, on a green mound, were three crosses and two standing female figures, of wood, painted. The thieves were in a most un-

comfortable position. Five shrines led up to these, all supplied with kneeling-boards. Further on was a great shrine with two kneeling-boards, thirty feet long each, and very slight accommodations at that, for a procession.

At Wegscheid, where we spent our last night before taking post to Bruck, our sleeping-room was not only, as is usual, supplied with a crucifix, but also a kneeling-board, cushioned.

When we went down for supper, all the household were chanting prayers before a Mary in the eating-room. Just as at Mariazell, all the faithful gathered at night round a ghastly Christ on the wall, and in loud, monotonous tones, made their repetitions. It does not seem to be so hard a matter to hold prayers here, in a public-house, as in America.

The next day, at noon, down off of the mountains, through snow standing six feet high, while the peasants carried sun umbrellas, we had the pleasure of taking dinner at the quaint little dorf Aflenz; and, as a kind of dessert, walked in the church-yard and entered the bone-chamber, two-thirds full of human bones, piled in regular order, in ricks, destined to be used in making sugar, the ultimatum of all common human bones, in this part of the world.

SUE M. D. FRY.

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## SOLITUDE.

DEAR, solitary groves, where peace doth dwell,  
 Sweet harbors of pure love and innocence,  
 How willingly could I forever stay  
 Beneath the shade of your embracing greens!  
 Listening the harmony of warbling birds,  
 Tuned with the gentle murmur of the streams;  
 Upon whose bank, in various livery,  
 The fragrant offspring of the early year,  
 Their heads, like graceful swans, bent proudly down,  
 See their own beauties in the crystal flood.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE golden age for housewives in Europe seems to be passing away. We can well remember, years ago, the many laudatory things said to us regarding the fidelity of domestic servants, and the pleasure and readiness with which they seemed to perform all their duties, with apparently no other ambition than to excel in their most useful and responsible calling. We were one day, in the environs of Vienna, chatting with a lady friend at the garden-gate, when her waiting-maid passed out, and stopped for a moment to kiss the hand of her mistress, before leaving for a few hours' recreation. Madame was, for some reason, displeased with the maid, and drew back her hand to signify her displeasure. The poor girl stood still for a moment quite abashed, then burst into tears and went back into the house, instead of going on her way. The lady, in self-defense, explained the incident, and gave us quite an insight into this phase of domestic life in Germany. She expounded the theory of household service, in all its phases, to be obedience to the head of the house, although the ways of the family might not, in all regards, be such as the servants were used to, or perhaps thought best. She maintained it to be the duty of women to each other to train their domestic servants in this way; and, while treating them with all kindness and consideration, to exact from them perfect obedience as the first rule of action.

Having thanked her for quite an elaborate treatise on the science of perfect service in the household, we inquired the significance of refusing permission to kiss her hand. "This custom of kissing the hand," said the lady, "is common with us all over Austria, as a token of loyalty and affection, and is quite as common among the higher classes as the lower. At home, our children and

our inferiors and subordinates, kiss our hands as an expression of obedience and willingness to serve us, while in refined society, nothing is more common than for gentlemen to kiss a lady's hand as a mark of respect and willingness to fulfill her wishes. To withdraw the hand is a sign of want of confidence, and an expression of doubt as to the loyalty and truth of the meaning intended by the action. A little incident made me feel so toward my maid to-day, and I declined to give her my hand, in order to rebuke her, as I thought it my duty to do." This explanation was scarcely finished when the maid again appeared, and was evidently quite desirous of an interview with her mistress. The lady stepped aside and granted it, and in a few minutes the girl passed me with her face wreathed with smiles and dotted with tears, from which I inferred that the little family jar was all smoothed over, and matters were moving on pleasantly again.

The incident led us to be more observant of like matters in the sequel, in which task we had frequent occasion to admire the painstaking and industrious character of the German servants, and to congratulate German matrons for the ease with which they evidently carried on their household duties, in comparison with the toilsome and vexatious lives led by too many of our own wives and mothers in their endeavor to make their homes other than work-houses and prisons. In the endeavor to find the secret of this most desirable attainment, we thought we discovered it in the style of education for all classes, and especially for those whose fate and business it is to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and very especially in the contented spirits of the German people with what is our manifest destiny.

As a nation, they are not insanely ambitious to be all else than what they are, and do not continually aspire to rise above their position, and ape the habits and customs of their superiors in the social scale. They take a pride, for instance, in being good cooks, nurses, or waiting-maids; they feel that it is most probably their life vocation, and the better they perform its duties, the more likely will they be to obtain and retain desirable places, and become, as it were, a part of the household, sharing its joys and its sorrows, and taking an interest in all that concerns it, instead of being in continual antagonism with it. But alas! the charm is broken, and these ideal qualities are becoming, even among the Germans, things of the past. A well-known literary and benevolent lady in German circles has just addressed her suffering sisters through the columns of an influential journal, in regard to the degeneracy and spirit of unrest that, like demons, seem to be just now taking possession of their once quiet and well-ordered homes. The war with France seems to have intoxicated every one with the most ambitious plans; and no one is now willing to move on contentedly in the old ruts.

Listen to her story, and compare it with ours from the good old time: "A cook is wanted who has experience in plain, family cooking.' In response to this advertisement in a local journal, a number of *ladies* presented themselves, among whom it was difficult to choose; for they all acted as if they thought themselves above their calling. The most of them are unfitted for it, because they have been simply kitchen-girls in hotels, where they have merely aided the cooks, and therefore aspire to the position of 'experienced cooks,' without ever having prepared a dish on their own responsibility. But for better or for worse, one is engaged; and she begins immediately to destroy or waste the materials given her for the table. Milk and cream are kept in the warm kitchen, instead of being put into the cellar, and then she wonders that they become sour. The ashes from the stove hearth are never removed until they clog up all the avenues for draught; and the result is poor fire and half-roasted meat. To make the fire, she employs a perfect funeral-pyre of wood, and consumes nearly a box of matches to start

it. The fire seldom burns until the meal is prepared after a fashion, and it always burns well about the time the meal must be on the table. The eggs are boiled either too hard or too soft; for she can never consent to call in the aid of a clock, although one is there for such purposes. The tea is simply soaked in warm water; and, rather than take the trouble to cut the eyes out of the potatoes, she peels them all over so much that nearly half is wasted. It is enough to make one's heart ache to see how this genius of the culinary art wastes food in the kitchen: twelve eggs and a pitcher of milk are the least she will use for an ordinary pudding, and a whole glass of jelly is poured over a single tart. To preserve gravies and meats for further use is beneath her dignity, and to save the bones for soup is 'vulgar.' To the wholesale waste of butter I will simply allude. Here I am too full for utterance. I think she must use it at times to start up the fire! If one dares enter the kitchen, which is not always the case, what a sight presents itself! On the shelves are all sorts of remnants, eggshells, and plates covered with pieces of meat, flour, raisins, and what not, in one disgusting mixture. Now she begins to work. Crack! goes a China plate set on a hot stove; and if you inquire after others, she coolly says those were broken long ago. And thus piece after piece is nicked or broken, until soon total ruin overtakes the whole set. Gilding and painting on China are a thorn in her flesh; she never works so lustily as when trying to scour them off. She has a special hatred to exercise toward cup-handles, and never washes the silver without scratching or bruising it. And let the owner of them complain of this sinful destruction. She is soon told that she has no business in the kitchen, any more than the cook in the parlor; and even the daughter of the house is accused of sticking her nose into things. About the only ones this model cook favors are those who gather around the garbage-boxes; for these are continually filled with many good and valuable things for the table, to say nothing of unburnt coal, corks, dishcloths, etc. But a volume would not tell this story of the week. On Sundays, her aspiration is to be 'every inch a lady.' Her red hands are forced into kid-gloves, her great shoes



are exchanged for high-heeled boots, roses and feathers bob about on her bonnet, and her train sweeps up the filth of the street. But she is, in her own opinion, a fine lady, as she leans on the arm of her beau, and complains of the meanness of the family she lives with, and tells him how hard she works, with scarcely enough food to keep her from starving." Alas! good lady, had you lived in this land of liberty, you would have had this experience long, long ago.

THE ladies of England are moving very vigorously in a matter which shows that they are beginning to take a practical interest in the social and political progress of the period. They have undertaken to correct one of the crying evils of English law in its treatment of the insane, or those who are declared to be so. The first report of the "Lunacy Law Reform Association," which is composed largely of women, and whose official board, with the exception of treasurer, is composed entirely of women, has been given to the English world, and astonished it. Mrs. Lowe is the name of the lady who is moving most actively in this matter; and she can speak from her own sad experience, for she was virtually imprisoned for quite a period, on the plea of lunacy, when the object turned out to be the desire, on the part of her persecutors, to obtain control of her property. She appeals to the public for a revision of the unjust and unsatisfactory laws and defective arrangements for those who are likely to be the sufferers by them. She is, above all, desirous of agitating the question of the erection of new and modern houses or retreats for the insane, that shall neither be nor seem like prisons, and insists that they shall be under the control of those who can have no possible interest in aiding designing relatives in confining their kin in them for the purpose of pecuniary gain.

LABOULAYE, the famous French scholar, publicist, and statesman, though absorbed in matters of State in the Assembly, and deeply engrossed in the troubles of the French Protestant Church, of which he is an interested member, still finds time and inclination to attend to the children in the line of fairy tales and instructive stories and annals. He has just published a collection

of tales for the young, which are more complete and extensive than any of his previous labors of this kind, though in close and logical connection with them. He who, like Laboulaye, has devoted his talent and his pen to the moral, religious, and intellectual advancement of his nation, can scarcely be indifferent to the instruction of youth; and thus his newest work is a collection of instructive stories for those of tender age, and a course of moral reading for all. From these stories the child may unconsciously draw those ideas which, in the age of maturity, will make it better and more useful civilly and socially. He inculcates hatred of injustice and violence, love for truth and virtue, sympathy for suffering innocence, belief in an avenging Nemesis, and confidence in the final victory of the good and the true.

AND in contradistinction to this sensible and worthy Frenchman, we are completely disgusted with the extravagance, folly, and thoughtlessness of the most of his countrymen now in power and place. We have foolishly spent an hour over a copy of the French journal bearing the appropriate name of "*Gaulois*," which issue, though a large sheet, contains scarcely any thing else than the account of the opening of the Grand Opera-house, which has been thirteen years in the course of construction, and has cost untold millions. The attention of the French State officials has been turned for months toward the ceremonial of the opening, and thousands of dollars were offered for single boxes. As it was impossible to satisfy all with tickets for the first gala-night, it was necessary to draw lots in the National Assembly, to determine who should be the favored ones, and then these were to pay roundly for the privilege. The Lord Mayor of London, with his official equipage and suite, came to Paris expressly for the occasion, and exhibited himself in state to the gaping Parisians. The crowd outside was so great that regiments of soldiers were detailed to keep the avenues of approach free, and the vulgar mob from the edifice. The audience inside was the most perfect vanity-fair of aristocracy and position, vulgarly exhibiting silks and satins, laces and jewels, broadcloth and diamond rings, while the nation is sitting on a volcano.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

A MOST capital letter in a late number of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, from Miss Julia A. Lore, M. D., daughter of the editor of this well-known Church paper, reawakens our interest in this talented lady and her work. It is a hopeful day for the Church when the *best* of our men and women place themselves on the missionary altar. It is also *most* satisfying when this consecration is the result of a strengthening and ripened conviction, and not the expression of a momentary zeal, or a mystical dreaming. Miss Lore has gone from the most pleasant and attractive home associations, and from the midst of influences that promised a most happy future in her native land, to give the best energies of her best years to India. This is the outcome of five years of ripening conviction, and of as many years of careful and thorough preparation. After completing her academic course in Auburn, N. Y., she studied medicine with Dr. Foster, of the celebrated Sanitarium at Clifton, N. Y., then attended the lectures in the College of Medicine in Philadelphia, and finally graduated in medicine in the University of Michigan. Another year then spent in the New England Woman's Hospital in Boston gave her just that style of experience that best fitted her for her present wider field. With this thorough preparation, with a fine personal presence and most winning manners, and all controlled by a deep and healthy religious experience, we have the highest hopes that she may be the instrument of bearing rich blessings to multitudes of her unfortunate sisters in India. We shall watch her course with deep interest.

— Mrs. Watson, wife of Professor Watson, of Michigan University, is probably the only woman who enjoyed the privilege of going on the transit expedition from the United States. She had a long journey, but was doubtless rewarded by visits to countries which few American women ever see. First, there was an overland journey to San Francisco, then a voyage, lasting twenty-six days, to Yokohama, a four days' sail to Nagasaki, and another, of six days, to Tientsin. Then

followed a voyage up the river on small house-boats to Tung Chang, and, finally, a donkey ride of sixteen miles to Peking.

— Anna Hobbs, a well-known minister of the Society of Friends, died at the residence of her daughter, in Spiceland, Ind., on the 19th ult., at the advanced age of ninety-six years. She was widow of the late William Hobbs, prominently known in the early history of the Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends. She had been a minister for sixty-two years, and had traveled extensively in that service.

— The Children's Aid Society of New York support, at No. 27 St. Mark's Place, a Girls' Lodging-house. The upper stories are arranged as dormitories, with single beds and closets. The front parlor, handsomely furnished, serves as a reception-room, and the back parlor as a sewing-machine classroom. Twenty-five machines and a large cutting-table are its furniture. In the third story, a dress-making department was opened last Spring. Young girls who show a capacity for learning this trade are given board and home for three, four, and six months, and receive instruction from a competent dress-maker. Madame Demorest teaches her system of cutting, and gives a chart to each girl. The Domestic Machine Company give all the patterns they use; Harper Brothers send the *Bazar*, and Mr. Taylor the *Revue de la Mode*. Girls found wandering in the streets are sent there by policemen, and girls with no money come and work for their board till situations are obtained for them. Some who come pay one dollar and fifty cents a week, and go out and look for work. Servant-girls stay there between service, and shop-girls till they can earn money to get a boarding-place. The work of the whole house, with the exception of that of the laundry, is done by the lodgers, which is considered a fair training service, though cooking and laundry work can not be taught to any great extent. The lodgers average from thirty to forty, though there are beds for fifty-three. Every Sunday, religious services are conducted in the house.



—In Seventh Avenue, corner of West Thirteenth Street, may be found the "Home for Friendless Girls." Here are received girls and young women, who are kept for a while, learning to use the sewing-machine or doing the work of the house, and then Christian homes in the country are found for them. Both these institutions are doing a good work. Said one of the matrons: "This great city is full of traps for the destruction of young girls, and on the part of these girls there are two great causes why these traps are so successful—laziness and love of dress."

—A striking contrast to this picture is found in the following recent newspaper paragraph: "Eighty-five years ago the authorities of a county on the Upper Hudson knew of a little neglected waif floating about through the villages and towns. A few dollars' expense could have placed the child in some honest farmer's family where she might have grown up useful and honorable. Instead of this, she was left to grow up on the lanes and roads, or was sheltered with outcasts and vagabonds in the county poor-house. She fell into criminal courses, and her descendants now number six hundred and twenty-three criminals, paupers, and bad women. It is estimated that the descendants of that one girl have cost the county one hundred thousand dollars; to say nothing of the annoyance inflicted on the neighborhood, the loss of property, and the temptation to the children of the virtuous. Yet a judicious expense of ten dollars, years since, would have saved it all."

—New York has also, at No. 47 East Tenth Street, a "Free Training-school for Women." The training is done by ladies who volunteer their services, and are there during the day. A man comes every week, and gives lectures on cooking. Working girls are taught three days in the week, and ladies two days. Sewing, dress-making, and telegraphy are also taught.

—A Ladies Directory was established in New York during the past year, where applicants for places are received on paying a fee of twenty-five cents, which is put into a relief fund for girls in distress. The ladies who subscribe pay five dollars a year, and when they are not in want of girls, others can be supplied. A rigid investigation is

made into the character of girls who apply for places, and encouragement to reformation is given to any that may have fallen into bad habits.

—The ladies of Pittsfield, Mass., have recently opened a "House of Mercy," which is to be used for general hospital purposes.

—Mrs. A. M. Lewellyn, of Texas, has been appointed a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention.

—The Ladies Temperance Union of Washington City has lessened the number of licenses to sell liquor, by 123.

—Buchtel College, of Akron, has selected a lady for contestant in the State inter-collegiate elocutionary contest.

—Mrs. Asa B. Hutchinson, of the celebrated family of singers, was stricken with paralysis while lecturing on temperance, and died in half an hour.

—Miss Mary E. Gallaway, of South Carolina, is going to Egypt as the first Associate Reformed Presbyterian missionary from this country.

—The West Pittsfield Shaker Society has lost, in the death of Sylvia Williams, one of the leading sisters. She had been a member of the society for sixty-eight years.

—Marion Harland, the wife of Rev. Mr. Terhune, has an income of \$2,500 from her "Cook Book" alone. An Eve that tempts her Adam to eat to some purpose.

—Martha C. Wright, President of the Woman's National Suffrage Association, died recently at the residence of William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Roxbury, Mass. She was a sister of Lucretia Mott.

—Mrs. Ann T. Magill, widow of Professor Magill of the University of Virginia, died in Staunton, where she had been connected with the Female Seminary. She was formerly principal of the Valley Female Seminary at Winchester, Virginia.

—The will of Martin O. Walker, of Chicago, in which two millions are involved, cut off his wife without a cent. It is to be contested. In pleasing contrast to such injustice we find that Gerrit Smith, whose income was \$100,000, bequeathed one-half of his entire property to Mrs. Smith.

## ART NOTES.

A RECENT letter from a Cincinnati girl ought to be read by more of our countrymen and country-women who are aspiring to dramatic distinction. After speaking of the errors with regard to the expense of a residence in Milan, the best center for vocal instruction, claiming that one hundred dollars per month is the least that can be safely calculated upon, she adds: "Another thing that is quite generally underestimated is the time required to turn out a first-class artist, even with the best of voices. Most young ladies come here with the delusion that after they have taken a few terms of lessons at home, a year ought to suffice to take them to the highest summit of perfection. If the teacher is, fortunately, something more than a flatterer, they will soon find out that two, three, and even five years of earnest toil can only see them well started on the road. Then the materials and conditions for a great artist are something astonishing. First, she must have an extraordinary voice; then she must have years for its cultivation, and an abundance of means to defray the expenses; next, she must possess charms of person and manner, and have more than dramatic talent; while a strong physical constitution is necessary from first to last." A list of the most eminent Milan teachers follows; among them, Lamperti, Tryvulsi, and Sangiovanni. The first is seventy-two years old, and charges three dollars a lesson—often not more than fifteen minutes long. The second was Lamperti's teacher, is now seventy-four years old, and gives all his lessons lying on his back in bed. The last is most popular with American pupils, and gets a dollar and sixty cents a lesson.

—C. W. Chapman, in a *critique* of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" (Opus 57), has the following suggestive statement: "The material which the musical artist takes in hand to form his creations is so fleeting and illusive in its nature, that one might well be pardoned for doubting *a priori* if much could be done with it. Sound and its background of silence—it is like the play of flame which the cunning workman in

pyrotechny spreads before the curtain of night. The obscure tone of the most majestic thunder-clap, with its setting of flash and cloud, is gone in a minute; and the drowsy preach of the toad in the Summer pool, though not wholly determinate, is not pure noise; but has a pitch and thin tune to it. Stone, the sculptor's material, if intractable and difficult to work, when it is once formed, abides; but sound, tone, is so fluent and impalpable that to undertake the formation of any structure upon it, one would say, would be building upon the sand, or even on water itself. To liken sound, considered as raw material for art productions, to water, because of its extreme mobility, is not new. But let us follow the parallel a little. Any child can play with water—and what a delight it is!—spattering it into sudden flowers by a stone dash (like the opening thumps of a vulgar player before beginning), or cutting diamond wreathes through it with willow whip-lashes (the arabesques of so many graceful and merely ornate compositions). A spadeful of it slips away, and can not be gathered; and the implement labors through it except edgewise. Gravitation, however, slides the river's heavy burden on; the east wind lines its forces, and, blowing days at a time, makes surf; and both, in performing their work, make at the same time music. So genius takes the atmosphere and molds its trembling into such awful shapes, as the overture to 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' the mighty joy tempest of Handel's 'Halleluiahs,' 'For unto Us,' or into such height and majesty as this *Andante con moto* of Beethoven."

—It is understood that Messrs. Appleton, of New York, have purchased the exclusive right, for the United States and Canada, of all the steel plates and other illustrations of the celebrated "London Art Journal." This is not designed to be a mere republication of the English work, but to go much further in its plan, so as to give to it somewhat of an international character. It promises to give full information on American art topics, and, best of all, is to occupy



much space in the discussion of household decorations, etc., which best contribute to make the American home beautiful and enjoyable. It will be a most welcome visitor to many a family, and all must rejoice that so strong a house as Appletons gives us assurance of a financial success.

—American tourists, who have been interested in looking at the beautiful paintings of Carl Feln, the Belgian artist, in the Amsterdam and Antwerp Museums, will be glad to know that he is still at work. Although born without arms, he still, after many years of successful copying with his feet, is now painting some of the finest pieces in South Kensington Museum.

—Messrs. C. Barbee and Roger Cushing, sculptors, are giving the finishing touches to the memorial statue which is to be placed on the grand monument now in process of erection at the tomb of the late General Robert E. Lee, at the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. The figure represents General Lee reposing in an easy posture upon a couch, his head and shoulders slightly raised, his left arm outstretched, and his right hand laid across his breast, and his person dressed in full Confederate uniform.

—*Scribner*, for February, did a handsome thing in giving an appreciative article on Theodore Thomas and his work. The article restates what we have often insisted on in these NOTES; namely, that the great reason why Americans do not appreciate art in its highest and best forms, whether in form, color, or tone, is that they have not had the opportunity of being educated by its presence. If a *genre* work is preferred by the mass, it is because they have studied only *genre*, they have been in the presence of *genre*; if they have loved more the light and trivial in music, it is because they have lacked the society and inspiration of the grand classic masters; if waltzes, polkas, and reels are the relish of the mass, it is because they have heard nothing better; the grand oratorio and the deeply studied symphony have been the exclusive privilege of the wealthy. What we want are galleries and concert-rooms opened to the great public, either gratuitously or at cheapest rates, where, by being in the society of the great and good, they will soon learn to understand and love

their utterances. All honor to the pluck, perseverance, and noble aim of Theodore Thomas!

—It seems most amazing to one who resides so near the place of the exhumation of that stupendous humbug, the Cardiff Giant, that the Germans will not let the dear "Adonis" rest. It is such a case of the *a priori* method of treating historical subjects, that one may, after all, derive from this discussion some instruction. To see men professedly learned in archæology clinging to their opinions in face of the clearest testimony of their falsity, affords, however, a more telling example of bull-dog obstinacy than of scientific honesty.

—The Cathedral of Seville will hereafter be a place of greater interest than before, now its one lost and highly valued treasure is to be returned to its walls. The famous picture of Murillo, "St. Anthony of Padua," painted some two hundred years ago, had been missing more than six months, and though all parties had sheathed their swords to search for it, only a short time since was it found. To the Art-gallery of Mr. Schaus, in New York City, some Spanish abductor had sold it for the paltry sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. This superb painting, twenty feet high by fifteen long, represented St. Anthony kneeling on the pavement of his cell in front of a crucifix, forgetful of the darkness and gloom around him, and with arms outstretched, looking up with ecstasy to the lovely figure of the infant Savior descending in a cloud with angels and cherubim. The vision is represented in a halo of glory, and the face of the kneeling saint beams with sweetness and purity, that Murillo, unlike most Spanish artists, loved so well to represent. The figure of the saint is alone cut out from the canvas, but so cracked by rolling, and the edges so mutilated, that the most skillful handling of the restorer must fail to make it perfect again. But will not this mutilation give the picture even more interest? and will not its future guardians watch it with tenderer care?

—A bronze statue, costing about twelve thousand dollars, will soon be erected in Central Park, New York, in honor of the poet Burns.

—On the 5th of January was opened to the public the most gorgeous building of modern times—the New Opera-house of Paris. Its progress has been noted, from time to time, in these “Notes.” It is by far the largest and most complete building of its kind in the world. The buildings for similar purposes in the other chief capitals are dwarfed into comparative insignificance by this immense structure. As a project of the late Emperor, it stands as a monument of what can be accomplished by the arbitrary will of one man. The amount of labor demanded to secure a proper foundation was simply enormous. Excavations to the depth of sixty feet, or nearly forty feet below the general water-line in this part of Paris, were necessary to accommodate the stage machinery. The foundations occupied more than a year in construction, and eight pumps, worked by eight engines, of forty-eight horse-power each, were employed night and day for seven and a half months, to keep the excavations properly drained. In all, over thirteen years have been occupied in bringing this to completion. The peculiarity of the roofing of this building is, that its external form corresponds almost exactly to the internal rooms and elevations, thus presenting a very broken, yet, on the whole, agreeable, appearance. The usual way is to throw one uniform roof over the entire structure, thus leaving large unoccupied spaces. The critics complain bitterly, that the comfort of the audience has been sacrificed to the convenience of the stage; and that, with all the enormous expense, a comparatively small audience-room has been secured, and this, too, cut up into cramped and disagreeable boxes.

—We are happy to observe the growing interest in the Art building for the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. The plans are being subjected to criticism, and there seems to be, on the part of most of those who are interested, a sincere desire to secure the very best results. It now seems probable that the buildings erected for the Exhibition will be permanent, and will become the nucleus of much that will be valuable in our rapidly developing civilization. It therefore becomes doubly necessary that they be made, in the best sense, monumental.

—As a work that contains a fair discussion of the metaphysics of art, we can commend Prof. John Torrey's “A Theory of the Arts.” Prof. Torrey delivered these lectures to the Senior Class of the University of Vermont, and they include many things with which the art student should be familiar, expressed in a clear and graceful style; moreover, the price of the book brings it within the easy range of a large class of readers.

—One of the most charming and useful works to the amateur and the common student of art is the “*Grammaire des Art et du Dessin*,” by Blanc, that has recently been translated by Kate Newell Doggett. It is rich in the technics of painting and engraving, told in such interesting and simple manner that the commonest reader can easily comprehend all. It also contains easy statements of the standards and rules of criticism used in these fine arts. Here the special fields and modes of painting and engraving are treated. The principles of composition, and the methods practiced by artists to heighten effects of color and subject, the rules of drawing, the correspondence of moral expression to light and shade, and a multitude of other topics bearing on painting and engraving, are here discussed in the clearest and happiest manner. Under the head of engraving is considered, very entertainingly, the proper mode of transferring the effects of the colors of the painting to the simple light and shade of the engraving. Scattered throughout the work are interesting and instructive remarks on the most celebrated works of the great masters, as Rembrandt, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Albert Dürer, Holbein, etc. It is one of the very best and most useful works in its department that has appeared in many a month; indeed, we know of nothing so good for the ordinary reader. Its value is greatly heightened by about fifty capital illustrations.

—It is proposed to erect a statue of the poet, Fitz Greene Halleck, in Central Park, New York, and unveil it on the next anniversary of his birth, July 8th. The statue will be in bronze, executed by the artist, J. W. M'Donald, and the likeness is said to be good. Statues of W. H. Seward and Robert Burns will also be erected.



## CURRENT HISTORY.

IN anticipation of the assembling of the Louisiana Legislature, and probable disorder attending the event, General Sheridan was ordered to New Orleans, January 4th, in order that he might take command of the Department of the Gulf. On the 4th, the Legislature assembled. The Returning Board had reported a majority of two Republicans; but the Democrats unwilling to submit to a majority vote in the choice of a speaker of the House, in the midst of great uproar proclaimed L. A. Wiltze, one of their number, to be the officer elect. The excitement was intense, and amid numerous protests, a considerable number of Republicans left the house. Wiltze sent for General De Trobriand, who restored quiet. In the mean time the Republicans who had withdrawn applied to the Governor for redress, who in turn applied to the Commanding General for assistance in restoring the majority to their place in the House, where they effected a regular organization, in accordance with the report of the Returning Board. A sub-congressional committee, sent to New Orleans to investigate the situation, reported substantially the above, on the 15th of the month, with the addition that a system of intimidation and bloodshed was generally prevalent, and that large numbers had been murdered on account of political opinions. A full committee was afterward sent to take additional testimony. The Finance Bill passed by Congress, providing for a complete return to specie payments, January 1, 1879, and for a partial return as rapidly as possible, was signed by the President, January 14th, and became a law.

—January 4th, Senor Castellar resigned the Presidency of the Spanish Commission to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the Chancellorship of the Public Instruction, and his University Professorship. He proposes leaving Spain, and will reside in Geneva. The cause of Alfonso is gaining ground in Spain; the most hearty receptions have been given him by the army. Don Carlos announces his purpose to continue the contest. Alfonso has, however,

offered universal amnesty to all who will return and espouse his cause. His new Ministry is as follows: Castro, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Cardenas, Minister of Justice; Jovellar, Minister of War; Salaveria, Minister of Finance; Moline, Minister of Marine; Mobledo, Minister of the Interior; Orovio, Minister of Commerce; Ayala, Minister of Colonies. The young King, while declaring for the Roman Catholic Church, proclaims religious liberty. As a general, he has already had some success. Monreal and Lerga have surrendered. The latest dispatches state that a great effort is making to secure an armistice with the Carlists, as a preliminary to a definite peace. The Alfonsist generals insist on relief for Pamplona as the first preliminary, then maintenance of *statu quo* until the submission of the Carlists, with or without the acquiescence of Don Carlos. Carlos will probably be treated with later on the footings of Infanta of Spain.

—The work on the telegraph from Foo-choo-foo to Amoy continues, in spite of the prohibitions from local authorities, who seem unwilling to interfere forcibly with operations of foreign agents. Thirty-five miles are now completed.

—A rupture has occurred between the first and second Kings of Siam, father and son. The latter took refuge in the British Consulate at Bangkok and disbanded his forces. A British gun-boat has left Singapore for Bangkok to protect the British subjects.

—The Emperor of China died on the 12th of January. He was born April 21, 1856, and though not nineteen, had several wives, a son aged five years, and had changed his name from Ki-Tsiang to T'oung-Chi. His later name signified "Supreme Good Fortune." It does not seem to have been a very appropriate selection. He had reigned since August, 1861. A son of the seventh prince, three years old, has been proclaimed Emperor, and the Empress mother is again proclaimed Regent of the Empire during the infancy of her son.

— February 1st, the Federal Council has empowered Prince Bismarck to conclude an extradition treaty with the United States.

— Trouble, which for some weeks seemed to be brewing between Montenegro and Turkey, has been averted by the Hospodar of the former withdrawing all his demands on the latter.

— The committee of relief for the famine-stricken people of Asia Minor urgently request the English and American press to let it be known that their funds are exhausted, while the distress is increasing. They state it will be necessary to clothe, feed, and give medical assistance to several hundred thousand people until next June.

— The oldest member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council is Lord St. Leonards, aged ninety-four; the youngest, H. R. H. Prince Leopold, aged twenty-two. The oldest duke is the Duke of Montrose, aged seventy-six; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged twenty-eight. The oldest marquis is the Marquis of Tweeddale, aged eighty-eight; the youngest, the Marquis of Camden, aged three. The oldest earl is the Earl of Leven and Melville, aged eighty-nine; the youngest, the Earl of Norbury, aged twelve. The oldest viscount is the Viscount Molesworth, aged eighty-nine; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged twelve. The oldest baron is Lord St. Leonards, aged ninety-four; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged eight.

— When the British Parliament voted £30,000 per annum to Prince Albert, on his marriage with the Queen, instead of £50,000 which she had asked, the royal lady became quite cool with the Tories, and refused to confer a baronetcy on Mr. Hume, or even to make him a Privy Councilor; and as soon as the marriage took place, she gave the Prince lucrative sinecure appointments which raised his income to £50,000 a year, that had originally been asked for him. Spending only one-tenth of his income in the twenty-one years of his wedded life, Albert amassed a sum estimated at \$5,000,000, which, taken by Victoria on his death, was the nucleus of her present colossal personal fortune.

— A new Venus, of the purest Parian marble, was discovered on the Esquiline Hill, in Rome, on December 22d. The statue is per-

fectly nude, and is the figure of a lovely girl of seventeen. She stands with both feet upon the ground and close together, the left a couple of inches further back, with the heel very slightly raised. A moment before she was erect, but she has dropped into an easier position, with the left knee bent forward and inward against the right. Her left hand is resting on the knot of hair at the back of her head, while her right holds the fillet she has already passed several times round it. In doing this she has swayed a little over and down to the right, bringing the left side forward. The shoulders are well set back, and the face is turned to the right and a little downward, showing from the front a not quite three-quarter view. It is thought that the statue will rank above the Medicean Venus.

— The number of French Communists transported to New Caledonia, last Summer, consisted of 3,324 men and 20 women.

— Liverpool, England, is often called the metropolis of Wales, the town containing 26,840 Welshmen. An interesting fact about them is, that 23,318 of this number are church-goers.

— A community of Shakers, to the number of 132, men, women, and children, were, Dec. 15th, summarily ejected, under process of the Sheriff, from their habitation, Lyngington, in Hampshire, England.

— Only nineteen hundred and twenty-three miles of new railway have been opened in this country during the past year. This is less than half the mileage of 1873, and but little more than a quarter of the mileage of 1872.

— Lieutenant Cameron, an Englishman, is doing good work in Central Africa. He has surveyed all of Lake Tanganyika south of Ujiji, thus completing Burton's work in that quarter. He has found a river flowing out of the lake, which is doubtless the Congo, or one of its tributaries, and proposes to follow it to the sea. He will have the co-operation of the Portuguese officials in Angola, and may meet with the German party which is working its way eastward into the interior along the course of the river. He has recovered the very valuable map and notebooks which Dr. Livingstone left in Ujiji.



—The *Evangelical Review*, of Calcutta, states that 5,000 converts to Christianity were baptized in India during the year 1873, and 1,000 in Burmah.

—Two hundred and forty-three persons perished on the Lakes last year, against two hundred and twenty-one in 1873, and two hundred and nineteen in 1872. The estimated damage to property foots up \$3,031,600, against \$3,976,000 in 1873.

—By the death of Lady Chantrey, widow of the great sculptor, the sum of nearly one hundred thousand pounds has become available for the encouragement of British fine art, in painting and sculpture only.

—Mr. Froude, the historian, has been sent by the British Government to South Africa to inquire into the circumstances of the late Kaffir insurrection, and to ascertain "the dispositions of the two republics toward federation with the South African colonies."

—While Mr. Bancroft, in one sense, concluded his History with the tenth volume, in order that in the event of his death his work might not go into literature an unfinished one, he is now at work upon an eleventh volume, which at least he hopes to add to the previous series.

—The Shah of Persia has given Herr Falkenhagen, a Russian subject, a concession to construct a railway from Tabriz to the Russian frontier. If this line is carried out, it will be extended to Tiflis, and will become the first railway connecting Asia and Europe.

—The census of the Kingdom of Italy for 1871 has just been published, from which it appears that the total number of inhabitants is 26,801,154, of whom 26,291,083 have fixed residences in the country; the remainder, or 19 to the 1,000, being either travelers or temporary residents. The increase, during the ten years preceding, was 5,023,820.

—In 1874, there were 58,088 persons in Great Britain who paid the tax for using armorial bearings—of whom 38,227 paid the lower duty, which does not confer the privilege of wearing them on a carriage, and 19,861 paid the higher duty, which does confer that privilege. The respective duties are one guinea and two guineas.

VOL. XXXV.—24

—It is estimated that the number of railroad ties in present use in the United States is 150,000,000. A cut of two hundred ties to the acre is above the average; and it therefore has required the product of 750,000 acres of well-timbered land to furnish the supply. Railroad-ties last about five years; 30,000,000 ties are used annually for repairs, taking the timber from 150,000 acres. The manufacture of rolling-stock disposes of the entire yield of 350,000 acres, and a full supply of 500,000 acres more, every year. Our railroads are stripping the country of its timber trees at the rate of 1,000,000 acres per annum.

—The reading-room of Mæcenæ has been discovered on the Esquiline Hill, at Rome, where the diggers are at work laying the foundations of a new quarter of the city. It is painted and gotten up in the taste of the old times, with a rostrum, or tribune, from which the new books of his *protégés* were read to audiences of over three hundred persons, seated on stone steps. There were paid applauders belonging to the establishment, who clapped their hands to good, bad, or indifferent. Save in this latter respect, it had none of the modern conveniences—no gas, no cushioned chairs, and the readers had to read from wretched scribbling instead of fine print.

—In Japan, public expenses are being reduced in various ways. The Mikado and members of the imperial family have renounced part of their incomes. Numerous *employés* have requested a reduction of their salaries, and even scholars in the national academies have petitioned that the amount allowed for their education be temporarily reduced.

—The Cossacks of the Don are being organized in three classes, two active, and one reserve. The active contingent is to furnish 52,000 men to the Russian army. The number of young men called during the last year into the military service was no less than 708,102—a considerable drain on productive energies. On the other hand, the St. Petersburg Cabinet, early in 1874, constituted itself the special champion of a new code of warfare in behalf of wounded and captured men in time of war.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

AN ANTIQUARIAN HOAX. — Toward the close of the last century a learned priest, named Joseph Colucci, was engaged, under Papal auspices, in the task of collecting and illustrating the ancient monuments remaining in the district of Picenum, in the modern province of Ancona. During the course of his labors, comprised in a voluminous work, entitled "*Le Antichità Picene*," Colucci received from a brother priest and wit, named Tondini, a communication of an interesting description, which the writer asserted to have been recently brought to light in the neighborhood of Ascoli. The inscription was considerably defaced by time; but by patience and ingenuity, the last portion had been replaced, the suggestions of the discoverer being supported by a long and erudite dissertation, which accompanied Tondini's letter, plentifully seasoned, as may be imagined, with complimentary references to Colucci's learning, and holding out promises of further communications of the same character.

Colucci fell into the trap, and published the pretended inscription in the seventeenth volume of his series, where it appears in the following form. The capital letters represent the legible portion of the monument, the remainder having been supplied by the discoverer:

"SExtus. PVBLICiUs. ATernina.  
QVæSTorIa. SCRIBa. in. acTIONE.  
VOtum. ISIdi. ET. bono EVeNtui.  
GRAti. aNimi. caussa. solvit.  
COModo. v. et. GLabRIONE II.  
COSS."

This might perhaps be rendered: "Sextus Publicius Aternina, clerk of the Quæstor's Court, has, with grateful heart, paid his vow to Isis and to Good Fortune, in the fifth term of the consulship of Commodus and the second of Glabrio."

Some time afterward, Tondini, to the great amusement of the literary world, gave the true rendering of the inscription, which is simply as follows:

"Se publicate quest' iscrizione voi siete un gran coglione (if you publish this inscription, you are a great ass)."

The affair, however, had a tragical end;

for when poor Colucci found how he had been fooled, he took to his bed, and died soon after.

AULD LANG SYNE.—The following version of Auld Lang Syne is copied from a volume of Scotch poems entitled "*A Choice Collection of comic and serious Scotch Poems both ancient and modern*." By several hands. Edinburgh: Printed by James Watson, and sold at his shop, next door to the Red Lion, opposite the Lucken Booths, 1706-11," some years before Burns was born. The great poet's immortal lines are dedicated to Friendship, while the author of the song in question has Love for his theme.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never thought upon,  
The flames of Love extinguished,  
And freely past and gone?  
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold  
In that loving breast of thine,  
That thou canst never once reflect  
On auld lang syne?

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,  
That makes thy love decay?  
Or is't some object of more worth,  
That's stol'n thy heart away?  
Or some desert, makes thee neglect  
Him, so much once was thine,  
That thou canst never once reflect  
On auld lang syne?

But now, since nothing can prevail,  
And all hope is in vain,  
From these dejected eyes of mine  
Still showers of tears shall rain;  
And though by thee I am forgot,  
Yet I'll continue thine,  
And love thee still, whate'er my lot,  
For auld lang syne.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,  
That truly is called mine,  
And can afford but country cheer,  
Or aught that's good therein,  
Though thou wert rebel to the King,  
And beat with wind and rain,  
Assure thyself of welcome love,  
For auld lang syne.

MAKE HIM FIGHT.—When the great general of the civil wars of Rome was engaged in his campaign against Publius Silo, a distinguished commander of the other party, he bothered him much with his trenches and slow advances. Silo often led out his legions in choice positions, "offering battle," which Caius Marius would never accept. At last



Publius Silo resorted to this simple expedient: He sent a herald in the lines of his adversary to make him this speech: "O, Caius Marius, if you are indeed a great general, why do you not come out of your ditches and fight me a battle?" Marius sent back his own herald to make him this reply: "O, Publius Silo, if you are a great general, why do you not *make me* come out and fight you a battle?"

"TO SCRAPE ACQUAINTANCE." — This proverb is said to come to us from the Roman Emperor, Adrian, though we think rather doubtfully. He was at the public baths one day, when he saw one of his veteran soldiers scraping his body with a tile. That was such poor luxury that Adrian ordered that his old comrade should be supplied with more suitable cleansing materials, and also with money. On a subsequent occasion, when the Emperor again went to the bath, the spectacle before him was amusing. A score of old soldiers who had fought under Adrian were standing in the water, and each was currying himself with a tile, and wincing at the self-inflicted rubbing. The Emperor perfectly understood what he saw, and what was the purpose of the sight. "Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, "you had better scrape one another, my good fellows." He added: "You certainly shall not scrape acquaintance with me!"

THE FIRST FORGED BANK-NOTE. — Sixty-four years after the establishment of the Bank of England, the first forged note was presented for payment, and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed (and there were several engaged in different parts of the notes), the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation had he not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period, forged notes became common.

His execution did not deter others from the offense, and many a neck was forfeited to the halter before the late abolition of capital punishment for that crime.

OVERPOWERING ELOQUENCE. — A Southern editor thus describes the eloquence, upon a certain occasion, of the new Senator from Tennessee. The address alluded to was delivered before he became Vice-President:

"Johnson rushed upon his foes with the clangor of the trumpet and the flash of the battle-ax. Like Richard Cœur de Lion among the cimeters of Saladin, he strode on, dealing his stalwart blows right and left, and every thing was borne down by his ponderous arm. Like the sleeping lion aroused from his lair by some careless intruder, he sprang upon his victims, tore their flesh, crunched their bones, and beat their bodies to a jelly by hurling them against the earth, that trembled to the thunder of his infuriate howls. Like the mad bull in the arena, he rushed upon those who pricked him with their spears, gored into their vitals, tossed them into the air, and trampled them under his feet." It is a matter of congratulation to us that we were not in that fight.

AMERICAN SLANG. — It is not probable that the following incident ever happened. At least, we hope so, for the honor of our countrymen. But it might have happened, for all these slang phrases are in frequent use, and some of them may be heard almost any day in the conversation of young men. If they seem vulgar on paper, how much more disagreeable must they appear when spoken!

An expert buyer, junior partner of one of our large American firms, at a recent visit to his correspondent in an English manufacturing city, was complimented by the senior partner of the house, who insisted on personally showing goods to his American purchaser.

"There, sir," said Dowlass, throwing out a roll of goods: "what do you think of that?"

"O, that's played out," said the American.

"It's what?" said Bull.

"It's played, I tell you," said the customer.

"Played? ah, really! we call it plad, h'yar in England; but this is n't plaid—plad, you know."

"No!" said Yankee; "I don't mean plad; I mean ter say it's gone up."

"O, no," said the Britisher; "not at all; it has not gone up—quite the contrary. We've taken off from the price."

"Over the left; it's threepence too high now."

"No doubt of it; but our neighbors on the left are not manufacturers, you know."

"Very likely; but I don't care to be 'stuck,' when I get home."

"Really! Most extraordinary! Is it as dangerous in New York as the newspapers say?"

"Yes; but I do n't want these goods. I've got some, already, that will knock the spots out of 'em."

"But, my dear sir, there are no spots on the goods, I assure you. They are perfect."

"Well, well, suppose we 'switch off' on these goods, and try something else."

"Certainly;" and the Englishman, to the infinite amusement of the American friend;

called a clerk, with a wisp-broom, and directed him to "switch off" any dust he could find, while he proceeded to show something else.

"There," said the Englishman, triumphantly, spreading out another fabric, "there is the handsomest piece of goods in England—'arf a guinea a yard."

"I can't see it," said his customer.

"Can't see it? Why you are looking right at it; however, suppose you try the light of this window."

"No! I do n't mean that," said the American; "I haven't got the stamps for such goods."

"Stamps! No stamps are required but a bill stamp, which we are happy to furnish."

This misunderstanding might have continued longer, had not one of the younger members of the house, seeing his senior's perplexity, rescued the American, and "put him through," after the manner of his countrymen.

## SCIENTIFIC.

VENUS AS A LUMINOUS RING.—About eight years ago, Prof. C. S. Lyman published in the *American Journal* a notice of some observations made on Venus, when near her inferior conjunction in 1866. The planet was then for the first time seen as a very delicate luminous ring. No opportunity has since occurred of repeating these observations, until the day of the recent transit. On Tuesday, December 8th, Venus was again in close proximity to the sun, and the delicate silvery ring inclosing her disc was observed, even when the planet was only the sun's semi-diameter from his limb. This was at four P. M., or less than five hours from the beginning of the transit. The ring was brightest on the side toward the sun—the crescent proper. On the opposite side, the thread of light was duller and of a slightly yellowish tinge. On the northern limb of the planet, some 60° or 80° from the point opposite the sun, the ring for a small space was fainter and apparently narrower

than elsewhere. A similar appearance, but more marked, was observed on the same limb in 1866. On the 10th, the crescent, extending to more than three-fourths of a circle, was seen with beautiful distinctness in the equatorial; and on this, and two subsequent days, measurements were taken with the filar micrometer, for the purpose of determining the extent of the cusps, and consequently the horizontal refraction of the atmosphere of the planet, on the assumption that the extension of the crescent and formation of the ring are due to this refraction.

ASTRONOMICAL RESUME OF 1874.—Prof. Daniel Kirkwood gives the following *resumé* of new heavenly bodies discovered during the year just ended: "Six minor planets have been added to the list,—No. 135, discovered by Dr. C. H. F. Peters, February 18th, at Clinton, New York; No. 136, by Palisa, at Pola, Prussia, March 18th; No. 137, by the same, April 21st; No. 138, by



Perrotin, at Toulouse, May 19th; No. 139, by Prof. Watson, at Pekin, October 8th; No. 140, by Palisa, at Pola, as above. Four comets were also discovered, the most interesting of which was called Coggia. The star shower of November 14th utterly failed, and no further return of the meteors in any considerable number can be expected until near the close of the century. It has been found that the aphelion of Mars differs in longitude but one degree from the perihelion of the minor planet *Æthra*, discovered in 1873: and that the greatest distance of the former exceeds the least of the latter. These facts indicate the possibility of so near an approach of the two bodies, that the disturbing influence of Mars on the asteroid may materially modify its orbit."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND BOTANICAL.—The Laurium mines in Greece have given rise to a new difficulty of a botanical nature. Seeds, which have been buried amid the remains of old explorations for two thousand years, on being exposed to the air, have undergone the usual process of germination, etc. These belong to the genus *glaucium*, but the species seems quite lost.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN PALESTINE.—The officer in charge of the Palestine Survey Expedition, Lieutenant Conder, reports important discoveries of ruins in the hill country of Judah, which he proposes to identify with some of the lost Biblical cities and sites. He has been also engaged in a search for the limits of the Levitical towns, hoping to find some inscription or monument similar to that discovered by Mon. Ganneau, at the city of Gezer. He has not found any Hebrew inscriptions, but appears to have discovered boundary stones, which may be the old Levitical landmarks. Lieutenant Conder proposes to make a survey of Mr. Maudsley's recent discoveries on Mount Zion, for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

MINERAL WEALTH OF TEXAS.—Professor Buckley, State Geologist of Texas, has published a synopsis of the work done under his auspices during the past season. The results of his investigations show that Texas has vast deposits of iron and coal, of much greater extent than had been anticipated. Both are of excellent quality, and in some

cases they occur near together. He has also found an abundance of salt, gypsum, and a wide range of copper ores. Other valuable minerals are roofing-slate, marble, soapstone, etc.

BEES, AND SOME OF THEIR HABITS.—At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society of Great Britain, Sir J. Lubbock, Bart., read an interesting paper, entitled "Observations on Bees, Wasps, and Ants," from which the following is an extract: With reference to the affection which bees are said to have for one another, he observes, that, though he had repeatedly seen them lick a bee which had smeared herself in honey, he never observed them show the slightest attention to a comrade who had been drowned in water. Far, indeed, from having been able to discover any evidence of affection among them, they appear to be thoroughly callous, and utterly indifferent, to one another. When finding it necessary occasionally to kill a bee, he never found that the others took the slightest notice. Thus, upon one occasion, he crushed a bee close to one which was feeding, in fact, so close that their wings touched; yet the survivor took no notice whatever of the death of her sister, but went on feeding, with every appearance of composure and enjoyment. When the pressure was removed, she remained by the side of the corpse, showing neither apprehension, sorrow, nor recognition. Again, if, while a bee is feeding, a second bee is held by the leg close to her, the prisoner, of course, struggles to free herself, and buzzes as loudly as she can, yet the selfish eater takes no notice whatever. So far, therefore, from being at all affectionate, he doubts whether bees are in the least fond of one another. Even their devotion to their queen, generally quoted as a characteristic trait, is of a most limited character. For instance, on one occasion, he changed his black queen for a Ligurian, and placed the old queen with some workers in a box containing some comb. Sir John was obliged to leave home on the following day, but when he returned he found that all the bees had deserted the poor queen, who seemed weak, helpless, and miserable. A few days after, the bees were coming to some honey at one of his windows, and he placed this poor

queen close to them. In alighting, some of them even touched her, but none took the slightest notice of her. The same queen, when afterward placed in a hive, immediately attracted a number of bees. Another interesting fact, which Sir John has demonstrated, is the power of recognition of color possessed by bees. He brought a bee to some honey, which he placed on blue paper, and about three feet off he placed a similar quantity of honey on some orange paper. After the bee had returned twice, he transposed the papers; but she returned to the honey on the blue paper. After she had made three more visits, always to the blue paper, he transposed them again; and she again followed the color, though the honey was left in the same place. The following day he was not able to watch her, but, on trying the experiment again, she returned to the honey on the blue paper. He then again transposed the papers. A little later, she returned to the old place, and was just going to alight, but observing the change of color, without a moment's hesitation dashed off to the blue. No one, he says, who saw her, could for a moment have entertained the slightest doubt about her perceiving the difference between the two colors.

**LATE DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.**—A dispatch from Ujiji, dated May 14th, tells of an important discovery made by Lieutenant Cameron, of the British army. He has been all around the southern portion of Tanganyika, and believes he has discovered its outlet, in a river named the Lukuga, a little to the south of Speke's Islands. He thinks, also, from what he has heard from the Arabs, that the Lualaba is the Congo. The Lukuga he found obstructed with grass, but he believes a way might easily be cut through that. If Lieutenant Cameron's conjectures turn out to be correct, and there appears to be great likelihood that they will, he will deserve to take an important place in the ranks of African explorers. He shows the great capabilities of Central Africa as a field for legitimate commerce, and if it turns out that navigation is possible from the mouth of the Congo to the Tanganyika region, much good may be expected to accrue to Africa, as well as to the commercial world at large. The curse of the country is

still those degraded Arab slave-dealers, who vexed the soul of poor Livingstone, and it is greatly to be deplored that some steps could not be taken to stamp out this demoralizing and devastating traffic.

**THE PITCHER-PLANT.**—In a paper read at the American Association, Professor C. V. Riley gives the following description of the pitcher-plant: The leaf of this plant is a trumpet-shaped tube, with an arched lid, covering more or less completely the mouth. The inside is furnished with a perfect *chevaux de frise* of retrorse bristles, commencing, suddenly, about an inch from the base; thence decreasing in size, until about the middle of the mouth, they are so short, dense, and compact, as to form a decurved pubescence, which is perfectly smooth and velvety to the touch. Running up the front of the trumpet is a broad wing, with a hardened border, parting at the top, and extending around the rim of the pitcher. Along this border, but especially for a short distance within the mouth, and less conspicuously within the lid, there exude drops of a sweetened viscid fluid, which, as the leaf matures, is replaced by a white, papery, tasteless sediment or efflorescence, while at the smooth bottom of the pitcher is a limpid fluid, possessing toxic qualities. The insects, which perish in this liquid, are numerous, and of all orders; but ants are the principal victims. The plant, however, is omnivorous as regards insects, and Professor Riley has found in the fluid, at the bottom of the pitcher, katydids, locusts, crickets, cockroaches, flies, moths, and even butterflies.

**EUROPEAN GRAPE-VINE.**—No European grape-vine will flourish anywhere in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains. Many efforts have been made at different times to introduce into this country European vines, but the result has been failure in every case. Immigrants from France and Switzerland have repeatedly made the experiment in our Southern and Western States, but every-where the phylloxera has proved a deadly enemy. West of the Rocky Mountains the phylloxera does not occur, and hence the success with which European vines have been cultivated in California.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## PLANTS IN THEIR WANDERINGS.

ONCE every plant had its own home, just as every man has his own father-land. But just as men do, very many go wandering about the world, and are found growing far from home. Some have journeyed on the wings of the wind, as little feathered seeds; others have been carried from country to country by birds of passage. Some have been borne far from their native haunts by the waters of overflowing rivers; others have floated away on the waves of the sea, and been found growing far off on another shore. But for the most part, man himself has carried the plants from one land to another, many of them purposely, others by accident.

If the flowers of a conservatory could only speak, would it not be pleasant to hear a talk they were having together some day; especially if they were speaking of their old homes, or of what befell them on their journeys through other countries? Let us go in and take a look at some of them at least, even if we can not understand their speech.

This young citron-tree, standing on the lower shelf, grew from a seed which came in a ship from Sicily, and the tree from which it was plucked stood, quite likely, on a slope of the fiery Mount *Ætna*. That stalk of myrtle is probably a descendant, in a straight line, from the myrtle shrubs which flourished around the ruins of the marble temples of Greece. This rose-bush, standing between them, filled with lovely blossoms, was once at home in Persia. You have heard of the famous rose-gardens of Persia, larger than the potato-fields of our own country, from whose fragrant leaves the costly rose-oil was made? That passion-flower, winding about the pillar near the corner, once twined upward on the giant trees of a Brazilian forest. Long ago, Spanish monks carried it away with them to Europe, and said: "This flower is a great marvel of creation. In its blossoms are represented all the instruments used in the martyrdom of Jesus—the nails, the spears, and the crown of thorns; and upon the crown, even the drops of blood are to be seen.

This flower has already made known, symbolically, in those distant lands, the sufferings of the Lord, before the foot of a Christian preacher ever trod them."

The Camellia, yonder, received its name from a priest who, returning from a missionary journey, brought it with him out of China. This mountain-rose which, with its purple blossom, vies in beauty with the Camellia, sprang from a seed gathered on a mountain-top which overlooks the Black Sea; and the ancestors of this splendid rhododendron grew upon the heights of the Himalaya in India. These two little aloë-trees came from cuttings brought long ago from the Cape of Good Hope. Here are flowers, too, from Southern Europe, others from Asia; while the serpent-cactus, which stretches downward from the hanging-basket above our heads, had its home on the dry rocks of Peru, where the condor nests.

Out of all continents and zones have come the hot-house plants, and here they grow and blossom peacefully together. The auricula, whose ancestors the chamois cropped upon the Alpine slopes, mingles its perfume with the vanilla-fragrance of the heliotrope, of whose leaves, in its native haunts, the Peruvian marmot nibbles. By how many ways these plants have come into companionship! By what strange accidents, in answer to how many motives, and to serve what varied interests of men! The beautifully blooming rose-acacia (*Robinia*), native of our Southern States, but which you all know as a favorite ornament of our Northern gardens and parks, was sent from America by a commercial traveler to Monsieur Robin, the Superintendent of the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, so that from its opening blossoms new patterns might be gotten by the milliners for the adornment of the court dames. More than three hundred years ago, a tulip-bulb was brought from Persia to Europe. How far and wide its descendants have traveled! so that even the poorest country child may have a tulip-bed, whose flowers shall be just as bright and beautiful as those in a king's garden. There are now more than seven hundred varieties of this showy blossom.

The seeds of some flowers have come to us accidentally, among rice-grains or coffee-beans, others have been carried from one continent to another in bales of wool or cotton, or clinging even to the clothing of travelers. The first twig of weeping-willow that ever reached Europe is said to have come from Asia, plaited into a wicker-basket, and, planted there, to have put forth root and branches. But in these later days great florists take special pains to get from distant lands beautiful, still-unknown ornamental plants, whose habits in their home haunts they carefully observe. They find out whether they like best the sunshine or shadow, dryness or moisture, warmth or coolness, loam or sandy soil, and then offer them in their new home that which suits best. If the right conditions and treatment have been hit upon, the grateful plant will soon show it by its plentiful leaves and blossoms. Many a strange tale might be told of the labors and dangers which plant-gatherers have endured before all the flowery treasures in our gardens and green-houses were won.

#### HUNTING THE THIMBLE.

COME about the meadow,  
Hunt here and there;  
Where's mother's thimble,  
Can you tell where?  
Jane saw her wearing it;  
Fan saw it fall;  
Ned isn't sure  
That she dropped it at all.

Has a mouse carried it  
Down to her hole—  
Home full of twilight,—  
Shady, small soul?  
Can she be darning there,  
Ere the light fails,  
Small ragged stocking—  
Tiny torn tails?

Did a finch fly with it  
Into the hedge?  
Or a reed-warbler  
Down in the sedge?  
Are they carousing there,  
All the night through?  
Such a great goblet,  
Brimful of dew!

Have beetles crept with it  
Where oak-roots hide;  
There have they settled it  
Down on its side?  
Neat little kennel,  
So cozy and dark;  
Has one crept into it,  
Trying to bark?

Have the ants covered it  
With straw and sand?  
Roomy bell-tent for them,  
So tall and grand!  
Where the red soldier-ants  
Lie, loll, and lean,  
While the blacks steadily  
Build for their queen.

Has a huge dragon-fly  
Borne it (how cool!)  
To his snug dressing-room  
By the clear pool?  
There will he try it on  
For a new hat—  
Nobody watching  
But one water-rat?

Did the flowers fight for it,  
While, undescried,  
One selfish daisy  
Slipped it aside;  
Now has she plunged it in  
Close to her feet?—  
Nice private water-tank  
For Summer heat.

Did spiders snatch at it,  
Wanting to look  
At the bright pebbles  
Which lie in the brook?  
Now are they using it,  
(Nobody knows!)  
Safe little diving-bell,  
Shutting so close?

Did a rash squirrel there,  
Wanting to dine,  
Think it some foreign nut,  
Dainty and fine?  
Can he have swallowed it,  
Up in that oak?  
We, if we listen,  
May soon hear him choke.

Has it been buried by  
Cross imps and hags,  
Wanting to see us  
Like beggars in rags?  
Or have fays hidden it,  
Lest we should be  
Tortured with needle-work  
After our tea?

Hunt for it, hope for it,  
All through the moss;  
Dip for it, grope for it,  
'T is such a loss!  
Jane finds a drop of dew,  
Fan finds a stone;  
I find the thimble,  
Which is mother's own.

Run with it, fly with it,  
Do n't let it fall;  
All did their best for it—  
Mother thanks all.  
Just as we give it her—  
Think what a shame!—  
Ned says he's sure  
That it is n't the same!



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

ROUND LAKE, a little sheet of water a dozen miles south of Saratoga Springs, is becoming as well known as the world-renowned Spa itself. The year 1874 will be famous, in its already eventful history, for the occurrence of a fraternal gathering of all the different branches of Methodism in the United States and Canada. Nelson & Phillips have issued a volume of the discourses preached on that occasion. It is a unique volume, and represents a wide range of talent: Bishops Janes, Simpson, Foster, Haven, and Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishops Kavanaugh and Doggett, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; Bishops Campbell and Jones, of the African Methodist Churches; Doctors Lee, M'Ferrin, and Deems, of the Church South; Doctors Green, Douglass, and Dare, of the Wesleyan Communion; Doctor J. Gardner, Canada Methodist Episcopal; Doctors Bates and Murray, Methodist Protestant; Dr. Alexander Clark, editor of *Methodist Recorder*; Dr. Cummings, of the Wesleyan University; Dr. Eddy, Missionary Secretary; Dr. Kynett, Church Extension Secretary, and Dr. E. O. Haven, Chancellor of Syracuse University. We venture to think that such a variety of intellectual, moral, and religious truth, combined with power of expression and forceful illustration, was never before concentrated in the same number of pages. One of the most original and suggestive sermons in the book is that of Dr. Leroy M. Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; the most eloquent is that of the deceased Dr. T. M. Eddy. It was one of the most effective, as delivered, and has the rare merit of being alive on the printed page, as well as in the pulpit. Gems of thought and eloquence are scattered all through the volume. Some discourses that produced not much effect at the time will be found to embody treasures of good reading here; and some that bore a full press of sail, when the living speaker was in them, will be found to be scudding under bare poles here, to use the figure of Dr. Deems. It is strange how many fine sermons become lead and dough when you take out of them the man, the manner, the time,

and circumstance of their delivery. To the thousands who listened to these masterly discourses, the printed page will recall the speaker, the crowds, the accompanying songs and tears, and shouts and ejaculations, the hour and the power; and every page will float in a halo of recollections; the volume, and each speaker that it commemorates, will glow as in a nimbus, a splendid aureole of sanctified memories. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

REV. ZACHARIAH PADDOCK enlarges the library of Methodist biography by a memoir of his brother, *Rev. Benjamin G. Paddock* (born in Bennington, Vermont, in 1789; admitted on trial in the Genesee Conference in 1810; superannuated in 1843), another pleasant recital of the labors, privations, persecutions—negative heroisms—of the pioneer preachers among the pioneer populations of this New World. Forty years ago, in Central New York, and, five years later, in the the Northern counties of the Empire State, we used to hear Benjamin Paddock spoken of, among the early settlers of those regions, as a name of power. He was a fine singer, an eloquent preacher, sanguine in temperament, active, loving, laborious. Like most of the itinerants of those early days, he brought up a large family on a meagre annual "allowance," a mere pittance, not worthy of being dignified with the name "salary." The book is well gotten up, but is sadly marred by misprints in dates. On pages 184, 185, 1837, 1838 should read 1827, 1828. In chapter xvi, page 234, the dying man gives some directions: "On Tuesday evening, the second day of October." In the year 1872, Tuesday was the first day of October. Dr. Paddock says his brother died on the Saturday evening following; namely, October fifth; the obituary in the "General Minutes," says "October seventh." On page 265, we find a letter from Bishop Scott to Rev. G. B. Paddock, dated "January 9, 1872," which, the biographer says "was written several weeks after the death" of his brother, but which commences with saying, "your letter of October 23, 1873!" Who

is responsible for these annoying blunders? Nelson & Phillips, New York. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

IT is hereabouts somewhat shrewdly surmised that the New York publishing-house is putting itself in training for competition at the approaching National Centennial Exposition, judging from the splendid mechanical execution, in the way of paper, print, binding, and illustration of certain strophes indited by Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., the popular author of "Ecce Coelum," entitled *Thy Voyage*. The framing of the piece is magnificent, worthy of Bryant or Whittier, and the poem itself one which neither of these great artists could have written. (Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

UNDER the title of *Sports that Kill*, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's masterly discourses on the American theater are collected, by the Messrs. Harper, in a volume of two hundred and forty duodecimo pages—a volume which every one at all fascinated by dramatic representations, or in danger of being led astray by overdue indulgence in that direction, ought to read. The fact that it is impossible to sustain high-toned, legitimate drama, such as could be patronized by a moral and religious public; that managers who undertake this always break down; the brazen introduction of the French spectacular exhibitions, troops of naked women in the "White Fawn" and "Black Crook;" and, above all, the still more brazen attempts to introduce into New York the Parisian and New Orleans fashion of opening the theater on Sunday evenings—have aroused the Brooklyn preacher, as they have alarmed all good men; and he levels his heaviest batteries against these morality-threatening innovations, in spite of threats, warnings, caricatures, and remonstrances of all kinds, from the opposite side. It is a fact not generally known that the metropolitan theaters are largely supported by patrons from the country,—young men on their first trip to the city, merchants buying annual stocks of goods, who go to the city theater when they would not go at home; some of them only once or twice in a life-time, others as regularly as they come to the commercial metropolis; and at no other time; and these, many of them, good men, members of

Churches, and in high religious standing at home, who would not have it known for the world that they went to the theater. Even ministers are in this class. It would benefit all such chance patrons of the American theater to read Mr. Talmage's book. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

QUITE a unique book is Rev. W. F. Craft's *Trophies of Song*, with an Introduction by Dr. E. Tourjée. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Over three hundred pages of select articles and incidents illustrating the power and ministry of sacred music.

*After Dark*, by Wilkie Collins; *A Tale of two Cities*, by Charles Dickens; and *The Bazar Book of the Household*. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*Floss Silverthorne*, by Agnes Giberne (Robert Carter & Co., New York). *The Wonderful Life*, by Hesba Stretton (Dodd & Mead); and *Character Sketches*, a very interesting volume, by Norman Macleod, D. D. (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*Hagarene*, by George A. Lawrence, published by the American News Company, New York. *At the Sign of the Silver Flagon*, by B. L. Farjeon (Harper & Brothers, New York). *The Maid of Killeena*, by William Black (Harper & Brothers). *A Strange World*, by Miss M. E. Braddon, *Estelle*, by Mrs. Annie Edwards (Harper & Bro's, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

BEAUTY is not always a possession of the gentler sex; but no amount of beauty will atone for neglect of the body. Should any of our readers require any hints about the care of the person, the preparation of the toilet, or the art of preserving and enhancing their charms, there is nothing better than *The Ugly-girl Papers*, published by the Harpers, New York. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) They were originally written for the *Bazar*, and, though not designed for collection into book-form, proved so popular that the author revised and added new matter to them for this purpose. The poet Ovid wrote a poem on the proper treatment of the face, "De Medicamine Faciei," for the benefit of the fair in his day; and washes and cosmetics for the complexion, as



recommended by him, both harmful and innocent, have always been in use. But the more modern and better counsels for the toilet are, to make more of nature and less of art; nor does this book contravene these counsels.

THERE are two evidences of a man's conversion and his personal relations to the Father—the witness of God's Spirit and the testimony of the Word. But the foundation of his salvation is his faith in Christ. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." That a believer may know the grounds of his confidence in Christ, Dr. Macduff has written a delightful little volume entitled, *Clefts of the Rock*.

(New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.) The reading of this volume will confirm the faith of the doubting, and quicken the heart-life of the faint.

IN the series of "American Pioneers and Patriots," there is no volume more interesting than the *Life of Rear-Admiral John Paul Jones*, by J. S. C. Abbott, (New York: Dodd & Mead; Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.). If a career of daring and successful undertakings, of gallant conduct in battle, of fearless enterprises at sea, is worthy of record, the life-history of this distinguished Commodore deserves a place in our country's archives. To the young the record will be fascinating, and it belongs to a class of books intended especially for them.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HYMN-BOOK.—At the last General Conference, the writer moved a resolution for a committee to consider the expediency of revising the hymn-book. An able committee was appointed, who unanimously agreed to recommend "revisal," and so reported, in an exceedingly able paper, written by Dr. Whedon, of the Providence Conference. Speeches by Doctors Curry, Buckley, and others, opposed to the measure, sent the recommendation of the committee to the tomb of the Capulets. Now, there is a general cry for revisal, and the *Advocates*, East and West, are out in favor of it; and interested parties are endeavoring to discover, by actual correspondence, how much of the hymn-book is in constant use, and what proportion of its present contents might, without damage, be spared.

In January last, the New York agents advertised an abridged hymn-book. To this we object, unless such a book be issued as a tune hymn-book, for use in Sunday-schools and social meetings. The standard hymn-book of the Church should not be altered nor superseded till revised by the General Conference. The size of the book is no objection to it. In March last, we conferred with D. Creamer, Esq., of Baltimore, in

reference to our pet project of revisal. His library of hymn-books, notwithstanding his liberal donation to the Drew Theological Seminary, is the fullest of any in the Church, if not in the land. His reputation as a philohymnologist is world-wide. He advocates revisal, but objects to abridgement. He would revise, as we would, by weeding out the wooden, the flat, the dead, and replacing with live matter, fresh material, recent creations.

Every decade brings new hymns, though real poets are scattered scantily along the centuries, such a niggard is nature of her choicest gifts. It was one of the divine indorsements of the British revival of the last century, that one of the sacred songsters of the ages, one of the hymnists of the Church universal, fell to its lot. Charles Wesley's hymns are a sacred legacy. They reflect the Bible and all shades of religious experience; they embody the doctrines of the Church; they are its ritual. Of the hymns in our present collection, the Wesleys wrote over six hundred. It is thus impossible to cut the present collection down to three hundred, without sacrificing more than half the songs that have sung themselves into the very fiber and constitution of Methodists,

from the beginning. Full three hundred, of the five hundred and sixty-three credited to Charles Wesley in the present arrangement, are universal favorites. Of Watts's seventy-seven, not more than half a dozen could, for any respectable pretext, be laid aside. That half dozen are less known, because couched in unsingable meters, and could easily be replaced by living lines from the poet's own writings, in popular use in the hymn-books of other denominations.

Two-thirds of those assigned to John Wesley's pen are general favorites. The last compilers made liberal drafts upon that "second Cowper," Montgomery. These selections might be winnowed to profit. The five to eight dozen anonymous hymns, gleaned from two dozen different collections and other sources, might be sifted to advantage. Some of Steele's could be spared or substituted, some of Doddridge's, some of Toplady's, one or two of Cowper's, perhaps; none of Addison's. Several from Cowper's Olney Hymns might be added, for instance:

"Hark, my Soul, it is the Lord,"

(the omitted stanzas;)

"Sometimes a Light surprises;"

"To Jesus, the Crown of my Hope."

Some of Bathurst's, and some of Newton's might be cut out. Ditto, some of Heber's, and some of Hart's. Heber's

"Thou art gone to the Grave,"

should be inserted. Fawcett, Lyte, Stennett, Medley, and Kelly can all spare us the printing of lines which are seldom or never used. Of the balance of the hundred and forty authors who have contributed to our stores of song from one to half a dozen pieces, some have given us gems, and some trash; some of them are indispensable, and some of them can not too soon stand aside and give place to better material. Some authors, like Gray, with his "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," have made themselves immortal, and millions happy, by a single production; others, with prolific pens, have scarcely raised a ripple on the surface.

In the Preface to the revision of 1848, the bishops express the belief that the book "will not require another revision for generations to come." All healthy growth implies excretion of the dead and useless, and accretion of new forms of life; in other

words, continual change, slow, but constant. The impression is wide-spread that the hymn-book needs revisal. We have elsewhere indicated what we deem the best mode to secure such revisal:

1. Let it be a revisal, and not the creation of a new book.

2. Restore disjointed hymns, like "Wrestling Jacob," to their original entirety.

3. Restore to their original phraseology lines amended, out of shape and out of sense, by the last revisers.

4. To facilitate revision, let the agents supply to those who are willing and competent to undertake the task of revision sheets of the larger hymn-book, with wide margin for corrections and alterations.

5. Let revisals be submitted to a committee at the next General Conference, at the beginning of the session, who shall report a form, that that body may adopt and put into the hands of editors, agents, and book committee, for publication.

DEAD.—This is what has been said of all the long line of mortality that has gone down to the grave. It is the verdict of each coming generation upon the one going before it, which, in its turn, will be the subject of the same solemn announcement. Burdened with sadness, yet oft-repeated; often repeated, yet ever true. True of the long line of generations, and also true of each person composing these generations.

Reader, you, too, are a dying mortal. The end is near. How very near the time when your bodily strength will depart; when your palsied limbs can no longer obey the will; when your head will be so heavy and tired that you can no longer lift it up; when your panting, parting breath will fail, and, with a struggle and a gasp, be gone; when the feeble, fitful life-current will forget its flow, and your throbbing heart will cease to beat; when your closed and sightless eyes will look no more on earthly sights and earthly scenes; when your ears will be alike deaf to the harsh voice of censure, and the tender accents of affection; when your voice will be forever hushed in the stillness of the grave; when your body, now the object of much care and solicitude, will be lifeless and loathsome; when a coffin shall inclose it, and a silent procession bear



it to the grave; when weeping friends can no longer be with you, but will turn away and leave you to the chill and coldness, the damp and darkness, the solitude and silence of your cheerless bed, in the narrow chambers of death; when "he is dead," will be the brief, solemn announcement that will tell the sad tale of another earthly life gone out, another broken home-circle, another vacant chair, and another desolate hearth-stone!

"Dead." Yes, dead; and there is no escape. Death is coming, and you must meet him face to face, and fall a victim to his power. Are you ready? You are young; but youth is no defense. The frost of death will blast its early bloom. You are strong; but strength can not turn aside the fatal shaft. You are healthy, vigorous, and stout of heart; but all these will not avail to put away the fatal hour. Death will conquer you. Helpless as the drifting snow-flake, you must yield to his all-conquering power.

Are you ready? Have you enlisted a ready hand to help you, a strong arm to uphold you, and a great sympathetic heart to comfort you? Is your treasure in heaven? Is your heart also there? Have you on the wedding-garment? Is your lamp burning, and are you watching and waiting? ready for the midnight cry? Have you secured the favor and help of Him who has conquered death? Has he for you taken away its sting? Have you, by his help, conquered the fear of death? If so, then you are safe. Trusting in Jesus, you are ready. Death will come; but he will have no terrors. He comes with the air of a conqueror; but he comes to be conquered. He has been vanquished before. He met Jesus, and his power was broken. And you, in the name of Jesus, may shout in his very teeth the battle-cry of victory, "O death, where is thy sting?"

You will fall before his power; but your fall shall be a victory; for Jesus will lift you up. Death may hold a brief dominion over the body; but the soul is untouched by his power, and its farewell to earth is a triumphant shout of "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" \*

THE THEATER.—Some years ago, Dr. Bellows wrote in defense of the theater, and

recently the eloquent Talmage has preached a series of sermons against it. Dr. Bellows's theater was that ideal, moral, semi-religious style of theater, with which nobody can find fault, and against which no one can speak any harm, where the actors are virtuous and decorous, if not pious; the plays high-toned, expurgated of all indecency, lessons of truth and purity, informing the understanding, elevating the affections, and innocently amusing hours of leisure; the audience Christian men and women, bent on edification; the theater itself, and its neighborhood, highly respectable, free from saloons, vulgarity, profanity, and license. Mr. Talmage's is the American theater as it is, with its questionable characters, its more than questionable surroundings, its degrading spectacles, and its raids upon decency, morality, and the Christian Sabbath. Facts prove that the high drama of Mr. Bellows can not be sustained. Facts prove that the allegations of Mr. Talmage are fearfully true. The theater as it should be, nowhere exists. The theater as it is, shows, as it ever has done, a tendency to go down, like a stone in water, to the lowest possible depths.

The Christian Church has always been antagonistic to the theater. In the first ages of Christianity, any one connected with the theater was not allowed baptism. Cyril says that the "poms of the devil are stage-plays and such like vanities." Tertullian says those who renounce the devil and his works "can not go to a stage-play without turning apostates." Augustine, Cyprian, Basil, and Clement of Alexandria, are no less vehement on the same point; and Chrysostom loudly exclaims against such as could listen to a comedian with the same ears with which they heard an evangelical preacher.

Time and again, since the days of the Fathers, the theater has been practically a member of the Church, though, if we are rightly informed, the Roman Church has always refused to accord to play-actors the rites of Christian burial. Church members have patronized the institution without stint, let, or hinderance; and some of them, conscious of its defects, have turned the Scriptures into plays, and written moral and religious dramas, in the hope of elevating the stage. The good Hannah More tried the experiment of writing religious plays founded

on the historical incidents of the Old Testament. They were failures. The theater of the day sank in spite of her, and she ceased to attend it. Johnson became early convinced of the depraving tendencies of the green-room, and ceased to frequent the theater, from religious scruples. His opinion of players was any thing but complimentary.

"Players, sir," he said to his parasite, Boswell, "I look upon them as no better than creatures set upon tables and stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs!"

"But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?"

"Yes, sir, as some dogs dance better than others."

The moral character of players has been a standing objection to the theater; the character of the written drama is scarcely less so. The outspoken vulgarity of Shakespeare was peculiar to the age in which he lived. The drama of the eighteenth century ought to be better in this respect than the sixteenth; but a great deal of it reflects the morals of that merrie monarch "who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." A few years ago, Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," was performed in an Eastern city by an amateur company made up of young gentlemen and ladies from the best and most Christian families in that community, for the benefit of some local benevolence. A gentleman who was present at the representation told the writer that there were innuendoes uttered in the play that never would have been tolerated a moment in the drawing-room, such as no young lady ought to listen to; and that her listening to them at all could only be apologized for on the ground that she was ignorant of their meaning.

The brazen efforts of the American theater to corrupt our youth by the introduction of the modern spectacular drama of the French stage in the "Black Crook," "Formosa," "White Fawn," and the like; and the late effort to open the theaters on Sunday evenings, are indignantly rebuked by Talmage, and are more or less resisted by popular disfavor and the newspapers which, as a class, constitutionally truckle to the largest amount of patronage. In the commercial metropolis of the Union, theaters have sup-

planted churches all along Broadway; but we fear that the effort to legitimize and Christianize the acted drama, will be, as ever heretofore, unsuccessful.

REVISED SERIES.—The only objection we have heard to the new form of the REPOSITORY is the breaking up of the set of bound volumes that grace so many libraries. It will, of course, be impossible to match the new volumes with the old, or to regard them as a continuation of the old series. The thing to be done, and which we propose to do ourselves, is to bind the new series semi-annually, and to say on the back, "Revised Series," Vol. I; Vol. II; and so on.

"MODIFICATIONS OF METHODISM" is the title of a two-column article in one of our city dailies awhile since. Modified, or, more properly, mode-ified Methodists would have been a better title for the writer's apologetics. The Discipline of the Church has changed but little, members have changed vastly more. Some of these changes may be improvements, many of them we and posterity may have reason to deplore.

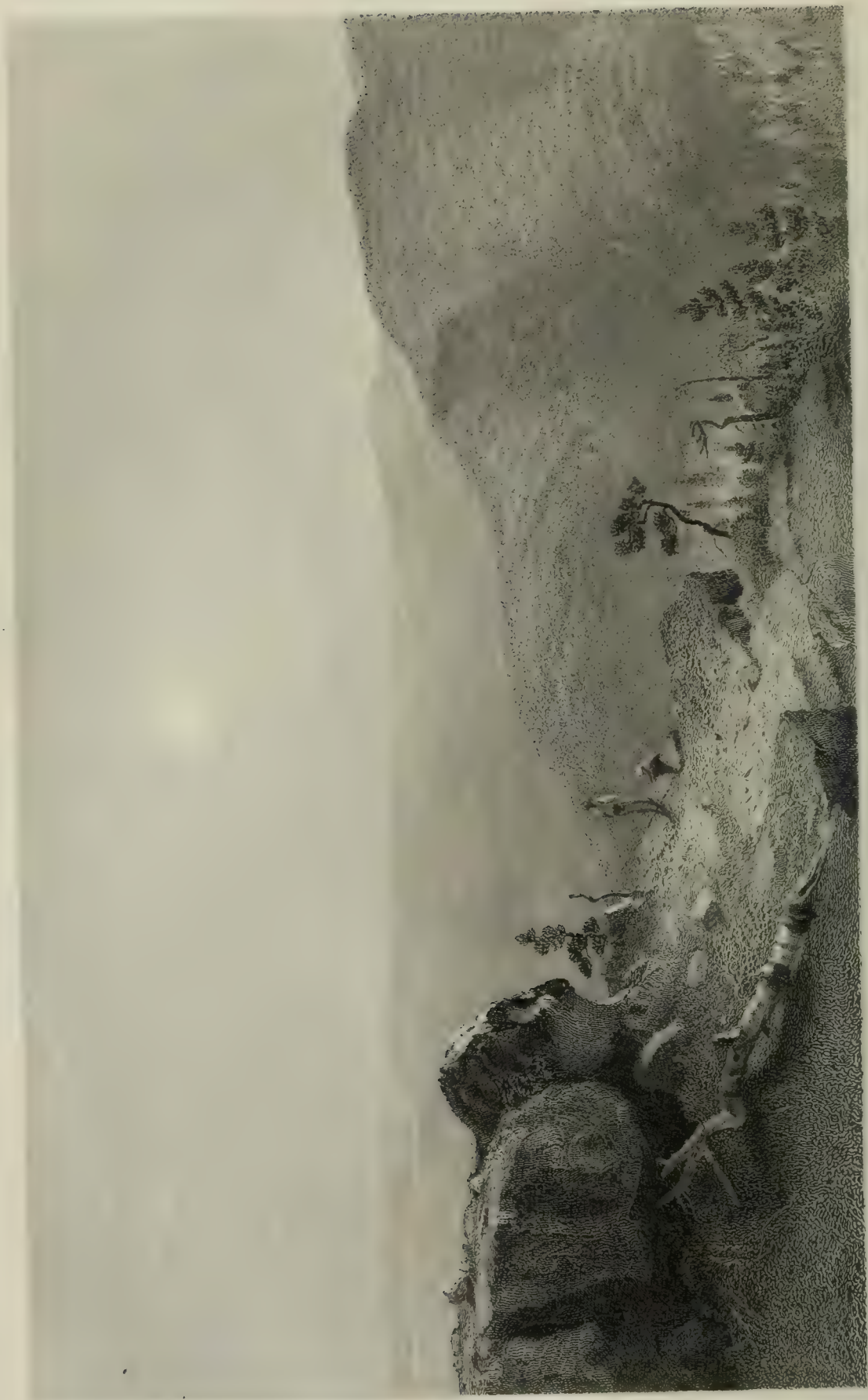
MINUTES FOR 1874.—The New York publishers, Messrs. Nelson & Phillips, send us the General Minutes for the year just closed. It records eighty Annual Conferences, fourteen bishops, 10,854 traveling preachers, 12,581 local, 18,628 Sunday-schools, 1,000,376 scholars, 1,464,027 members and probationers in society. And for benevolent contributions: superannuates, \$150,881.54; Missionary, \$611,954.54; Woman's Foreign Missionary, \$55,406.20; Church Extension, \$85,247; Tracts, \$19,840; Sunday-school Union, \$20,196.61; Freedmen's Aid, \$37,029.65; Education, \$23,754.68. Churches, 15,000; probable value, \$69,288,815, and about 1,800 parsonages, valued at nearly \$10,000,000.

SEED ANNUAL.—D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan, advertise every thing in the way of seeds and bulbs.

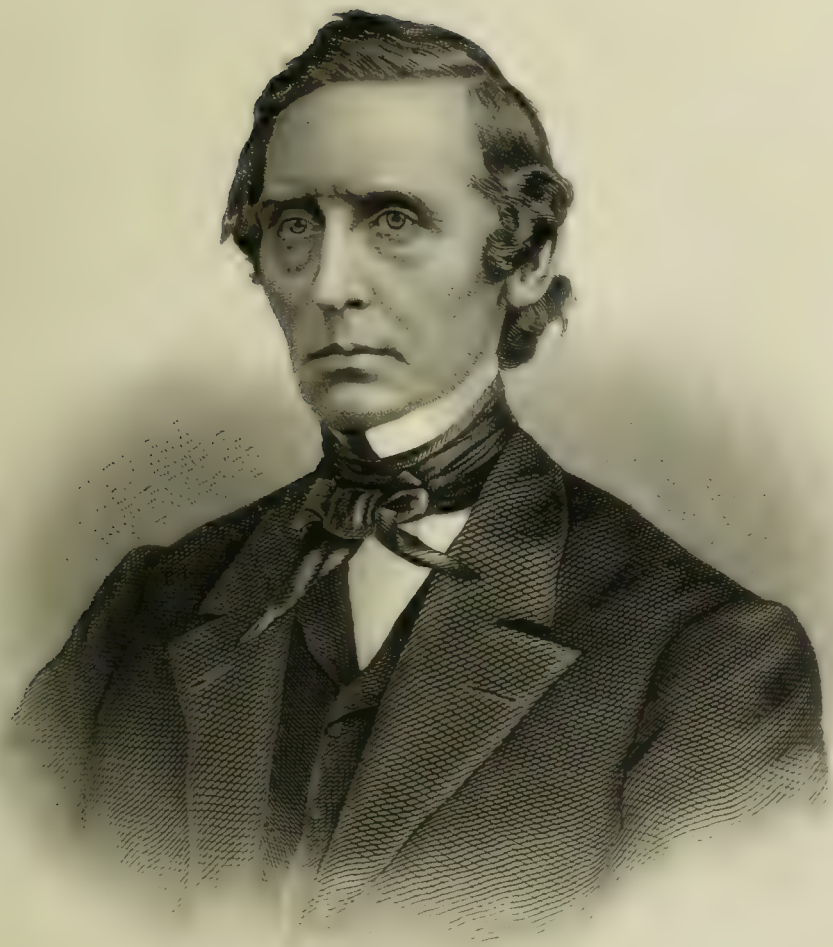
OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We give this month two exquisite pictures—"The Rustic Artist," and "Unloading a Merchantman." The former presents a scene prophetic of the future master of painting; the latter gives us an historic incident of the world's commerce. Both are views worthy of study.











WILLIAM L. GAY





THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1875.

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SOUL SENSITIVENESS.

BY BISHOP JESSE T. PECK.

SUPERFICIALLY, I mean the *sensorium*, or that susceptibility of feeling in which the senses are grounded; with more discrimination, I mean human, in distinction from animal, feeling; for instance, that which is rationally connected with sense-perceptions.

Remove soul-sensitiveness, and leave all nerve ganglia and development and all other animal tissues, with the circulating system, in complete action, and, to the man remaining, there would be no outer world; just as, without the retina, there would be no vision. Nor would there be any pain from external causes. The only notice of violence to nerves, by puncture or laceration, is given to sensitiveness. It is the only seat of suffering.

With more refinement of thought, let this be recognized as the home of the beautiful. Soul-sensitiveness has a more delicate susceptibility than that which is reached by gross matter. Form passing into curved lines, a polished surface, lights and shades skillfully distributed and gracefully blended; motion, giving ease and variety to the delicate muscles and nerves of the eye; sound, in sweet melody, harmony, and expression, all pass directly through the sensitiveness, which receives indiscriminate perceptions, and take position in the inner

soul of the *sensorium*. An opaque globe does not affect this refined susceptibility; but the heavens, of a cloudless night, make it quiver with indefinable pleasure. The blank canvas and paints and brushes leave it quiescent; but the painting of a master fills it with deep, pervading delight. The block of marble does not reach it; but a piece of splendid statuary fills it with *quick* inspiration.

In pure being (ontology), this sensitiveness is the *soul* of the soul; in life (biology), it is the condition of immortality. We have but to suppose it absent or dead, and there is nothing to be immortal. You might think of the body raised, and inhabited by a mind, with every thing perfect, but no sensitiveness; and the man, if you call him a man, would be a complete isolation from the universe, without history or prophecy. There could be no possible consecution of thought; for memory and belief must be grounded in sensitiveness. Nor could such a being have any knowledge of his own existence; for self-consciousness takes place in this soul of the *sensorium*. It is within this that mind becomes objective to itself. It sees, for instance, itself in picture-making action (fancy); but imagination could have no use for its materials without a sensitive entity on which to paint its new and unreal

combinations, as all the materials of the photographer would be valueless without the sensitive plate. So all introspection and soul-seeing, in the truth realms of the Infinite, would end were this soul-essence destroyed.

But let us to a profounder analysis in search for the practical in this discussion. As we must be helped by physics in the study of metaphysical truth, there must be (so to speak), underlying the sensitiveness which responds to the fine arts, a susceptibility of spiritual impressions, intelligence, state, and phenomena, which receives the infinite spirit in living personality, authority, and grace, into the cognizance and appreciation of the finite soul. In this sphere, divine agency works the grand renewal, beginning in this very soul-essence to work outward, through the passions, qualities of mind, and the sense-laws, into the appetites, and throughout the body. Now let us discriminate. That which, in a previous recognition, seemed the most refined sensitiveness, only seized and held the fugitive beauties of the fine arts. This apprehends the cause of the higher pleasures of the eye and ear. That listens to the reading, this sees the maker and the making, of the grand poem of the universe. That listens to the majestic harmonies of the creation; this changes the soul itself into the divinest harmonies.

Now, in this refined refinement of thought, we reach, if even in any way, soul essence. At least we know it *is*.

Personally, it has infinite varieties and degrees. To perhaps the greatest numbers it is simply the apprehension of the material world, and the grosser pleasures of sense. To a more thinking smaller number, it is taste in its lower sense, "the

power of receiving pleasure or pain from the beauties or deformities of nature and art." To a still smaller number of scholarly minds, it is the higher taste judging of what produces pleasure or pain.

In entirely another classification, with the many, it is the capability of cognizing only what is marked rough, gross, obvious, in the action of material agencies or things upon the sentient mind. Others, from a more exquisite organization, take up the subtle fugitive forces of nature into soul-being, detect the invisible secrets of the universe, and live in a world of refined happiness or misery unknown to the masses. These, imperceptibly and without conscious volition, by instinct analyze character, classify and know people, which to others form only a common indiscriminate mass.

This is the most special sexual distinction. Soul-sensitiveness in woman judges with spontaneous and probable accuracy, when men reason, and thus delay. For purposes of protection probably, certainly to lead the race in refinement, soul-sensitiveness in women is more promptly sensitive, and, in the last analysis, more refined, than in man.

But let us recognize a greater wonder. In the realm of spiritual sensitiveness God has provided a way in which any souls may, in the new creation, be supernaturally endowed with the most profound and useful of all grades of sensitiveness—the apprehension of God and finite communion with the Infinite.

These positions are all of them of the nature of fact, and are presented without argument, as they are, if true, from the laws of intuitive belief, sufficiently proved when clearly stated.



## A BELLIGERENT BISHOP.

NO thinking and serious-minded Christian can fail to take an interest in the fierce contest now going on in Germany between the Government and the Catholic Church, and no one who reads the secular or religious journals can fail to perceive how largely their columns are engrossed with this great question. To a certain extent it is the Reformation revived—the spirit of the Papacy and the spirit of Luther again in mortal conflict. But Luther is now represented by the State, while the Pope sends out his bishops to enter the arena of conflict and stand for the Church.

We scarcely unfold a newspaper without seeing an account of the strife between some one of these bishops and the legal authorities of the land—to-day one of them will be fined, and to-morrow another will be imprisoned, for violating the State laws. There are nine of these, known as the North-German bishops, who are the most active in this contest, which is being waged mostly on North-German soil; and the head and front of this band is Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, to whom we propose to pay our attentions as the “Belligerent Bishop;” and this not only because he is always, in the language of the sons of St. Patrick, “spoiling for a fight,” but because it was our fortune, good or bad, to see him make his start in the world. And this, it is true, not in a religious arena, but in a sphere where he more naturally belongs, that of political strife.

After the revolutionary upheaval in Germany in 1848, there was a short period of delusion for the nation, during which it imagined that it was approaching that national unity and condition of liberty for which it had been so long pining. The result was, on the part of the people, a universal election throughout the land for a German Parliament to represent the entire and reunited nation. The princes, however, paid but little

attention to this, and had no sympathy with it. The elections brought all sorts of ambitious and designing men to the surface; many with good, and some with sinister, intentions. The result was the Parliamentary body that met in the famous old Imperial capital of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

It was our lot to be there for a time—a comparative child among them—taking notes for present and future use. Among the most remarkable of these men was young Ketteler, a recently fledged lawyer, who was clearly destined to make his mark in some way. He had studied law in the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, and had even entered on its practice in the old cathedral town of Münster. But dissatisfied with the law, he left it to pursue a course of theological study in Munich, where he was at one time the pupil of Döllinger, now his most decided antagonist. After this he continued and finished his theological studies in the Divinity School of Münster, and had been ordained to the functions and order of the priesthood.

But when this revolution swept over the country, he was too much of a politician not to be engulfed by it, and was thus elected, from his province, a member of this famous Parliament. He was nearly the first speaker on its floor in support of the proposition to have religious service in its honor in the churches of the different confessions in the town; the proposition was rejected on the ground that there was no essential need of such a course in connection with a body that was to represent unity, and not diversity. Nearly every movement of Ketteler during the existence of the Parliament was in the direction of complicating the Church with the State, in which tendency he found little sympathy; but he learned the tricks and intricacy of parliamentary life, and acquired a taste of acting in the opposition.

The ability thus displayed called attention to the man, and, in a year after, he received the flattering position of leading prelate to the Catholic Cathedral of Berlin, noted as the great Papal church supported by a Protestant State, in the midst of a Protestant capital. Here he did his work for the Pontiff so well that the latter placed his name on the record for rapid promotion; and when the Episcopal Chair of the city of Mayence was vacated by death, the Pope refused to ratify the candidate elected by the local chapter, and virtually bid them put Ketteler in that lofty place, which deed was finally effected by Ultramontane influence. Mayence is the most noted city on the Rhine, which, in olden time, was called the "Priest's Highway," from the fact that so many priests were found along its banks and traveling on its waters. In the noted town of Cologne, where is found the greatest Gothic monument of the age—the famous Cathedral, which has been in the course of construction for more than six hundred years, and is still unfinished—we once saw more than a hundred bishops, assisted by a numerous retinue of subordinate priests, celebrating, with all the gorgeousness of ecclesiastical ceremony, the sixth centennial anniversary of the commencement of that structure.

In such a focus of power the Holy Father desired "a man who should be a joy to the Church and a glory to God," and they gave him a loyal belligerent, who would take a pleasure in fighting its battles. He was scarcely warm in his seat before he began his life-work, which was naught else than to raise the Church above the State, and which has resulted in making him so prominent in the fierce conflicts of the hour. Ketteler became the propelling force in the struggles of the bishops of the Rhine provinces. He first began by trying his hand on the smaller States, intending to close up his battle with Prussia, which is now receiving the vials of his wrath. He called episcopal conferences, and issued circulars to the governments, containing the

demands of the bishops. These were, the privilege of filling the pulpits without consulting with the Minister of Public Worship, the founding and controlling of theological schools in the same way, and the unlimited control over the lower clergy, with independent administration of the funds coming from the State treasury. Our readers who have followed this contest, will remember that this platform is the cause of the present contention.

At that period the State was not suspicious, in the first place, and, in the second, was desirous of conciliating, as far as possible, the Catholic clergy, in the hope of being able to use it against the destructive radicals that were every-where rising up to annoy it. Therefore it yielded one point after another, until it had given up nearly all control of a Church whose priests it paid, and whose ecclesiastical and educational establishments it supported. The device that Ketteler put upon his banner sounded very well to his followers, and would have been right enough had there not been an insidious meaning back of it: "One must obey God rather than men." The trouble is, that he only pretends to live up to this doctrine; he obeys the Pope, not God, and this causes all the trouble. But with this motto on his standard, he issued circular after circular, until he finally succeeded in getting under episcopal control nearly all the theological seminaries and the preparatory schools for boys; and then he manned them with Jesuits for teachers, who carry out his will with the exactness and fidelity of military officers.

In many of these schools, the boys are taken at the tender age of twelve years; and from that period they are entirely separated from contact with the world, and are trained after a strictly clerical pattern. The Bishop and the State had a great struggle over this point; the State wished to retain a control over these schools, at least an inspection; the fortunes of the contest varied, but Ketteler generally succeeded in the end in carrying his point, so that, a few years ago, the State waked up to the fact that there



were many of these establishments, in which the children of the land were being brought up to be rebels to the Government.

When he had succeeded in getting this matter in a shape to suit his purposes, he left the conducting of it to others, and turned his attention to agitation among the Catholic masses. The means adopted were a clerical press, which he founded in Mayence and other centers, and various associations that should bring the lower classes together in unions, where they could be made to operate *en masse*. The first of these was the "Pope Pius Union," whose principal statute was the following: "A United Germany only on the platform of Catholic Christendom;" that is, Germany was to be a Catholic Union, or none at all. Mayence was to be the head center of all these efforts, and there the work has been done so well that Germany is now permeated with Catholic associations and unions of all kinds, almost to its ruin; and to which we shall refer farther on.

The great object was to use the power of the Church to operate against the State, and in this view Bishop Ketteler favored every agitation that could help him to gain a place whence he could cast his arrows; and by this means he at last, though yet a young man, took the lead of the whole German Episcopacy. In the famous Conferences of Fulda, before and after the Vatican Council, his voice always gave, in case of doubt, the casting vote. The protest of the bishops against the recent Church and school laws of Prussia is said to have emanated from his pen. When the first Imperial Parliament assembled, in 1871, Ketteler was the first man to appear as a deputy from a district in Baden, and he immediately became the leader of the "Party of the Center," as it is called, whose sole and only object is to embarrass the State, because it will not give up the temporal rule to the Church, and restore the Pontiff to his temporal throne. His lofty position in the Church, added to his energy, his general culture, his ready speech and

commanding presence, peculiarly qualifies him to be a party leader. When the Parliament began the work of a National Constitution, he demanded the incorporation of the principle of intervention in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, and, failing in this, he resigned his position, and left the Parliament. But he cast his Parthian arrows behind him as he went, by bidding his adherents swear eternal enmity to the new Empire; and on this solid and intelligible platform his men could easily fight without him, while he could be more advantageously employed elsewhere.

This absolute and dogmatical position of Ketteler toward the Empire is the more remarkable and inconsistent in view of his stand at the Council of the Vatican. There he was opposed to the dogma of infallibility, and headed the minority, who fought against it because they considered it "inopportune," while other bishops opposed it because they considered it "un-Catholic and antichristian." He even made a Latin speech in opposition to it in the Council, in which he declared that the adoption of the dogma would cause a schism in the Church, and awaken a bitter opposition among its enemies, and, instead of removing evils, would be the cause of great calamity. In this, Ketteler made a very accurate prophecy, and showed that he knew his ground well. But he finally yielded; and it almost seems as if the Jesuits, with whom he lived while in Rome, were glad to have him in the opposition at first, that, by his final retraction, he might give an influential example to others; for what a feather it is in their cap when such an authority bends to them! and who else can then hold out?

Bishop Ketteler is now not only the leader of the combined episcopacy in this contest, but he may be said to be the fuleman of the strife. He has issued various pamphlets and books, in which he gives his views about the political, ecclesiastical, and social questions of the period. And these productions are a curious medley of the true and the false, are

full of masterly sophistry and engaging language on the one hand, and unbridled abuse on the other. One of his earlier writings bears the title, "Liberty, Authority, and Church;" and wages a war against false liberalism from a very sensible and judicious Christian stand-point. But he soon oversteps the mark, and shows partiality by declaring his love and fidelity to Catholic Austria, and his hatred to Protestant Prussia—his own country.

His pastoral letters to the Catholic people were always couched in this tone, and written to affect the masses, to whom he ever pays much attention. In all his appeals of this kind, he openly attacks the Reformation, declaring, that, since that time, the German nation has lost its peculiar vocation, and that the ancient loyalty and faith have disappeared. He declares that the Reformation introduced religious strife, but in no wise altered the claims and status of the Church: and that, therefore, they must hold fast to the foundations of Christendom and civil society; and these are the subjection of civil authority to the Church, and the schools to the latter. This, of course, brings him just where he would stand; namely, in subjection to the Papacy in all things, which is the doctrine that he is now fighting for in opposition to the State.

The most violent demonstration of Ketteler was lately against the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, on account of the position of this functionary in regard to the status of the schools. The Minister would have these under the control and inspection of the State which supports them, and complained to the Parliament that the Prussian bishops had combined against the laws of the State to which they belong, and even against their native country, to yield to the bidding of a man in a foreign land—alluding to the Pope. This plain and uncomplimentary allusion to the Pope, in addition to the unwelcome truth that they bow to his bidding rather than to their own monarch, put Ketteler into a towering passion, and he passed all the bounds of pro-

priety in his rejoinder, declaring that Minister Falk was a fit companion to the French Communist Proudhon, and could lay no just claim to the appellation of Christian.

Having thus completely broken with the State, he now remains solely in his own camp, there forging the most dangerous thunder-bolts against the German Government. And for this purpose he of late years has paid unusual attention to the lower classes, with a view to enroll and organize them against the Government. Following the example of the so-called "Social Democrats," who organize with a view to control labor and trade, to form trades' unions, with a view to regulate wages, and a thousand other questions affecting the relations of employer and employed, our Bishop steps into their ranks and takes the Catholics out of them, in the intent to organize these for the double purpose of sustaining the Church and embarrassing the State by a new and more vigorous International Society. They adopt the name of the Christian Social Democrats, although they are sometimes called by the enemies the "Black Internationals," in contradistinction to the "Red Internationals," or "Communists;" the red flag being the standard of the one, and the black priestly garb the insignia of the other.

Bishop Ketteler has written largely about the much-debated and vexed question of labor, and sympathizes clearly with the views of the Socialists in regard to their demands, and he makes certain claims in favor of the working-men on the State, the Church, and the upper classes. This position is well calculated to attract them to him, for it gives them a wider latitude of complaint and a broader field of redress, and the Catholic principle in the midst of it is a strong cement; for the ordinary Socialists know each other solely as such, while the Catholics are bound to each other by Church ties. The result is, that the Social Democrats have lost nearly all their adherents in Catholic countries, because these have joined the Christian Social



Democrats under the patronage and control of the Church. And these "Black Internationals" are, for this very reason, now becoming more dangerous to the State than the "Reds," simply because blood is thicker than water.

These new-fangled Democrats are led on by some of the most prominent men in the Ultramontane camp, among whom we name Monfang, of South Germany, who is the leader of the Ultramontanes in the "Party of the Center" of the German Parliament. His doctrine is, that the State must afford direct assistance to the working-men in the establishment of labor associations, just as capitalists make coalitions with a view of forming companies to carry on large industrial and manufacturing enterprises. In this way, Ketteler has in his employ a body of sharp and unscrupulous lieutenants, who, under the guise of favoring and protecting the interests of the working-men, have rather the ulterior object of being able to bring them altogether under their control, and thus use them in favor of the Church in its contest with the State.

These "Christian Social Unions," as these societies are called, absorb nearly every thing not under the direct control of the convents and monkish fraternities of diverse kinds. The "Pope Pius Union" may be said to be the principal one, and to partake more exclusively of a religious nature, while the "Journey-men's Unions" exert a stronger social influence. In these are included also the Employers' Union and that of the Apprentices, co-operative associations, as well as societies for savings-banks, and loan associations. In imitation of the Journey-men's Unions, there are associations for young manufacturers and factory operatives. Then come the benevolent associations, of all sorts, for the support or placing of female operatives and servants, and especially for aid to them during a period of want of employment, or sickness; and in the wake of these follow the mutual aid societies of every shade, but all permeated with the one great leading principle; namely, that they are Catholic

associations, and under the guidance and control of the Church.

Some of these bodies are so numerous that they form a veritable army. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the Pope Pius Union numbers hundreds of thousands in Germany, all united on the one object of favoring the plans of the Church as they may be developed by the leaders. The Catholic Journey-men's Union numbered seventy thousand in 1872, and has probably doubled its numbers since that time; because the chiefs of the movement have, of late, given more attention to the matter. They know too well that this organizing system gives them immense strength, just as a thousand drilled and organized troops can put ten thousand unorganized fighters to flight.

But even this does not exhaust the category. The rural districts have been placed under ban; and throughout Westphalia and Bavaria, especially, there have been formed Peasants' Unions. This has been done under the special guidance of several men of mark, and by the co-operation of the priests in all the parish districts. Their numbers are now very large, and several newspapers have been established to further the movement. The increase of Catholic journals within the last five years is truly marvelous. Until recently, the peasants were expected to read little else than their almanacs and certain Church publications resembling catechisms and Church dogmas. Now nearly every large town has its journal in these interests, and in all of them by departments; and their circulation is pushed by all the available means in the hands of the priest, and these are by no means few. A goodly number of the editors or proprietors of these sheets are members of the Local Assembly or Imperial Parliament.

Then comes a class of associations for purely social aims among Catholics; some are for the purpose of widely distributing books and pamphlets of a Catholic social character; but others are with the express aim of collecting all Catholic

working men and women into groups for social amusement. In the beer and wine houses under the control of these unions, the working-man can get his cigar or pipe and beer a penny or two cheaper than elsewhere, and he is sure to have more congenial society than elsewhere; they are a sort of club for the masses, of a religious, partisan character. The questions of the day are naturally the staple of discussion, and the local priests and political orators and aspirants frequently come to them with lectures and addresses on the exciting questions of the hour. How well they do their work may be seen from several facts. One is the growing majority, in every election, of the Catholic Party of the Center in the German Parliament, whose sole existence hinges on the opposition to the scheme of German unity under a Protestant emperor. Another significant fact is the attempted assassination of Bismarck by a member of one of these Journeymen's Unions, which are the most loyal supporters of Ketteler's Ultramontane ranks. When Bismarck asked his assassin—the journeyman Kullmann—why he had endeavored to shoot him, he replied:

"Because you are an enemy of my Church and my party."

"What party?" said the Chancellor.

"The Party of the Center," was the response.

The leaders of this organization, such as Ketteler, Monfang, and others, of course repudiate him; but their creations and their teachings make just such men, who, in these "Unions," learn to feel that it is a duty of piety and patriotism to rid the world of Protestant statesmen who are prominent in their opposition to the

aggressions of the Church. It is quite possible that these Christian-social-unions were not originally intended to be hostile to the State. Their pretense was quite different; they were to be institutions of self-defense for the laboring men against the exactions of capital. But their strength was soon made manifest, and the temptation to use them in this contest of the Imperial power with the great Catholic Church was too strong to be resisted. They have now become political machines, directly or indirectly. The Peasants' Unions of Bavaria have issued a political circular against the German Empire, although they are a portion of it. That these organizations strengthen the clerical party, and make them more dangerous in their attacks against the Government, is very clear, not only from their local influence, but also from the fact that their alliances extend so far; for they exist all over the Protestant lands in Germany at present—there is a numerous and strong one in Berlin, right under the eaves of the Imperial Parliament. These facts prove that the conflict between these parties is desperate and uncompromising; and thus we see the State resorting to the extreme measure of fining or imprisoning certain of the German bishops in self-defense. They insist on ruining the institutions of the State, as if they and theirs were their own private property, and they turn all their clerical influence into political channels. In this hostility, the German bishops are all banded together for better or for worse, and their skillful and talented chief in this world-renowned contest is the Belligerent Bishop Ketteler.

WILLIAM WELLS.



## GONE AWAY.

I SEE the farm-house, red and old,  
 Above its roof the maples sway;  
 The hills behind are bleak and cold;  
 The wind comes up and dies away.  
 I gaze into each empty room,  
 And, as I gaze, a gnawing pain  
 Is in my heart at thought of those  
 Who ne'er will pass the doors again;  
 And, strolling down the orchard slope—  
 So wide a likeness grief will crave—  
 Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,  
 Each mossy hillock looks a grave.  
 They will not hear me if I call;  
 They will not see these tears that start;  
 'Tis Autumn—Autumn with it all—  
 And worse than Autumn in my heart.  
 O leaves, so dry and dead and sere,  
 I can recall some happier hours,  
 When Summer's glory lingered there,  
 And Summer's beauty touched the flowers.  
 Adown the slope a slender shape  
 Danced lightly, with her flying curls;  
 And manhood's deeper tones were blent  
 With the gay laugh of happy girls.

O stolen meetings at the gate!  
 O lingerings at the open door!  
 O moonlight rambles long and late!  
 My heart can scarce believe them o'er.  
 And yet the silence, strange and still,  
 The air of sadness and decay,  
 The moss that grows upon the sill—  
 Yes; love and hope have gone away!  
 So like, so like a worn-out heart!  
 Which the last tenant finds too cold,  
 And leaves for evermore, as they  
 Have left this homestead, red and old.  
 Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!  
 'T were well if bravely, side by side,  
 You waited, till the hand of time  
 Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.  
 I lean upon the gate and sigh;  
 Some bitter tears will force their way,  
 And then I bid the place good-bye  
 For many a long and weary day.  
 I cross the little ice-bound brook—  
 In Summer, 't is a noisy stream—  
 Turn round to take a last fond look,  
 And all has faded like a dream.

## HUSH.

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,  
 "For my heart beats loud and fast;  
 But surely in the far, far distance,  
 I can hear a sound at last."  
 "It is only the reapers singing,  
 As they carry home their sheaves;  
 And the evening breeze has risen,  
 And rustles the dying leaves."  
 "Listen! there are voices talking,"  
 Calmly still she strove to speak;  
 Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
 And the red flushed in her cheek.  
 "It is only the children playing  
 Below—now their work is done—  
 And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled  
 By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice and weaker,  
 As with anxious eyes she cried:  
 "Down the avenue of chestnuts,  
 I can hear a horseman ride."  
 "It was only the deer that were feeding  
 In a herd on the clover grass;  
 They were startled, and fled to the thicket,  
 As they saw the reapers pass."  
 Now the night arose in silence,  
 Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
 And the deer couched in the forest,  
 And the children were at rest.  
 There was only a sound of weeping  
 From watchers around a bed;  
 But rest to the weary spirit,  
 Peace to the quiet dead!

## SULKS.

## PART ONE.

"**N**O!" It would be impossible to convey an idea of the brief sharpness of tone with which George Stanhope replied to his wife. And the expression of his face was that of a man tried beyond endurance.

It was a handsome face—sometimes. Not so handsome as it had been eight years ago, when he stood at the altar by the side of fair Mary Newton, and vowed before God to love and cherish her till death did them part. Even then the smooth forehead, over which clustered the dark hair that Mary thought so beautiful, was not unseldom contracted by a frown when things did not go exactly right; but never had the deformity shown itself in her presence. Now, the unsightly scowl was no stranger to his face, and was fast making its permanent impression there.

On this occasion it made him a formidable object indeed to the two bright children who sat at the table with him, and, on their account, to his wife also. Mary was not naturally timid; but she had a loving, sensitive nature, and she was often deeply wounded by the lack of common courtesy that her husband exhibited toward her when, in common parlance, he felt "blue;" when, in truth, he was cross or sulky.

The ungracious response with which our sketch commences was evoked on this wise. The gentleman had come into the pleasant breakfast-room with a cloud on his face dark enough to shadow the sunniest room in the world. There was no reason why he should not have brought smiles and pleasant words with him. If he did not represent a tolerably large class we would not write another word about him, for we are disgusted with him at the outset. There is not a more contemptible sight on earth than a strong man in a fit of sulks. To George Stanhope's wife it seemed a very cruel state

of things. She exerted herself to make his home pleasant, so that its attractiveness was remarked by all who visited it; she sought earnestly to make his children love and respect him, and the difficulty of her task in this respect can only be appreciated by mothers of sharp little reasoners, who have been similarly situated. That she was not quite successful in this was shown by their appearance as their father entered the room. The gleeful prattle of the moment before was hushed without a word as soon as the young clear eyes fell on his face.

He did not look at them or their mother, but took his seat at the table without speaking. His wife glanced across the table, from time to time, hoping to see the clouds break under the influence of the hot rolls and coffee; but, though he ate and drank with apparent relish, it was done in a dreary silence befitting a funeral feast. The silence became at last so irksome that she resolved to speak to him.

"Are you unwell this morning, George?"

"No!"

That was all, but his manner expressed a lordly resentment at being questioned. It was not a new experience; but no repetition of it could ever make the young wife indifferent to it. She forced back the tears that involuntarily filled her eyes and compelled herself to smile and speak pleasantly to the little ones, whose wondering observation of their papa began to show an uncomplimentary intelligence in regard to his churlish behavior.

To attract their attention from him, Mary inquired about little Paul's progress at school, and the prospect of his learning to read well before his sixth birthday, which would come in January. Next, she discussed some plans of his in regard to the manufacture of a kite that



should "beat Jimmy Morton's, and go higher than the clouds."

"But that will be out of sight, Paul."

"Yes, mamma. But I can feel the string pull in my hand; and think how it looks up there, all alone."

"How would you like to go up there, yourself? To start from our garden and go up, up, until you could look down upon all the village?"

"Could I? O, mamma, did any one ever do that?"

The boy's eyes grew dark with interest.

"O yes! People go up in balloons much higher than that."

"Do they? Please tell me about them, mamma."

The little fellow left his seat and came eagerly to his mother's side. He had not noted the gathering displeasure on his father's face, though Mary had been sensible of it, without even glancing at him.

"Paul," said the stern voice which the boy never heard without an immediate desire to rebel, "Paul, have you finished your breakfast?"

"No, sir."

"Then go back to your seat, and stop talking."

A tiny frown, not unlike his father's, showed itself on the child's forehead; but he returned to his seat without a word. Not to finish his breakfast, for his appetite was quite spoiled by the unnecessary harshness.

"Ethie, darling," said Mary, as they left the table, "suppose you dress your new dolly nicely, and we will take her for a walk in the garden. Paul, bring some bright papers that you will find in the store-room, and I will help you cover your kite. Go down to the kitchen first, and ask Chloe to please make some paste for you."

Little Paul's face cleared up at once, and he forgot his momentary irritation. Mary lingered at the door of the breakfast-room, and looked wistfully at her husband. It seemed such a pity to have the glorious beauty of the morning shadowed by his unhappy mood.

"Will you come out with us, George?" she asked, with the sweet tone and manner that never failed to influence him when in good humor.

"No!"

Only a repetition of the sharp ungracious response to which use would never reconcile her. The discourtesy offended her sense of propriety while the unkindness wounded her heart. Ah, if the surly man could but have been gifted with the power to see himself as his own family saw him, the view must perforce have worked a healthful transformation! After they left him, he went to the window that opened upon the garden. It was a lovely spot, radiant with the fresh verdure and blossoms of June. The clear breeze outside stirred the trees gently, waking into song the robins and bluebirds, and bringing the gossipy buzz of innumerable bees from the gnarled and crooked old locust-trees that grew by the wall next the street.

It was one of the prettiest country homes in New England. There was a cheery brightness all over and around it. But all its beauty was lost upon its owner; for it is a person's own mood that brightens or shadows a landscape. There are people so sunny-tempered as to bear indifferently the east winds on the coast of Massachusetts.

George Stanhope stood in the clear June sunshine, and looked out upon the wealth of living verdure before him with the same feeling with which he would have surveyed the arid waste of a desert. There was no gratitude swelling in his heart to the bounteous Giver who had cast his lot in pleasant places and bestowed on him so goodly a heritage. The house and grounds were his own. There were no mortgages standing between him and a sense of absolute possession. He had, besides, an income sufficient for the needs of his family, independent of a handsome salary as superintendent of a business where all the work was performed by other people. No drudgery was required of him. When his daily visit of inspection to the man-

ufactory was over, he was at leisure to seek his own pleasure.

Much can be forgiven to the moody man, whose presence is a shadow in his own house, if hard labor wearies him, and pressing cares or business perplexities combine to try his patience; though, even then, it seems unmanly to visit his ill-temper upon the head of the innocent wife, who suffers with him, and would gladly lighten his burdens by any self-denying efforts in her power, and whose sweet sympathy might strengthen him like the ministry of angels, to which it is akin. But no excuse could be invented for George Stanhope as his eyes followed the gambols of his children, who were awaiting their mother. Ethie held her doll, which was nearly as big as herself, and Paul had in his hand the skeleton of the kite that was to be covered. Presently Mary came out to them, so delicately lovely in her white morning-dress, that she seemed like a June blossom herself, her eyes bright with interest in the little ones, and her sweet voice full of motherly affection. The children played more merrily for her presence. With boyish gallantry Paul offered his hand to assist her in mounting the easy steps leading to the Summer-house. A heavier cloud settled upon the father's face as he observed them. It was very provoking to see how happy they could be without him.

Let us look more closely at this foolish misanthrope. We see a tall and rather portly gentleman, of a noble presence, with clear-cut, regular features, dark, handsome eyes, the mouth hidden by the brown beard, whose growth is permitted by fashion. It makes a fine screen for the childish pout under it. His hair is thinning slightly about the temples, but it retains its dark color without the aid of hair dyes.

To look at the man and his surroundings, one would imagine that he had nothing to wish for, so far as earthly good was concerned. Yet the stern, forbidding expression of his eyes told of any thing but contentment with his lot.

He doubtless found a kind of enjoy-

ment in the "sulks;" for no man in his senses would persistently cultivate a state of mind that he did not find agreeable. Just now he chose to consider himself injured by the apparent capacity of his wife to be happy independent of his moods.

"It was not so when we were first married," he said to himself, indignantly. "Then, if I were unhappy, she sympathized with me."

Very true, he might have been answered; because she then, in her innocent ignorance, thought there must be a reason for the gloom that darkened every thing in life; but when she found that it was simply crossness, she wisely took herself as far as possible outside of its influence. Not, indeed, without all loving, earnest efforts to exorcise the evil spirit which seemed to hold possession of him. All her attempts were vain. The demon of ill-temper maintained its ground against her tenderness and forbearance. It was doubtless akin to the Scriptural one that the disciples could not cast out, and that only the divine power could dislodge. "Sulks" might with propriety be taken as a modern manifestation of the speechless historical devil.

Mary Newton had married George Stanhope without a suspicion that he was subject to this occasional demoniac possession. She was a bright, happy girl, with a temper all sunshine, and with a joyous buoyancy of disposition that put a silver covering as well as a silver lining to all clouds. Added to this was a frank, independent spirit that knew no fear, and was, therefore, especially adapted for the life before her.

During the year of courtship that preceded her marriage she had seen her lover almost daily, and had once spent a week at his father's house. All this time he had shown himself in one aspect to her. She saw him full of affectionate kindness for his mother, and remembered happily the old adage, "A good son makes a good husband." At all times, and in all circumstances, he was the



courteous, high-minded gentleman. So we can well imagine her unsuspecting distress when, about three months after the wedding, he came home in a fit of sulks, ate his supper in silence, and went to bed directly afterward.

It was early in the evening, and she sat down by herself in the parlor with a strange aching of the heart that could not have been expressed by words.

"He must be ill," she said; and then vainly tried to think of some kind of illness that would accord with the hearty supper that she had seen him dispose of. There were plenty of ailments that might be supposed to result from such a meal, but none that would be likely to precede and accompany it. Still, as there was no other solution of the puzzle, she repeated again, as a relief to herself, "Yes, he must be ill, of course;" adding, very sensibly, "but not dangerously."

The door-bell rang while she was debating the matter, and the entrance of two young friends, who had come uninvited to spend a social evening with them, was especially welcome to her. Mary was very fond of society, though she cared nothing for fashionable amusements. Her friends came and went as they pleased, always sure of a frank reception whenever they appeared in her house.

"Where is Mr. Stanhope?" was the first inquiry of her guests when they saw he was absent.

"He is not well, I think," she answered. "He came home feeling badly, and he has gone to bed. He will be sorry to have missed seeing you."

"I hope nothing serious is the matter," said one of her visitors, a young man who was a particular friend of Stanhope's. "Would it do for me to run up-stairs and have a look at him?"

Some vague feeling, that she could not account for, made her desirous to hide her husband's new expression of countenance from his friend's eyes.

"He may be asleep," she said, "and it would be best not to awaken him. Call in the morning, Mr. Randolph. If

you were a physician instead of a jeweller, I would admit you to his room at once."

"I hope he is not going to have the fever," said Randolph, incautiously. "There are several new cases on the street where I live. How does he seem?"

Mary turned pale and trembled at this suggestion. Randolph noticed it, and smiled encouragingly as he continued:

"I do not want to frighten you. You can easily tell if he is feverish. He will complain of pain in his back and limbs, and will be able to eat nothing."

"He has no symptoms of the kind," said Mary, with sudden relief. Yet she could not help borrowing a little trouble on his account. What if he were seriously ill?

How long the evening seemed! She strove in vain to forget her anxiety, and to attend to the lively conversation of her young visitors. Randolph, who had regretted speaking of the prevalent fever in the village as soon he saw her alarm, now tried to turn her thoughts into a pleasanter channel.

"I wish you had been in my store, Mrs. Stanhope, about ten o'clock this morning. I think you would have been amused. I had two customers who seemed indifferent to the hard times."

"I have no doubt that your business thrives," answered Mary. "People will sooner spend money for decorations than for bread."

"Ah, but these cases would have appealed to your sympathy; for in each of them there was a desperate need of the adornment. The first was a young man who begged me to select a suitable pair of ear-rings for a lady.

"'You see,' he told me, 'she has come here to attend the concert in Shaw's Hall, and she has left her ear-rings at home. She can't go to the concert without ear-rings.'

"'Certainly not,' I assented.

"'I don't know much about such things,' he continued; 'but you will know about what she wants. Something handsome, but not expensive.'

"Is she a young lady?" I asked, as I led him to the counter where our cheap jewelry is displayed.

"Well, not so very young, perhaps," he replied, doubtfully; "somewhere near forty, though she does n't own to it."

"She classes herself among young people then?"

"O yes."

"Then I think she would like these corals. They are certainly handsome; and cheap, also."

"How much?"

"Only a dollar."

"They'll show off well in the evening, and that is the main thing. It's a pity she left hers behind; but it's better to buy new ones than to lose the music."

"I agreed with him that it would be a pity to be deprived of the entertainment for a cause so trifling, and he went off quite delighted with the showy baubles. I met them as I was coming here. They were on the way to the concert, and the ear-rings did 'show off,' as he phrased it. I inferred, too, from his sheepish air, that he was her sweetheart, and was very much ashamed of it. She looked old enough to be his mother."

"There is no harm in that," remarked a young lady, who was Randolph's sister.

"Perhaps not, Kitty; but his taste is questionable."

"I was thinking of her taste, not his. If she prefers a young, handsome fellow to an old man, she only follows an example that is generally set us by your sex. Do not elderly men almost invariably choose young wives?"

"Ah, Kitty," laughed her brother, "Mrs. Stanhope knows that I have no chance of victory in an argument with you. So I shall only tell her about my other customer. He was an Irishman; and he came running in with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his whole person filled with sentiment and poor rum. 'Have ye iver a bit o' a ring for a baby?' he asked, anxiously."

"Yes; any quantity of them."

"Me baby died the day, an' it must have a ring to be buried in, shure."

"What was the matter with the baby?"

"O thin, it were nothing, nothing at all. It just died. An' it must be buried in a ring."

"How old was it?"

"O, the matther o' a wake or two, more or less. It was a month coom Friday."

"Have you a measure of its finger?"

"An' can't we tell if it fits whin we puts it on? Och, but it's the mother is in the trouble, and I says to her 'You jist whist, woman dear, till I brings ye a ring for his purty finger.'"

"But we can not choose the ring if we have no measure."

"Is that so? An' will ye kape the rings safe till I rin home for that same?"

"Having obtained my promise not to sell out my stock for an hour or two, he left, bewailing audibly the loss of his baby. He did not return; but as I passed Potter's saloon, on my way home at noon, I saw him sitting just inside the door, in apparent forgetfulness of his trouble."

Mary laughed with the rest at Randolph's story; but it was evident that her thoughts were absent, and so her guests considerably took their departure. As soon as they were gone, she ran up-stairs quickly to see her husband. He did not speak when she entered the room, and she fancied that he was asleep. She made her own preparations for rest as noiselessly as possible, not even venturing to press the lightest kiss upon his forehead.

"My mother always says that sleep is better than medicine," she said to herself, hopefully, as she laid her head on her pillow. "He is sleeping sweetly; he will be all right in the morning."

With this hope warming her heart, Mary shut her own brown eyes tightly, and was off to the land of Nod, by the night express, before her husband had time to show what manner of spirit he was of. Now, he had confidently expected a burst of anxious inquiries, and had made up his mind to resent all attempts at conversation. He would show her that he was not to be spoken to with



impunity, when he was not disposed to talk. Her outspoken frankness and piquant sayings were very charming when he chose to be pleased, but she must learn when to speak, and when to hold her peace. Her merry fearlessness must be properly toned down. Her behavior must chime with his humor, in whatever mood he chanced to be. And to-night he would give her a hint in the right direction by not replying to her loving questions, and refusing all reponse to her affectionate caresses. In short, he had made up his mind to let her feel his displeasure, although he knew she had done nothing to provoke it. He had not calculated upon her going to sleep contentedly, without any fuss, and he chose to consider her doing so, a grievance.

"She might, at least, have asked if I felt better," he grumbled to himself. "It was provoking enough to hear her laughing in the parlor at Randolph's nonsense, as if there were nothing the matter with me. I wonder if I could go to sleep so indifferently, if she were sick."

He tormented himself awhile in this way, fancying himself too much abused to go to sleep; but the drowsy goddess stole a march on him, and he was soon snoring away as comfortably as if he had gone to bed in an amiable mood.

Mary awoke several times during the night, and each time he was sleeping soundly, with no indications of illness.

"He was tired, poor fellow. Something about the business had gone wrong. I wish I could bear his burdens for him."

It was a silly wish, of course, but not an uncommon one among wives, especially young wives. There is an exuberance of affection in their hearts, which would generally last through life, if their loving fancies were not heartlessly snubbed out of them. Thousands retain the feeling year after year, till the golden wedding is kept like a holy feast of love; but what a stupendous satire are many of the silver weddings, to say nothing of the other numerous festivals that grace the earlier anniversaries of the marriage day!

George Stanhope had not yet been wedded a year, and the first return of the happy day promised to have its cloudy memories. He awoke in the morning, refreshed in body and mind. Mary was standing by the bed-side, smiling brightly. The window-shades were drawn up, and the sunshine, coming in boldly, threw rosy waves of beauty across the pictures on the wall, touching up the faces of the portraits with radiant dimples. It was not in human nature to resist all these cheery influences, and, for the time, the sulks had to succumb to circumstances.

The husband got up and dressed himself in the best possible humor. All the dark surmises and resolutions of the previous night were thrown aside. He was glad, on the whole, to keep his wife in ignorance of the dark side of his character. It seemed a pity, after all, to dim those sweet eyes with unnecessary tears.

Mary never knew how narrowly she had escaped a heart-ache. In her ignorance, she could not even congratulate herself that her day of grace was lengthened out. She watched him with a feeling near akin to worship. He laughed and chatted, whistled and sung, and went down to breakfast in such extraordinary spirits that Mary, laughingly, accused him of pretending illness on the previous evening.

Chloe, the cook, was placing the hot breakfast rolls on the table, and, as she heard Mary's words, she stole a momentary glance at her master's face. Her own countenance was most expressive, and Stanhope colored involuntarily as he met it. Chloe understood all about it. She had been taken from the almshouse when a little orphan child of six years, and had been brought up as a servant by his mother. Her aunt had been in the same family for several years, and had really more to do with Chloe's training than Mrs. Stanhope. The aunt was a jet-black African, with all the quaint habits of thought and expression peculiar to her race; but Chloe was a light mulatto, with curls a little crisp, and lips somewhat prominent, yet scarcely re-

sembling at all the portly aunt who ruled supreme in Mrs. Stanhope's kitchen. They were both faithfully attached to the family, and, when George was married, Chloe made no objection to transferring her services to his house. Mary wondered a little at his mother's pertinacity in securing the place for her, but made no objection when she saw that Stanhope also would be pleased with the arrangement. The true motive did not occur to her, and she would have been greatly astonished if she had been told that Chloe's faithful affection could be depended on to hide the skeleton of the family from outside beholders.

Mary went to the window when her husband left her to go to his office, and watched him with admiring eyes, till he was out of sight. Chloe came up for orders in regard to the dinner, but her mistress was too absorbed in her worship to notice her entrance.

"How noble he is!" she said, in her earnestness, speaking aloud. "There are no petty, mean streaks in his character. He is as near perfection as it is possible for a human creature to be."

"Hi!" ejaculated Chloe, backing out of the room rapidly, before giving expression to her opinion. "Guess Miss Mary 'ill have to sing another tune afore long. Unless the Ethiopian have change his black hide for a white one, or the leopard have got rid of his spots, she has something to larn about 'mean streaks' and sich. Poor lamb! It would make me laugh to see her a standing there with her face so bright, and me a-knowing just what Master George is, only my heart aches for her. She 'll find him out directly. I knows all the signs. This is the shortest tantrum he ever had. There 'll be another afore many days. 'Taint half worked off yet. You 'll see. I knows all about him."

Chloe was right. In less than a week he came home in a mood so undeniably cross, that there was no mistaking it for illness. And this time Mary did not escape. He was angry that she did not think him ill, though he had resolved to

silence all her expressions of concern if she did. But she did not offer any. After the bewildering surprise of the first few moments, she understood his condition perfectly. She made no attempt to blind herself or to conciliate him. She poured his tea in silence, with no effort at conversation, but with a strange sense of having been stunned by some calamity. And so the rebuff that he had in readiness for her was changed to a depressed, injured look, more aggravating than outspoken reproaches.

More unbearable, because its injustice admitted of no answer. It gave no clew to the nature of her offense, if offense she had committed. But Mary knew, and he knew; that it was no fault of hers that had so suddenly shadowed the pleasant home.

She kept her place by him in the parlor for two hours, hoping against hope that he would come to his senses and apologize for his conduct. She did not know that sulky people never apologize. He sat immovably in his chair by the table, with the unopened evening papers by his elbow.

Chloe came up, as usual, to bring the keys of the china-closets to her mistress. One glance was enough for her.

"Just as I said," she muttered to herself, as soon as she had closed the door behind her. "The same old devil is in him now, for sure. He 's going it now, full blast. Poor Miss Mary! What 'll she do? Guess she 's about opening her eyes. Old mistress ought to have give her a warning. If he had been *my* boy," said Chloe, indignantly, "I would have gone to Miss Mary and said, 'You poor child, do n't think of having nothing to say to him, for he ain't fit to marry a cross dog.' That 's what mistress ought to have done."

Mary felt as if she were in a horrible dream. All the afternoon she had been practicing a new song for the evening's entertainment, and the music was spread in readiness on the open piano. It was a piece that he had greatly admired on account of its pathos, and she had taken



great pains to render the sentiment correctly. Now the refrain, unconsciously, haunted her:

"She hears no more  
The dipping oar  
Upon the moonlit sea."

At last the light fairly died out of her face, and she slowly left the room. Upstairs she went, not stopping at her own room, but going on to the attic chambers, where she could be sure of being alone. There she sat down to lament and weep over the idol which had so suddenly turned from gold to clay before her eyes. She scarcely thought of his boorish treatment of herself. That might be forgiven; but who should restore her lost ideal of manly excellence? This was a case in which a fond belief in an agreeable sham was better than a knowledge of the truth. Blindness was happiness, and truth cruel. Besides, there was no need of dispelling the beautiful illusion.

Whether or no a person subject to paroxysms of sulks can hinder the visitations of the demon, is an open question; but no one doubts that Satan should be kept out of sight in the background. If he were honestly resisted he would flee; but, all the same, he enjoys petting. This is, doubtless, a free country, and each individual has a right to choose his own pets, but he has no right to force them upon people whose tastes differ from his own. Now, as Mr. Stanhope had kept his pet hidden during a whole year of courtship, it was clear to Mary that there was no need of letting it loose now to prey upon the holy estate of matrimony. Mary did not go to bed that night. She spent its hours alone; at first striving to re-erect her fallen idol, and to persuade herself that her strong imagination had made the matter worse than it really was. She tried to pity him; to fancy unpleasant business affairs that might excuse him, or vexatious news that had irritated him beyond his strength.

It was a vain effort. She was too clear-sighted to permit the coveted self-deception. She recalled his rude manner, his pouting silence when spoken to, his in-

jured look if left to himself; and her spirit rose in indignant protest against the injustice of his whole demeanor.

She thought of his Christian profession, and of her own also, as she strove against the bitter feeling that arose in her heart. It seemed a mockery to pray, with such emotions of resentment controlling her, and yet she had never so needed the aid of the pitying Father. It seemed impossible to think kindly of one whose unmanly petulance so needlessly degraded him. Her lip curled contemptuously in spite of herself. Do not blame her, for if there is any one thing on earth more ridiculous than a stout, healthy man pouting and scowling over nothing, that one thing has not yet been discovered.

When Mary met her husband at the breakfast table, she was rather relieved than otherwise to find the sulks still in full force. She was not, herself, prepared to resume friendly relations. She glanced across the table at the forbidding face opposite, and handed his coffee without a word. And he, though determined not to converse, felt aggrieved, because she was silent. Every thing she did made him angry, and every thing she did n't do made him yet angrier. It must be owned that poor Mary had a sad life in prospect, if her happiness was to depend upon the moods of her husband.

Chloe, too, had passed a sleepless night. She heard the light step of her mistress as she passed up the stairs, and she knew tolerably well how the long hours had been spent. She would have suffered tortures before she would have shown, by look or word, that she observed the state of things; but her affectionate heart was overflowing with unspoken sympathy. With indignation, too; for Chloe was a shrewd expounder of the rights and wrongs of society.

"Strange, what fools women is!" she commented. "Here's Miss Mary. She had such a pleasant home! Her mother thinks her perfect, and the old gentleman just worships her. The children would run their legs off for her, and the servants think she's too good to live. Could n't

find a happier state to be in without going to heaven. But just as soon as our Master George comes along, Miss Mary loses her senses. Can't understand it. I can say for once," said Chloe, speaking aloud in her excitement, "that I goes in strong for being an old maid. I believes in that, like the 'postle Paul did. He came as near as he could to being one hisself."

Chloe had a vivid remembrance of the misery endured by George Stanhope's mother whenever the dark mood was on him. She had been ready to rejoice with him in all his joys, and to sit in sack-cloth and ashes when his brow darkened. The deathless mother-love overlooked the insulting treatment that the wife resented. As soon as the cloud passed, she forgot its shadows.

Mary was of a different disposition. High-minded and unselfish, she could love her husband even better than herself, while she thought him worthy of her affection. But she did not belong to the kind of women who figure so largely in story-books; refined, intellectual women, with a sensitive delicacy that turns instinctively from whatever is coarse or degrading, but are yet able to cling to a rough, brutal nature with loving blindness. She lacked none of the nobler attributes of her sex; but it was necessary that her love should have its foundation in esteem. And she could not respect the dumb, scowling face that filled the whole house with gloom, or delight herself in the touchy shortness of his replies when he was obliged to speak. Sometimes he was simply contrary; that is, he delighted in contradicting whatever opinion she uttered; but oftenest he declined to answer at all, a lugubrious grunt being the sole response to her inquiries.

The most disheartening thing about it was the impossibility of forgetting the clouds when the domestic sky was clear. Nothing could exceed his thoughtful tenderness for her, or his desire to gratify her wishes, when he was in good humor. But remembrance made these attentions distasteful. The love and trust that had

grown out of a happy faith in her husband's nobility of character could not maintain its life when that faith was destroyed. Mary could forgive, but she could not forget.

There were long intervals between his sullen moods. Sometimes months would pass without a symptom of them. These seasons were not unhappy, though they were undertoned with an apprehension of impending trouble. There was always a shadow upon her joy. The domestic sunshine was never quite clear. Mary could not quite accept the present good, because she was ever on the lookout for changes.

At the outset, as soon as she understood the proportions of the family skeleton, Mary made one resolution that many wives might adopt with benefit. She determined that her own life and individuality should not be sacrificed to his moods. It is probable that she would have been far oftener treated to an exhibition of them if this had not been the case. Instead of petting him, or showing that she was disturbed, she just let him alone, and went on with her usual pursuits without any reference to him. After her children were born, she strove especially to keep this resolution for their sake. She saw that their training would come into her hands, and they must not see her needlessly humiliated. There was no drawing away from him, no personal isolation. His comfort was not neglected; he had his favorite dishes well prepared for the table, and he was shielded from any domestic annoyances that might increase his irritation. A weaker woman would have sighed and wept and bemoaned her unhappy condition under his disapprobation. Mary just braced herself to endure it with apparent equanimity. She found out very soon that the sulks lose half their flavor if shorn of the power to make other people miserable. And she was not desirous to make their recurrence seasons of special enjoyment.

So she dressed herself and her children in their prettiest costumes, and joined in



their baby-sports with a zest very provoking to the man who thought her happiness ought to hang upon his. Dark looks and sullen silence were serenely ignored, and the cross pettishness that found vent in words seemed to have no sting, though she inwardly wondered at the ingenuity that could contrive so many bitter expressions. On the whole, she liked the dumb mood the best.

Only one thing assured him that she felt any interest in his condition. The children were kept out of his presence as much as possible, until his face cleared up. Once, in his scolding-mood, he objected to this, and Mary quietly answered:

"There is no other way, George, to bring them up with a proper respect for you."

"Indeed! And you, Mary? Do you mean to imply that you can not respect me?"

"I say nothing about myself. My character is already formed. Outside influences can not now mold it."

"Then you are above being affected by any influence?"

"I do not say that. My temper may be soured or made morose by circumstances. I am only human."

"Indeed!"

Mary went on without noticing the mockery of his tone:

"The children are too young to reason, or to oppose sensible judgment to impulse. Their dispositions are easily hurt. Paul has an intelligence unusual for so young a child, and Ethel's wondering eyes already look the inquiries that she can not put into words. I must shield them, so far as I can, from injurious associations."

"Meaning their father's society, I suppose! Thank you."

Mary's lip trembled. She looked up to him with a touching appeal against his injustice, expressed by the clear eyes that, in his better moods, he thought so beautiful. His face softened, but before he could speak again she gathered up her work, and left the room.

There are many kinds of trouble in

the world that bring no shame with them. Poverty may come in and abide with us; sickness may prostrate our strength or rack us with pain; God may take those we love, and leave us but the precious memories of the dead; but these are trials that can be spoken of, that can be lightened by the sympathy of others. But the wife may suffer untold misery from the cruel treatment of her husband, without any such resource. In the first place, she instinctively hides his faults. Her wifely pride shrinks from the publicity of her wrongs. She can not bear that prying curiosity should examine her hurt. The tenderest sympathy could not touch her wounds lightly enough to soothe the pain. She can "go and tell Jesus," and, if she be a Christian, as Mary was, she will be found very often pouring her sorrows into the pitying ears of the never wearied and always compassionate Redeemer.

In the second place, the universal feeling of the world is against the woman who exposes her husband's weakness. A man is equally despised who complains of his wife. A curious law governs such matters, and, though we may fail to understand it, we all recognize it. And so it happens that many an unhappy home seems to the casual looker-on to be the abode of nothing but peace and blessedness.

Some ideas like these ran through George Stanhope's mind when he was left alone. Mary's words had shamed him into a little wholesome reflection. He could not forget the wistful look that, for the moment, so clearly revealed the wife's sufferings. By a strong effort he shook off the evil influence, and followed Mary to the parlor. She was sitting by the window, looking out listlessly upon the street—her whole attitude expressive of hopeless discouragement. He had never seen her like this, and, indeed, such sinking of the spirits was a new thing in her experience. She did not observe his entrance till he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Poor Mary!" he said, involuntarily.

She looked up and smiled, but her eyes were full of tears.

"O George," she said, "how happy we might be! God is so good to us. He has cast our lot in pleasant places. We have health and sufficient wealth, and there are no prettier or better children in the world than ours. People remark our prosperity. Even my mother, judging us from what appears on the outside, often asks me, earnestly, if I realize how very grateful I should be for my exemption from trials. Poor dear mamma! How little she understands about it! But she does see, George, what might be."

"Mary, do you suppose I do not know that my unfortunate temperament spoils every thing for both of us? and yet it surely makes me more miserable than it does you."

"Needlessly miserable, George. That is the pity of it."

"Do you think I can help it?"

"Perhaps you can not help feeling gloomy at times; but I think you can conquer yourself so as not to be a slave to the feeling. I know that you can keep from tormenting other people with it."

"You know nothing about it. You are naturally hopeful, and you have no conception of the meaning of low spirits."

"During the year before our marriage, I saw you daily. If you had any such visitations, you kept them well in the background, for I never suspected their existence. If you could control yourself then, you can now."

"I had a powerful motive to restrain me then. I wanted to win you, Mary, and a fit of the blues would have repelled you."

"That is true."

"You would not have linked your fate to mine if you had known?"

"Certainly not," she answered, very seriously.

"Well, that is candid, at any rate." His tone showed his vexation. She made no effort to lessen it, but was glad to avail herself of his transient penitence to speak plainly. "Perhaps you regret

our marriage?" he questioned. Strange as it may seem, this thought occurred to him now for the first time.

"It is too late to discuss that question," said Mary. "No woman in her senses would voluntarily put herself in a position where she would be subject to frequent and unmerited humiliation. If, however, she innocently finds herself thus situated, it only remains for her to make the best of her lot. This, God helping me, I try to do."

"Mary," said he, penitently, "if you could understand my disposition, you would have more charity for me."

"Should I? Did you not just tell me that a powerful motive restrained you before we were married? And is the happiness of your wife and children a less powerful motive now? Did your vow to love and cherish me relieve you from all obligation to do so? When we kneel together in family worship during these misanthropic spells, I often wonder what God thinks of us. I feel so ashamed, that I hope no ministering unseen angels are near us. O George! if your love for us is not strong enough to cast out this bad spirit, you do not forget, surely, that you are a member of the Church of Christ."

Mary's voice trembled as she thus spoke out the feelings of her heart. She did not realize the unwonted earnestness of her manner, until she saw its effect on her husband. He was pale with emotion, but whether he were angry or conscience-stricken she could not judge, for he left the room without attempting to reply to her.

But after this conversation a long time passed without any manifestation of sulks. Slight symptoms sometimes showed themselves; a grunt was substituted for an intelligent answer to a question; sometimes an early bed-time contradicted the old proverb,

"Early to bed and early to rise

Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

These early hours certainly brought none of these promised gifts to him. Least of all did they add to his wisdom.

H. C. GARDNER.



## SARAH MARTIN, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

ABOUT the year 1794, a child was born in a small hamlet near the busy fishing-town of Yarmouth. An orphan before she had completed the first year of her life, no father's care provided for her daily wants; no mother's love or tenderness brightened her life, or shielded her from the rough and thorny paths of life her tender feet were so early obliged to tread; no loving brothers or sisters responded with merry tones to her own; no happy home sheltered her, or cheerful fireside welcomed her when weary and heart-sick; for she was indebted to charity for a home. Small in person and plain in feature, remarkably simple and retiring in manner, she evinced no quickness of perceptions, or unusual powers of mind; but, on the contrary, was considered as rather below the average; and she seemed destined to pass quietly unnoticed through life, and when her humble work was done to lie down, sleep, and be forgotten.

But such was not the will of Providence concerning this apparently one of the very least and feeblest of his sheep; and the name of Sarah Martin is well-known, and, although long dead, her memory is green. She yet speaketh. Meagre as were her early opportunities, at a charity-school she found the best knowledge—she learned to love her Savior. That love brightened her life; that Savior filled the heart he had made so desolate. And while, as respects this world, she was poor and sorrowful, she was yet always rejoicing. That love was so precious to her, she longed to carry it to others. At the age of fourteen, she was apprenticed to a dressmaker, and acquired the trade with an ease and skill which rather surprised her early associates. Daily did she walk the two miles between her poor home and Yarmouth, as, in the words of Scripture, she went forth to her work and her labor until the evening. By diligence in business, she became well-known,

and her services were in requisition among the most fashionable families in Yarmouth.

But her work only occupied her hands; it did not imprison her thoughts, and great thoughts were beginning to form in the mind of the little dressmaker; thoughts which were to alter the whole course of her life, and cause her name to be remembered when those of the gay and fashionable, who wore the garments her skillful fingers formed, have long since been forgotten.

The first few years of Sarah Martin's daily toil, she loved to walk home by the beach, where, refreshed by the sea-breezes and gazing on the mighty waters, she would look from nature up to nature's God.

But when these higher thoughts took possession of her, she was not content (says her biographer) with looking seaward, but varied her walks to the homes of poverty and distress; and to the inmates of the hospital ward, no face as lovely as that of Sarah Martin, the little Yarmouth dressmaker.

The state of the Yarmouth prison at this time was miserable; it was a very ancient building, some centuries of age. Sarah Martin was obliged to pass it every day; oaths and cursing sounded in her ears; her heart was pained; she knew they were left in total neglect; that shocking scenes passed within those prison walls; no blessed Sabbath ever dawned within those dreary precincts. Could nothing be done?

For many years her interest was deep. While at her work, her thoughts were thoughts of mercy to these poor prisoners. In 1819, when she was about twenty-five, her interest was quickened into active effort by the imprisonment of a hardened woman for cruelty to her own child. Sarah Martin resolved to see her. She did not mention her intention. She afterward said: "I consulted none but

God; he led me on." She was first repulsed; but a second application was successful.

In her simple way, Sarah Martin talked to this wretched culprit, and, in a voice as melodious as Mrs. Fry, read to her the story of the dying thief. The poor wretch was melted. Sarah visited her until her transportation, she giving decided evidence of piety.

This case demonstrated to Sarah Martin the necessity of prison visitations. She became a constant visitor, conversing kindly and familiarly with the prisoners, reading from the Bible the blessed words of hope and welcome to the lost and weary. She soon made the sacrifice of giving up Sunday morning, her one blessed day of rest, and conducting a religious service in the prison; and as no one else would do it, she afterward added an evening service also. Another sacrifice followed. Although she could ill afford it, she gave up one day a week to the poor prisoners, soliciting from her customers books, food, and articles of comfort. Onward and upward was her motto. Step by step was she led on in her glorious work.

In 1826, upon the death of a relative, she came into possession of a small annuity of fifty or sixty dollars. Her resolution was now taken. She gave up business, and hired two rooms in an obscure street in Yarmouth.

Now commenced her life of trust, her income only paying for her lodging. But hear her own words:

"Whilst engaged in business, I had care for it, and anxiety for the future; but with an end to business an end to care. God, who hath called me into the vineyard, will give me whatsoever is right. I trust him; I leave all with him."

She now commenced a regular systematic course in prison-work; first, employment. Sin, vice, and filth are the necessary results of idleness. She cut out plain sewing for the women, in the course of time introducing knitting, and even in some cases, fancy articles.

She provided a fund, beginning with

two pounds sterling, which, in time, by gifts and the sale of the articles made by the women, increased to five hundred pounds sterling. With the aid of this she began to furnish work for the men—braiding straw hats, fishing-shirts, caps; in later years, owing to her influence, they were taught trades, large quantities of shoes being made in Yarmouth jail.

To Sarah Martin belongs the honor of being the first to suggest the introduction of trades in places of public punishment. She early established an elementary school; her pupils varied in age from the youthful culprit to the aged sinner whose gray hairs were not found in the ways of righteousness, but receiving the wages of sin; hands dyed in guilt, for the first time held the pen, while all every day committed a portion of Scripture.

Says her biographer: "Without entering into, or perhaps understanding fully, the theme of prison reform, she had put into practice every one of those measures which the most eminent authorities agree in considering desirable. All this without means, counsel, education, or influence. Her nature was most sympathetic; her voice, as we have said, very sweet. She possessed the power of controlling the most turbulent and vicious. What the stern official could not do, with irons and chains, Sarah Martin accomplished by persuasion. She records the fact among her notes that she never found a prisoner obstinate in his opposition to her plans, or long indifferent to her wishes. She provided employment for the prisoners after their discharge, affectionately seeking their welfare, giving many an hour to their comfort and benefit, to enable them to take an honest place in the world. She was most tenderly remembered by these, and many of them kept up a correspondence with her until the close of her life. And of the kind attentions which soothed her dying bed, those of the poor prisoners were the most welcome to the sufferer.

She also established a school in the work-house, the scene of her first philanthropic efforts; and likewise devoted two



evenings a week to the instruction of a class for factory-girls, which she managed with great success.

Her ready activity and enthusiasm were contagious. The little dressmaker became known, loved, and honored.

The rich esteemed her as a welcome guest; the poor loved her as a friend; the town looked upon her as a public benefactress.

But the noble spirit was too great for the frail tenement. Her fragile body became more and more frail. Her laborious labors were beginning to tell upon her.

Toward the close of 1842, her health was manifestly failing, but she continued her work until 1843. In the Spring of that year she was obliged to relinquish it forever, and lie down on a bed of weakness and pain. Her agony, at times, was very great; but, during hours of rest, she was full of praise. She had been in the habit of composing hymns, which have since been published. We will quote a verse from her very last as expressive of her happy, peaceful state:

"I seem to be  
So near the heavenly portals bright;  
I catch the rays that fall  
From heaven's own light."

Every attention was bestowed upon her. Choice fruits and dainties to tempt

her failing appetite; the flowers she most loved filled her chamber with their sweet perfume; kind friends watched that dying bed. As the sun was rising on a beautiful October Sabbath, as the bells of the great Cathedral were chiming their welcome to that blessed day, her attendant told her that the hour of her departure had come.

"Thank God! thank God!" she exclaimed; and with these words of praise on her lips, passed into the immediate presence of that Savior she had so much loved and honored, October 15, 1843.

Every honor was paid to her memory. While she had not a relative in the world, the great Cathedral of Yarmouth was crowded with all classes of society, when the remains of the little dressmaker were carried to the tomb. The prisoners, with the officers, followed in a body, as also did the Civic Council of Yarmouth, who passed most eulogistic resolutions, accounting her a public loss to that city. They have since caused all her notes, journals, and statistics, to be bound, and placed in the Public Library of Yarmouth.

"Them that honor me I will honor, saith the Lord." "Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters." MARIA KEEP.

## JACOB AT THE BROOK JABBOK.

**W**HENCE came that soul-darkness which caused Jacob to spend a whole night in weeping and in supplications and wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant? That long night of deep travail of soul has been attributed by some to a deep consciousness of sin, not yet forgiven, in supplanting his brother Esau in the matter of the birthright, and in obtaining, by fraud, the blessing of his father Isaac. We do not think so. As

to the birthright, Esau failed to prize it as he should, and he parted with it of his own accord. Isaac's blessing Jacob regarded as belonging rightly to himself, as the birthright was now his, and as it had been foretold to Rebecca that this was God's will. In saying to Isaac, "I am Esau, thy first-born," did he not regard himself as Esau, so far as the rights of the first-born, which he had bought, were concerned? Evidently Jacob had

an overwhelming idea of the value of being regarded the first-born, and thus to inherit (and transmit to his own posterity) the blessings God had promised to Abraham and Isaac and his seed. If he took exceptional methods to cause Isaac to do what it was evident it was God's will should be done, and which Isaac was hesitating to do (because of his fleshly nature's love of the venison of Esau), and if wrong was here done, did not the wrong attach to Rebecca, the mother, rather than to Jacob, the son? At all events, on that glorious night when he saw, in a dream, the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, was not Jacob pre-eminently enjoying God's favor? What a high mark of God's favor is shown in the language of 13th, 14th, and 15th verses of Genesis xxviii! And so, all along the time he sojourned with Laban, did not the blessings of God fall continuously upon him?

But Jacob is now by the brook Jabbok. He has heard that Esau, with four hundred men, is coming to meet him. He thinks of his wives and of his children; of his men servants and women servants, and of his herds and of his flocks; and his faith staggers at the imminent danger which threatens them all. Although the journey he was taking was in obedience to God's command, "Arise: get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred;" and although, when he had started on his way, "the angels of God met him," and he should have believed that God was his "shield and his exceeding great reward," yet he becomes "greatly afraid and distressed." That night of awful agony and wrestling, was it not similar to Christ's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane? Was it not caused, in both instances, not by any consciousness of personal sin or transgression, but by a sense of the weakness of human nature? And have not all of God's children experienced just that sense of weakness, and of earthly emptiness and nothingness, just before experiencing a glorious and complete resurrection into "newness of life?" When

any of us, in God's infinite mercy, have been permitted to come out of such darkness—even out of "the valley and shadow of death"—do we not all feel that a "new name" or nature has been given us? that out of weakness strength has come? and that "old things are passed away and behold all things have become new?"

Jacob was a supplanter. But the supplanting was a putting of heavenly mindedness in place of worldly mindedness; it was the putting of a spiritual life in place of a fleshly life; it was the putting of one who "hungered and thirsted after righteousness" in the place of one who despised the glorious birthright of inheriting the promises of righteousness and true holiness.

"Esau and Jacob" are types of what should take place in us all. As St. Paul describes it, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . Howbeit that was not *first* which was spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

The word Esau means "he that does;" and it may be regarded also as the type of such Jewish Christians as try to save themselves by their "doings," or by their own good works. While Jacob (in his new name Israel) is the type of all those who say: "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me," and who realize in their own blessed experience the truth of our Savior's words, "Without me ye can do nothing."

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,  
Whom still I hold but can not see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee.  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;  
I never will unloose my hold!  
Art thou the man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.



'Tis Love! 't is Love! thou diedst for me;  
 I hear thy whisper in my heart.  
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
 Pure, universal Love thou art.  
 To me, to all, thy mercies move;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh  
 I halt till life's short journey end.  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On thee alone for strength depend;  
 Nor have I power from thee to move—  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love."  
 B. F. SANFORD.

## GLIMPSES OF A SWISS VILLAGE.

A COUNTRY village in Switzerland is a wholly different affair from a country village in America. It is only a group of the homes of the farmers, or rather of the peasants, who, with their wives, sons, and daughters, till the land for a half-hour's walk in every direction around said village. The name peasant is preferable to that of farmer. A well-to-do peasant may keep a head-workman living in the basement or in one end of his house, and this latter goes by the name of farmer.

A Swiss village has its ancient and honorable families, that are looked upon with a kind of awe by the simpler and poorer classes; but they are still tillers of the soil, as their fathers were, and it would be difficult to imagine a life simpler than they lead. It has its bakers, shoemakers, and barbers; but these, in harvest-time, or in any press, all turn out to field-labor and garnering. It has its store and grocery, or both in one; but it generally would take a skilled detector to find it. It is not a little house thrown up for that special purpose in the center of the village, and covered with signs and advertisements. One generally has to know the village in order to find the store. If directed to it, he will disbelieve his informers on all sides, and pass it and re-pass it, until he is sure that all the lookers-on are laughing at him, and remarking that there is a piece of stupidity that will have to be led thither by the nose. He begins to have a humble opinion of Yankee sharpness.

The store is generally kept by some

well-to-do widow, who has taken one of her rooms and fitted it up with simple shelves. It would be no uncommon occurrence if it had to be reached by passing through the barn and the kitchen. If a load of hay happens to be occupying the barn-floor, the customer must pass around through a gate in a high wall into the garden, and thence, by the kitchen, enter the grocery.

### THE STREETS

are narrow, almost too narrow to allow of two teams passing. The houses are, almost without exception, built against the street, or, at least, the barn-end of them, which is the larger, comes against the street. No one loses land by giving an alley to reach a barn. In the mountain-side villages, the streets may vie for gloominess with any back alley of a filthy city—so narrow, so sunless, such high, dingy walls, lower stories so unoccupied, and attached to the second by such old, worn, narrow, black stairs. One feels a chill to see the poorly clad children peer at him from the broken windows and and black niches, or hears the clatter of their wooden shoes over the round stone pavement. But at the same time, the village may have but one street, and a chance space between two houses may give a view fit for a king's palace—a mountain, lake, and valley picture that might seem like a glimpse from earth, through a cloud-break, into paradise.

The barn is the important part of the house, and both are generally under one roof. It must be where it can be filled

and emptied from the street. It must be where the cattle, sheep, goats, and horses can be led directly in and out from the street. The dwelling-part stands back, and occupies very little of a great house.

The *fumier*—smoke heap—made up of all the refuse of straw, hay, and the clearing of the stables, is only second in importance to the barn, and hence is also placed directly by the side of the house, or opposite to it, on the other side of the narrow street. It is, to be sure, an ornament to look at, an inexhaustible perfume, which smokes up interestingly in the morning, and one which has never struck a discordant note in the æsthetical sense of the Swiss peasant; indeed, it is regarded as a source of health in the atmosphere.

A quiet, well-known author is living in a Swiss village, on an inherited farm, and in the old farm-house, with barn under the same roof, with the *fumier* opposite, draining directly across the street toward the gate, that leads into the small yard, that leads to the only corner of the dwelling-part that can be seen from the street. One would suppose that the house afforded scarcely room enough for the simplest needs of the smallest family. But they receive frequent visits from the *litterati* of the surrounding cities, and, in fact, have room enough; for, after passing through a hall, one steps out on to a veranda, backed by a long suite of rooms that look out over a terraced garden, and, beyond this, over a deep, beautiful valley, and a several-miled space between them and Lake Geneva's matchless sheet, and then takes in the Savoyan Alps on the other side. So, although the front view of this abode is next to wretched, and really shocking to a refined taste, the back abode and view is, to an equal degree, charming.

One gets here a delightful impress of family seclusion, the having of things beautiful for their own eyes and pleasure, which is certainly praiseworthy if it were not almost every-where evident that there was an equal effort to hide it all, for fear some one outside of the circle

should get a wee bit of enjoyment of it. This fact mingles with our impression another one of a selfishness that is almost heart-sickening.

If all beauty is not hidden from the public eye by the position of the house, it is surrounded by a solid, high, moldy wall, that completely shuts out all possibility of its contributing to the general happiness of the world.

The doing of any thing for any body with real pleasure, just to see them made more comfortable and happy, or from a really religious sense of duty, is something seldom seen here. It may sometimes be thought that we, as a nation and as individuals, do too much for other people's eyes, to the exclusion of family comfort and well-being; but that fault, mingled with the much doing of kindnesses to fellow-beings around, is less to be deplored than this almost unmingled thinking of self. If we could learn a lesson from them, and they, in turn, one from us, there would be much more of a millennial atmosphere in both countries.

#### APPEARANCE OF HOUSES.

A Swiss farm-house is *sui generis*. If not quite modern in Swiss style, it is always picturesque in one sense, but ugly in another, even when fresh and new. It is coarse and rough in wall, and coarse and rough in roof. The solid and thick walls are built for ages—for father, sons, and grandsons—each inhabitant glorying in it according to its age. In building it, if some small corner or archway of some old monastery or convent wall, that stood a few hundred years back, can be preserved and built upon, this corner or arch is the chief glory of the edifice. The houses are very irregular in shape, and, with the upper corner of their gable-ends cut off, resemble an elephant's back in contour.

The windows of the ancient Swiss houses really beggar description. Many of them could be better imagined if they were called air-holes, or, better still, light-holes, since the people here think much less of fresh air in their houses than we.



In the greater number of the houses there is no regularity or symmetry, either in the form of their houses, or in the number, position, or shape of their windows. It would be difficult to recall to mind all the different large and small windows, or light-holes, that may be seen in one small village. Perhaps there will be one great end of a building (probably a barn-side) without scarcely a break in the wall, save a pentagonal orifice or two, high under the roof. Perhaps an immense gable-end will have one-half of that gable-end without an opening, while the other half may have one, two, three, four, or five, and not two of these of the same size or shape, or placed in reference to each other. Some are square, large, or small; some are long in length, some long in width, and some are three-cornered. All have a solid wooden shutter or shutters, opening up or out, according as the hinge is placed—vertically or horizontally. In fact, this irregularity goes so far as to be laughable in the extreme. One would say that the houses were built with one window (as one is generally larger than any of the rest), and that after that each one punched a hole through according to his fancy, and then fitted glass and shutter to its chance shape.

#### THE KITCHEN,

if not the first room entered, as a passage to the others, is the first passed in going to others. It is almost invariably a dark, if not a black, uninviting looking place, even to do the roughest of work in; a stone or plaster floor that changes aspect very little in being scrubbed—a process that it is not very familiar with. The walls are yellow or black with age and smoke, without the neatest and cleanliest housewife's ever thinking of such a thing as a whitewashing. An even half-tidy American housewife would feel as if she would go crazy, if doomed to deal with a Swiss cooking-stove in a Swiss village kitchen. It would be interesting to see what a revolution she would make there in a week's time, in turning out, upsetting,

scrubbing, and whitening. The practice of putting the kitchen by the entrance-door is common even in the cities and in modern houses. In passing an elegant habitation, it is not uncommon to see into the kitchen, either on the ground or second floor—shelves and hooks covered with generally clean and bright-looking kitchen utensils; and, in the case of its being on the second floor, one may see the elegantly embroidered curtains of St. Gall of the parlor right beside the kitchen display.

The church of a Swiss village is always more or less picturesque and interesting. It is generally a more or less imposing edifice, no matter how small, and is a relic of Catholic rule and Catholic faith. It generally occupies the dominant height of the whole village, has a cathedral air, and is awe-inspiring within and without, from its age. It tells stories centuries long; it reflects faces and echoes voices that have not been heard in the streets for hundreds of years.

#### THE FOUNTAINS

are one of the charms of these villages. They are built up in a more or less monumental style, with an immense stone basin, holding from one or two to twenty barrels or more. From the side of the one-spouted basin, and from the center of the two or four-spouted one, rises a stone column, often highly ornamented at the top, and from its spouts pour forth abundant streams of crystal-pure, cold, mountain water night and day. Often may be seen one, two, or a dozen washer-women by the basin's side wringing out their clothes. There may be three, four, or five of these water sources in a village, according to its size and the ease or difficulty of bringing thither the water. The dates cut in these stone basins often date back far in 1700, and they also often bear names of honored rulers of the past.

Withal, life here is so tranquil, so unexciting, and so surrounded by God's choicest handiwork, ever-varying beauty above, below, and around, that one is sat-

isfied to live and forget railroads, steam-boats, noisy mills, the turmoils of commerce and politics, and even the newspapers. And no one can wonder that a Swiss should be home-sick anywhere

else in the wide, wide world, and long for his home among the rocks of the Alpine mountains, the blue lakes, and the green valleys of the Alps and the Juras.

CORA A. LACROIX.

### A NATION BORN IN A DAY.

THE late visit of David Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, to our shores, revives somewhat a former interest in his kingdom; brings to mind, especially, the wonderful story of the recent redemption of that kingdom, through the agency of Christian missions, from a condition of abject heathenism to one of comparatively high and hopeful civilization. Meantime the evidence afforded in connection with this history of a new and truly apostolic Pentecost of Christian salvation; this manifest birth into the eternal life of thousands of perishing souls; this wholesale establishment of the reign of Christ upon the ruins of savage fetichism; this permanent exchange of the cannibal's war-whoop for the songs of Zion; the erection of the altars of redemption where once smoked the sacrifices and writhed the victims of fierce idolaters; the translation of uncounted homes from beastly wretched dens into nurseries of virtue, happiness, and heaven,—a recurrence, just at this time, to these modern fruits of Gospel activity can not but tend greatly to strengthen the hands, and to refresh the faith, of the Church.

On the upper right-hand side of the map of Oceanica, the reader will observe a group of seven or eight islands stretching along to the north-west, known as the Hawaiian group—the pride of the Polynesian Archipelago. The largest of these, and the one which gives name to this group, Hawaii, contains four thousand square miles. At the time of their discovery—now nearly a century ago—the

population of these islands was roughly estimated at four hundred thousand. Of the whole group, in 1872, the population was fifty-six thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. This tide of depopulation, it is said, has now ceased, and a period of increased prosperity is at length opening up before this people. These islands, evidently of volcanic origin, are exceedingly mountainous, and hence but ill adapted to the purposes of agriculture. The climate, like that of all tropical regions, is genial, equable, and salubrious; their temperature, indeed, being so even, and the atmosphere so sweet and balmy, as to give them a perpetual Summer.

Nothing is positively known concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands. Ethnologists and geographers find not a little difficulty in accounting for the peopling of the group, so remote from the continents, and, withal, so distant from those southern islands with which, by affinity of language, customs, and religion, they would seem to be united. As, however, trees from either the American or Asiatic coasts, and Japanese junks, have often fallen on these shores, there would seem to be no great difficulty in conceiving of the advent of the ancestors of this race upon these islands, even without much, if any, knowledge of navigation.

Tradition represents the Hawaiian race as having sprung from two original occupants of the islands—Kahico (the ancient) and his wife Ku-pu-la-na-hau—and a somewhat later emigrant, Ku-ka-lani-e-hu and his wife Ka-ha-ka-ana-go-ko.



Wakea, the son of the former, and Papa, the daughter of the latter, became the progenitors of the Hawaiian race. Papa, the wife, was considered the goddess, and Wakea, the husband, as the patriarch of the whole tribe.

The honor of having brought these islands to the knowledge of the civilized world, and of having introduced civilized man to the pagan generation that immediately preceded the introduction of Christianity there, belongs to the celebrated English navigator, Captain Cook, who, having been sent into the Pacific on a voyage of discovery, under the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich, discovered the leeward part of the group, January 18, 1778. From Waimea, a little village on the southern shore of Kani, the most north-western of the islands, he coasted along, visiting all the islands in order, until he came to Hawaii, where he finally cast anchor in the beautiful Bay of Kealakekua. Captain Cook was received with great respect by the natives; was even worshiped by them as a god. His course toward them, however, we are told, was such as not unnaturally to invite the violent and untimely end to which he, with several of his crew, came, at Kealakekua Bay. On the heights of Kaualoa the dead bodies of the latter were burned—an impressive illustration of the visitation of God for the gross abuse of invaluable opportunities.

At the time of the discovery of these islands by Captain Cook, each island had its own independent ruler—Kalaniopnu being the King of Hawaii. The latter was soon succeeded by his warrior son, Kiwaleo, King of one section of this island, and his nephew, Kamehameha, who, as Kamehameha I, was subsequently to give his name to the ruling house and a long line of princes, as ruler of the other portion. These two royal cousins it seems could not long agree. Each jealous of the power of the other, they soon became rival chiefs, and, in a pitched battle, on a desperately contested field, Kamehameha succeeded in slaying Kiwaleo and capturing his

whole family. He at once married the captive daughter of his fallen rival, Keopuolani, and withal betrothed himself to the beautiful Keahumanu, the sister of the same, a woman of great power of character, and who was subsequently to play a most important part in the evangelization of the Sandwich Islands. Flushed with this success, Kamehameha now conceives, and proceeds at once to execute, the bold project of making himself master of the whole group. In 1819, this most powerful, intelligent, and successful chieftain died, the undisputed sovereign of all the Sandwich Islands—a man however as bloodthirsty and warlike as energetic and ambitious, and whose reign of thirty-five years was marked by a series of depopulating wars and a cordial devotion to the nation's darkest and bloodiest superstitions.

This group of islands was now, for the first time, consolidated into one kingdom; yet how dark and dreary still, intellectually and morally, were the shores of Hawaii! Truly, darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people. Ancient Sodom was hardly more effectually debauched. Dr. Anderson says they were a nation of "thieves, drunkards, and debauchees." Their priests were but little better than wholesale butchers, licensed murderers of their fellow-men; while, as it regards the great bulk of the population, the degradation, wretchedness, and vileness ascribed by Paul to the heathen, or by the Old Testament writers to the Canaanites, or the antediluvian banditti, might most appropriately be also applied to them. Could such a nation as this be redeemed, lifted from this slough of debauchery, from this abyss of ignorance, sensuality, and superstition, and hopefully, permanently civilized?

In the early part of the present century, simultaneously with the first impulses of foreign missionary feeling in America, a poor, obscure Hawaiian boy, Henry Obookiah, who had in some manner found his way to this country, was discovered in the city of New Haven. Having arrested

the attention of certain religious students in that city, the latter offered to teach and otherwise to assist him. He gratefully accepted these kind offices, and, after a few years, gave evidence not only of proficiency in his studies, but of having found a Redeeming Friend and a Heavenly Father.

Acquaintance with this tawny youth, and his readiness to avail himself of Christian instruction, directed the attention of the friends of Christ to the spiritual needs of the nation he represented, and enkindled the not unreasonable hope that suitable efforts to enlighten and evangelize the same might not prove altogether unavailing. On the 29th of September, 1819, some three years after the advent of the aforesaid Hawaiian orphan upon our shores—who in the mean time had died a happy Christian death, the first fruits of Hawaii redeemed—Rev. Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, recent graduates of Andover, whose hearts had long been warmly imbued with the rising missionary spirit, and who just at this time felt a strong impulse to become pioneers in the glorious enterprise of spreading the Gospel among the benighted portions of the Pacific isles, offered themselves to this end to the American Board. They were readily accepted, and were, soon after, solemnly set apart to the work of this ministry, at Goshen, Conn. Two weeks later, these missionaries had assembled in Boston to receive their instructions, and to embark. They sailed October 23d. Previous to their embarkation they stood together with their friends on the wharf, and sang: "When shall we all meet again?"

Early in the morning, March 30, 1820, the long-looked-for shores of Hawaii appeared in the west, the lofty Mauna Kea lifting its snow-crowned summit above the dark masses of cloud that begirt its waist, and rising no less than sixteen thousand feet into the sky. As they approach the northern extremity of the island, the missionaries gaze successively on verdant hills, deep ravines, the habitations of the islanders, the rising col-

umns of smoke, the streams, cascades, trees, vestiges of volcanic agency, and, finally, on the more special objects of their solicitude, the islanders themselves, moving along the shore. What wonder that, animated by the novel and changeful scene, they burned to spring on shore, shake hands with the natives, and begin at once to proclaim to them the great salvation by Jesus Christ. On the 31st of March, a considerable number of the natives came off to the vessel to dispose of their little articles of barter, and to take a look at the strangers. Their maneuvers in their canoes attracted the attention of the latter, and, for a moment, gratified curiosity; but the appearance of destitution and barbarism among the chattering and almost naked savages was little short of appalling. Some of the missionaries, with gushing tears, turned away; others, however, with firmer nerve, continued their gaze, but were ready to exclaim: "Can these be human beings? Can these ever be civilized—redeemed?"

Meanwhile how wonderful the preparation made for the advent of these missionaries! Not unnaturally, the latter had expected to find the old King still ruling with despotic power and in the interest of idolatry; expected to see the old temples still standing, to witness the baleful effects of idolatrous rites; to be shocked by day with the sight of human sacrifices, and to be alarmed at night by the outcries of devoted victims. They expected to encounter a long and dangerous opposition from the powerful priesthood of paganism. They expected to hear the yells of savage warfare, and to witness many a bloody battle, before idolatry would be overthrown and the peaceful religion of Jesus Christ established in its stead. Imagine, then, their surprise on learning, with the first tidings that came to them from the shore, not only that the old King, Kamehameha, was dead, but that idolatry itself was no more; that, for some reason, the successor of the late King had renounced the national superstitions, destroyed the idols, burned



the temples, abolished the priesthood, put an end to sacrifices, swept away the taboos, and suppressed a rebellion which had arisen in consequence of these high-handed measures; so that now the nation, without a religion, was waiting, as it would seem, for the Law of Jehovah! Most astonishing change indeed! By a single stroke, as it were, of the arm of Jehovah, all the idols and temples of Hawaii are destroyed. The priesthood have forever deserted their altars of abomination, and, in a single day, lost their proud and tyrannical pre-eminence. The spell of diabolical enchantment is broken, and the inveterate customs of three thousand years are utterly abolished. And thus—not indeed from any religious motive, much less from any influence of Christianity, but simply because of a growing impatience of the tyrannies of the priesthood, and of the annoying and senseless restraints imposed on them by the ordinances of their religion, called taboos; in many instances, no doubt, simply from a desire to be more free in the indulgence of their baser appetites and passions—was accomplished, at once, and without any foreign aid, at the Sandwich Islands, what, at the Society Islands, had cost the labors and sacrifices of at least fifteen years.

Concerning this remarkable revolution, another has well said: "The establishment, long continuance, the bold infraction, and final destruction, of this bloody system of idolatry must continue to be matters of wonder when Christianity shall triumph over superstition in every land." Nay, who can fail, in this truly unexampled event, to see the hand of God, paving the way, by this summary and wholesale destruction of a religion, of custom, ceremony, absurdity, and cruelty, for the introduction of one of conscience, reason, vital power, and love? No; not simply a happy coincidence was it that, just at this remarkable conjuncture, a vessel heaves in view, bearing in her bosom a company of men and women, coming thither expressly to enter this open door, and, on the ruins of these tem-

ples and altars of idolatry, to erect the banner of the Prince of Peace.

On the morning of the 4th of April, one hundred and sixty-three days from Boston, the missionary ship came to anchor off the village of Kailua—a large heathen village of thatched huts, and important as being the residence of the King. As the missionaries proceeded to the shore, the multitudinous shouting and almost naked natives, of every age, sex, and rank, swimming, floating on surf-boats, sailing in canoes, sitting, lounging, running like sheep, dancing or laboring on shore, exhibited most impressively the darkness of the land which they had come to enlighten—a land as benighted as if the riches of salvation and the light of heavenly glory had never been revealed.

Conducted to the King, whom they found in his dingy, unfurnished, thatched habitation, they made known the kind wishes of the American Board and its friends, and asked permission to settle in his country for the purpose of teaching the nation Christianity, literature, and the arts. The King, having but recently abolished the rites of one religion, very naturally was in no haste to come under the restraints of another. How little this single-handed missionary company suspected at this time that, in a very few years (1837), on this very spot was to rise a large stone church, with its high galleries, shingled roof, lofty steeple, and bell, thus giving to the place where the mission first landed a pleasing and important feature of a Christian New England village!

Leaving a missionary or two at this point, the remainder of the company sailed for Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, then, though the principal seaport of the group, and destined soon after to become the residence of the King and the capital of his kingdom, only a miserable, straggling village of grass hovels. Early in the morning this island rises to their view, presenting in turn, as they approach, its pointed mountains, covered with trees and shrubbery; its well-

marked, extinguished craters, near the shores; its grass-covered hills, and more fertile valleys; its dingy, thatched villages; its cocoanut-groves, its forts, its harbors, and finally, its throngs of swarthy inhabitants.

Casting anchor in the excellent roadstead abreast of Honolulu, the missionaries disembarked, paid their respects to the authorities, made known the object of their mission, and, in the name of the Lord, proceeded to set up their banners. Passing through the village, Mr. Bingham, early one morning, extended his tour of exploration to the top of "Punch-Bowl" hill, so-called—an extinguished crater, whose base bounds the north-east part of the town. From the highest part of this truncated cone, the missionary had a very commanding and picturesque view of the village and valley of Honolulu, the harbor, ocean, and the principal mountains of the island. It was as if, from some Pisgah, he viewed the Promised Land, with all a Moses's earnest desire; but, happily, without his forbidden hope of entering it, to exterminate its pollutions, and to establish therein the spiritual seed of Abraham. But not only on account of its novelty, natural scenery, volcanic character, its commercial importance, its peculiar location in the midst of the Pacific, and its distance from all the palaces of Zion, was this scene interesting to the missionary; but chiefly because it was the dwelling-place of thousands of heathen, to whom he had been commissioned to offer salvation. Hitherto, for ages, this land had been the battle-ground of successive pagan bands. Is it now to become the scene of a bloodless conquest for Christ, where his ignorant, debased, rebellious, and dying foes are to be instructed, elevated, reconciled to God, and saved? In that hour little could that missionary realize that, in the comparative brief period of twenty-five years, the present village of huts is to give way to a city of civilized dwellings; that, through the humble agency of a Protestant mission, within a few furlongs of the place where he then

stood, a church, with a capacity for twenty-five hundred people, was to be erected, and that at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, borne by the native Christians alone; that thousands of copies of the Bible were to be given to the people, and that schools and Churches were to be established all over the islands.

The patience and labor necessary to master an unwritten and barbarous tongue, to create a literature, to instruct the natives, to persuade the latter to abandon their depraved and filthy habits and come to Christ; the inconveniences connected with living for some time in dismal, filthy, thatched structures, without floor, ceilings, partitions, windows, or furniture; the annoyances and perils to which the missionaries were subjected in consequence of the thieving, lying, licentious, and bloody propensities of the natives; the toils and exposures incurred in their long and laborious journeys by land and sea,—these may, perhaps, be imagined. Our space does not admit of their description.

Preaching was at once begun by means of an interpreter. After eighteen months the first church—a small, frail, thatched building (fifty-four by twenty-one feet) was built at Honolulu. In August, the third year of the mission, religious worship began to be conducted exclusively in the Hawaiian tongue. The first Christian marriage was celebrated about the same time. Early in the year following, Christian funerals were introduced—one of the first being that of the young sister of the King, over whose closing grave the missionary endeavored to plant, in the minds of the beholders, the thought that this was the resting-place of the lifeless body until the morning of the resurrection. The first person that seemed to give any evidence of Christian conversion was an old chief named Holo, during the second year of the mission. The first to be baptized and taken into the Church, and to die in the peace and hope of the Gospel, was the queen-mother Keopuolani—a woman of remarkable parts—the daughter of a race of kings,



and the wife and mother of two. Her last words were, "It is not dark now."

King Liholiho, Kamehameha II, son of Keopuolani, never professed religion, though he seemed always friendly to the mission. After a brief reign he died, while on a visit with his Queen to England. Keahumanu, his successor, as King-regent, after a severe and protracted struggle, embraced Christianity, and ever thereafter, by precept and example, was a tower of strength to the mission cause. He reigned nine years, and was followed, in 1832, by Kau-i-ke-a-ou-li, brother of the preceding, as Kamehameha III. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander Liholiho, as Kamehameha IV. The latter died suddenly November 30, 1863. His Queen, Emma Rooker, who, it will be recollected, visited this country some years ago—and who, by the way, is said to have New England as well as English blood in her veins—still survives him. The brother of the foregoing became Kamehameha V. He did not live to wear long the honors of royalty. Dying childless, he was succeeded by a finely educated, extensively traveled, but thoroughly dissipated young man, William Lunailo. His career was brief. His successor is the present incumbent of the throne—David Kalakaua, who has of late been enjoying the hospitalities of this nation. Kamehameha reigned until 1854, and was distinguished for his eminent services to the mission enterprise, and especially for giving his people a constitutional form of government. Doctor Anderson questions whether he ever cordially embraced Christianity; yet, when but a mere youth,

VOL. XXXV.—27.

he made the consecration prayer, in connection with the dedicatory ceremonies of a church.

The most powerful and sweeping revivals ever known in the Sandwich Islands occurred in the years 1837–8–9 and '40—no less than 19,000 natives having been brought into the Church during those four years. At the present time there are in the Islands about sixty Churches, all under native Hawaiian pastors, with a membership of more than 50,000 souls, out of a population of, say, 130,000. Not, in this connection, to enter further into the detail of these missionary labors, suffice it to say they have been crowned with a success exceeding the most sanguine expectations. Not only have the Sandwich Islands long been recognized as a civilized nation, but their Churches have long been independent of the American Missionary Board. Nay, not only are their Churches now self-sustaining, but thousands of dollars are annually raised by them to send their own sons and daughters to preach the Gospel to the as yet unconverted races of that vast island-world.

In 1870, the Sandwich Islands Christians celebrated the Semi-centennial Anniversary of the establishment of Christian missions among them. It marked the consummation of one of the most remarkable triumphs of the Gospel among the heathen ever recorded, and was intended to express the heart-felt thanksgiving of that people for their effectual redemption from the rudest barbarism to the culture, civilization, and power, that is born of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

R. H. HOWARD.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM the time that I made myself master of all working days, the housekeeping had regained a little of ease and comfort. We were now able to leave our under-ground den and move into the old lodgings. The furniture which we had been obliged to sell, after the death of my father, had been replaced. We were decidedly floating above the waves, and the neighbors treated us already as if we belonged to the moneyed aristocracy.

All went well until the sad moment when my mother began to complain of her sight, which had failed little by little, without the dear woman taking much notice or care, or, rather, without her being willing to acknowledge the loss even to herself. There had always been some kind of reason for the change. To-day it was the smoke, on the morrow the fog, the day following a cold in the head. It was, accordingly, nearly ten years after the first adverse symptom when she decided to take care of her eyes. She could no longer well distinguish the household articles, and had been compelled, some time previous, to give up the sewing and housekeeping for the old geographer. Maurice, with whom I took counsel, proposed to me that I should consult an oculist for whom he had worked, and with whom he was somewhat acquainted. They had great trouble in persuading my mother, who, having never in her life been really ill, had no faith in doctors. At length, however, by over-urging, she yielded the point to us.

The oculist was a man of middle age, tall, meagre, and grandly solemn. He examined my mother's eyes, and, without speaking, wrote a prescription, which he handed to me. I would have been well pleased if he had said one reassuring word. But others waited their turn, and I dared not ask; so we parted from

him, as we had come, in silence. However, when outside the door, I perceived that Maurice had not followed us. More familiar with the oculist than myself, he had, without doubt, delayed for the purpose of questioning him. We waited for some minutes at the foot of the staircase, where he at length rejoined us.

"Ah, well! what said your charlatan?" demanded my mother, who could not pardon the doctor for his cold silence.

"He orders you to eat from a good roast at discretion, and to sleep on your two ears," replied Maurice.

"But is he sure of curing her?" asked I.

"Has he not told thee in that paper?" replied the mason.

"Here it is."

"Then do what is written above, and let the water run as it chooses under the Pont Neuf."

The accent of Maurice had something so sharp in it that it struck me painfully; yet I could say nothing on the instant. He took the arm of the dear woman, to whom he related a hundred adventures during the walk. Never had I seen him so excited and full of life. Nevertheless, a time came when I was able to draw him aside to learn that of which I wished to speak.

"I also desire it," as if understanding my unspoken thoughts, said Maurice, in a low tone. "When I go out of the room, follow and go back with me."

The mother had already submitted to his arrangements as to the treatment, so Maurice did not wait to take leave, and I followed him. As we descended the stairway, I begged with earnest entreaty that he would tell me what he intended.

"Wait until we are in the street," he replied.

We reached it, and he made a dozen steps forward without speaking. I could not wait longer.



"In the name of heaven, Maurice, what did the oculist say to you?" cried I, in anguish of spirit.

He came to my side.

"What did he tell me? Thou mayst well doubt it," replied he, brusquely. "He thinks that thy mother, Madeline, is in a fair way to become blind."

I uttered a cry; but he remained almost as if in a passion.

"Go to! Thunder! It is not necessary to agitate thyself in uttering a— Remain quiet like other men."

"Blind! blind!" repeated I again and again. "What will become of her? How shall I find her a companion? Who will take care of her?"

"Ah! now see," said Maurice. "It is clear that something must be done; and it is for this that I am speaking to thee about the matter. An old blind woman will be rather a rough charge for a young lad. It is for thee to say if thou wilt find it too heavy."

I regarded Maurice with an air which proved to him that I did not comprehend his meaning.

"Ah, well! yes, yes," in reply to the expression on my face; "thou wouldst fear to discharge the duty if thy heart did not compel thee. There are retreats for poor incurable people."

"O, where?"

"In the hospital."

"Do you wish, then, that I shall go and place my mother among mendicants?" cried I.

"Faith! art thou going to be a senator?" said Maurice, without looking at me. "There are higher-crested birds than Madeline within those walls—real ladies who once had their lackeys and coaches."

"Then have they never had sons," I replied.

"That is yet to be known," continued the mason, shrugging his shoulders. "The sons are under no greater obligations than the mothers, and these last do not consider it an evil when they convey the infant to an orphan asylum."

"But it was not the way with mine,"

interrupted I, with haste. "Mine guarded and held me in her arms, as long as I remained a little one. She nourished me with her milk and with her bread until I had grown like a vine against the wall of her affection; and now that the wall is broken, shall I leave it for others to sustain? Not so; not so. Father Maurice, you could not have believed that of me. If the good woman really loses her sight—ah, well, it must be restored to her in mine. Between us there must be but one eye for each. If you can do better for us, we shall be content."

"Thou sayest these things from an overflow of tenderness," observed Maurice. "It will be better to reflect upon it coolly. Think well what a bullet thou wilt drive in thy foot. Farewell to liberty, to economies, to marriage even; for it will be a long time before thou wilt earn enough to undertake the care of a family, with one relation of no account to support."

"One of no value!" repeated I, indignant at the suggestion. "You deceive yourself, Maurice; the old woman will give me contentment and courage. When I was born, I was also a worthless animal to the poor creature, yet, nevertheless, she received me with a right good will. I am certain that I know myself; and what I engage to do is not because the clear head is lost in the warm heart, as you appear to think. The test will be a severe one, and I wish that the trial were not to be borne; but since it has been sent to her, may God punish me if I do not perform my whole loving duty!"

At this point, Maurice, who had not as yet looked toward me, turned quickly and drawing close to my side, clasped my two hands tightly within his own. "Thou art a true and faithful worker!" he cried, cheerfully. "I wished to see what thou hadst there within thee, and if the foundations were solid. Now I am satisfied. To the devil with all sham pretense! Let us converse always with an open heart."

"But the oculist, does he really think that there is no remedy?" I continued.

"That is his opinion," replied Maurice. "Nevertheless, as I was leaving him, he said, that there remained, perhaps, a hope of retarding the evil, if the good woman could live in the country, with plenty of fresh air, and green verdure for her eyes to rest upon."

I interrupted Maurice by exclaiming that I would send her thither to some spot where I might often see her.

"That will be difficult," objected Maurice. "In living separate the expenses would be almost doubled, and I fear the strings of thy purse would not be long enough for thy good desires."

But the uncertain hope held out by the doctor filled my mind above every other consideration, and I united with Maurice in seeking some expedient whereby we might successfully compass this last means. He recollected at length a peasant woman, Mother Rivion, living near Lonjumeau, with whom Madeline might perhaps find, without much pay, the life and the care she so much needed. He wrote to her without delay, and received such an answer as we all desired.

It now only remained to secure the consent of the invalid herself. To effect this, it was necessary that Maurice should unite my earnest prayers with his own eloquence. The dear woman looked upon her sojourn in the country as an exile; wished me only to have thought for her. But she yielded after a time, and I accompanied her to her new home.

The Mother Rivion received us as if we had been old acquaintances. No more brave and excellent woman had ever eaten the bread which the good Lord gives. She appeared to understand the character of her new boarder at a glance, and promised me to keep her contented and peaceful, if not happy.

"We pass our life in the field," she said to me, "so that the care of the house will be left to your mother. She can manage it, as one does his ass, by means of the halter and bridle. We have too much to do to quarrel about any little fancy she may have. Here every one likes his repose, and the work of one is

never mixed up with that of another. In a month I shall have a young god-daughter with me, who will be a companion for the good woman, and aid her in the domestic work. She is a real shepherd's dog, whom your mother can command by a finger or a glance, so that she can not be otherwise than pleased among us, unless Satan comes in to prevent it."

I left the country home completely reassured. I took a seat on my return in one of those carrier's wagons, very common at that time on the outskirts of Paris, and which transported from place to place, hap-hazard, merchandise and passengers. The cariole was drawn by a single horse, that trotted along at a pace which jolted the cart in a most uncomfortable way, and the seat constructed of a simple board, badly planed, was of a description that made one lose all patience with the vehicle. I soon descended with the driver, and followed on foot, as he did. This conductor was a young man of fine appearance, whose countenance spoke of that robust health which is the reward of a good conscience.

In all the hamlets where we stopped, I saw him giving or receiving commissions without a word of complaint, and in returning money to his customers, they always received it without counting it over. The women inquired about his children, while the men gave him commissions for purchase of goods in the burg. In fine, the intercourse among all he met proved friendship and confidence. As far as I could judge by my conversation with the carrier, he fully merited it. Every thing he said indicated excellent common sense, and a good will which is not common among the charioteers of Paris. He knew how to soften the peculiar temptations of the country, and could call by name the owner of each field that we passed, interesting himself either in his good or evil report. I soon learned from his converse that he had some acres of land, which he cultivated between his voyages, and for which he profited by all the observations he could gather on the road. He was recounting the history of



his domain, as he laughingly called it, when there crossed our way a man poorly clad, with bent shoulders, and whose grizzled hair hung in a disordered fashion over his pimpled face. As he came near us, I saw that he was staggering. He accosted the driver, with that blustering warmth common to drunkenness, and to which he replied with a familiarity of tone that surprised me.

"Is he one of your friends?" I asked when the man had attained some distance beyond us.

"That man there?" repeated he. "He is my benefactor and my master."

I looked at him as if unable to comprehend.

"This astonishes you!" replied the carrier, laughing. "It is nevertheless the truth. However unfortunate he may be, the thing does not permit a doubt. I must say at the first, that Jean Picon (for that is his name) and myself had been old comrades since our childhood. Our parents lived next door to each other, and we made our first communion at the same time. However, Picon was already, even then, a little foolish, and on coming of age, he soon adopted all the habits of the jolly fellows. I was not then much in his company. But one of the accidents of trade placed us together as workmen in the same borough. On the first day, at the moment of leaving for our place of labor, Picon and the others stopped at a public-house to drink a morning's cup of brandy. I remained standing at the doorway, without really knowing what I ought to do. But the men soon called me to join them. 'He fears this will ruin him!' cried Picon, in a mocking tone. 'Two cents saved! He thinks perhaps that it will render him a millionaire!' The others echoed back the laugh, which so covered me with confusion and shame that I entered to take a drink with them. Afterward, in reaching the field and occupied with my work, I began to ruminate on what Picon had said. The cost of the little glass of the morning was in fact a very small thing; but repeated each day, it would

end by multiplying itself into thirty-six francs and ten sous! I set myself now to calculate what one could do with such a sum. Thirty-six francs ten sous, said I to myself, is as much as one needs for housekeeping, one chamber and more for lodging; that is to say, of ease for the wife, health for the children, good temper for the husband. It would furnish wood for the Winter, or the means of heating a dwelling when the snow lies outside its doors. It is the price of a goat, whose milk would so augment the comfort of the household. It would pay the expense of schooling, where a boy could learn to read and write. Then, turning my mind toward the other side, I added: Thirty-six francs ten sous! our neighbor Pierre does not pay more for the location of the acre of ground he cultivates, and which supports his family! It is just the interest of the amount I might borrow, in order to purchase from the commissary of the burg the horse and carriage which he wishes to sell! With this money, expended every morning to the detriment of my health, I could raise a family, and amass, by economy, what would be necessary for my old age!

"These calculations and reflections decided me. I laid to one side the false shame which made me accede once to the solicitations of Picon, and I thus saved from my first wages, which he would have had me expend at the public inn, enough to enter into negotiations with the carrier, whom I have succeeded.

"Since then I have always continued to reckon up each expense, and not to neglect any necessary economy, while Picon has continued to persevere, on his part, in what he calls the life of good children! You see where the difference of opinion has conducted us both. The tattered garments of the poor man, his premature old age, the contempt of honest men, and my easy life, my good health, my fair reputation, all come from the habits we assumed! His misery lies in the little glass of brandy, which he took, and still takes in the early morning, while my happiness is due to the two sous

saved by a timely self-denial." Thus spoke the carrier. Since then I have many times recalled this history of the little glass of *eau de vie*, and have often related it to others as a useful lesson.

Meanwhile, the absence of my mother changed every thing to me. Now I was quite alone, obliged to eat at the liquor-dealer's table, and to sleep in his upper chamber. Not partaking in the amusements and gay habits of the other laborers, I did not know what to do with my Sundays and my evenings. Maurice perceived that I was falling into a gloomy despondency.

"Take care," said he to me, "for thou must pant in all situations. I have passed through them, my little one, and know what it is to bivouac thus in the provision shop, with life under one's thumb, as if it was a traveler's breakfast. In the beginning *this* will irritate, or *that* weary you, until one would rather sleep on a pallet of straw, by one's self, than under the finest coverlets with all the world. But this is only another kind of apprenticeship, thou seest. It is not altogether evil that thou findest thyself abandoned to thyself occasionally, and obliged to look out for the feed-grain. With the mothers, children are never weaned! As long as they are little infants, and when the good God gives them to us, he imparts a special grace and strength to us for their maintenance; but when we have become men, and he retires them from us for a time, it is to render us a service. If Madeline had not been separated from thee, thou wouldst never have learned to put buttons on thy suspenders!"

I felt the truth of what he said; but I found this new apprenticeship otherwise harder to bear than the hardships which I had been obliged to submit to as a journeyman laborer. I began to understand that it was more difficult to become a man than a mechanic.

There were a dozen beds in the room where I slept, occupied by the companion artisans of various departments of a building; such as masons, carpenters,

painters, or locksmiths. Among these was found an Auvergnat, already preparing for his return, whom we named Marcotte, and who had once been a rough plasterer in our work-yard. He was a very peaceable man, quite devoted to his business, without being a distinguished mechanic, and who never spoke unless spoken to by others. The goodman Marcotte lived on nuts or radishes, according to the season, and carried all his wages to the country for the purchase of land. He already owned ten acres, and only wanted to be able to reach the dozen, to retire from mechanics to his farm. He was to build himself a small cottage, having also two cows and a horse, which would aid him in cultivating and living on it. This project, steadily carried out by him from the age of fifteen years, was nearly accomplished. It wanted only a few months more to reach the consummation. We sometimes rallied the goodman on his fine luck by surnaming him "The Landed Proprietor;" but such jibes glided over his self-love like rain down the roofs. Occupied exclusively by one idea, the rest was to him only an empty sound.

It was thus watching him that I seriously reflected, for the first time, what power there is in a will devoted to one subject, and always on the alert. Before seeing this example, I did not know what perseverance in feeble means could accomplish against the strongest obstacles.

The person who occupied the adjoining chamber to the goodman Marcotte, learned the lesson also. He was an apprentice locksmith, young and strong, but who only worked his stated hours, and then amused himself as he pleased, never remaining more than a month in an attic for fear, as he said, of being fixed. Every thing which might prove a restraint, was treated by him as superstition! If one spoke of the necessity of regularity in work, it was all an old fable! or of honesty toward the rough peasantry, superstition! of obliging sympathy for one's comrades, superstition still! of that which we owed to those



who belonged to us, all vain superstition! Faramount declared aloud that every one should live for himself alone, regarding other men as we do game—excellent to fry, when one can entrap it. We laughed at his fancies, but there ran, on his monthly reports, certain noisy quarrels, which counteracted any true admiration or respect for the man; and the better class of operatives only passed with him the compliments of a good-day and good-night. For my part I avoided him as much as possible, less from principle than from repugnance. Thus, from the first day he had nicknamed me *La Rosiere*, the roach, in ridicule of certain scruples which I had exhibited to him, while I had responded to the sobriquet by calling him *La Chiourme* (the convict), in allusion to some principles of his which seemed likely to conduct him to a prison-cell. Since that time the two names had been preserved by the inmates. Although Faramount seemed to take the thing laughingly, he evidently regarded me with malice, and on several occasions sought to involve me in a quarrel, knowing well that I had not strength to resist him. But I was prudent enough to elude his intentions. Maurice was witness to his attempts, and encouraged me to persist in my indifferent manner.

"Beware of the *Chiourme* as thou wouldst of the devil," he said, seriously, to me. "Thou knowest I am not a child, and that I have made headway against many of these hard fellows. But I would rather have a six months' sickness than to be mixed up with any affair with him."

I thought the same. The intelligence and wickedness of Faramount rendered his vitality and vigor truly remarkable; and one of the miseries of our condition to ourselves and other laboring men is the blind respect we accord to mere physical strength. A kind of point of honor reduces the working-man to trust only his personal means of defense, and he glories in not seeking artificial weapons, outside himself; so that such a one as Faramount, who might feign reasons with one and another for combat, could,

in some degree, tyrannize over the whole company.

If the race of duellists by sword cuts is disappearing, in the classes below them, that of duelling with strokes from brawny, hard fisticuffs has been and is always in full force. Alas! what have I not seen these ferocious scapegraces inflict upon brave operatives, maiming them for life sometimes, even making their wives widows; and yet whose rascalities give them a certain position of respectability! No one dares show contempt toward them, for fear of enlarging the list of victims. The saying goes round among all his companions, "You must beware of him; he is a scoundrel!" And in spite of this character, he yet wins to himself some regard.

What cause meanwhile had he against us? When one of the number, being appointed to judge and find out the grievance, how comes it that we never hear of the judgment being executed? Can it then be so difficult for honest workmen to unite against these enraged animals, and drive them from their ranks? But there are remaining among all classes, in more respects than one, barbarian ideas. Like the savage, we take the spirit of brutality and of warfare, and we call it a virtue, that covers many sins! Among the close neighborhood of occupants in the dormitory, I had attached myself particularly to the goodman Marcotte, as much so at least as was permissible between two persons where there were differences in age and tastes. He confided to me his plan of soon returning to the country, which delay indeed only waited for an opportunity to finish up the purchase of his little domain.

Two or three days after this confidence, he returned later than usual; a part of our companions were already in their beds; but I had remained awake to write to Lonjumeau. I was about extinguishing my candle, when I heard the good man mounting the stairs, humming as he came. He opened the door with a choleric assurance which astonished me. Contrary to all his habits, his voice was

loud, his eyes brilliant, and the hat he wore hung rakishly over one ear. At the first glance I comprehended that "the landed proprietor" had, for once, departed from his accustomed sobriety. The wine he had taken rendered him talkative, and he seated himself on the side of his bed, relating to me the pleasures of the evening. He had just left the carrier, who executed commissions for the country folk, and had learned from him that the piece of land so long coveted, and which was to complete his establishment, was finally to be sold. The notary only, delayed to receive Marcotte's money.

"You have the sum?" demanded I.

"Thou say'st true, my old fellow," replied Marcotte, lowering his voice and putting on that mysterious smile peculiar to those who are not habituated to strong drink. "Papers and agreement, all are ready."

He looked cautiously around to assure himself that all were asleep in the chamber; then plunging his arms nearly to his shoulder in his straw mattress, he drew forth a bag, which he held up before me with a triumphant expression.

"Here is the thing," said he; "there is in it a good bit of land, and what will help me to build a dog-kennel, if nothing more."

He had loosened the cord which tied the cloth pocket, and thrust his hand its whole length, to touch the pieces of money. But at the sound of the silver clinking inside, he trembled, cast a furtive glance at the sleepers, made a sign to me not to say any thing about it, and returned the sack to its hiding-place under the bolster. Soon he was in bed and asleep. I undressed myself to do the same; but at the moment of putting out my light, I turned round toward the bed where Faramount lay. The locksmith's large eyes were wide open! He closed them hastily under my gaze, and I, taking no further heed of him, went to my own cot.

I can not say what it was that disturbed my sleep about midnight; but I awakened with a nervous start. The

moonbeams gleamed through the uncurtained window, and cast a very clear light on my side of the room. Being now thoroughly aroused, I found myself gazing in front of La Chiourme's bed. It was empty! Returning to my own, I lay resting on my elbow, that I might have a better sight. Doubt was impossible. Faramount had certainly risen! At the same moment I heard a creaking of the boards at my right hand. I turned my head; a shadow appeared to lower itself suddenly, and the apparition to disappear under the bed of Father Marcotte. I rubbed my eyes to assure myself that I was not deceived, and then gazed at the phantom anew. There was nothing to be seen; all had become silent as the night itself. I covered myself in bed once more, yet keeping my eyes half-open. Half an hour or less passed by, and my eyelids began to grow heavy, and ready to close, when a fresh creaking of the floor made me open them. I had only time to see Faramount pass, return to his bed, and disappear under the blankets. There did not come to my mind any special idea of wrong at the instant, and I betook myself to sleep once more. This was rudely broken in upon by loud weepings and groans. Again I leaped up, with a bound. Daylight was just beginning to glimmer through the apartment, and I perceived by its faint rays, the Auvergnat tearing his hair, while standing before his overturned bed.

"What is it there? What has happened to him?" demanded several voices.

"Some one has stolen his money!" replied that of others.

"Yes! stolen it this night!" repeated Marcotte, with a frenzy that rendered him almost idiotic. "Yesterday it was there. . . . I touched it, I had it under my head in sleeping. The brigand who has robbed me is here!"

A remembrance of the past night suddenly enlightened me, and I turned toward La Chiourme. He was the only one of our number that had the air of having slept through the midst of this



tumult, and those doleful cries. I took a rapid survey of my position. There were probably none but myself who had any cognizance of the theft. If I remained silent, the Auvergnat would lose the sum so laboriously garnered for the space of almost forty years. If I told the secret, on the contrary, I could force the convict to a restitution; but should, in doing so, expose myself to all his vengeance. In spite of the danger in the choice, I did not deliberate long. I extended the hand toward Marcotte, and drew him to me.

"Be quieted, father propriétaire!" cried I, "your money is not lost!"

"What dost thou say?" he returned in an excited tone, his very features changing their expression. "Thou knowest who has the bag! Unfortunate boy! is it thou who hast taken it?"

"Go to; you are a fool!" said I, in anger.

"Where is it, then? Where is it?" he began again, while the eyes of all the companion operatives were fixed on me.

I placed myself by the side of Faramount.

"See him, Chiourme!" I said. "The laugh has been carried far enough; it is not right that with one joke we should give the jaundice to the proprietor. Give him back his money—quick!"

He had continued to keep his eyes tight shut; but his complexion changed color, which proved to me that he had heard. Marcotte threw himself upon the man, as he lay in his bed, as a dog which seizes his prey, and shook him with angry violence, demanding his gold pieces.

Faramount acted the part of a man just awakened very well, and inquired of the goodman what he wanted. But the shrill cries of the Auvergnat taught him the wherefore too speedily to give any time for preparing a false subterfuge. I was also persistent in declaring that carrying off the sack was a bad turn to serve on Father Marcotte, even in jest, and with no evil intention of disquieting him.

La Chiourme was obliged to restore the money, repeating, over and over again, that it was only taken for a bit of fun. Nevertheless, he could read, without any trouble, depicted on every face present, the fact that we all knew why he had stolen it. Each one dressed himself in haste, and went out without speaking to him. He alone pretended to be in no hurry, and finished his toilet, whistling. But when I passed before his bed, he cast on me a look of such cold rage, that my very hair bristled up on my head. Henceforth I was sure of having an enemy to the death.

FROM THE FRENCH.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

HOW often we, like Hagar, mourn,  
When some unlooked for blight  
Calls us away, no more to turn  
To joys we fancy bright.  
Forced from our idols to retreat,  
And seek the Almighty's care,  
Perchance we are sent forth to meet  
A desert-angel there.  
Thou who didst sit at Jacob's well,  
The weary hour of noon,  
The languid pulses thou canst tell,  
The nerveless spirit tune.

Thou from whose cross in anguish burst  
The cry that owned thy dying thirst,  
To thee we turn, our Last and First,  
Our Sun and soothing Moon.  
From darkness here and dreariness  
We ask not full repose,  
Only be Thou at hand to bless  
Our trial-hour of woes.  
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid  
By the clear rill and palmy shade?  
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,  
The gate of heaven unclosed?

## CHILDREN GONE.

SOMETIMES, when the day grows dusky,  
 And the stars begin to come;  
 When the children, from their playing,  
 Come singing and laughing home,  
 I think, with a sudden sorrow,  
 As they press through the open door,  
 Of the faces of the children  
 That we never shall see any more;  
 Children in snow-white caskets,  
 Laid away to their rest,  
 Their still hands lying folded  
 Over their pulseless breast!  
 Children who came and tarried  
 As only it were for a night,  
 And passed, at the break of the morning,  
 On a far journey out of sight;  
 On a long and a lonely journey,  
 Where we could not help or hold:  
 For we saw but the closing of eyelids,  
 The fading of locks of gold,

And knew how now was but silence,  
 Where once had been prattle and song;  
 And only a chill and a shadow,  
 Where was sunshine the whole day long.  
 Away from our care and caresses,  
 "God knows where they are" we say,  
 And we know that we tarry behind them  
 Only a little way;  
 For we, too, haste in our journey,  
 And we know it will not be long,  
 Till we come to the city eternal,  
 The rest and the rapture of song.  
 Yet oft, when the sun is setting  
 In unspeakable splendor of light,  
 Or the day grows dim and dusky,  
 And the shadows stretch into the night;  
 When the children, tired with their playing,  
 Come in through the open door,  
 I think of the dear, dear children,  
 Who never will come any more.

## THE SUNSET LAND.

ODIMLY through the mists of years,  
 That roll their dreary waves between,  
 The gorgeous sunset land appears,  
 Arrayed in hues of fadeless green.  
 And from that far-off sunny clime,  
 Old half-forgotten songs arise,  
 And stealing o'er the waves of Time,  
 The sweetly lingering music dies.  
 As some bright island of the sea,  
 Forever blooming—ever fair;  
 Though cold, dark billows round it be,  
 Eternal sunshine hovers there.  
 Thus o'er the silent sea of years,  
 Our eager, longing looks are cast,  
 When robed in fadeless Spring appears  
 The sunlit Eden of the past.  
 There memory weaves her garlands green  
 Beside the lone, hope-haunted shore!  
 And, musing 'mid the Arcadian scene,  
 Twines flowers that bloom for us no more.

O hallowed clime! blest land of love!  
 Sweet paradise of early dreams!  
 Still through thy vale may fancy rove,  
 Still back beneath thy evening beams.  
 And there they dwell—those cherished ones,  
 With snow-white brows and waving hair;  
 I see them now—I hear their tones  
 Of sweetness sigh along the air.  
 Hark! how their silvery voices ring  
 In cadence with the wind's low sigh;  
 No sweeter than the wind-harp's string  
 That wakes at eve its melody.  
 They call to us; they wave their hands—  
 As by the mirage lifted high,  
 That clime in all its beauty stands  
 Against the forehead of the sky.  
 With wreathed brows—with laugh and song,  
 With tender looks—hand clasped in hand,  
 They move along, that love-linked throng,  
 Within the haunted sunset land.



## THE GREAT GOTHIC CATHEDRALS.

THE origin of the Gothic style of architecture is one of the most extraordinary events in the history of art. That a race of unknown architects, springing into existence during the darkness of the Middle Ages, should revolutionize all previous methods of ecclesiastical building, and leave behind them a score or more of great cathedrals, which still remain to be wondered at and admired by the whole world, is indeed strange. But in France, in England, and in Germany, these lofty and majestic piles are standing, covered with the dust and decay of half a dozen centuries, to give their silent testimony to the genius which created them. They tell the same story in architecture that the *Iliad* and *Æneid* do in literature, or the "Transfiguration" and "Last Judgment" in painting. They are masterpieces which later ages have attempted to approach, but which still stand alone in their greatness.

It was early in the twelfth century that the church was built in Laon, France, which introduced this new era in architecture. Before that time the Romanesque style had mostly prevailed in France, the Norman in England, and the Byzantine and Saracenic in Southern Europe. But the architect of this church adopted a new idea. He carried his structure to a greater height in the vaults, introduced the pointed arch in the place of the old round one, and to the narrow, high walls, applied exterior buttresses. It was seen at once that this style was better suited to the observance of religious forms, and to the carrying out of decorative principles. It seemed perfectly adapted, also, to the artistic taste of the people. The new style spread rapidly throughout France, crossed the Rhine into Germany, and penetrated even to the remote island of Britain. Wherever it appeared, Byzantine, Romanesque, Saracenic, all the pre-exist-

ing styles, gradually faded away, and were replaced by the slender tracery, clustered columns, and pointed arch, of the new style. It was a revolution in church building, as sudden and complete as the Reformation, two or three centuries later, was in Church forms and morals.

The discovery of the pointed style also gave a great impulse to building. Churches were every-where begun on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown. Within a century four-fifths of all the wonderful Gothic cathedrals, of which Europe is now so proud, were at least commenced, and many of them were completed. The period between 1200 and 1400 may indeed be called an era of cathedral building. In France, the cathedral at Laon was followed in quick succession by those at Amiens, Chartres, Bourges, Rheims, Notre Dame at Paris, and St. Ouen at Rouen; in Germany by Strasburg, Cologne and Fribourg; in England by Canterbury, York, Lincoln and Gloucester. It was before the revival of literature or practical science, before poetry or painting, or any of the great discoveries of modern times. The intellect of the people seemed to be aroused from the darkness and stupor of centuries, and to concentrate itself upon this new work of building cathedrals.

A writer on French architecture has said, in regard to this brilliant epoch in building: "Not even the great Pharaonic era in Egypt, the age of Pericles in Greece, nor the great period of the Roman Empire, will bear comparison with the thirteenth century in Europe, whether we look to the extent of the buildings executed, their wonderful variety and constructive elegance, the daring imagination that conceived them, or the power of poetry and of lofty religious feelings that is expressed in every feature and in every part of them."

Before proceeding to a description of

the great Gothic cathedrals, a word or two in further explanation of the peculiarities of the Gothic style may aid in the proper understanding of the subject. The pointed arch, with its many modifications, is the germ that produced the whole system; but it is by no means the sole distinguishing characteristic. The more obvious principles of Gothic building are height and length, which are artificially increased by the aspiring form of pointed arches, the tapering pinnacles, the long vistas lined with clustered columns, and the lofty vaults. The ordinary form of a Gothic cathedral may be roughly described as that of a Latin cross, the longest arm forming the nave with the side aisles, the shortest arm the choir, in which the clergy conduct the service, and the two projections of the cross-piece the transept. The nave, the transept, and the choir are then the three main features of the edifice.

Another striking and almost essential feature of the Gothic cathedral is the painted window, with its rich setting of tracery. In some of the English cathedrals especially, it has seemed to be the first design of the architect to obtain the greatest possible space which constructive necessity would allow, for the display of painted glass. In these intervals the mediæval artists have delineated all the characters of Scripture and the legends of the Church in colors that are as gorgeous, after the lapse of five or six centuries, as they were when first put in. Turn in whatever direction he will, the visitor is confronted by one of these masterpieces. "The painted slabs of the Assyrian palaces," says Fergusson, "are comparatively poor attempts at the same effect. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were far less splendid and complete; nor can the painted temples of the Greeks, nor the mosaics and frescoes of the Italian churches, be compared with the brilliant effect and party-colored glories of the windows of a perfect Gothic cathedral, where the whole history of the Bible is written in the hues of the rainbow by the earnest hand of faith."

To attempt to convey an adequate idea of such a cathedral as Cologne by written description is a difficult and unsatisfactory task. The reader may be led to imagine the vast aisles and the solemn gloom that reigns within; he may, in fancy, hear the intonations of the priests, or the majestic music of the organ; he may see the ever-burning lamps before the altar, and catch the odor of the incense that is swung from the censers; but how, without actual sight, can he realize the glories of the architecture, the vast dimensions, the hoary antiquity?

#### THE FRENCH CATHEDRALS.

In the order of construction, and of artistic perfection, the French cathedrals rank first. To be sure, there is no prominent example in France, like the one at Cologne, wherein are combined all the beauties of the art; but still it was the French who originated the style and carried it to its highest perfection. The prolific building age, of which we have spoken, produced in France no less than thirty or forty cathedrals, which, in size and architectural proportions, may be ranked as first class. It is sufficient if we choose from this list four or five of the most important, which may be taken as typical of the whole.

Notre Dame, at Paris, and the cathedrals at Rheims, Chartres, and Amiens, were commenced almost simultaneously, about the middle of the twelfth century, and all completed within a hundred years—which may be considered quick work in cathedral building.

Notre Dame, otherwise the cathedral of Paris, is historically, if not architecturally, one of the most interesting buildings of modern times. It is one of the oldest of French cathedrals, having been begun in 1163, and completed during the thirteenth century. Since 1845, it has been completely restored from the mutilations and ravages of six hundred years, and looks now as if it might stand when all the modern structures which surround it have crumbled into ruins. During the



vicissitudes of French politics, it has served many a purpose. It has afforded a rendezvous for the bloody actors in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; it has sent away armies of crusaders for the conquest of the Holy Land; it has sheltered the populace during the carnage of the Revolution; it has been the scene of the coronation as emperor of the greatest military genius since Alexander; and still later it has served as a fortress for the last remnant of a brutal and blood-thirsty Commune. The historical associations which hover around the venerable pile, invest it with an interest which no observer can help feeling, however blind he may be to the beauties of its architecture.

It was on a great fête day, about a year ago, that the writer paid his first visit to Notre Dame. It was a day for the people, but the people did not come. The lines of Lowell seemed peculiarly applicable:

"Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,  
Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,  
To call the worshippers, who never came,  
Or women, mostly, in loath twos and threes."

A few hundred Parisians, and a score or more of tourists, joined in the solemn procession which followed the Eucharist up and down the broad aisles. If one grew tired of wandering about on the stone pavement, a white-capped Sister of Mercy stood ready with a chair, which could be rented for a sou. It is the method employed throughout France and Italy to make sure of the penny collection. Priests and guides stood ready at every turn to conduct the visitor through the long series of chapels, in which the rich pay their private devotions, and rear costly monuments to their dead; or through the sacristy, filled with costly relics of gold and silver, the gorgeous vestments of the long line of archbishops, the skulls and bones of forgotten saints, pieces of the true cross, the crown of thorns, etc. Among the other treasures is a robe of Archbishop Daboy, pierced with bullets and stained with blood. He died on the barricades of Paris, during the bloody scenes of 1848, while holding

aloft the olive-branch of peace. Then comes the weary climb to the summit of the tower, and the broad panorama of Paris and its environs, stretching away for miles on either side.

The marked features of the exterior are the west front, surmounted by the lofty square towers, which have never been completed, and decorated with a rich profusion of sculpture; the bold flying buttresses; the great circular rose windows, and the graceful spire that ascends from the center of the building. It is not, like the cathedrals of Cologne and Milan, calculated to overwhelm the beholder with a sense of its vastness and sublimity; but it is a great church, and a true type of Gothic at its best period.

The cathedral at Amiens is the largest in France. It is the chief glory of the old city of Amiens, which lies on the route from Dieppe to Paris, and which, were it not for its venerable Gothic pile, would never be heard of beyond the borders of France. The height of the nave within is 141 feet, and of the central spire 422 feet. The building was commenced in 1220, but most of it was constructed in the following century. The interior, in the morning, is flooded with a soft and subdued light from the rich stained-glass windows, and, as the procession of priests comes winding in from an adjoining chapel, humming their prayers and wafting incense through the aisles, the solitary visitor in a distant corner feels the somber influence of the place creeping over him. There are, perhaps, a hundred priests and boys engaged in the services, and half as many worshippers kneeling and crossing themselves before the altars. The whole city, if it should turn out simultaneously, could be comfortably accommodated within the vast walls of the cathedral. But no one anticipates such an emergency. The peculiarly Gothic element of height is well illustrated in this cathedral. "Take," says M. Renaud, "the columns of the central nave at Amiens, and it will be found that their elevation is equal to ninety-six times their diameter. On the other hand, the

supports of the baths of Caracalla, and of the Temple of Peace, are only ten times that of their diameter; and at St. Etienne of Caen, the loftiest of the Romanesque churches, the pillars are only thirty-three times the height of their diameter. The height of the nave at Amiens is three times that of its width." Let the reader compare these with the internal proportions of any of our own so-called Gothic churches, and he will see how far modern builders dare follow those sublime and unknown architects of the Middle Ages.

An eminent writer has said that in the Middle Ages the sculpture, the painting, the music, of the people, were all found in the cathedrals, and there only. The cathedral at Chartres is a striking example of this. It is the richest in sculptures of all the French cathedrals, having over three thousand figures carved in stone, and representing all manner of objects in sacred and profane history. Every niche and pinnacle and buttress has its image, now battered and worn by the action of time and the elements, but still so beautiful and striking as to make the architecture appear subordinate to the sculpture. "Beginning," says Ferguson, "with the creation of the world, they represent all the wondrous incidents of the first chapter of Genesis, and thence continuing the history through the whole of the Old Testament. In these sculptures the story of the redemption of mankind is told, as set forth in the New, with a distinctness, and at the same time with an earnestness, almost impossible to surpass. On the other hand, ranges of statues of kings of France, and other popular potentates, carry on the thread of profane history to the period of the erection of the cathedral itself. In addition to this, we have, interspersed with them, a whole system of moral philosophy, as illustrated by the virtues and the vices, each represented by an appropriate symbol, and the reward or punishment, its invariable accompaniment. In other parts are shown all the arts of peace, every process of husbandry in its appro-

priate season, and each manufacture or handicraft in all its principal forms. Over all these are seen the heavenly hosts, with saints, angels, and archangels. All of this is so harmoniously contrived and beautifully expressed, that it becomes a question, even now, whether the sculpture of these cathedrals does not exceed the architecture."

The great lessons of truth and the glad tidings of the Gospel, which are now spread broadcast over the world in printed volumes, were, in that remote age, taught to the people through this rude symbolism of stone. Perhaps here may be found the reason why the throngs which, in those years, were wont to press around the altars, are no longer to be found there. Perhaps Victor Hugo was right in his perdition: "*Ceci tuera cela; le livre tuera l'Eglise.*"

Aside from this excessive display of sculpture, the Cathedral of Chartres is one of the most interesting in France. The labor of six centuries has been expended on its completion and ornamentation, and yet the same strict style has never been departed from. It combines the essentially Gothic qualities of lightness and grace to a remarkable extent. The most striking features of the exterior are the two lofty towers flanking the facade. They are of unequal heights—being 366 and 396 feet respectively—and are as dissimilar as they could well have been made, and still remain Gothic. One of them is a simple, plain spire, shorn of every ornament, and rising in an unbroken line toward heaven. The other is decorated with all the florid details of the sixteenth century.

The gorgeous façade of the Cathedral of Rheims is one of the things that, once seen, are never forgotten. The building has a remarkable history. On the same site stood one of the most sumptuous structures in France, raised by Charlemagne; but it was burned in 1210, and in the incredibly short space of three years, it was replaced by the present cathedral, which is over 500 feet in length. The architect was the renowned Robert



de Coucy, who possessed an important advantage over the builders of the early cathedrals, in that he had the experience resulting from their experiments to draw from. Lefèvre points out the following characteristic of the interior: "In order to increase the impression of the length of the building, he suppressed every thing that might arrest the eye upon the walls. He wished the spectator to embrace, at a single *coup d'œil*, the ranges of columns, the vault, and the apse, which, when looked at, seemed to recede away into the distance. A great number of windows, and four rose windows, which, for the most part, still retain the glass of the thirteenth century, threw upon this long avenue all the colors of the prism, beautifully deepening into a purple light, which resembles that of the setting sun."

Had the two towers of Rheims been completed in accordance with the original design, it would have been, perhaps, the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture handed down to us. In all the ornate splendor of the front, there is no departure from the principles of taste and appropriateness. All this richness of detail imparts to the façade "an aerial lightness, a mystical elegance, a sort of extreme beauty, which we could not attempt to increase without danger." In form, the building is a Latin cross, with the transept placed near the apse.

It would be interesting to trace the peculiarities of the other important French cathedrals, such as those of Beauvais, Bourges, St. Ouen, of Rouen, etc.; but the limits of this article forbid. Below is a statistical table of the dimensions of the leading ones:

	Area sq. ft.	Length.	Height of spire
Notre Dame (Paris)....	64,108	450	no spires.
Chartres.....	68,260	440	396
Amiens.....	71,208	470	440
Rheims.....	67,475	500	no spires.
Bourges.....	61,590	405	no spires.

#### GERMAN CATHEDRALS.

The Germans were rather slow to adopt the Gothic; but when they did, they projected a building that is at once the most

beautiful specimen of the art, and the grandest cathedral ever built in honor of God. It is the Cathedral at Cologne. The person who has once stood before its portals, or under its lofty vaults, has received impressions which can never be effaced. As the traveler descending the Rhine emerges from the Siebengebirge, before a vestige of the city can be discerned, the great church towers up in the dim distance; and, as he approaches, and the outlines grow more distinct, he feels overwhelmed by its sublimity. It seems to lift itself out of the level of the dirty and bad-smelling city into a purer atmosphere above. The visitor lands, and after half an hour's wrangling with the capacious inn-keeper, he wanders forth into the streets, until suddenly he is

"Confronted with the minster's vast repose,  
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff."

It is a spectacle never to be forgotten. The vast unfinished towers, surrounded by a network of scaffolding, seem to dwarf into insignificance the stores and warehouses which surround the structure. He enters in time to catch the chant of a procession of priests descending the aisle. They seem like pigmies under the vault that rises a hundred and fifty feet above their heads. In spite of the long line of clergy, and a few hundred kneeling worshipers, the building seems deserted and lonely. But the stranger is not left long to his meditations. The gorgeously appareled official who has just been acting as 'drum-major for the procession, and who would have been a fortune to himself in the time of Frederick the Great's Guards, approaches, and wants to show the Chapel of the Three Kings, which contains a gorgeous shrine inclosing the bones of the Magi, brought by the Empress Helena from Constantinople to Milan, and afterward transferred by Frederick Barbarossa to Cologne.

The cathedral has had a strange and interesting history. It was begun in 1248, and the choir completed in about seventy-five years. Between that time and the beginning of the sixteenth century, the nave was built; but after that period

until the present century, nothing was done. In 1795, the church served as a hay magazine for Napoleon's army, and in return for its occupancy, the French stole the lead from the roof. In 1816, the work of restoring and completing the cathedral was begun, and now nothing remains to be built but the towers, which are to rise five hundred and twenty feet, the highest in the world. Already more than two millions of dollars have been expended since the restoration was begun, and the cost of the spires that are projected would build a great many Methodist churches in America. When one considers in connection with these figures the vast amounts previously expended, and the cheapness of labor and material, compared with our own country, he may form some conception of the pecuniary cost of a great cathedral.

Perhaps here we may find an explanation for the fact that no such great ecclesiastical structure has yet been undertaken even in this land of material wealth. At Cologne, the money is raised by all the various and extraordinary means known to the Catholic Church. The King of Prussia has contributed freely, and for years a regular income has been realized from a well-advertised lottery, something after the fashion of the Louisville Library affair.

Architecturally considered, the cathedral at Cologne is, in style, an exact copy of its French rivals. But it is of the best Gothic, and fortunately is free from the deviations and corruptions which characterized a later period of the French, as well as of the German, schools. Notwithstanding the work of its construction spreads over half a dozen centuries, it shows a marked uniformity of style. Through all these ages, the same original design—said to be by Conrad de Hochsteden—has been religiously adhered to, and is being as closely followed to-day.

What greater tribute could be paid to the genius of those unlettered master-masons of the Middle Ages than that the builders of the nineteenth century, learned in the schools, and with the examples of the

world before them, should think it their highest achievement successfully to carry out the plans that have come down to them from that period of mental darkness? Critics have found defects in the cathedral, among which are said to be its relative shortness, the double aisles of the nave, the enormous height of the towers, and the superfluous means of abutment; but to an ordinary lover of the beautiful, these faults are not apparent.

The Cathedral of Strasburg is the glory of Alsace. Like the one at Cologne, it stands in the midst of a broad, level plain, and its great height makes it a prominent object for many miles on every side. In the late bloody war, it was the center around which some very severe fighting was done. The German gunners professed to have respect for the sacred edifice, but during the siege several cannon-balls were sent crashing through its walls and turrets. Stone saints, which had for centuries looked calmly down from their niches upon the troubled scenes below, were knocked into a hundred fragments. The ravages of these few stray shots are not even yet wholly repaired.

It is upon its wonderful façade and tower that this cathedral chiefly depends for its reputation. The building of this tower spread the fame of the Strasburg masons throughout Europe, so that their services were called into requisition in the building of the cupola on the Milan Cathedral, and the famous spires at Vienna and Fribourg. But the original spire (four hundred and sixty-one feet) still remains, the highest of all known edifices, the pyramids of Egypt excepted; and they are but nine feet higher.

Winding up through this tower, which is open to the light throughout its whole length, is a spiral staircase. It is enough for most visitors to ascend to the platform, two hundred and forty-five feet above the earth; but it is possible to go even to the cross on the summit of the spire. It is said that Goethe once remained a quarter of an hour in these giddy heights, on a platform three feet



square, without even the support of a hand-rail. It is not easy to comprehend the meaning of this height; but let the reader stand before the steeple of Trinity Church, in New York, or of the First Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati, and imagine a full façade, rising nearly as high—the spire of the one beginning where that of the other leaves off—and he will be able to form some conception of it. Then let him, in imagination, substitute for the dull, unadorned front before him the magnificent façade of Strasburg, separated into three divisions in height and three in width; in the center a gorgeous rose window, and the third story illuminated by two beautiful windows, fifty feet in height; the buttresses, the frieze, and the archivolt covered with equestrian statues of kings, a multitude of figures of saints, and historical scenes, carved in stone,—and he will begin to catch the idea.

The nave of the church is strangely out of proportion with this majestic front. It is low, and, compared with the other cathedrals, short; but it is not without interest. It has been slowly built, and shows the architectural traces of many ages. The choir, crypt, and part of the transept, which were first built, and date back to the eleventh century, are Romanesque. The remainder of the structure illustrate the rise, development, and incipient decline of the Gothic style.

The dimensions of the Cologne and Strasburg cathedrals are as follows:

	Area sq. ft.	Length.	Height of spire.
Cologne.....	91,464.....	448.....	520*
Strasburg.....	60,000.....	250.....	461

#### ITALIAN GOTHIC.

The conquest of the pointed arch in Italy was not so complete as in the northern countries; still it took a deep root in Italian soil during the thirteenth century, and has exerted a marked influence on all subsequent building. Two or three of the great examples left us are among the most important in Christian architecture; but there is about them a pecu-

liar effeminacy of detail which shows that the cultured Italian architects never rose to the full conception of the ideas of the rude builders of the North. They chose rather to adapt the Gothic style to their own tastes and usages than to strike out boldly in the new path. The classical traditions, which had for so many centuries governed the artistic habits of the people, were not so easily shaken off. Their love for frescoes and mosaics and gorgeous pavements made the introduction of painted glass windows, the chief glory of Northern cathedrals, well-nigh impossible. The consequence was, small windows devoid of tracery, heavy walls, fewer piers and buttresses, and a general absence of those principles of lightness and grace so essential to a real Gothic structure.

The great cathedral of Milan stands pre-eminent among the Gothic churches of Italy. St. Peter's alone excepted, it is the largest and richest ecclesiastical structure ever reared by the hands of man. It is one-fifth larger than the renowned St. Paul's of London, and one-seventh larger than the cathedral at Cologne. It is probably, to the average tourist, the most interesting building in all Europe. Standing in the heart of the most busy and thriving city in Northern Italy, it rears its forest of snowy pinnacles high above all surrounding objects. Every projection has an elaborately wrought ornament, and every niche and turret a statue. Every saint known to the calendar of the Church is carved in marble, of a size proportionate to his saintly standing, and set up among the army of stone sentinels that watch over the sanctuary. When the category of saints was exhausted, the sculptors were forced to commence on sinners, and many a duke and king are to be found marshaled in the ranks of prophets and apostles. The number of statues and images used in the decoration of the church, mainly on the exterior, is given at seven thousand one hundred and forty-eight, with two or three thousand yet to be added. There are one hundred and thirty-six spires

\* When completed.

pointing upward from the roof, each one of which is surmounted by a statue six feet and a half in height. Add to these a wilderness of turrets and pinnacles, a flying buttress worked out in Gothic tracery, and a central tower of the same elaborate design, and some idea may be formed of the exterior. It is glorious beyond all description. And yet there is not one of the great Gothic cathedrals that suffers more severely at the hands of the critics. It is claimed that while its main features are eminently Italian, the details are strictly German; from which it is believed that the building is due to a German architect. According to the traditions of the city it was Marco Compioni who designed the structure, and spent nearly his whole life-time at the work. But there is good reason to believe that even if he conceived the main features, one of the rude architects from beyond the Alps was imported to work out the Gothic details. The original design undoubtedly contemplated a façade of the true Gothic order, with perhaps two majestic towers like those projected at Cologne; but through some means it was never built, and some demented architect-painter of modern times has put up a front in the Renaissance style. The strange incongruity between the five great classical portals and the profuse Gothic decorations that surround them is apparent to every observer who is in the least acquainted with the principles of architecture.

It would be interesting to dwell upon the vast details and solemn beauty of the interior; the magnificent painted windows, ninety feet in height, surrounding the choir; the four marble staircases leading to the roof, and costing one hundred thousand dollars each; the immense wealth of gold and silver statues, and other relics in the treasury; the glorious view of Northern Italy from the roof, whither tourists flock by scores at sunrise, before the glare of the heat upon the white marble makes the place intolerable; and a hundred other features which are the astonishment of all be-

holders; but the space allotted us for this article will not allow.

The amount of money thus far expended on the cathedral is estimated at over a hundred millions of dollars! and it is said that two or three generations more will be required fully to complete it.

There is one other Gothic cathedral in Italy which can not be passed without a brief notice. Late in the thirteenth century, when the city of Florence was in the height of its glory, the proud Florentines determined to build a church commensurate with their pride and importance. By a decree of State, the architect, Arnolfo di Lapo, was directed to draw his plans on a scale of such greatness and splendor that the whole world could admire, but never attempt to rival, the result. It is probable either that the people of Florence had not traveled much at that early day, or else that they found themselves unequal to the carrying out of so large a contract. Nevertheless, they have left a church that is one of the very largest, and, in some respects, the most remarkable, in Europe. It is as unlike its Gothic contemporaries of the North as if it had sprung from a different principle of art. The interior is vast, unadorned, and impressive. The exterior is covered with white marble, ornamented with facings of different colors.

Ruskin says, in "The Stones of Venice:" "There is, as far as I know, only one Gothic building in Europe, the Duomo of Florence, in which the ornament is so exquisitely finished as to enable us to imagine what might have been the effect of the perfect workmanship of the Renaissance, coming out of the hands of men like Verocchio and Ghiberti, had it been employed on the magnificent framework of Gothic structure."

Strangely enough, the façade of the building has never been erected—or rather, restored; for after having been half finished once, it was taken down in 1536, to be replaced by a new one. For over three centuries they have been on the point of supplying this deficiency; but the first stone has not yet been laid.



and the unsightly waste of boards and unfinished masonry, still remains.

The following are the dimensions of the two great Gothic cathedrals in Italy:

	Area sq. ft.	Length.	Width through transept.
Milan.....	108,477	500	250
Florence.....	84,802	500	300

#### ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

The introduction of the French Gothic into England is thus quaintly told by an old writer on the cathedral of London: "In the year 1187, this church of St. Paul was burned with fire, and therewith most part of the city. Mauritius, then bishop, began, therefore, the new foundation of a new church of St. Paul—a work that men of that time judged would never have been finished, it was to them so wonderful for length and breadth; as also the same was builded upon arches (or vaults) of stone, for defense of fire, which was a manner of work before that time unknown to the people of this nation, and then brought from the French; and the stone was fetched from Caen in Normandy."

The new style was thus early rooted in English soil, and, within the two succeeding centuries, produced a large number of cathedrals, which rank among the most beautiful specimens of the Gothic art. While the English cathedrals are not such marvels of size and mechanical construction as their rivals on the Continent, they are, nevertheless, more elegantly proportioned and tastefully decorated. The English people, in mediæval times, sought to erect churches, not as great monuments of national pride and power, but as buildings suitable to the requirements of their religion. Thus, while the style was French in its origin, it was native in its development.

The most marked peculiarity of the English cathedrals is their extraordinary length, compared with their width. In the Continental cathedrals the length was usually about four times the internal width. In England the proportion was about six to one. This feature greatly increases the pictorial effect of the interior. The vaults of the English ca-

thedrals are much lower than those on the Continent, and the ends are square rather than apsidal in arrangement. The English cathedrals also possess an important advantage over their French and German rivals in the matter of location. The latter are generally crowded in the market-place of the town, and perhaps disfigured by huts built directly against their walls. In England, on the contrary, the cathedral always occupies a commanding site in the town, and is surrounded by a burying-ground or a broad open space of green turf. Thus its architectural beauties are more plainly brought out.

Another point in which the English and French cathedrals differ is in diversity of style. Those at Chartres, Amiens, Paris, and Bruges, are singularly uniform in design. In those at Lincoln, Salisbury, Ely, York, etc., there is the widest diversity. As a rule the English cathedral has either three towers or three spires—two over the west front, and one rising from the center. This is but rarely the case on the Continent. Another marked peculiarity is the multiplicity of chapter-houses and smaller buildings that are connected with the main structure, thereby greatly magnifying its apparent size.

The length which this article has already reached prevents a separate description of the English cathedrals, or even a proper consideration of the features that are characteristic of them all. We can only, therefore, append the following table of dimensions of the leading ones, from which some of the peculiarities that have been pointed out will appear:

	Area sq. ft.	Length inside.
York .....	72,860	486
Lincoln.....	66,900	468
Winchester.....	64,200	530
Westminster.....	61,729	505
Ely.....	61,700	517
Canterbury.....	56,280	514
Salisbury.....	55,830	450
Durham.....	55,700	473
Peterborough.....	50,518	426
Wells.....	40,680	388
Norwich.....	40,572	408
Worcester.....	38,980	387
Exeter.....	35,370	383
Lichfield.....	33,930	319

T. A. H. BROWN.

## CEYLON AND PADMANEE, THE BEAUTIFUL CINGALESE.

PADMANEE was originally a citizen of the Cinnamon Isle, that lovely palm-fringed Eden, which one who has seen can never forget. She was the daughter of Hameer Lauk, one of the kings of Ceylon, or Lauka, who reigned about the close of the thirteenth century. Only women of beauty and amiability bear the name of Padmanee, which is the highest of the four class-names bestowed on Hindoo females. The name is derived from Padma, the goddess of riches, and *padam*, the lotus. The second class-name is Chitreenee, from *chit*, the heart, and was probably given to women who were distinguished by those qualities that win hearts, more than for mere personal beauty. The other two names, Saukheenee and Hasteenee, were given to women of harsh and unlovely disposition and plain features. The last name, in fact, means a female elephant, and must have been considered a term of great reproach.

Of course, in those days Ceylon was not under the British rule. Colombo, Galle, and other cities, with their fine public buildings, and harbors filled with ships, did not then exist, at least not in their present state. The coffee and cinnamon plantations did not flourish, nor did the railway wind through the valleys and among the mountains, as at present. All these adjuncts of civilization were brought in by the white-faced foreigners. But Lauka, the land of abundance, must have been surpassingly lovely even in its primitive state. With its many kinds of palm-trees, its valleys and mountains covered with wild cinnamon, coffee, and rice; its abundance of fruit, its extreme fertility, and small demand for labor, it is no wonder that when the Mohammedans discovered it they deemed it the veritable site of the garden of Eden, where "out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

Ceylon is also rich in gems and pearls,

or rather was so in those days; but the latter have grown scarce of late, and the British Government has been obliged to protect the pearl-fisheries by prohibiting their use and keeping strict guard over them, in the hope that they may, in time, regain their former value. It is supposed that Ceylon is part of the country known to the Hebrews as Ophir. It is called pearliform, and is really shaped like the old style ear-drop, and may be called a pendant of Hindoostan. It is a small island, two hundred and seventy miles long by two hundred and forty wide, with a circumference of seven hundred and sixty miles. The sun rises about five and a half hours earlier than in England; light from six to six nearly all the year round; about half an hour longer in June than in December. The interior of the island is very mountainous, affording fine sanatoria for the European residents. Kandy, formerly the capital of a fierce and warlike tribe of heathens, is a place of frequent resort. It is only 1,670 feet above the level of the sea, and the heat during the day is as great as at Colombo, but the nights are cool and refreshing. It has a lovely artificial lake, which adds considerably to the attractions of the place.

Newera Ellia, another sanitarium, is much higher, the mountains in its neighborhood varying from 7,000 to 8,000 feet in height. Adam's Peak, or Samanala, a mountain 7,352 feet above the sea level, is the most celebrated part of the island. The Mohammedans gave the first-mentioned name to the mountain. They believe that Adam stood on the top of it to take a last look at his beloved Eden, fairer than ever as he saw it for the last time, and then, when God spake the word that expelled him from Paradise, he sprang off the mountain and crossed over by some rocks, called Adam's bridge, to the continent, leaving the impress of his last footstep on the top of



the mountain! There certainly is a cavity, on the peak, said to be a little less than a cubit in length, which, by the exercise of a great deal of faith and imagination, might be called a footprint! A Mahomedan writer terms the two paths leading to the top of the mountain "the paths of papa and mamma," Adam and Eve. The Hindoos also regard the mountain as sacred. They call it Swargahanam, that is, the ascent to heaven. The mysterious footprint was made, they say, by the burning foot of their god, Shiva, the destroyer.

But to the Buddhists this mountain is pre-eminently precious and sacred. According to their traditions, Buddha at one time flew from Ceylon to Siam. Rising from a spot near Colombo, he passed over this mountain, resting one foot for a moment on its top, and left the impress of his foot as a seal to show that Lauka is the inheritance of Buddha. The Buddhists gave the name "Samanala" to the mountain from a supposed demon called Saman, who lived at its base. Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Buddhists, from Ceylon and the southern portion of the continent, make annual pilgrimages to Adam's Peak; but the Buddhists alone have a temple on its summit.

How vain appear all these traditions to the Christian! and yet they show us how strong is the tendency of the human heart to search out and worship some mysterious principle or being, supposed to be all-pervading and all-powerful. How strange it seems that the light which, we are told, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," does not show to the teeming millions of India and beautiful Ceylon the holy and divine nature of the great God who created so much beauty and grandeur!

We sing that grand missionary hymn of the sainted Heber; but one must *see* the lovely island of Ceylon, and become acquainted with its heathen inhabitants, who never "look through nature up to nature's God," but content themselves with the senseless follies of idol-

atry, in order fully to appreciate the force of the lines,

"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone;"

and often the question arises in our minds "How came this state of things to exist?" Is it because the people of old chose darkness rather than light, because they did not like to retain God—the true God—in their knowledge, and that at last even he wearied of their folly and left them to believe a lie?

We can not solve the problem; but we believe that there is yet hope for the heathen world, and that many from among these dark heathen shall hear the Gospel message and receive it gladly; and the self-righteous Buddhist and arrogant "twice born" Brahmin shall, side by side with the despised Sudras and the deluded followers of the false prophet, wash in the fountain that is opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, and be born again of water and of the spirit.

In the thirteenth century intermarriages between Hindoos of the continent and Ceylon were more frequent than now, and it so came to pass that Padmanee, the beautiful daughter of Hameer Lauk, who then reigned over a portion of Ceylon, was betrothed and afterward married to a prince of Chitore, the uncle and protector of the heir apparent, who was a child. For a few years Padmanee lived in peace and happiness with her husband, and grew so beautiful that the fame of her charms was spread through all the country round about. But a dark cloud was spreading over the political horizon of Hindoostan, which was destined to bring swift and sure destruction to many a flourishing city and happy home, and among them to the celebrated city of Chitore, and the home of Padmanee.

In the year 1294, a century after the Mohammedans had gained a firm footing

in Upper India. Allah-oo-Deen, the nephew and general of Firoz Shah, the reigning King of Delhi, pursued the Mohammedan conquests across the Nerbudda River, into that section of India known as the Deccan or Dakhan, "the South."

The victorious army of the Moslems halted before Chitore and laid siege to the city. But the Hindoos were well-prepared for the siege. In those troublesome times the cities were always strongly fortified and well-provisioned, and Chitore was no exception to the general rule. The siege lasted a long time without any perceptible impression being made on the city. Then occurred, according to Hindoo traditions, the following strange event: The Mohammedan general sent a flag of truce to the Raja, and, admitting to him that the main object of the expedition was to obtain possession of his beautiful Ranee, made this very singular proposal—that he would depart from the country if he might first be permitted to behold the extraordinary beauty of Padmanee by means of mirrors!

This request was at first refused; but at length the temptation to get rid of the troublesome invader by this easy way proved too great. The Raja notified the Mohammedan general that his request would be acceded to, and a day was appointed for him to be admitted to the city. He came attended by only a slight guard, and had his wish gratified. The Raja was pleased and flattered by the trust reposed in his honor shown by the fearlessness of the Mohammedan general in coming into the city with so few attendants; and to show that he had equal confidence in the integrity of his rival, he accompanied him just outside the gate of the city, Allah-oo-Deen meanwhile occupying his attention by profuse apologies and acknowledgments. Suddenly, however, the scene changed! A band of soldiers was secreted outside, who seized the Raja and hurried him off to the Mohammedan camp. A message was immediately sent to the city that the Raja would be given up at once if the

people would deliver Padmanee into the hands of the Mohammedans.

The Hindoos held a council, and, with Padmanee's aid, concocted a plan to overreach the wily marauders with their own weapons. Word was returned that as soon as the Mohammedan army would withdraw from their trenches, the Ranee would, with her retinue of maidens and personal effects, proceed to their camp. Allah-oo-Deen withdrew from his siege-works immediately, and encamped at some distance from the city. At the time appointed, the Ranee with her train left the city in seven hundred palanquins. In each palanquin was a soldier, borne by six soldiers, in the shabby undress of palanquin-bearers, beneath which arms were secreted. When they reached the camp, the palanquins were all deposited within the cloth walls surrounding the tents appointed for the reception of the Ranee. The Raja was then allowed to take leave of his wife, and half an hour was granted them for a parting interview; but, instead of improving the time in that way, they made good their retreat into the city, under the protection of the disguised soldiers!

Too late, Allah-oo-Deen learned that his high-minded foes *could* stoop to stratagem when dealing with rogues! He then withdrew his army from Chitore, and, after a series of conquests of smaller Hindoo kingdoms, returned to Delhi laden with the spoils of the wealthy cities he had captured. He had been absent one year from Delhi, and, on his arrival, was met just outside the city by his uncle, Firoz Shah. The aged King was delighted to meet his victorious nephew, and was affectionately patting him on the cheek, when assassins, who had been posted in ambush by Allah-oo-Deen, rushed upon him and put him to death! Allah-oo-Deen then hastened to the fort and seized the throne. He endeavored, by instituting public games and amusements, to make the people forget the crime by means of which he had become their ruler; but he did not succeed. Province after province rebelled; but



were all subjugated by his prompt energy. In 1297, he invaded Guzerat, which was, up to this time, governed by Hindoos. He swept away every vestige of their power, destroyed their principal temples and idols, and erected Mohammedan mosques in the most prominent places. The Ranee of Guzerat, a most beautiful woman, was taken from her husband, and made the queen of the ruthless king.

It is evident that Allah-oo-Deen still kept his eye upon Chitore; but, owing to the time occupied in conquering Guzerat, and a fierce invasion of the Moguls, who came rushing down upon Delhi like a mountain-torrent in 1298, he did not find an opportunity to march upon it till 1303. This time he had an immense army against which the brave Hindoos of Chitore had no chance of success. They therefore resolved they would all perish! The women, led by the lovely Padmanee, still in the bloom of youth, were all burned to death.

Historians differ a little in regard to the way this was accomplished; but all agree as to the fact. The old Hindoo

historians say that the fire was kindled in a large subterranean passage under the fort, and that all the women of the city, several thousands in number, with the Ranee at their head, then solemnly marched into the cavern, and the door was closed upon them, and they were left to their terrible fate.

When this dreadful part of the tragedy was complete, the Raja, with his army, threw open the gates of the city, and fell upon the enemy, and fought until all obtained the death they sought. The Mohammedans, enraged by thus losing all their human prey, destroyed the whole city, except the royal residence, where the Raja and his beautiful Ranee had resided. It was spared out of respect to her memory.

Thus ended the brief life of Padmanee the Beautiful. Her sad story is related by Hindoo parents to their children up to the present time; and, as they grieve over Hindoo supremacy, so long passed away, they weep for the beautiful woman who, with thousands of others, passed away with it in a chariot of fire.

MRS. E. J. HUMPHREY.

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### HELEN'S GOLDEN TRIPOD.

AFTER the fall of Troy, amid the *débris* of its ruined walls, smoldering temples, and palaces drenched with the blood of the slain, Priam, with many of his followers and children, lay buried. His wife and daughters had been carried captive by their insolent conquerors, whilst many of these conquerors had perished upon the sea, or were yet miserable wanderers from shore to shore, at the mercy of wind and wave. In fine, whilst in these Trojan fields, Achilles, Hector, the son of Telamon, and others were sleeping in the dust, mingling their ashes with those of their enemies in one vast tomb, Helen and Menelaus, reunited

and reconciled, were returning quietly and gladly to Lacedæmonia; she oftentimes gently chiding him for believing her unfaithful, he excusing himself for having given credence to false appearances, and promising never again to doubt her love—each finding a world of contentment and happiness in the other, and only a little regretful that so small a matter had given rise to such wide-spread calamity. Thus they journeyed until, in passing the Cyclades, they were assailed by a violent tempest which, in its fury, threatened to dash their vessel against the rocks of the island of Cos; then, in their peril and despair, they made a vow unto Neptune,

"O, most inconstant of the immortal gods," said Helen, in subdued, persuasive tones, "have mercy upon and protect the woman whose weak, uncertain nature resembles thine." With these words she offered to the great sea-god a beautiful golden tripod, which she had saved from the pillage of Troy, throwing the appeasing sacrifice far out into the ocean; and immediately the wind lulled, the waves ceased to roar, and they continued their voyage in safety.

Six hundred years pass away, and again a ship from Miletus coming near the isle of Cos, at the moment when a fisherman was casting his net into the sea, the Milesians proposed to buy from the poor man the next haul of his net, as it might chance to be, good or bad. He consented; the full net was soon drawn ashore, and lo! at the bottom lay the golden tripod of the beautiful and unfortunate Helen.

Thus she once more became the innocent cause of strife and contention; for immediately there sprung up a fierce dispute over the treasure, between the islands of Cos and Miletus—the one declaring that the fisherman only designed to sell his fish, whilst the others maintained their right, by purchase, to all the net inclosed. War seemed inevitable. At last they had recourse to the Delphic Oracle. The Pythoness settled the dispute, and quieted the combatants, by ordering that the tripod should be presented to the wisest of the seven wise men of Greece. This question was hardly less difficult of solution. Who was the wisest of the wise? After long deliberation one of the contestants suggested that the wise men themselves might possibly throw some light on their difficulty, and proposed that they should, without delay, begin with the nearest.

"Thales is in our own island of Miletus; let us go first to him with our offering." Accordingly, they repaired to the house of the wise man, and one selected to address him, thus began: "O, thou whose genius has penetrated the bosom of nature, and robbed her of profound-

est secrets; thou who hast discovered the all-important truth, that water is primarily the principle of other elements; thou who hast given to the world a universal soul, and hast taught us that this soul is united to and inherent in all matter, even as the soul of man is united to his body,—if all this be true, O divine Thales, receive from us this 'golden tripod,' which Apollo has decreed to the wisest of the wise." "My friends," replied Thales, "if all this were indeed true, and I believed what I teach, I should be truly wise; but so far am I from having divined the great enigma of life, either within or without, I am not wiser than yourselves. I have taught a theory of the schools, but with Apollo, since it is he who has sent you, I dare not dissimulate. I have never succeeded in evolving the element of fire from water, and can not comprehend how the light and heat of the sun emanate from this so-called first and only element. The soul I have given to the universe, as its motive power, would certainly be a beautiful thing if I were able to explain how this universal soul can be the same in the vulture and the dove, in the tiger and the elephant; but this is a problem I can not solve; the unity of the soul's essence, and yet the infinite diversity of its characteristics, confuses me. Curious speculation is not science; and the studies into which I have plunged are such as to man's feeble reason must ever appear an immense void, or a vast obscurity. That which men call wisdom should rather be termed folly, for I have endeavored to explain what it is not given to man to know. However, in order not to discourage my disciples, and hoping that in time some little corner of the veil may be raised, I present to them an example of patience and courage, whilst I often feel lost in the very pathway I have traced for them. Carry your offering to Solon; his study is mankind, and his object is to render them just, happy, and good."

The deputies embarked for Attica, going at once to the house of Solon, and,



addressing him as the "wisest of the wise," they offered to him the golden tripod.

"You have chosen well your moment," said the great Athenian law-giver, "for I have, at this very time, sufficient proof of my folly, having just returned from the public square, where I found every body discontented. The seamen complain that I have favored only the country people, whilst they, in their turn, declare that no favor is shown save to the citizen; and the city is more dissatisfied than either. Each class wishes laws made for their especial benefit and to the detriment of all others. But that is not the worst; for at home I have no repose, and can not make my own household contented and happy."

Solon then pointed to a young and beautiful slave, who was weeping and moaning in one corner of the apartment, and explained to them her ingratitude for all his benefactions, inasmuch as she never ceased weeping, and reproaching him for not giving her liberty and permission to love and marry a handsome youth who was devoted to her. This young man, he told them, was a *protégé* upon whom he had heaped innumerable favors, instructing and guiding him in all things; and yet he now presumed to discuss and differ with him upon points of established law and order—often repeating the words of the Scythian Anacharsis that "laws are like spider-webs: small flies only can be held by them; larger ones always escape."

"Now, you must acknowledge that one who has so signally failed in satisfying any class by his administration of law and justice is not the wise man for whom you seek, especially when you see him thwarted, vexed, and mocked by a household of younger heads. Go to Thales of Miletus, for he does truly possess his soul in peace, and is happy within himself."

"We began with him," replied the deputies; "but he, like yourself, is convinced of his folly."

"Ah! has he also a lovely little slave

that enrages him, an ungrateful coxcomb who flatters and caresses her, and a discontented people whom he can not satisfy?"

"No; but he has quite as much trouble in combining the elements, and his folly consists in trying to explain what can not be understood."

"Go, then, to Bias," said Solon; "he lives a quiet, retired life in the little village of Priene, and troubles himself only in solving enigmas for the King of Egypt, or guessing riddles for the King of Ethiopia. As for the mysteries of nature he declares he can not comprehend them. He allows the world to go on just as he finds it, without criticism; and in order to be entirely free from care he has renounced science, riches, and worldly honors."

They immediately sought Bias of Priene. "Ah, my friends," said he, as soon as he saw them, "you have doubtless brought me some good news; perhaps you have found my dog, or may be able to tell me who has stolen him."

The deputies assured him they knew nothing of the missing dog.

"What, then, could have brought you to the house of a poor, desolate man?"

They told him that by the order of the Oracle of Delphi, they had brought him a golden tripod.

"A golden tripod for me? what can I do with it? Ah! I only wish the Oracle, who knows every thing, had told me where to find my dog. I had only that one friend in the world, and they have taken him from me; what inhuman barbarity! I have given up every thing—honor, fortune, employment. With my own hands I have cultivated my little garden and fields; but my dog was always near me. We loved each other, and were happy living and talking together. The envious could not spare me even this enjoyment. They have separated us; they have stolen my dog, my only friend. Perhaps they have killed him! No, no! I will not believe that there can be a human being so cruel, so wicked!"

"The loss of a faithful dog is certainly a misfortune," said one of the Milesians; "but can it be so great as you represent it to be?"

"Yes: very great for me, who had nothing else. There is no disgrace which I have not endured without a murmur. Neglected in my own city, after having served it faithfully, I retired from public affairs to this little corner of the earth. My wife deceived me; I asked for no sympathy. My children neglected and deserted me; I forgave them. Have I not been patient? And now that they have taken from me my last friend, is it strange that my patience is exhausted? I confess I have no longer any interest or pleasure in the world."

"How! can it be," said one of the deputies, "that the wisest of the wise will allow so small a stumbling-block to make him miserable?"

"The wisest of the wise! and why do you speak thus? Have I ever claimed such distinction? Surely I have never exhibited such folly."

"And yet if we ask who is the wisest man, every body cries out, 'It is Bias! it is Bias!' and if Bias allows himself thus to be overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of a dog, the world will be greatly amazed."

"Well, the world has been deceived. Bias is only an inoffensive man, who has been injured, and who feels grieved by the injury. If you want a firm, undaunted soul, whose mettle no misfortune can affect, go to the Spartan Chilon."

"We will proceed at once to Lacedæmonia," said the deputies.

Arriving, they immediately inquired for the house of the man so renowned for wisdom and consistency, and were told he had gone to Pisa to take part in the Olympic games. Without delay, they set out for Pisa, and arrived in time to witness a contest for the prizes in wrestling and boxing. Very soon they discovered Chilon, greatly absorbed in a wrestling-match between two athletes, of whom one was his own son, Epitelide, and the other the famous Glicon, already crowned victor in the chariot races. The ardent,

steady gaze of the Spartan observed every movement of the combatants; the muscles of his own body responded to the workings and contortions of theirs; a slight movement of his eyelids noted the one and the other alternately; his forehead streamed with perspiration; his hands, resting firmly upon his knees, stiffened visibly each time his son closed tightly with his adversary, and trembled painfully when he saw him falter or waver. For more than an hour the combat continued, increasing constantly in violence, when, at last, Glicon was overcome, and the inclosure rang and resounded with the cry: "Epitelide, son of Chilon, is victor!"

Then the father, exhausted and overwhelmed by his emotion, fell back, pale and speechless, into the arms of his friends. They thought he had died of joy; but soon found that he had only fainted, and they bore him away to his tent with the look of death upon his colorless face. After he had recovered his senses, and embraced his victorious son, the deputies waited upon him, and, thinking to announce a triumph still more flattering, they offered to him the golden tripod, saying that it had been sent by Apollo to the "wisest of the wise."

"You mock me," said the Spartan, "or perhaps you are ignorant of the fact that the wisest are such as ever possess their soul in perfect equanimity without allowing the supremacy of a single passion or strong emotion. I have indeed conquered a few of the most formidable—ambition, envy, avarice, anger—and yet behold me overcome by that which I feared the least. Fortune has discovered my weakest point; she has made me a spectacle for all Greece, like a child with whom she sports at will; and they have beheld me almost dying of joy for the most trifling of her favors."

"Nothing is more natural or more excusable in a father," replied the deputies.

"O no; do not flatter me thus," said Chilon; "it is a weakness only. What! because my son has more activity and strength of muscle than another, shall I



have so little strength of soul as to lose all self-control when he is announced victor in a wrestling-match? How would it be if, after a battle, he were returned to my arms covered with dust and blood, yet victorious? He who allows himself to be overwhelmed by good fortune, would be still more moved by evil tidings. And what will the women of Lacedæmonia say of me? they who quietly return thanks to the gods when their sons are brought back pierced with wounds and stretched upon their shields? Go, present your offering to my neighbor, Phizon, who is not like me, an imbecile, vain old man."

Phizon was a kind of solitary bear, so very savage that his fellow-citizens scarcely dared approach him. The deputies salute him, and present the golden tripod.

"Pass on," said he, with a peculiarly brusque, indifferent air; "Apollo knows all men; and I am not the wise one to whom he has sent you; nor do I desire a golden tripod in which to boil my broth."

"We have heard," said they, "that you despise riches, self-indulgence, and voluptuousness; that you give to the Spartans the example of an austere life; and, trampling under foot the vices, pleasures, and vanities of the world, you place all the senses under the dominion of untrammelled reason and a lofty soul; for these considerations we thought to obey the oracle by presenting to you a gift reserved for the wisest of men."

"I would accept it," said he, "if I believed of myself one-fourth of what you have declared; but the gods see too clearly into the depths of every soul for me to assume to be better than I really am. They call me a misanthrope, and justly; but if I hate all mankind, I am not exempt from this universal contempt, and there is no one with whom I am so thoroughly discontented as myself.

"You are too modest," they replied.

"No, I am only speaking the truth. At first I was persuaded that a man enjoying the society of other men was unnatural and false, and thinking to render

myself better and happier, I became a savage. Weariness, and a sad, restless heart, have undeceived me; but my position was taken, my character announced, and it must be sustained. I increased for myself the austerity of Spartan living, and thus am thought to despise every comfort and blessing more than they. Why should I be troubled or annoyed by the enjoyment which the world finds in the so-called false pleasures of life? What harm can I receive from the artistic taste of Corinth and Athens, the luxury of Asia, or the voluptuous indulgence of the sybarites? I have too much ill-humor to be truly wise. If I were very happy in my frugality, why should I deem it unworthy for another to find happiness in opulence and luxury? I regarded the festivities, games, and rejoicings of my neighbors with contempt; but was I for that reason justified in becoming a beggar? A wise man is one who, content with the destiny which the gods, fortune, or the choice of his own reason, has assigned him, allows the world to live according to their own preference. I have examined my heart, and find at the bottom only misanthropy, envy, spite, and ill-will. Excuse me then from accepting a prize of which I am not worthy, and see, in the island of Rhodes, if Cleobulus of Lindi is not the man for whom you seek. He enjoys the happiness of a sober, peaceful life; possessed of riches, which he uses well, he is contented and free, and glad to see others enjoy a like freedom and comfort."

"You are right," replied the deputies; "the man who knows how to enjoy riches and worldly honor, without abusing his privileges, is certainly the wisest."

They departed for Lindas, where Cleobulus had just been placed at the head of public affairs. Pausing in the vestibule of the palace, they saw approaching them, with deliberate, graceful step, a beautiful young girl, becomingly attired in a robe of linen white as snow, her hair floating in waves of gold around an exquisite neck white as ivory, and a face beaming with the candor and loveliness

of her character. This was the charming Eumetis, one of the most celebrated women of whom time has taken care to preserve the memory. She was the daughter of Cleobulus, and the people delighted to call her "Cleobuline." The faithful adviser of her father, she shared his glory and filled his heart. When the deputies had made themselves known,—

"Strangers," said she, inviting them to enter the palace, "you will not be offended if my father keeps you waiting a short time. At this moment he is giving audience to his people, and you would not, I am sure, have him abridge aught of his sacred duties; as soon as he is at liberty, I will announce you."

Then entering into conversation with them, she discussed the manners, laws, customs, commerce, and rivalries of the different States of Greece with so much wisdom and intellectual vigor, that they felt tempted to offer her the tripod designed for the father.

"Ah!" said one of the deputies, "you certainly well deserve the eulogy pronounced by Thales in the palace of Periander at Corinth, when he declared you altogether worthy to rule a great kingdom. Happy, thrice happy, must be the people governed by a father possessing such a daughter. Surely this king is the wise man to whom Apollo has instructed us to bring his offering."

Then they related the adventure of the golden tripod.

"Ah! I very much fear," said she, "that my father will refuse your offering; he has so exalted an idea of true wisdom that he is very far from believing he will ever attain it."

Saying these words, she saw the crowd passing out of the palace, and studiously observing their faces, she exclaimed: "Heaven be praised! every one looks contented!" then, with light, joyous step, she turned to her father.

"Ah!" said Cleobulus, "how fatiguing! I have no strength left. Thou hast well said, my daughter, this position is not enviable. These people all want to reign; there is scarcely one who does

not feel that in giving me his vote he has resigned a place to which he is most eligible, and at least should be selected to fill a place in my council. They are all the wisest of politicians, military men, statesmen, and merchants—and what am I? The most ignorant is, in his own esteem, best fitted to govern!"

Cleobuline embraced him with charming *naïveté*, saying:

"Come, father, only have a little patience. Common sense is a rare jewel, self-love is always foolish enough to believe any thing; but if all the world were wise we would have no need of kings. Did you listen to them all?"

"Yes: I refused no one."

"Ah, well, take courage, my father; they will become reasonable in time, and permit you to make them happy. Now, come and receive some strangers who await you, sent by the Delphic Apollo; they have come to present to you a very precious gift."

When the deputies had pronounced an elaborate speech, Cleobulus, astonished and confused by the honor they desired to confer, exclaimed:

"Have you not a Thales in Miletus, a Solon in Athens, and Chilon in Lacedæmonia, all wiser than I?"

"What shall we do?" replied one of the deputies. "We have seen them all, and they toss the honor from one to the other like a foot-ball. There is not one who will agree that he is wise, and each one pretends to have some weakness or secret folly."

"And I," said Cleobulus, "have I not mine also? My wisdom, of which you speak, there it is!" pointing to his daughter. "It is she whose gentle, conciliatory temper softens the asperity of my mind and manners. Look at that frank, noble countenance, where grace, sensibility, and simplicity are so beautifully blended with the freshness and naturalness of youth, and a heart full of courage, strength, and piety. If I have any thing of which to boast, intellectually or morally, I owe it all to her; without her I would be insufferable."



"O, my father, what are you saying!" exclaimed Cleobuline.

"The truth, my daughter. One should speak the truth, only, to ambassadors of the immortal gods, from whom nothing is concealed. Yes, gentlemen, I am afflicted with an incurable malady; namely, an invincible antipathy to at least half the world; for I can not endure weak, foolish, self-satisfied people. I have traveled over the length and breadth of the land to avoid them, but in vain. I find them every-where, and they make me miserable. Like a swarm of flies, they seem to follow and surround me. Tired of fleeing from them, I have yielded to the wishes of my countrymen; but I can not become accustomed to it."

"That is true," said one of the deputies; "fools make up a very troublesome, disagreeable class of people in every country; but they are not so much to be dreaded as the malicious and willfully wicked."

"Well," replied Cleobulus, "in that case we have some consolation in the assurance that, sooner or later, the law will avenge us; we know they will be punished as a nuisance when they become unbearable or injurious. But fools!—ah! they are indestructible, and too numerous to be punished; no law can reach them."

"Why should they so annoy and vex you, Cleobulus? How do they injure you more than others?"

"That is exactly the question I constantly ask, without being able to answer it; yet as far as I can see one I am affected by him. I become nervous; my very blood is on fire, and before I hear him speak I discern his folly. Their self-satisfied, meritorious air; their complaisance, and disregard of the opinions of others; the eagerness with which they cut short the words of one really well-informed, in order to teach him something of which they have no knowledge; the presumption and tone of triumph in their assured success, accepting as facts unprecedented extravagancies, or the most trifling absurdities,—all this puts me in despair."

"You are right," said they. "This is true; such people are insufferable."

"No: I am not right. I am convinced that my impatience is a weakness; for these tortured, twisted intellects must be looked for, just as we expect to find a variety of trees in a forest—all can not be straight like the cedar. Fools are the brambles and briers of the forest, and we find them every-where—in the midst of the strong, the grand, and the beautiful. Pity, then, a poor, feeble man who can not have patience with the folly he must meet in the world, and go seek your wise man in Lesbos, where Pittacus, with admirable patience, listens to the complaints, and redresses the grievances, of all alike, and never returns from an audience with quivering nerves and fevered brain. If there is a wise man in all Greece, it is Pittacus."

Much fatigued by their fruitless efforts and weary travel, the deputies passed on to Lesbos; but, before seeing Pittacus, they wished to get a glimpse of his island, and, after going over the whole of it, they returned to Mytilene, where the king made his home.

"Sovereign of this happy island," said they, "in all the cities through which we have passed, in Methymne, Antisse, and especially in Mytilene and its vicinity, we have seen a love of labor, a picture of abundance, flourishing commerce and agriculture, order and system in every department, perfect security, and happy tranquillity. This spectacle is your highest praise, and surely entitles you to the gift which Apollo has destined for the wisest of the wise; accept, then, O great and good king of Lesbos, this golden tripod."

"If the oracle demanded only a just and good sovereign, I believe I am that; but a 'wise man' is quite another thing. Dine with me; after our repast I will tell you why I may not call myself wise."

The dinner was simple and frugal; but the air of kindness and affability so natural to this prince, the amiable cheerfulness of his children, and, above all, the noble, tender grace of their mother,

Amasella, the most beautiful woman of the island, was worth more than mere luxury; and Pittacus, thus surrounded by his family, would have appeared the happiest of men, except for a shade of melancholy, which cast a gloom over his whole countenance. They related to him the story of the tripod, and the singular refusal of all the wise men to accept it.

"Thus," said he, "you find that every body has, within his own bosom, a judge severer and more inexorable than envy itself. Ah! believe me they all deserve their renown, and merit well the reverence they receive. They have not, in their own kingdom, an obstinate detractor, who persists in denouncing them as corrupt traitors. That misfortune was reserved for me alone."

At these words a profound sigh escaped him, and, after prolonged silence, he asked the deputies if the verses of Alcæus were sung throughout Greece. They assured him that those verses were regarded as insolent and malicious, and injured only the poet who dared to make them.

"Ah!" said the Queen, "hear that! I knew it must be so. This evil genius is well known; and the bitterness with which his soul is filled poisons himself alone. Let us forgive his folly, and forget him forever."

"Yes," he replied, "I can believe that the satirist is despised; and yet the satire remains in the memory, for every one has learned to repeat the verses of this truly wonderful poet."

When they arose from the table, the Queen, with her children, retired to their apartments, and Pittacus invited the deputies to stroll with him through the gardens of the palace.

"Heaven is my witness," said he, "that in accepting this kingdom at the hands of the people, I have yielded to the wishes of the greatest number, with a desire to secure the greatest good. I have done for them all that the tenderest father could do for beloved children; yet, notwithstanding all my efforts, Alcæus has not ceased to blacken my character, and

instill the poison of calumny into their minds. My laws are called chains, my authority a yoke of servitude, my kindness an allurements, the better to secure some evil end; the very clemency I have exercised toward him is imputed to fear of blame, or a servile love of flattery. And why all this vituperation? I have not usurped the throne, which he seems to regard with a flaming eye of rage and jealousy. How have I rendered myself odious to him? No other than he in all Lesbos has accused me of tyranny and oppression. Yet these verses will go down to posterity, painting my character in colors of darkest dye. Ah yes! the gods have punished me by bestowing the gift of poetic genius upon an unworthy wretch. How signally does he refute the vulgar fable that serpents feeding upon the herbage of the Helicon lose their venom! His heart is filled with the poison of the viper, and he has spread its baleful influence throughout Greece."

The deputies endeavored to persuade him that his fame rested upon too solid a foundation, and very soon this false accuser must be confounded.

"Who has ever raised his voice more effectively against tyranny? It is to you men attribute that remarkable reply to the question, What animal is most to be feared: 'Among savage beasts, the tyrant; among domestic animals, the flatterer.' After so memorable and wise a reply, can you think men will believe you capable of tyranny?"

"I shall not afford an opportunity for false accusation, and in resigning my scepter, I am ready to give an account of the use I have made of authority."

"And will you, O wise and great Pittacus, for fear of one miserable detractor, resign the power reposed in you by a happy, prosperous people?"

"Yes: I shall abdicate simply to refute this calumny. The Lesbians need me a little longer, I know. The very peace and abundance I have procured for them may be their ruin; the attendant vices of idleness and effeminacy might soon corrupt and enslave them. The wisest citi-



zens are aware of this, and implore my protection; but my weakness is such that, although ten thousand voices are raised to bless my mild and prosperous reign, a single wicked, false accuser has poisoned all the happiness that should fill my heart. These people who bless me will pass away, their benediction and their love will perish with them; but the words of the poet Alcæus will live from age to age. In the silence of the night his infamous yet burning words, sparkling with genius, and full of raging scorn, with the peculiar melody of their rythmical meter, resound in my ear. In my dreams, I hear him chanting to the music of his lyre, and, ever and anon, comes the refrain, startling me out of my slumber with those dreadful words: "Cease, weak and foolish Lesbians, cease to serve a tyrant!" O no; I have not the strength of wisdom, that strength which can trample upon and crush the serpents of envy and calumny, walking straight forward with firm step in the path of duty. If I were truly wise, Alcæus would insult me in vain. I should leave him in the hands of public opinion, and be happy in the good I have done, and yet hope to achieve, for my people. On the contrary, I am uneasy, agitated, and troubled as a child; like a timid deer rushing through a forest, frightened and distressed by the rustle of a leaf or the breaking of a twig. Take away your golden tripod; the weak and pusillanimous Pittacus does not deserve it."

"To whom shall we go, then?" inquired the deputies.

"To Periander, of Corinth," replied the King of Lesbos. "Periander does not pretend to be one of the wise men, but he wishes to resemble them. He knows them well; they often assemble at his banquets, and he understands them better than any one I know. Go to him, and demand in the name of Apollo that he invite the wise men of Greece to sup with him. There, glass in hand, and the golden tripod before them, they may decide to whom this reward of wisdom shall be presented."

This counsel was followed. The wise men were convened by Periander at an early day, and I need not say that the deputies of Cos and Miletus were present. Toward the close of the repast, the tripod, crowned with flowers, was placed upon the table.

"And now," said Periander, "each one shall give a definition of wisdom, and the prize shall be bestowed upon him who unites in the highest degree all the characteristics of the truly wise. You shall be judged by your peers."

According to the custom upon festive occasions, each one spoke in turn. The first defined wisdom "An undisturbed equanimity of soul under any and all circumstances." Another, "A profound knowledge of one's self, so exercised as to render him better and happier." Another, "Moderation in all our desires and wishes, so as never to exceed the actual necessities of life." Another, "The power to regulate the present and prepare for the future by the experience of the past." Still another, "Strength of soul to resist every temptation of the passions." And another, "The absolute supremacy of reason over will." Bias closed the circle, and when his turn came to speak, "Wisdom," said he, "is all these combined; from which I conclude that true wisdom dwells not among men, but belongs to the immortal gods alone; and few of them, indeed, possess it supremely. For this reason I think it best to return the tripod to the god who sent it; for to him it rightly belongs."

This advice was acted upon; and "Helen's Golden Tripod" was consecrated in the temple at Delphi, where it has since served as the seat of the inspired Pytho-ness.

When this difficult question was finally settled, the deputies congratulated Bias upon the triumph of his opinion over all the others.

"Congratulate me," said he, "upon a better fortune. I am the happiest of men. I have found my dog, and desire nothing more."

FROM THE FRENCH.

## SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

AN autobiographical sketch, entitled "Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic," just issued by our publishing houses in New York and Cincinnati, introduces to the public the Rev. Louis N. Beaudry, of the Troy Conference; once a Romanist "after the strictest sect of that religion," now a useful Protestant clergyman. In a series of familiar conversations with his family, Mr. Beaudry traces out, step by step, the workings of his soul in its transition from darkness into light. While giving to the Romish Church its full measure of credit for the sound doctrine it theoretically possesses, and to its members for sincerity in belief; for care taken in the indoctrinating of the young; and for faithful observance, not only of the rules, but of the devotional exercises of the Church, he yet shows how the spirit and power of true religion have been sunk in the mere ceremony and outward form, and that the commandments and traditions of men have been followed, rather than the Word of God.

Of his early life Mr. Beaudry gives us the following account:

"I was born in the town of Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, August 11, 1833. My parents were French, and the French language was the first I ever spoke. One branch of the family was descended from a long line of warriors, which can be traced backward to the belligerent Franks of ancient Gaul. In modern times they fought in this country at Ticonderoga and Quebec, during the French and Indian War. The other branch, on my mother's side, whose name was Marie Bail de Printemps, presents an almost uninterrupted succession of Roman Catholic religionists. Her grandmother was a fellow-sufferer of 'Evangeline,' the heroine of one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems, in which may be found a picture of the ardent, simple, religious spirit and of the suffer-

ings of those eighteen thousand Acadians, who were driven from their loved country over the entire continent.

"When I was five years old my parents returned to Canada East, their native province, and settled in the town of Henryville, near Lake Champlain. After about six years' residence there, we again removed into my beloved Green Mountain State, and two years afterward to Ticonderoga, New York.

"My mother was one of the most earnest and devoted Catholics. Every member of her numerous family of fifteen—nine sons and six daughters—was baptized in early childhood. I was taken to the town of St. Mary, Canada East, many miles from home, to be baptized. Every one of us was thoroughly trained in the teachings of the Church. I was taught many good lessons, which I have never forgotten or rejected, and for which I am truly grateful. The following were the leading principles inculcated; namely, that *religion is a subject of supreme importance*; that, on awaking every morning, I should say 'My God, I give thee my heart;' that after dressing myself I should kneel down and offer my morning prayer; that I should partake of my meals with sobriety and temperance, and not without asking God's blessing upon them; that I should attend public religious services every day, if possible, and apply myself faithfully to my vocation in life, or daily labor; that I should assist the poor according to my means; and that every night I should examine my conscience, and offer my evening prayer.

"But while I was schooled in these wholesome Christian truths, I was also taught *to hate and shun Protestants*. More stress was laid upon this branch of my education, no doubt, because there were so many Protestants around us. In my early childhood, whenever I heard the sound of a Protestant bell, a holy hor-



ror seemed to fill my soul; and I could have leaped for joy at seeing every Protestant church around us in flames.

"I was told that Protestantism is not only a denial and rejection of all spiritual religion, but a virtual crusade against it; and that, inasmuch as the Catholic Church is the only true one, whoever rejects it rejects God and his Christ, and must be regarded as a 'heathen man and a publican.'

"*Le Petit Catechisme du Diocèse de Québec* taught me as follows:

"'Are there many Catholic Churches?'

"'No; the only Catholic is the Roman Church, *out of which there is no salvation.*'

"'What must we think of those other societies which call themselves Churches, but do not profess the same faith that we do, and are not subject to the same pastors?'

"'They are *human* institutions, which serve only to lead men astray, and can not bring them to God.'

"The commentary upon this passage was, that Protestantism, referred to here, protests against Christ and his Church, against all law and Gospel. Therefore, I was told that it was a grievous sin, and almost a sacrilege, to read a Protestant book, or to attend their meetings; and that I must shun them as Eve ought to have shunned the tempting serpent. This question is thoroughly discussed in one of the most popular books of instruction in the Church, where may be found the following passage:

"'What if a person, through absolute necessity of his unhappy circumstances, should be tied to a place where he can never hear mass; do you think he might not then be allowed to join in prayer with those of another communion, by way of supplying this defect?'

"'No; certainly. It is a misfortune, and a great misfortune, to be kept, like David when he was persecuted by Saul, at a distance from the temple of God and its sacred mysteries; but it would be *a crime to join one's self upon that account with an heretical or schismatic con-*

*gregation, whose worship God rejects as sacrilegious and impious.'*

"I was also urged to do all in my power, making use of every possible means, peacefully if I could, forcefully if I must, to convert Protestants to my faith, and thus aid in the overthrow of the most abominable and damnable heresy ever introduced into our world. I was taught that as Satan plotted and accomplished the fall of the first man, so Protestantism was a plotting to overthrow the second Adam, even Christ. This teaching was so often repeated, and with such religious emphasis, that it became interwoven into the very texture of my mental and moral being, giving peculiar coloring and potency to every thought and feeling, and controlling, with more or less certainty, all my actions.

"The work of converting Protestants is considered by the Pope to be of such importance, that the heavy premium of a plenary indulgence—the highest ever granted—is offered to every true Catholic who daily repeats this brief prayer:

"'Almighty and eternal God, who savest all, and wilt have none to perish, have regard to those souls who are led astray by the deceits of the devil, that, rejecting all error, the hearts of those who err may be converted, and may return to the unity of the truth through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*'

"However, as I grew up to the age when one begins to observe the manners of mankind, I was greatly puzzled to find that the morality of my Protestant neighbors was far superior to my own and to that of my people. They excelled us in acts of charity, were better educated, more refined, industrious, and sober. I discovered that our Protestant neighbors were not only so benevolent that Catholic beggars or paupers would go to them for alms rather than to the wealthy Catholics, or even to our priests, who always lived in the midst of abundance; but that these 'heretics,' as we called them, were also strictly religious. Mingling among them, as we were compelled to do, I found, to my surprise, that many of them

never partook of their meals without invoking God's blessing upon themselves and the food before them. Morning and evening their family circles joined in reading the Bible, also in singing hymns of praise, and in prayer, a very pious practice which I seldom witnessed among Catholics. The hours of the Sabbath were observed very sacredly, mostly in reading religious books and periodicals, and in attending public worship in churches, which I found in every village and hamlet. The contrast between this state of things in Vermont and the noise and dissipation which marked the Sabbath in Canada East, just across the line, made a deep impression on my mind, especially as nothing but the different religions taught in these places could adequately account for these results.

"The Sabbath there was a grand holiday. Rum-taverns and saloons—kept, in many instances by leading members of the Church—were open all day long and thoroughly patronized, except during the hours of mass and vespers. Between these services, in the park right in front of the church, men and boys, and not unfrequently girls, all members of the Church, played marbles, tops, and ball, while fine horses were paraded about the streets to advertise their beauty and speed. I endeavored to reason myself into the belief that this striking contrast between Protestant and Catholic manners might be traced to *natural* causes mainly, such as inherited tendencies, and the different influence of soil, climate, and society amid which one is born and educated. My father took as much pains in teaching us the figures of the dance and the games at cards as my mother did in teaching us to pray. And as we kept a small bakery with a restaurant attached—though we sold no liquor—this state of things brought us no small gain, especially on the Sabbath. Our revenue was greatest in the season of apples, for then our house would be crowded all day long with those who bought our apples, and then, gambled at cards, generally in a game called *Loo*. As I was an expert at

the games, I would often win the customers' apples, and keep them buying more. . So this sort of *brigandage* would go on throughout the blessed day, from morning till late at night, except during religious services, for these were always strictly and devotionally attended at the sound of the bell; and the greater our pleasures and sins at home, the more earnest would be our prayers at church. And then after vespers, father and mother would repair to the priest's house, and spend the remainder of the day in playing cards with the priest."

Turning from personal reminiscences to the topic in hand, our author proceeds:

"This question of Romanism is just now awakening a deep solicitude in the popular mind of every civilized nation, and especially of our own. It is being discussed on the platform, in the pulpit, and by the press, from nearly every stand-point possible, and not seldom by those who are ignorant of its principles and spirit, and who in not a few cases evince quite other than Christian sentiments. I have long cherished a strong desire to get Catholics and Protestants to hear and read with candor one another's views, or, were it possible, to reason together, assured that, would they do so, much of the misunderstanding between them would soon cease, political animosities would be removed, religious courtesies would be freely exchanged, and no contention would exist among us, save that noble rivalry, or rather emulation, to see who can best work and best agree. All men would feel better pleased with themselves and those around them, if only they were better acquainted with each other. How important, too, in a land like ours, especially where the population is made up of all nationalities, with all degrees of intellectual, social, and moral development, with all shades of political and religious creeds, that men should meet and consult with one another; for in this way only shall we learn that no man is wholly right or wholly wrong. I have sometimes heard Protestants say that Roman Catholic theology



or teaching is wholly heterodox or false; but every essential doctrine taught in the Protestant Churches is also taught in the Catholic Churches. The Apostles' Creed, which is really an epitome of the Gospels, is repeated and believed in all Churches, both Catholic and Protestant, throughout the world, without varying even a word or syllable. The Lord's Prayer—an epitome of prayers—is daily repeated in nearly all the languages of the world, and by all professed Christians. If Catholics would only stop here—and not try to add to that which is divinely perfect—all our religious differences would at once vanish. I am free, however, to say that there is enough good and sound doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church, if properly applied, to save the world.

"The chief corner-stone or principal pillar of strength in the Romish Church is her great attention to children, who, generally when only a few days old, are taken to church and baptized. They are then considered members of the Church."

Resuming his personal narrative, Mr. Beaudry proceeds thus:

"When I was very young, deep religious impressions were made upon my heart. At the age of ten or twelve I was pungently convicted of sin. For many weeks my heart was sad, and every night after retiring I spent hours in meditating upon my sins, and my unpreparedness for eternity, and often wept until my pillow was wet with tears. My soul was in an agony of desire to be freed from its load of sin. I fasted until I well-nigh fainted. Sin! I hated it; I abhorred it. There was no penance I was not willing to perform; and I confidently expected help from the ordinances of God's house. But all my promises of reformation and my prayers, added to those of the priest and his absolution, were in vain. The fountain of my disease had not been reached. I was still a slave, sold under sin. When I made my first communion, I was as truly penitent as it seems to me any one could be. I was taught that confirmation would impart to me the 'Holy Ghost, and make me strong, and

a perfect Christian and soldier of Jesus Christ;' and I was presented for this final seal of discipleship. But alas! what were my subsequent dismay and despair when I discovered that 'I was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.' I was not more wicked than before, but I felt more corruption within. I was taught to expect assistance in 'extreme unction' and 'purgatory.' But these were future, and hence not wholly satisfactory.

"I often visited the church, and went through the *via crucis*, or way of the cross, making prayers at the different stations in the Passion of our Lord, represented by the images on the walls, dolefully dragging myself on my knees around the entire church. I repeated my confessions to the priest, and received the communions; but these I found to my great grief availed me even less than at first, for they became more mechanical, less earnest and real. There were inward cravings and yearnings which found no satisfaction in external rites; for with all my helps in priests and prayers, I was still conscious of dark depravity within. I loathed myself, and found no rest for my soul. But right in the midst of these perplexities it seemed as if Providence smiled on me. A mission was held in our town, and during the meetings, they presented the saving and miraculous influences of the *scapular*, which consists of two bands of woolen stuff worn over the gown, of which one crosses the back or shoulder, and the other the stomach, and is supposed to possess the power of preserving those who carry it, in faith, from accidents and sudden death. I had a wonderful confidence in my scapular. I never, for a single moment, removed it from my body, for fear of dying without it. Still I was wretchedly unhappy, although I was at times extremely gay in society."

Shortly after the death of his father, Mr. Beaudry left home to seek employment, and found a place to work with a neighboring farmer. In the Winter he obtained another place, where he attended

school, and learned to read and write with greater facility. He also studied arithmetic and other branches.

"During the early part of September, 1852, I went," continues Mr. Beaudry, "from Ticonderoga with Joseph Cook to Keeseville, in the northern part of the State, to attend an academy. We arranged to board and room together. On our first Sabbath morning in the place, he said to me: 'Will you go with me to the Presbyterian Church this morning?' I hesitated a moment, and then replied: 'Yes, if you will go to the Catholic Church with me this afternoon.' 'Certainly,' he unhesitatingly answered, showing no prejudice against it. I was not a little perplexed at my dilemma, for I had a dread of going into a Protestant church. But hoping that the harm I might incur would be more than counterbalanced by the good he might receive by going with me—for I greatly desired to convert him to my faith—I finally ratified my engagement and prepared to go with him. The pure simplicity of the place and of the worship made a lasting impression upon my mind. All the praying, preaching, and singing were in a language I perfectly understood, and over all, and through all, there was a fervent, loving spirit which quite captivated me. My religious nature was fed and refreshed. Of one thing I felt quite sure, that these meetings had been misrepresented, whether willfully or ignorantly I could not tell. I was certainly none the worse for having been there.

But I had often vowed to be true to the Church, and so I continued attending her services for several months, though with decreasing interest. I occasionally attended a Protestant Church, and with increasing benefit. It was during these days that I went to a Sunday-school. I had now reached an age when I began to feel ashamed of my ignorance of what then seemed to me the Book of books, and the end of all controversy. It did not satisfy me to tell a man, 'I believe so and so, because the priests tell me so.' I reasoned in this way: 'If the doctrines

of my Church are taught here—and I did not then doubt that they were—the more I study them, the better prepared I shall be to defend them, and to make terrible sorties on the lines of the enemy.' I soon found it to be a wonderful key to unlock the secrets of God's will, and of my inner life.

"The Sword of the Spirit at first seemed to cut in every direction; for while there were passages that appeared to favor the Catholic Church, I soon became greatly alarmed, not so much at the teaching of a single verse, but at the drift of entire paragraphs against it. I found that those who have departed from the 'faith which was once delivered unto the saints,' may be known by two leading characteristics; namely, they 'forbid to marry,' and 'command to abstain from meats.' My fears that this description was directly applicable to the Catholic Church were greatly confirmed when I found in the epistles of Paul the very sentences which identify the priests with this departure from the faith. I endeavored to believe that the bishop's 'wife' meant the Church, which is sometimes called the spouse of Christ, and that his 'children' were the members of the Church. But I read, 'If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?' However, my fears did not culminate in a panic until I reached the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Revelation. I can not now describe the convictions that came rushing upon me as I read those passages. From indications that lie on the very face of them, and pervade them throughout, came the unavoidable conclusion that the great city spoken of is Rome; that the woman decked with royal purple and scarlet, with the golden chalice in her hand, who was to exert such universal power over the kingdoms of the earth, and who made merchandise of the souls of men, is no other than the Roman Catholic Church. I read the passages carefully, and trembled. I reread them, and then wept. I can not portray the sadness and terror of that moment. Up to this



time, I had entertained hopes that something might yet be able to dissipate my apprehension with regard to errors in the Church.

"But from this time there sprang up in my heart a peculiar attachment to the little Bible which was making such disclosures to me. I felt like saying, 'If I am wrong, let me know it.' The doctrine of images in the churches was one of the first that presented itself for review. I had been taught that we may honor the images of the saints as well as their relics. In all the French Catechisms the Second Commandment is entirely omitted.

"Think of my indignation toward a Church that could purposely be guilty of such gross perversion of truth, when I found the direct command of God against this practice.

"In advancing toward the Christian life, I clung to old things with an almost dogged pertinacity, while my great caution suffered me to accept nothing new without the severest tests. When one doctrine was fairly wrenched from me by the force of truth, another would come up for examination. Prayers before images and to saints having been disposed of, the doctrine of purgatory presented itself for analysis.

"At this point of my investigation I was completely cut loose from Romanism. At first I yielded to a dull despair, which tended to blank infidelity? I had always been taught that the baptism of water had made me a Christian; that I was born again, or regenerated, at the time and in virtue of my baptism. I was now made to feel that this re-creation was the special work of the Holy Ghost, and if I would enjoy this inestimable blessing I must not be ashamed of Christ, but must come out of darkness into the light, and look to him alone for the re-creating power. My spiritual nature was being disencumbered of superstition, and my eyes enlightened to see the path of duty.

"On the evening of Sunday, January 15, 1854, I was induced for the first time to join in prayer and exhortation among

Protestants. I came forward from the congregation to the altar, seeking the Lord. This step identified me as on the side of the Lord, as one not ashamed of him before men. But now the question arose, as if proposed by the Master, whether I was willing to endure, for his sake, the persecution which I knew would come upon me. But my spirit struggled most and longest when I contemplated the effect of my course upon my mother, who would consider this a burning disgrace to the family name, and a stigma upon the Church of my fathers. At length I was enabled to make an unconditional and complete surrender to God, and to count all things 'but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.'

"On the evening of March 19, 1854, as I waited, by saving faith in the promise of my Redeemer, the pure light of God fell from the opening heaven above me, and in my spirit I heard the sweet voice of Jesus say, 'Peace, be still.' The storm ceased, and there was a great calm! I then knew for myself, and not for another, that Jesus's blood had washed away my sins."

Mr. Beaudry promises to continue the conversations with his children, at some future time. Should he do so, we cordially hope that the generous reception accorded to the present interesting work may induce him to place another volume in the hands of the publishers. The book before us breathes a catholicity of spirit rarely witnessed in those who have become converts to a faith not theirs by birthright; the most zealous adherents of any cause usually being its bitterest opponents when circumstances or principle have induced them to forsake their quondam creed. Spiritual struggles is no misnomer. Love for the Romish Church; a sincere belief in her infallibility; a desire to prove the foundation of his faith, combined with an ardent affection for his mother, caused our author weary months of painful watchings, fastings, and prayers, ere he was willing to yield obedience to the voice of the Holy Spirit.

## REV. HERMAN M. JOHNSON, D. D.

HERMAN MERRILLS JOHNSON was the fourth of seven sons, and was born in Otsego County, New York, November 25, 1815. His brother, who was his most intimate companion, says he has no remembrance of him, indicative of his future career, unless it be the superior facility with which he accomplished his school tasks. He could pick up no more stone, chop no more wood, climb no higher, and wade no deeper, than any of his brothers. Neither did he manifest any desire for reading; and had he possessed it, with the home library limited to the Bible, dictionary, a few school-books, an almanac, and no newspaper, it must have been ungratified. But the future revealed to what purpose the receptive child had gone to school to nature.

The thrush and robin, singing in the fine old woods on the breezy hills of Otsego, the munificent springs flowing out through meads of daisies and buttercups, the steep roads, the caw of the crow, and the swoop of the hawk and the eagle, and the deep and wildly drifting snows, wrought a better substratum for the boy's education, possibly, than the teeming press could do to-day.

His father was not a religious man, and never had family worship. Church services came only with the circuit preacher, at stated times; and had not his mother been a whole-souled Christian, who took unbounded delight in singing and prayer, he would have been destitute of religious influence and instruction. This influence was felt, and the little Herman often stole away alone in the fields to pray, and, in maturer years, devoted himself to the God of his mother. While still a youth, his father died, and his mother removed to the vicinity of Auburn, New York. Up to this time, he had attended district-school, acquiring only reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. He now taught a country school, and afterward went to the acad-

emy at Auburn, working for his board, and again teaching.

Here, at the age of seventeen, he was converted, while clerking in a store. Dr. Wentworth was then teaching a select school in Auburn, and one morning, entering the store, said, abruptly:

"Well, Johnson, what are you going to be and do in this world?"

The boy turned away and burst into tears. He saw that he had touched a tender point, and left the subject to be renewed again in an evening stroll, in which young Johnson opened up his heart, and was encouraged to go to Cazenovia Seminary in the Spring, and prepare for college.

From that night with Dr. Wentworth, his aspirations took a decided direction. If they had slumbered before, they were now thoroughly roused, and his chief aim became universal excellence and usefulness. Then began the life-long struggle between the accomplishment of his higher aims and limited means. Then the mental and moral sinew, born of sunny hills and Winter storm and a prayerful childhood, began to show its grip. He went to Cazenovia Seminary, where President Allen, of Girard, was then teacher, who says that Johnson made in his department (the classical) the strides of a giant, leaving his fellows far in the rear. His young mind, used to the running eloquence of the circuit preacher, recognized the same fire in the sententious numbers of the intellectual Romans; and, in the sunny idyls of the Greeks, he wandered at home through the haunts of his boyhood. He inherited the gentleness and dignity characteristic of his mother, which, as he entered spheres of refinement, became that genuine polish for which he was always remarkable. He therefore scrupulously kept the spirit, and observed the rules, of good breeding, of which he was the accomplished master. All culture he sought of manner, mind,



and spirit; but he forgot his health, and made such drafts upon his strength to accomplish his work, as undoubtedly shortened his life and crippled his usefulness.

From Cazenovia he went to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, where he was not only a pupil, but a friend of Dr. Fisk. The fruits of that friendship abounded to all things just, lovely, and true, and filled his subsequent life with hallowed remembrances of his college days. In 1839, he was graduated, and the same year was licensed to preach, and elected to the Chair of Languages at St. Charles College, Missouri. Remaining there three years, he was called to the same chair in Augusta College, Kentucky, and, two years after, was elected Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in the Ohio Wesleyan University, just then established. Here he remained, loved and honored by his colleagues, until 1850, when he was called to Dickinson College, to fill the Chair of Belles-lettres and English literature, vacated by Dr. Allen for the Presidency of Girard. In 1860, he became President of this college, which position he held till the close of his life, April 5, 1868.

Having chosen the part of an educator, he threw all his forces into the field. He magnified his office, and was successful in its ministrations. To elevate men was the leading force of his mind, and schemes to this end were a large part of his meditations and the theme of frequent conversations with his intimate friends.

We do not think such minds are our most practical ones. It is because they will not, can not, be worldly wise. Dr. Johnson, however, was a workman "to sure issues." He seldom preached without leading some weary inquirer to a certain foothold on the rock. To develop the truth, to give men what they need—that overruled all other considerations when he preached. The hard-handed son of toil listened as though a brother only spoke, and it was manna to his soul. The cultured man listened, and to him it was the offering of life in a chalice

of more than classic beauty. The beauty, simplicity, and strength of perfect culture and the single eye made him always effective for the heavenly message.

Connected with the Ohio Wesleyan University in the dark and laborious years of its early struggles, he made himself felt as a sagacious, far-seeing counselor, on whom his colleagues relied. Professor Williams says, "To no other man do we owe more the ultimate success of our university. He it was who was first to suggest, and influential to secure, the adoption of a cheap scholarship system, which at once greatly increased our endowment, and enlarged our patronage."

But it was in Dickinson College, his final field of labor, that we find his practical abilities most severely tested. Of his career here, his colleague, Professor Hillman, writes: "He bore a high reputation for culture and learning. Dignified, but kind, he was ready to bestow a favor when a favor was needed—thus binding the students to him by ties of grateful remembrance. Polite, but firm, he easily commanded discipline. In the studies he taught, he, not the text-book, was the master-teacher. Versatile, scholarly, of a ready wit and fluent speech, few could more aptly point a moral, more readily pass a sarcasm, more pertinently generalize the drift of history, or more tersely epitomize the teachings of a school of philosophy."

After his election to the presidency of the College, the anxieties, cares, travels, and toils he underwent in helping to secure an endowment, made heavy inroads on a physical constitution never strong, and failing health demanded rest and recreation. Yet embarrassed personal finances, arising in part from small salary, not paid in full, owing to the deficiency in the College income, allowed him no rest and small time for recreation. He worked when he should have rested, traveled when he should have staid at home, till his failing health broke suddenly down. He died in the midst of his work. Yet he seemed determined

not to die. He had met his classes on Saturday, and, referring to his recent illness, said to them: "I have been wrestling with the giants and have thrown them, and to-day I can meet with you." The next morning he died.

"Of the long line of Dickinson's illustrious presidents," continues Professor Hillman, "no one deserves more kindly sympathy or deeper respect than he for the manly virtue he exhibited when he stood to the duties of his position, amid difficulties and discouragements that would have compelled most men to abandon duty and resign position. Those who stood by him, and with him, during the trying years of the past, can now, looking from the vantage ground of better condition, best appreciate his sacrificing toil and earnest efforts, that so largely helped to bring the college into the condition from which it is now advancing to a still brighter future. More than once, on returning home from absence on college business, or finishing up some difficult and discouraging financial matter, looking on his unfinished schemes of literary work, that might have brought him comfort and fame, he could not restrain the tears."

In 1843, he married Mrs. Lucena (Clarke) Miller, of Florida, who, with six children, still survives him—one bright boy of twelve years having preceded him to the spirit land.

The remembrance of the years he spent in Western colleges to those who were much in his well-ordered and hospitable home, ere the dark and toilsome days of the presidency came, is full of precious and pleasant things. "A Summer there," said a friend, "is equal to one abroad"—so much had he gathered into himself the wealth of all climes and times, and so unobtrusively did he diffuse it around him. Of music he was fond, and touched the keys of his piano with peculiar power and sweetness. The organ he preferred, which he accompanied with his voice in the richest and divinest songs. Often in the depth of the night the writer has heard him thus soothing

his weary nerves, pouring out his soul in those grand old hymns long dear to the Church of God.

He used to remark the fact that the early Christians brought none of the emblems of grief about their dead, but rather those of triumph and rejoicing. This he thought appropriate to the Christian faith. It was therefore fitting that on Palm Sunday he should put on immortality. Returning from Conference, the storm-shaken college out of the breakers, looking out for the first time on peaceful years, the faithful pilot resumed, with good heart, his work. On Wednesday, ascending from dinner, he suddenly said, "I am going." He was attacked with cardialgia, and during several hours of intense suffering, death was imminent. On reviving, he assured his physician of his readiness to depart and be with Christ. Being better, he resumed his duties; but Saturday night was again severely attacked. With relief, however, and in the morning, after partaking of some slight refreshment, he lay down, saying, "Now I will rest." His wife hearing a groan was instantly by him. A flush passed over his face, followed by mortal pallor, and he was gone. Just as the college-bell was ringing for morning service, he joined the concourse of noble souls of all ages and climes, entered upon diviner services and richer entertainments, and held again to his heart the beloved boy for whom he could not cease to grieve.

Dr. Johnson was about medium height, slenderly but firmly built. His movements were direct and effective; his firm, positive footstep, easily recognized by a friend. His features were of the Roman type, of mingled strength and delicacy, and wore the marks of a deep, sensitive, and unflinching nature. In conversation, the play of expression over his intellectual face was most pleasing and interesting, and he was always a genial and profitable companion. He was, in fine, a polished gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and a sincere Christian.

H. CALISTA M'CABE.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

IN Schiller's beautiful and famous "Song of the Bell," he has given so delightful and touching a description of the bliss and sanctity of true and faithful domestic life, that he has thereby left upon his nation an impression largely calculated to increase their love of home and the family, and to induce the conviction, among the better classes at least, that a young girl has nothing to look forward to but the career of wife and mother, or the alternative of old-maidenhood. He laid down the axiom that woman must be the queen or the toiler at home, while man must go out and fight the battle of life, must strive and dig and delve, must plant and reap that he may bring the harvest to his fireside for the needs and the comfort of his wife and children. Now, this is a very beautiful theory, and does all credit to the head and heart of the great German poet; but the toiling masses of the female portion of his nation find that stern necessity is driving them out also into hostile life, and they are every-where appealing for a field in which they may successfully toil, with the aim of gaining an honorable livelihood.

We have already alluded in these pages to a recent lecture in Berlin, by a noted philanthropist of the day, on the means whereby woman may secure an independent existence. It handled the matter with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth of the case, and was exceedingly frank, if not at times caustic, in its treatment of many of the reasons why women are not as successful as men in the art of gaining a livelihood. The result was an overwhelming shower of letters to the author, coming from the daughters of clergymen, teachers, civil officers, artists, and physicians, who feel the need of doing something for their own support, and also from widows and wives, who are compelled

to labor to secure comfort or decency for a growing family. Many of these letters were watered with bitter tears, and prove that the home is no longer the exclusive sphere of women, many of whom are forced to enter the battle of life and fight it out even in opposition to men. The publication of many of these letters, on the part of the recipient, has had the good effect to fire the public heart, so that the stream of benevolence is likely to flow more freely in this direction hereafter. "Women's Unions" have been established in greater numbers, and other kinds of associations have been formed with the view of securing to the female sex larger resources in the line of remunerative occupation. And in addition to these efforts, the State has greatly increased its activity in this regard. About a year and a half ago, one of the railroads entering Berlin appointed four women to a position in the ticket-office department, whose business it was to make a careful revision of the tickets returned to the conductors by the passengers, and compare them with the issues of the ticket-selling department. This innovation was so successful that the Minister of Commerce, in March of last year, ordered the general employment of women for this business on the Prussian State roads, where suitable persons could be found, which resulted in the engagement of nearly one hundred. This induced the department of State Telegraphy to consider the matter, and finally to employ about two hundred and fifty female telegraphists, with an annual salary of three hundred dollars. In the central station in Berlin, about thirty women are thus employed at present, the most of whom received their training in the Victoria Institute or the Lette Association, both established for this and kindred purposes.

This prepared the way for another step in advance, which was the appointment of a lady to the position of post agent in the central office in Berlin; and this move is now being extended to various parts of Prussia, while the example is acting on the neighboring states. In Austria, some thirty places in the Postal Department are filled by women. And then, again, the example of the well-known Emily Faithfull, in opening a training-office in London for the instruction of female compositors, has also extended to Berlin. The above-named Lette Association has added a Typographical Institute to its group of schools, whose object is to fit young women to earn their own livelihood.

One excellent result to be obtained by the movement above alluded to, will be the relief of the literary and teaching career into which the young women of respectable and cultured families have felt themselves forced to enter. A surprising number of women, in Germany in particular, devote themselves to the occupation of so-called "*belles-lettres* writing" for the popular press; and, it must be confessed, afflict the world with a mass of frivolous nonsense from their own brains, or from French translations of puerile or smutty trash. Nearly every steamer that leaves German shores bears among its passengers young girls seeking places as governesses in England, America, various parts of Asia, and even Australia. On the Continent the German girls find competitors and rivals among the French and the Swiss; and even in Germany the French girls are largely employed for the purpose of early initiating the children of aristocratic birth into the art of speaking the idiom of polished and diplomatic circles. The Germans, however, are beginning to be better appreciated at home, on account of their superior early training, and the demands on the part of the State that they undergo a strict examination, and receive a certificate of capacity. As a class, we should much prefer them as teachers, except of the French language, which they seldom attain with accuracy and finish.

It has been fashionable for many years to depict in tale, poem, and romance the sorrows and sufferings of these cultured daughters of poverty, and doubtless in this way many an "o'er-true tale" has been told.

But one of the first female writers of Germany—the highly gifted Meta Wellmer—who knows well both the shady and the sunny side of these experiences, asserts that in general they are not so bad as represented. She is somewhat inclined to complain of the young ladies themselves, and reads them a lecture in this wise: "By far the greatest number of complaints that are made by governesses arise from their wounded self-esteem, their offended vanity, or humbled pride; and the so-called sorrows of their calling, namely, the insults which they suffer, are too often the natural consequences of the want of tact in their demeanor and bearing in the families where they are employed." But it must be acknowledged that their occupation is a difficult one in their relations to the mother, the brothers, and sisters of the younger pupils, and even to the better class of servants of the house, whose social origin may be as good as theirs—to say nothing of many other temptations and dangers to which they are exposed. But the most difficult problem of their lives, and that of female teachers in general, has, until quite lately, been entirely disregarded: it is that of their future prospects, at a period when they have become unable to labor, for many of them never marry, and few can lay up enough to secure a comfortable retirement when they cease to be useful. Or if they can earn more than they need to keep up appearances in dress, to be respectable and acceptable in the families where they live, it is often exhausted in the support of sick or feeble parents, and very often, in the case of the German girls, in the aid of brothers while pursuing their studies at the university. Many of them, in this way, approach old age without a ray of hope except the cold charity of the world, and their lot is a sad one indeed. To aid such worthy women to a meagre support in their old age, a project is now being agitated to establish a "General Pension Fund" for the aid of destitute female teachers. The principal of a well-known seminary for training girls to become teachers has issued a thrilling call to the women of the land to aid him in establishing this fund, by making generous contributions to start and support it. He proposes making it a permanent foundation under careful government, and



solicits suggestions from noble women in all parts of the father-land, as to the best means of effecting the worthy object. A favorite resort of the Germans on such occasions is a wholesale lottery—taking the place of our “fairs”—and many of these will doubtless be instituted in this interest. And again, the teachers themselves have established a “Pension Association,” under the patronage of the Crown-princess of Prussia. To this they pay, during their effective years, a small annual fee, which secures to them their pension when the sere and yellow leaf becomes theirs; so that, in future, we hope to hear less of the sorrows of poor governesses after their work is done.

RATHER a strange romance has been recently issued in Belgium from the pen of a noted novelist, bearing on its title this queer device, “Feminine Bites.” It turns out to be an interesting addition to the literature of the woman question, in which the male author personates the injured and exasperated woman, and details her griefs to the world. He ignores the base question of mere externals for support, and casts his line into the depths of woman’s heart to bring up new material for microscopic examination. We need hardly say that by this odd procedure he brings strange things to light, and not a few which are the creations of his own crazy phantasy. In defense of woman he finds consolation in the fact that for the last decade she has been inclined to throw off the strait-jacket that has so long and so unjustly restrained her, and is now entering in the realm of free investigation along with her male competitor. She has thus taken the first step; she now thinks, compares, reflects, combines; she has thus made discoveries from which issue truths that enable her to weigh the assertions of all kinds of despots.

The result of this process is, that the woman here represented thinks freely—a little too freely, we should say—and so often oversteps the bounds of propriety in her assertions as to alienate the sympathies of most of her readers. If we imagine a woman who has loved and suffered, and been abandoned by her natural protector at the age of thirty-six, we can well conceive how bitter may be her thoughts, painful her reflections,

and biting her assertions. These “feminine bites” have, therefore, a great deal that is cruelly sharp and cutting, and mainly unjust; but occasionally this mass of invective contains some such caustic verities that we think it worth while to pick out a few of the pearls from the heap of shells. The most telling chapter is that on the all-absorbing theme of “Love.” It begins by the assertion, “When we are bad, men despise us; when we are good, they neglect us.” Soon after, we read, “Men are strange beings; they demand that we love them for themselves, but they make wry faces if they need to marry us without a dowry.” And again, “A marriage of convenience may be legitimate according to the law, but it can never be so according to the heart and the conscience. Honorable love is a support and a comfort; caprice is a moral dissolvant.” The following sentence is a cutting “bite:” “In theory men demand that we possess all the virtues; but in practice they would make us corrupt: the morality of men consists in mouths filled with the axioms of wisdom, whilst the conscience is filled with disgrace.” As a counterpart to this we are told, “That a proof that women comprehend the silliness of men is found in the fact that, in order to delude them, women resort to means which they themselves detest; namely, false hair, paint, and resources of every kind. They mean thereby that this is good enough for them, and show that they think that molasses will catch more flies than vinegar.” There is also a chapter devoted to “Misanthrophy,” from which we extract the following reflection: “When I see at a party a young girl crowned with roses, I think involuntarily of the victims of ancient sacrifices, which were crowned before being led to the altar.” But a truce to these “bites,” and a reflection on them. Though some may be strikingly true, they are, on the whole, the fruit of illusions, if not delusions; the caustic woman sees only the dark side of sentiments and ideas. And even these she sees through a microscope, in which the guilt of men toward women—bad enough in truth—here swells to frightful proportions. The expressions of the woman are stinging rather than grasping, and her “bites” are more irritating than wounding or convincing. We allude to them more to point a moral

than otherwise. They are a bitter protest against the falsity and show of modern European society, of which these "marriages of convenience" are the bane. We have ourselves seen young girls bartered off in this way by parents, with no apparent regard to

the wishes of daughters, and they seemed indeed like victims crowned for the sacrifice. If the result of free investigation on the part of women shall be to turn attention to this abuse of society, these "feminine bites" may do some good.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

DURING the month of February, Miss Smiley spoke to crowded audiences in Cincinnati, varying her usual Bible-lessons with a sermon to women upon the three questions: "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" A leading daily pays her the following just tribute: "The thorough scholarship, the delicate shades of interpretation, the choice felicity of expression, the sprightliness and often genial humor of her anecdote, the deep yet subdued earnestness; in short, the spiritual refinement which pervades every one of her services, are elements of a power which is being felt not only in this community, but among the representative Christian people of this country."

—The late Gerrit Smith obtained the names of single women in indigent circumstances in his own county, and distributed among them ten thousand dollars, in sums of five hundred dollars apiece. He also set a worthy example to his peers in bequeathing to his wife one-half of his estate, instead of allowing the generous laws of the land to permit her the use of one-third during the remainder of her life.

—Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch must feel vastly obliged to the Congress of the United States for authorizing her husband to accept the princely gift of the Khedive. We had supposed that the lady was the one whom the king delighted to honor; but we confess to have forgotten that a relic of barbarism still remains in our land of equal rights, in the form of copies of the old English statutes. Should Colonel Fitch die, he would probably bequeath the jewels to his wife, as was done in the case of a well-known New

England authoress, whose husband, in dying, magnanimously willed her the house in which they lived; a house that had been purchased with the product of her busy pen.

— "She puts every thing on her back," has been asserted of woman so long, and has been so generally believed to be true, that it is delightful to record a few recent instances where wealth in the hands of feminine possessors has been worthily applied to objects of benevolence, Church extension, etc. Fifty thousand dollars has been given by Miss Wolfe for twenty scholarships in Union College; twenty thousand for the support of the poor, by Ann Colliston, of Schenectady, New York; four thousand by Mrs. Hodgman, of Ft. Edward, New York, for the Methodist Episcopal Church at Port Henry; twelve thousand dollars, by Mrs. Crozier, for the endowment of a Baptist Home; twenty thousand dollars to found a Seamen's Hospital, by a Newport lady; fifty thousand dollars to the Book Concern and Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, by a Baltimore woman; eight thousand dollars by two women to a Church enterprise in the Illinois Conference; twenty-five thousand dollars to Baptist Missions, by Mrs. Rathbone, of Albany; twenty thousand dollars to Unitarian Associations and Churches, five thousand each to a Female Orphan Asylum, Boston, and to the Old Ladies' Home, at Taunton, Massachusetts, by Mrs. King, of Taunton, besides ten thousand dollars to Antioch College. At Brookdale, New Jersey, a lady, from the savings of her handiwork, gives to a new Methodist Episcopal Church fifteen hundred dollars; Mrs. Holt, of Andover, presents five hun-



dred dollars to the Congregational Church; Miss Marston, of New Hampshire, among other bequests, leaves a legacy to aged and indigent ministers; Mrs. Cook, of Iowa, gives forty thousand dollars to Davenport Trinity Church; Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, leaves it optional with her patients to pay bills to her estate, bequeaths four thousand dollars for the poor, for sick-nurses, for a Homoeopathic Hospital, and for the purchase of text-books for New England women students, and an income to be expended for flannel and coal for widows and unmarried women; Mrs. Ann White Vose leaves three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars to the public institutions of Boston; while a much injured woman of New York, out of a large estate, bequeaths to her husband one dollar and her forgiveness. If to forgive is divine, who shall say that this last has not done more than they all?

—Mrs. M. A. Johnson, editress of the *Agitator*, a temperance paper in Jeffersonville, Indiana, was sued for libel by one Fisher, for calling his whisky-shop a murder-mill. She proved her statement true; and the jury were not out but a few minutes when they returned with a verdict of acquittal.

—Mr. H. F. Durant has spent one million dollars on building, near Natick, Massachusetts, a college exclusively for the female sex. "Every officer and teacher in the building, from the president and professors downward, is to be a woman." We notice, however, that every member of the Board of Trustees is a masculine D. D.

—Mr. Timothy M. Allyn, of Hartford, Connecticut, has offered to give one hundred thousand dollars to the city for the establishment of an industrial school for the free instruction of boys and girls in the business occupations of life. He suggests that girls should be taught the practical duties of the household, become familiar with the chemistry of the kitchen, and learn any occupation within the measure of their strength or adapted to their tastes.

—Superiority in deportment among the female children in the public-schools of New York is hereafter to be promoted by the giving of silver medals; a fund of a

thousand dollars having been bequeathed by Mr. J. Kelley to the Board of Education, to be invested for that purpose.

—The first temperance convention of Christian women in New Jersey, recently held, was a success. It adopted a plan for State and county organizations, and elected a board of officers.

—At the Rhinebeck (New York) District Conference, Miss Greenwood, of Brooklyn, delivered an address on "Woman's Work: Her relation to Temperance."

—During a fierce Winter storm, a lady of Buffalo, aided by members of the Young Men's Christian Association, served all the drivers and conductors of street-cars with hot coffee every time they passed the junction of Main and Niagara Streets.

—The publishing committee charged by the Cleveland Convention with the responsibility of establishing a paper as the organ of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, have decided to issue an eight-page paper, in size eleven by fifteen inches, called to be published monthly, at fifty cents per annum, post-paid.

—Mrs. H. C. McCabe, President of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio, in a circular to the Temperance Leagues of Ohio, says: "The State Executive Committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at their last meeting, assessed each county ten dollars to meet expenses of our work."

—The Chicago Temperance Alliance proposes, as its first task, to persuade the employers of Chicago to change their weekly pay-day from Saturday to Monday. "With thousands of men, the difference between an idle day with money in their pocket, and an idle day without it, is the difference between a beastly, drunken spree, and a happy frolic with the children."

—The Praying Women's Temperance Union of Worcester furnishes the firemen of that city with hot coffee at every fire, the aim being to forestall the demand for intoxicating beverages.

—Mrs. Motley, wife of J. Lothrop Motley, the American historian, is dead. She was a sister of the late Park Benjamin, and a lady of fine culture.

## ART NOTES.

## THE PAINTER COROT.

THE recent death of Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, the eminent French landscape painter, at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, reminds us that the members of the old school of French art are fast disappearing. Corot's training for the exercise of his chosen art was most thorough and conscientious. He early studied with Michallon, next with Victor Bertin, and then spent a number of years in Italy, in the presence of the *chefs d'œuvre* of her capitals. From the first, there was in his pictures a weird, poetic beauty that attracted the admiration of the skillful and thoughtful; but it was long before he became a popular favorite. His best paintings had the appearance of sketches; and while this seeming laxity and imperfection often provoked the most scorching criticism, Corot always defended this style with the answer: "Ah, who shall paint all that nature is?" Corot excelled as a student of nature. With her he held his sweetest communings. The country in open air—whether pleasant or stormy—was his delight. To study her ever-shifting beauties, to catch the delicate revealings of a landscape, to mark the wonderful harmonies in the midst of infinite variety,—these were his supreme delight. It is from this, perhaps, to a great degree, that came that charming simplicity that was noted by all who came into his presence. While the thoughtless and uninitiated may condemn his "sketchy" painting, the experienced know that this is the character that is most difficult to reach. To have a work full of grand suggestions, to have it abound in invitations and winning drawings toward deeper inquiries, is a thousand-fold more helpful than the painful elaboration of every minutest point, and a complete revelation to the casual observer. While Corot will not hereafter rank among the very greatest of French artists, his works are already greatly sought, and in the future will be more and more admired.

—Strange fancies seize the would-be donors to our public institutions, and they often accompany their bequests with such impos-

sible conditions that they can not be accepted. Such we notice was the case with Philip Lenoir, proprietor of the celebrated Café Fay, Paris. He bequeathed to the Louvre a large collection of art objects, among which were over two hundred snuff-boxes of all conceivable patterns—many of most exquisite workmanship and great value. The condition of the gift was the placing of an equestrian statue of the donor in the hall where his collection should be exhibited. The Art Commission declined the gift on this condition; but since the death of Lenoir, his widow has made over the collection to the Louvre untrammelled by any conditions.

—Year by year this immense gallery of the Louvre receives its accessions of valuable works. Recently, a gallery of new Flemish and French works has been added, and forty paintings of artists who have been dead ten years have been removed from the palace of the Luxembourg to the Louvre.

—The Old World is celebrated for its Campo Santos and Halls of Glory. To few spots is the intelligent, thoughtful traveler drawn more strongly than to the Campo Santo of Pisa, or the Ruben Halle of Munich. Many are aware that it was the favorite plan of the famous painter, Cornelius, to do for Berlin what the earlier artists did for Pisa, and his cartoons for the Campo Santo, in connection with the Berlin cathedral, were among the grandest productions of his pencil. But then Prussia was too poor to carry out the design of her greatest artist, and his darling hopes were crushed. Recently, a partial attempt to realize this idea has been made in the construction of the new City Hall of the Prussian capital. The interior is decorated with many mural paintings, illustrating the Prussian and German history, while the exterior is to be adorned with statues of the most celebrated men in her modern history. A commission has just been given to the Italian sculptor, Calandrelli, to execute, or cause to be executed, forty-four statues and busts. Among the names thus commemorated, are Fichte and Hegel; the sculptors Rauch and Schadow;



the painter Cornelius, and the architects Schluter and Schinkel; Mendelssohn, Alexander and William Humboldt, and Jacob and William Grimm; the philologist Bœckh, and the theologian Schleiermacher; the machinist Borsig, the warrior Marshal von Wrangel, the oculist Von Graefe, and the journalist Spener. Thus does this hall at the same time become a place for business, a means of art education, a monument of the most famous German citizens, and an inspiration to the rising mind of the German capital. Is not all this a suggestion to the builders of city halls in America?

—It is with deep regret that we notice the financial embarrassment of the famous Spanish railroad-king Salamanca. The deranged condition of Spanish affairs has wrought ruin in railroad stocks, and Salamanca finds himself reduced from an immense capitalist to the verge of bankruptcy. What chiefly interests us in this connection is the offering for sale his most valuable gallery of paintings and sculpture. With fine taste, an unusual knowledge of art in its principles and history, and unbounded wealth, he had succeeded in making one of the finest private collections in Spain. Among his collection are some of the finest paintings from some of the noble houses of Spain that were ruined by the Napoleonic wars—works that had been carefully handed down from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Specially rich is this gallery said to be in the works of all the prominent schools of painting of the sixteenth century. Thus will be scattered to the four corners of the globe this beautiful and valuable collection; but in the midst of our regret for the stern necessity that compels it, we cherish hope that the seed may fall on good soil and bear a rich harvest for future years.

—A correspondent of the *New York Times* has revived the suspicions of a lack of originality on the part of American sculptors in Italy. He asserts that in an obscure Italian town he was surprised to see, appended to the sign over a native sculptor's door, a statement that this was the studio of one who was the author of a well-known statue upon which a distinguished American had placed his name. On inquiring the meaning of this curious advertisement, the Italian said that he had

been employed to reproduce in marble what the American had designed in rough. He assured the visitor that this practice was very common, and did not appear to think it reprehensible, the only ground of complaint being that the Americans failed to mention them as co-laborers. If this is true—and there seems no good reason to doubt the veracity of either the correspondent or his informant—there is something truly pitiable in this practice. We can readily see how the strong temptations to supply the demands of America for art works may induce a sculptor to work hard, and sometimes to slight his work; but to palm off the handicraft of some obscure Italian workman for his own is certainly little in accord with our ideas of strict justice and truth. It is plain that such a sculptor as was Powers, or as Story, or Rogers, might spend his powers entirely or chiefly in modeling, and employ his workmen to apply well-known rules and modes of reproducing in marble his original models. This is done on a very large scale in the studio of any sculptor of note. But that any American should attempt to palm off for his own another's invention and handicraft, without any acknowledgment whatever, is too contemptible to be mentioned in connection with the real artist. That it has been done by those who aspire to the honors and emoluments of American artists seems, alas! no longer doubted.

—An interesting discovery has recently been made in the archives of the city of Rome. It is an inventory of the property and personal effects of Michael Angelo at the time of his death, duly signed and sealed by the governor of Rome. The inventory includes notes made upon many statues, sketches, and cartoons, and important facts relating to the family and life of the great artist, some of which are now for the first time made known. The Italian Government has ordered the publication of the inventory.

—The Scotch are prompt in publicly acknowledging the great services of Dr. Livingstone, in the erection of a monument to his memory in Glasgow. About \$8,500 was estimated as needed to carry out the plan, and this has been all raised, although single subscriptions were limited to \$25.

—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* is responsible for saying that the artists of Boston have been *basking in the sunshine of prosperity* during the past Winter; a happy condition certainly for a Winter so terribly severe! He says: "Men as well as women who have any thing like ability, earn from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year; and while it takes a painter or sculptor twenty years to make a reputation in the Old World, one sees here mere boys and girls of twenty established in their studios and making plenty of money." We imagine this writer has not been behind the curtain to see how many meagre, cold lunches some of these artists are obliged to content themselves with, while they wear a smile.

—Thomas Nast has recently achieved no greater triumph in his specialty than in the *Harper's Weekly* of February 20, 1875, in the cartoon, "Garibaldi at Rome—Time works Wonders." Amid all the broken shafts among which Garibaldi's noble form appears, nothing is more significant than the one—the most broken one—that the hero studies, on which is inscribed, "The Pope's Temporal Power," and the chair lying under the crushing weight of an enormous column, "Sovereign Pontiff's Throne." This is genuine caricature.

—The recent exhibition of Water-Color Art in New York has revealed a rapidly growing attention to this style of painting. Results are now attained that a few years since would have been judged impossible. The exhibition contained five hundred and eighty-nine works, representing the English, French, Italian, Spanish, and American schools. Since these exhibitions are gotten up very largely as preparatory to effect sales, it is gratifying to buyers to know that prices asked are very much more reasonable than before. This is the case both with native and foreign artists. Certainly this is an indication of good; since many very cultured people, with fine æsthetic natures, have hitherto been debarred from gratifying their tastes by the excessively high prices of good pictures. If the business of the artist is not wholly nor chiefly commercial, then should he be content with fairly remunerative prices for his work. This is the surest means of multiplying the demand for works of art

throughout the community, and thus in turn be a stimulus to art industry. This year's exhibition is judged fully up to any previously given. While some of the most eminent names among our American water-colorists were not represented, many new and almost unknown artists had good work to show the public. So far it is gratifying, since it evinces an increasing love for art and widely growing circle of earnest workers.

—H. K. Browne, the sculptor, has received the order for an equestrian statue of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame, but has declined to commence work until an appropriation shall have been made for a suitable pedestal.

—Jones, an artist formerly of Cincinnati, has received the order to execute the bust of Chief-Justice Chase for the Supreme Court-room, he being selected by the daughter, Mrs. Sprague.

—Mayor Brown, of St. Louis, has been compelled to decline the equestrian statue of General Jackson, duplicate of the one standing opposite the White House at Washington. Mrs. Clark, wife of the well-known sculptor who executed the statue, offered it for \$10,000; but the mayor is compelled to say that he can not recommend its purchase by a city whose streets are in such horrible condition as those of St. Louis.

—A correspondent of the New York *Times* makes the happy suggestion of a plan by which to dispose of the funds now in the hands of the "Artists' Chicago Relief Fund." It is generally known that at the time of the Chicago fire, French artists contributed paintings whose sale realized about \$30,000. This has remained in the hands of the committee, since it was not needed by the parties for whose relief it was intended. The committee has been at a loss to expend this in accordance with the wishes of the original contributors. The *Times* correspondent suggests that the committee should commission one of the most prominent French sculptors to execute in bronze a statue of that loved friend of our country, the statesman-soldier, Lafayette. This must certainly be equally agreeable to the feelings of the citizens of Chicago and the French contributors.



## CURRENT HISTORY.

TSÆTIN, son of Prince Chun, was proclaimed Emperor of China, February 5th.

— During a revolt of Chinese prisoners in jail at Singapore, February 14th, sixty-seven persons, including sixteen wardens, were killed and injured before order was restored.

— The first train was run through the Hoosac tunnel, February 9th. It was composed of three gravel cars and a box-car filled with one hundred passengers. The passage was made in thirty-five minutes. The first work of this great undertaking was performed in 1852. The charter, however, was given four years previous to the commencement of work. The distance tunneled is twenty-five thousand and thirty-one feet. The cost has been upward of \$10,000,000, and one hundred and forty-five lives.

— The summary of movements in Spain is briefly as follows: Carlists were defeated at Oteiza, February 3d; General Loma captured the Carlist leader, General Agana; the Pope addressed a letter to Don Carlos expressing sympathy, but advising him to reconsider his determination to continue the war, as the dignity of the Catholic Church has been vindicated by the rights of the clergy recognized by Alfonso.—4th, General Moriones entered Noain with 20,000 men; the Alfonsists captured Puente La Reyna at the point of the bayonet; the village was fired by shell and destroyed; the young King was under fire for the first time in his life; General Loma, after five hours' hard fighting at Cestona, defeated the Carlists and captured a number of cannon.—9th, The Alfonsists suffered a severe defeat near Estella, with heavy losses in killed and wounded and in artillery. The Alfonsists are checked for the present in the north, and remain in their forts. The Carlist chieftain, Mendiri, was arrested for treason, and shot by order of Don Carlos.—26th, Several battalions of Carlists attacked Bilbao in a vigorous manner. After a desperate bombardment they made an assault on forts Puente, Nueva, and Arbolaucha, which were taken and retaken three times. The fighting was desperate on

both sides, and the Carlists were finally repulsed. The Alfonsists lost one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The Alfonsists subsequently attacked the Carlists in their intrenchments, and were in turn repulsed, with a loss of two hundred killed and wounded. The month of February records no events that indicate a termination at an early day of this terrible and prolonged civil war. Alfonso resolutely asserts his claims to the throne, while Don Carlos pronounces him a usurper.

— March 3d, The Kellogg government of Louisiana was again recognized by Congress. On the same date Colorado was made a State.

— A gentleman, whose name is unknown, has made a gift of £10,000 for the promotion of university education among the working-classes of Nottingham, England.

— It is stated that the Earl of Derby has accepted from Spain, as indemnity for the *Virginus* outrage on the British subjects, £500 for each white and £300 for each black man murdered. The amount of indemnity falling due to America is \$84,000.

— The United States Congress, on the 27th of February, passed the long-pending Civil Rights Bill. It secures to all citizens equal rights in houses of entertainment, public conveyances, and places of amusement, without regard to color. As originally introduced by Charles Sumner, it extended the same provisions to the schools, churches, and cemeteries.

— At a public meeting in Glasgow, it has been resolved to form an industrial mission settlement at the south end of Lake Nyassa, Africa, in connection with the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, as a memorial to Livingstone. It was stated that it is proposed to raise £10,000 in the first instance, and £6,000 was subscribed at the meeting. The station is to be placed under the charge of Mr. E. D. Young, R. N., who commanded the Livingstone Search Expedition.

— The total strength of the volunteer forces of Great Britain was at the end of last year 236,683 men.

— The museum of the Luxembourg, Paris, has been reopened with forty new pictures, replacing those removed to the Louvre.

— Titian's "Danae" has been sold to the Emperor of Russia for \$126,000. The last owner was Prince Buoncompagni, of Boulogne, for one of whose ancestors it was painted.

— Mr. Thomas Carlyle has declined the offer of the Grand Cross of the Bath, made to him on the recommendation of Mr. Disraeli. It is stated that Mr. Alfred Tennyson has also declined the offer of a baronetcy.

— Mr. George Smith has discovered, among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum, the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. The discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the Deluge, made known last year by the same gentleman.

— The first reports relative to outrages practiced on Christians in Turkey prove to be very much exaggerated. A house which was American property was forcibly entered, but investigation shows it to have been occupied by Turkish subjects.

— The following has been furnished by the Smithsonian Institute: Professor Forster, of Berlin, announces the discovery of a planet of the twelfth magnitude, in nine hours fifty-six minutes right ascension, thirteen degrees forty-eight minutes declination north, with motion north one degree daily.

— \$200,000 have been appropriated by the Japanese Government for expenditures in connection with the Philadelphia Centennial; and for expenses of commissioners to examine industries and report, \$100,000; for purchase of Japanese articles, \$80,000; for transportation, \$20,000.

— On the night of February 11th, a fire broke out at Port au Prince, Hayti, in which two-thirds of the city was burned, involving a loss of over \$2,000,000, and rendering six or seven hundred families homeless. The fire originated from a barrel of kerosene, and, owing to the dryness of the wood houses, spread with irresistible force.

— The exports and imports of France, in 1874, amounted to over \$1,500,000,000, largely exceeding any former year.

— Double eagles to the amount of \$860,000 were turned out on a single day recently at the San Francisco mint. This is said to be the largest day's work ever performed by any mint in the United States.

— A fleet of British men-of-war have bombarded and captured Fort Mozambique, on the island of Mombaz, off the East Coast of Africa; sixteen of the garrison were killed and fifty wounded. Two slave-ships were captured, with three hundred slaves on board.

— Darfur, which is announced by cable to have been annexed by Egypt, is a country of Africa, east of Nubia, in between five and sixteen degrees north latitude, and from forty to forty-six degrees east longitude. It is little known, but is said to be fertile. Its population, consisting of Arabs and negroes, is estimated to be about 200,000.

— A telegraph congress is to be held in St. Petersburg, in Russia, this Summer, in which all countries are to be represented. The London papers say that the cable companies propose to take an active part, and, among other things, to urge the adoption of a rule that dispatches shall uniformly be rated by the number of letters, not by the words.

— South Australian newspapers record the success of Mr. John Forrest in crossing from the western coast of Australia to the Overland Telegraph, through the very heart of the only extensive region in Australia which remains unexplored. He and his companions traveled nearly two thousand miles, keeping close to the twenty-sixth parallel of south latitude.

— The Free Church of Italy has held a General Assembly at Turin. Thirty Churches were represented by forty deputies. During the past year, owing to a lack of means, three of the nine evangelists usually employed were dismissed. Four evangelists were ordained as ministers of the Church, and resolutions were passed in favor of observance of the Sabbath, increased attention to Sunday-school work, and expressing hope for a revival throughout Italy.



## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

MEANING OF QUARANTINE.—If a hundred persons were asked the meaning of the word "quarantine," it is likely that ninety-nine thereof would answer: "O, it is something connected with shipping, the plague, and yellow fever." Few are aware that it simply signifies "a period of forty days." The word, though common enough at one time, is now only known to us through the acts for preventing the introduction of foreign diseases, directing that persons coming from infected places must remain forty days on shipboard before being permitted to land.

The old military and monastic writers frequently used the word to denote this space of time. In a truce between Henry I, of England, and Robert, Earl of Flanders, one of the articles was to the following effect; "If Earl Robert should depart from the treaty, and the parties can not be reconciled to the King in three quarantines, each of the hostages shall pay the sum of one hundred marks."

From a very early period the founders of our legal polity in England, when they had occasion to limit a short period of time for a particular purpose, evinced a marked predilection for the quarantine. Thus, by the laws of Ethelbert, the limitation for the payment of a fine for the slaying of a man at an open grave was fixed at forty nights—the Saxons reckoning by nights instead of days. There can be no doubt that this precise term is deduced from the period of Lent, which is in itself a commemoration of Christ's forty days' fast in the wilderness.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S ORTHOGRAPHY. — The fathers of the American Revolution do not appear, in all cases, to have been very correct in their orthography. The following letter, written by General Israel Putnam, is a curiosity in this respect:

"*Dear Madame*—I have to inform you that I left old Colonel Wadsworth at Miss House's, at Philadelphia, on larst Wednesday. He had been quite unwell, but was on the mending hand, and hops soon to recover, as he had been taking fiskek. He is going to Voriginne, so you Won't have the Plesur

of seeing him soon. As for nues we have non but whot I roat Dannel, and that is partly gesswork. Pleas to give my most respectful compliments to all the Ladys of your hous, and master Dannel, not forgetting the young gentleman that took up his Loge at your hous while I was thare, and all Inquiring frinds. I am, dear madam, with the greatest respect, your most obedient, humble servant,  
ISRAEL PUTNAM."

ANCIENT LIQUOR LAWS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Some of the old laws for the regulation of taverns are rather curious. The following, enacted July 11, 1677, by the "Great and General Court," held at Plymouth, Mass., will serve as a specimen:

"It is ordered by the Court and the authorities thereof that none shall presume to deliver any wine, strong liquors, or cyder to any person or persons whoe they may suspect will abuse the same; or to any boyes, gerles, or single persons, tho pretending to come in the name of any sicke person, without a note under the hand of some sober person in whose name they come; on paine of five shillings for every such transgression—the one halfe to the county and the other halfe to the enformer."

Drunkenness was punished by various penalties, which will seem amusing to us, though doubtless considered otherwise by those who incurred them. Here are a few specimens:

"Sergeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk."

"Daniel Clark, found to be an immoderate drinker, fined forty shillings."

"John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks."

A man who had often been punished for being drunk, was now "ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year."

Such entries may be found scattered through the old Court Records, and occasionally reprimands or dismissals for drunkenness may be found on the Church records.

Quite a trade sprung up between the American colonies and France and the West Indies—the colonies exporting fish, pipe

staves, clap-boards, and receiving in return wines, rum, and various other articles. Rev. Increase Mather, in a sermon preached at Boston in 1686, thus deploras the introduction and use of rum:

"It is a common thing that later years a kind of strong drink called rum has been common amongst us, which the poorer sort of people, both in town and country, can make themselves drunk with. These that are poor, and wicked too, can for a penny or two pence make themselves drunk. I wish to the Lord some remedy may be thought of, for the prevention of this evil."

Nearly two hundred years have flown by since the worthy Mather uttered this wish, and as yet no remedy has appeared, unless the "praying bands" which have become so popular prove a sufficient power.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LONGEVITY. — Comparing the longevity of people in earlier and in later periods of the world, as shown by their life-tables, we find another proof of the increase of human life with the progress of time.

According to the tables of Ulpian, and the faith and practice of the Roman courts from the third to the sixth century, the average length of life granted to and enjoyed by all persons under twenty years of age was thirty years; that is, a thousand, taken as they are usually found, of all ages under twenty—infants, children, and youth—if observed until the last one died—were ascertained to have lived a total sum of thirty thousand years, or an average, for each one, of thirty years after the time of the observation.

Mr. Finlaison's calculations, based on the records of the lives of the annuitants of the British debt connected with the tontine of 1790, show that the average longevity of these people of England was fifty years from and after all ages under twenty.

According to Ulpian's tables, the average life of twenty-eight years was added to those who had already lived from twenty to twenty-five years. Mr. Finlaison showed that this additional boon was forty-one years and seventy days for the modern Englishman of the same age. In the next quinquennial period—twenty-five to thirty years old—the expectation of life was twenty-five years for

those who lived in Rome in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, and thirty-eight years and fifty-four days for the man who lived in Great Britain in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Take another and later period of life—fifty to fifty-five years of age. The Roman had a reasonable expectation of living thirteen years longer, and the Briton had twenty-two years and two months added to his earthly existence.

The comparison of the ancient Roman with the modern English extension of life from all other ages shows a similar improvement with the progress of the world.

The Roman tables were calculated from observation of the more favored classes, the rich, the cultivated; but the great mass of the people, mechanics, workmen, the slaves, and the poor, who have a shorter life, were not included.

At the present time, among all the people of England, including the poor as well as the favored classes, the expectation of life at the age from birth to twenty, is, for males over forty (45.74) years, and for females forty-six (46.45) years; and at the age from twenty to twenty-five, it is thirty-eight years for males, and about thirty-nine (38.98) years for females.

In the United States, according to the calculations of Mr. L. W. Meech, of the Census Office, for all classes of males and for all parts of the country, this expectation is, from birth to twenty, forty-seven years, and from twenty to twenty-five it is thirty-nine years and five-eighths.

Here was an increase of longevity, from the beginning of the third century to the end of the eighteenth, of fifty per cent among the more favored classes; and, sixty years later, the life of all classes in England and the United States was fifty per cent longer than that of the best among the Romans of the earlier day.

MEDICAL PROVERB.—The common proverb, "Feed a cold and starve a fever," has, when taken in a literal sense, led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, "If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever." In fact, a cold is the forerunner of a fever, and prevention is worth more than cure.



## SCIENTIFIC.

**PERMANENT ICE IN A MINE.**—Mr. R. Weiser, of Georgetown, Colorado, states that geologists have been much perplexed to account for the presence of frozen rocks found in some of our silver mines in Clear Creek County, Colorado. There is a silver mine high up on Mount M'Clellan, called the Stevens Mine. The altitude of this mine is twelve thousand five hundred feet. At the depth of sixty to two hundred feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall-rocks, is found to be in a solid frozen mass. M'Clellan Mountain is one of the highest eastern spurs of the Snowy Range. It has the form of a horseshoe, in the southwestern bed of which the Stevens mine is situated. A tunnel is driven into the mountain on the lode, where the rock is almost perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurs until a distance of some eighty or ninety feet is reached. Then the frozen territory begins, and is continued for over two hundred feet. There are no indications of a thaw Summer or Winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and solid as the rock. The miners find the only way to get out the ore—for it is an exceptionally rich lode—is to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and thus thaw the frozen material, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the mode of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over two hundred feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost which seems rather to be increasing.

**AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE BUNSEN BURNER FOR SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.**—In a late paper, read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. F. Kingdon, of Owens College, speaks of an improvement in the Bunsen Burner, which he has found very effective in obtaining the spectra of some salts, which could not be obtained by the ordinary burner. The improvement consists in broadening the flame of the Bunsen; that is, causing the gas to issue through

a narrow slit instead of a round hole. Thus far, Mr. Kingdon has made only a rough experiment, the slit being about seven inches long and one-eighth inch wide; but the results were most satisfactory.

**INSECTS AS FOOD.**—It is a fact not very widely known that, among the various benefits conferred upon the world by the presence therein of insects, not the least is the fact that they are used and enjoyed as articles of food. Bees of course furnish honey; but many of them are themselves eaten in a grub state in various countries, where bee-bread is not considered unworthy food. Locusts, again, form food for various races, not only of man, but of beasts, birds, and reptiles. There is an article of diet among the Australian natives termed the "Bugong moth," and dragon-flies are also used by the same people. In Europe, the wood-ant is used in the manufacture of vinegar, and in the South of France is transformed into a certain sort of cream, called *creme aux fourmis*. Mosquitoes are prepared as a sort of cake, called *kungo*, among the inhabitants of Nyassa Lake; and the gru-gru grub, of the West Indies, is considered by those who have tasted it (it is eaten alive!) a most delicious morsel. And not less curious than this is the egg of an insect which inhabits the fresh waters of Mexico, and which is made into cakes, under the name of *haourte*.

**CAMPHOR AS A STIMULANT FOR GERMINATION.**—A Berlin professor recently found an ancient record of a discovery that water saturated with camphor had a wonderful influence on the germination of seeds. Different experiments proved to him that camphor stimulates vegetables as alcohol does animals. He planted seeds three or four years old, and with little vitality, between sheets of blotting-paper, some moistened with water, others with camphor solution. The former would not swell at all, while those subjected to the camphor solution all germinated. Plants as well as seeds, stimulated with camphor, increase with a vigor and vivacity much beyond those not so treated.

**ENHYDROS OR WATER STONES.**—In the recently published part of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria will be found a description of a peculiar mineral formation, popularly called "water stones," but known scientifically as *Enhydros*. They are hard, like topaz; some are of a dark, brownish yellow color, and nearly opaque, others are colorless and transparent. They are generally hollow, and inclose a liquid with a movable bubble, like the air-bubble in a spirit-level. The liquid inclosed is a weak saline solution, consisting of water with a small proportion of the chlorides and sulphates of sodium, magnesium, and calcium.

**CHLORINE FATAL TO VEGETATION.**—In a certain square in London, trees have twice been planted, but have in both instances died. An examination of the clear watery solution, distilled from the soil, proved that there was one-tenth per cent of common salt and two-tenths per cent of nitrate in the soil. Whenever the amount of chlorine in soil reaches any thing like an appreciable quantity, it exercises an injurious influence. Land inundated by the sea will not grow wheat for two years; cabbages may be grown the first year, though they will draw a considerable proportion of salt from the soil.

**BALLOONING SPIDERS.**—In a paper read before the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Linccum describes in a most interesting manner the marvelous art of the gossamer spider in the construction and manipulation of her aeronautical ship. In Texas, according to the author, December is the month for these ballooning spiders to emigrate. When they intend to make an ascension, they fix themselves on some extreme point of the branch of a tree or weed or corn-tassel, then carefully spin out a lock of white gossamer, five or six inches long and two inches wide in the middle, tapering toward the ends, holding it all the time in the gentle breeze by a thread two or three inches long, which, being attached to the end of the selected point, detains the balloon until it is finished. They then spin out at the bow two lines, thirty or forty feet in length, and another twenty or thirty feet at the stern, then cut the cable, and sail away on an inclined plane. There are a mother and half a dozen or more young spiders aboard every balloon, and thus the

species is scattered over most districts. These tiny aeronauts choose for starting on their journey a clear day with the wind gently from the south. At about one P. M., they may be seen sailing with the wind. Toward four P. M., the spectator will observe that the balloons are beginning to descend. When the streamers strike some tall weed or grass, the air-ships are made fast, and the passengers instantly leap out, spinning out a thread as they fall, and thus landing in safety.

**THE CAUSE OF "COLD SNAPS."**—In a paper read before the American Academy of Science, Professor Loomis offered a new theory to account for sudden falls of temperature, or "cold snaps," as they are called. The usual mode of accounting for these is by supposing that a current of cold air sets in from the north. A laborious investigation of the subject has led Professor Loomis to the conclusion that these low temperatures, which occur at irregular intervals in every month, and particularly during the Winter, are due mainly to the descent of cold air in the neighborhood; and that this descent of air results from the outward movement, which generally takes place from the center of an area of high barometer. The theory is fully sustained by observations. As for the opposite theory, if the cold comes to us from the north, "whence does it come," asks Professor Loomis, "to these colder known points on the earth's surface?" In Summer, during a thunder-storm, the temperature often falls ten degrees in a few minutes; but observations show that there was no air-current from the north. These sudden gusts of cold must descend from the higher atmospheric regions.

**GREAT TREES OF AUSTRALIA.**—The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, California, which have yet been found reach only four hundred and fifty-six feet, the average height being from three hundred to four hundred feet. Recent explorations show that the great Australian trees exceed in height, though not in circumference, the giants of California. A fallen tree in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, was measured not long since, and found to be 420 feet long; another, on the Black Spur, ten miles from Halesville, measured 480 feet.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## MAY.

O MERRY May comes but once in the year,  
 And now, with her hands full of gifts, she is here.  
 Here, bringing bluest and brightest of skies,  
 With bobolinks, bees, and gay butterflies.  
 Laughing and gentle, and tender and sweet,  
 Flowers springing every-where under her feet;  
 Wheat in the furrow, and bloom in the tree,  
 Promise of harvest so full and so free.  
 Woodland all music, and meadow all bliss,  
 What can one dream of fairer than this?  
 Bird-songs the sweetest from morning till night;  
 Long, long are the days, and golden the light.  
 Nests all a-building in tree-top and eaves,  
 How cheerful the chirping among the young leaves!  
 Some laying the mortar, some bringing the straw,  
 To fashion the homestead without a flaw.  
 Every-where violets; and fair, O fair,  
 Are the garments of gold that the cowslips wear!  
 How fragrant the branches of birches that meet  
 O'er the hillside haunts of the May-flower sweet!  
 Brook-side and hedge-row, hollow and hill,  
 Park, pasture, meadow, wherever you will,  
 New leaves all growing and whispering together,  
 And dancing for joy of the mild May weather.  
 Ah! the earth all beauty, the air all bliss,  
 What can you ask for better than this?

## SLOW BUT SURE.

A BROWN bee was busy hunting honey.  
 She was just diving into the depths of a red  
 clover blossom, when a gay humming-bird  
 came flashing by. Poising himself an instant  
 in the air, he condescended to salute  
 the bee thus:

"Halloo! my friend, what are you doing  
 there?"

"Gathering honey," answered the bee,  
 modestly.

"Ha! ha!" sneered the humming-bird,  
 "How slow and clumsy you are! I do believe  
 I could take a sip at every flower in the  
 field before you have done with that one  
 little clover-head. How you ever get any  
 honey at this rate is more than I can see."

"Slow, but sure," replied the bee, quietly.  
 "I'm not fast at flying, 't is true, and I find  
 very little time to be idle; but if you would  
 see whether I can gather honey, come next  
 Winter, when the flowers are gone, and see  
 my store."

With that, having added the last grain to  
 her load, the homely bee flew slowly off toward  
 her hive, while the bright humming-

bird, his rainbow colors glancing in the  
 sunshine, darted away across the flowery  
 field saying to himself:

"Next Winter, indeed! No; let those  
 who will, live for the Winter; but while  
 Summer lasts I will be glad and take my  
 ease, and the Winter may take care of itself."

## CONTENTMENT.

IT does n't make so much difference where  
 you are, as what you are. There is no place  
 so barren of interest or so lonely where you  
 may not learn and enjoy, if you will, and  
 where you may not be kind and useful and  
 content. You need not wait till you get  
 into a crowd, or among strangers, to be kind  
 and gentle and thoughtful of others' needs  
 and comfort. Be so now, where you are,  
 though there be perhaps but one, two, or  
 three to care about it, or be made happier  
 by your unselfish behavior.

Neither need you go to Europe, to Saratoga,  
 Newport, or Long Branch to have a  
 "good time." Have one now, and here.  
 Make the most of every day as it comes.  
 That is the secret of a "good time." Take  
 whatever the day brings and be glad with  
 it, not thinking in the mean time much about  
 the morrow, and what that is likely to have  
 in store for you. A great many pleasures  
 are spoiled by comparing them with those  
 we are expecting in some better time, or  
 with those we wish we might have. Take  
 what is. That is yours to enjoy. See to it  
 that you do not miss the good that is in it,  
 if it be nothing more than a walk in an  
 open field with the blossoming grass beneath  
 you, and the blue sky of May above you;  
 if a ride in sight of hills or mountains, or  
 beside a river, fringed with birches and willows;  
 or, it may be, a stroll to the woods  
 where ferns and flowers are growing; to-day  
 some chapters out of a pleasant book; to-morrow  
 the visit of a friend, or a kindly deed done  
 to one who needs it; now a little journey on  
 a railway train to a town full of sights and  
 sounds, new to you; sometimes a picnic; again,  
 a croquet or tea party; a sight of a storm  
 sweeping over the city; or,

better yet, from hill to hill across a green valley; the getting of a kindly letter from a friend; a visit to a picture-gallery; or, when it rains, a long, cozy day in-doors—time for reading, sewing, talking, thinking—a quiet home-time, the best of all. These are not much, it may be; yes, they are a good deal. But I know girls who can never, even for a day, be content with such simple pleasures; but are always wishing, wishing, wishing for something they can not have—for fine clothes, for gay society, for evening parties, a Summer at Saratoga, a trip to Europe, always something new.

"I wish I could go to a party to-night!" How often I hear her say it; a bright but discontented girl—like so many others. "I'm so tired of staying at home, and wearing my every-day clothes!" How many girls would rather wear a pretty party dress, and be admired in it, than, by kind deeds and gentle manners, to make the joy and light of home! "Life is so tiresome!" I heard the other day from the lips of a lovely young girl, the indulged pet of a charming household, with a delightful home, many friends, and many and varied enjoyments. She has many lovable qualities of character, but she is never content. How many of the young readers of the REPOSITORY are like her, never satisfied with simple pleasures, wishing always some new enjoyment? Ever seeking, but never finding; for happiness never yet came at our call, but, strangely enough, comes, if she comes at all, just when we are least expecting her, and, indeed, thinking nothing at all about her.

#### A NOTABLE TREE.

You all know about the old dispute as to which tree is the most useful. But the question is still undecided, and must remain so, being answered differently when country, people, and climate are taken into the account. But, surely, in any enumeration of the most useful trees, the cocoa-palm must be named among the first. In spite of the date, oil, wine, sugar, and sago palm, it is doubtless the most useful of all the palm growths, of which there are two hundred and five known varieties. The cocoa-palm furnishes to large tracts of country, in warm latitudes, bread, wood, household utensils, oil, thread, ropes,

brushes, wine, and sugar. It is a protection and shelter to men and beasts. It is what our venerable village shade-trees, our flax, cotton, hemp, richly bearing apple-trees, and the turner's workshop, are, all in one.

The genuine cocoa-nut palm, which is found sometimes more than eighty feet high, does not grow to be more than three feet in diameter, but it has leaves longer than many a room in our dwelling-houses, and six-parted, not at all showy, blossoms, which grow in clusters. Some groups of palms in Asia furnish sustenance for whole families. Often twenty or thirty nuts hang in a cluster, and ripe fruits are found on the tree the whole year through. No wonder that the cocoa-nut palm is planted wherever it will thrive. The milk in the nut is a cooling and healthful drink, the kernel is a nutritious food. Out of the cocoa-oil, gotten by cooking the kernel, are made different kinds of salve, soap, and oil. Out of the shells are fashioned cups, bowls, drinking-vessels, buttons, spoons, and many other articles. The leaves give coverings, mats, baskets; the fibers of the husk furnish cords, brushes, beds; the clusters of young leafage are also cooked and eaten, and from them, sugar, too, is obtained. And what more can one ask for from a single tree?

LITTLE buds, little buds, toss your heads,  
Toss your heads, little truculent buds!  
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your beds,  
And welcome the sunshine in floods!  
How softly uncloses  
Each innocent daisy!  
Now roses, now roses!  
You must not be lazy.  
The beautiful sunshine  
Is shining for you;  
Unfurl your bright petals,  
And laugh at the dew.  
Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;  
Pour your golden enchantment on all;  
We spring into life for the worship of you—  
Be ready to answer our call.  
No whimsical hiding,  
No clouds fling before you;  
'Tis you we take pride in,  
'Tis we must adore you!  
What creatures would scatter  
Their beauty and grace  
For a king who refuses  
A glimpse of his face?

Diving, and finding no pearls in the sea;  
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee.  
The moon is a silver pin-head vast  
That holds the heaven's tent-hangings fast.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

FELLOWSHIPS in the Royal Geographical Society, judging from the commonness of the title F. R. G. S., must be as cheap in England as D. D.'s are in America. A man has only to voyage over an ocean or two, visit a continent or two, and write a book or two, apparently, to secure the honor, and such attention as the printing of the cabalistic letters can secure, from his title-worshipping fellows. A book borrows no intrinsic value from the honors of its author. If poor, titles won't save it; if good, it will both make its own way and add luster to the name and titles of the writer. J. Thomson, F. R. G. S., of Brixton, England, is an author worth perusing. His *Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China*, embraces "ten years' travel and adventure," and spreads over nearly half the coast-line of the Asiatic continent, at once the largest, and in many respects, the most interesting on the superficies of the globe. To a lively, gossiping, and picture-sketching style, the author added practical photography, and, from his bulky portfolio the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, reproduce twenty-five full-page engravings and over forty illustrations of the text, besides maps and plans. To us personally, the perusal of the work (and we read it all—something an editor can and need say of but few books that come to his table in days when books are more plentiful than knowledge or new ideas) was a gratifying review of scenes and localities in Southern India and China that photographed themselves on our memory twenty years ago. There are frequent points that betray the transient traveler, and distinguish him from the well-informed resident, and especially from the scholar who masters the language and gets at the inner ideas and customs of those Eastern lands. It might be due to ignorance of the language, and might be a blunder of proof-readers, that every-where converts the Chinese Fung-shui to Feng-shui, and Yamen to Yamen; or that changes the name of our old friend, the well-known author of "Social Life in China," from Justus Doolittle to Mr. Justice Doolittle. But these are trifling faults. The author makes the most of his

material, and, traveler-like, dresses up his incidents, new and old, in their holiday suits, and gives some well-worn stories a local habitation and a name, and so makes sure of the reader's interest therein. We seldom come across five hundred more readable pages. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE days of caste, especially where the blood is three-fourths Caucasian and only one-fourth African, and that fourth a doubtful amalgam, seem to be pretty nearly numbered in this Republic of ours. Still, old prejudices die hard and will not be thoroughly extinct until this generation, and perhaps another, have passed from the stage of action. Meanwhile, slavery, the war, and caste will continue to be an unfailing mine of material for story-builders for a long time to come. On this foundation and out of this material is built the story *Toinette*, by Henry Churton, which we strongly suspect is only a *nom-de-plume* to hide an author who tries hard to leave readers in doubt whether his pen is Northern or Southern, but who, while evidently thoroughly acquainted with the South by residence and intimate observation, nevertheless smacks strongly of the Yankee and Boston. The characters and incidents of the story are drawn from the transition period between the old *regime* and the new, that is destined, from the profound interest in its social and political questions, its great actors, the romance of its existence, and the tragedy of its issues, to furnish matter for the epics of a century. Noble men are represented as struggling to follow the higher instincts of nature, and struggling, often in vain, to free themselves from social and legal shackles. The high-blooded and high-toned young Carolinians, and the almost white brunettes to whom they are naturally wedded while they can not be legally on account of race-barriers, are of course highly idealized, and probably have few counterparts in real life. What practically is and what sentimentally should be are separated by a wide gap in the realms of reality. The author deals

largely in monologue rather than dialogue. In ghostly terrors he might be the peer of Wilkie Collins; but he has a habit of preparing his readers for surprises, and of forewarning them that something terrible is coming. His best scene is the duel between the "pore white" woman and almost white slave mistress who played spook and deftly stilettoed, right and left, the objects of her lover's hate. His liveliest description is that of the Boston Jubilee. The great object of a book is to do good. We hope this one has its mission. (J. B. Ford & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

REV. W. S. URMY seeks to popularize science in *The King of Day*, a volume in dialogue form, on the size, constituents, beams, spots, warming, heating, curative agencies, picture-power, and motions of the SUN, with illustrations. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

CHILD-KIDNAPING is fearful business and yet extensively practiced, not merely by gypsies, but in Christian lands. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, stimulated by the sad Charlie-Ross case no doubt, has made this style of crime a State-prison offense, and added a heavy pecuniary fine. A common form of kidnaping and slavery is that recently brought to light—the carrying away of little Italian boys and girls, and compelling them to sing and play in the streets of our large cities for cruel masters who beat and starve and maltreat them in various ways. A nice picture of the way in which this is done is presented in the story of *Lucien Guglieri*, by Mary B. Lee. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

CIRCUIT-RIDING, as it used to be called, or itinerating, is a style of life sufficiently prolific in incident and romance to be made, more frequently than it is, the theme of absorbing story. Mrs. E. E. Boyd pictures, in cheery style, two evolutions of the "great iron wheel," in the case of a new-married couple, whose first charge was with a well-to-do and appreciative people, with a well-furnished parsonage and desirable perquisites; the next (as happens in practice about every other time in an itinerant's history) not so desirable a place, where a half-fur-

nished parsonage set the wits of the occupants at work and taught them lessons in ingenuity and economy. We are only afraid that *Life on the Circuit* may set the wives of all itinerants to scribbling for the papers in the hope of eking out a husband's salary. Better starve on a missionary appropriation. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

THE miseries of the poor and orphaned in our great cities are prolific themes for pens that have the power of tragedy-painting. *Froggy's Little Brother*, a story of low London life, showing the possibilities of wretchedness and poverty in the world's richest metropolis. It is a sad picture, broad, dense, unrelieved shadows, and few lights, evidently designed to arouse the sympathies and draft the benevolence of the wealthy in behalf of the destitute and wretched. (Robt. Carter & Brothers, New York.)

TEACHERS and superintendents in our Sunday-schools, who are engaged in the study of the International Series of lessons, will find in *Expository Notes on the Book of Joshua*, by Dr. Howard Crosby, a neat, compact, and well-digested comment on that venerable book. The latest results of Biblical criticism are tersely expressed, and the notes are not cumbered with long and labored criticisms, which, while they have an immense show of learning, amount to nothing more than nonsense. It is printed in good style, by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FICTION.—In the line of fiction we have received *Estelle, a novel*, by Mrs. Annie Edwards—said to be the best effort of her pen. (Sheldon & Co., New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.) *In the Camargue*, by Emily Bowles, a picturesque story of life in the southern part of France. (Loring, Boston, is publisher. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

PAMPHLETS.—Report of the Ohio Institution for the education of the *Deaf and Dumb*; Report of the Ohio Institution for the education of the *Blind*; Catalogue of *M<sup>c</sup>Kendree College*; Catalogue of *Bunker Hill Academy*; Report of *Freedmen's Aid Society*, Methodist Episcopal Church; Register of St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ICONOCLASM. The word "Iconoclasm" means idol-smashing. The iconoclast is an idol-smasher. The celebrated Chinese rebel, Tai-Ping Wong, was a ruthless temple-destroyer and idol-smasher. Idolaters are numerous, iconoclasts are few. The worship of great names, that which Carlyle calls "hero-worship," is one of the commonest forms of idolatry. Lord Bacon classified the worshiped philosophical systems as "idols of the den," "idols of the forum," "idols of the theater," and so on. For two centuries, Bacon himself has been worshiped as the originator, or, at least, the formulator, of the inductive system of philosophy; but here comes the American Draper, smashing the idol of many an eloquent college commencement oration with the cruel dictum: "It is time that the sacred name of philosophy should be severed from its long connection with that of one who was a pretender in science, a time-serving politician, an insidious lawyer, a corrupt judge, a treacherous friend, a bad man."

For half a century the Churches have sung Bishop Heber's pretty hymn:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!"

And now comes an iconoclastic Scotch divine, of the city of Glasgow, and tells us that there is no shady rill there, and no lilies in the neighborhood. So that Heber's lines are a topographical and botanical falsehood, besides containing, like his popular missionary hymn, questionable quantity in the pronunciation of a proper name.

The whole world rings with the name of Morse, as the inventor of the system of magnetic telegraphy, and New York erects, in Central Park, a bronze statue to his memory; but a recent writer tells us that the new machine was Alfred Vail's, and not Morse's at all.

At a recent visit to our sanctum, a friend threw on our table a history of the "so-called Christopher Columbus," a volume which goes systematically at work to set aside and destroy all the existing histories and traditions of the great Genoese naviga-

tor. In his Preface, the author, with all the world on one side, and himself in a minority of one on the other, "a single champion against a host of opponents," sets forth a twofold object: the first, to reduce Columbus to his true position in history; the other, to protest against the greed of modern times, in arrogating to itself all the greatness of all the ages, and claiming the honor of inventing and discovering sciences and arts which had been carried to a high pitch of perfection before the so-called history of the world began. The first part of his book is devoted to this examination; the second, to the claims made by, and for, Columbus. Historians and geographers tell us that Columbus was a "native of Genoa;" this author tells us that thirteen towns have each in turn been designated as his birthplace.

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

We have always believed him to be the son of an honest wool-comber; this author finds him descended from a race of pirates; "no mention of their being Italians; for aught we know they may have been Greek pirates." His usual birth-date is given as 1445; our author thinks it should be placed fifteen or twenty years earlier. His voyage to Iceland is regarded as mythical; that he was engaged in the Guinea slave-trade; was long addicted to piracy; that his family name was Griego; that he was past the prime of life in 1485, are really all the facts that can be gathered of him previous to that date. The portraits of the great mariner are all spurious; the celebrated letter of Toscanella is a forgery, and bogus; Columbus did not get the idea of transatlantic lands from any scientific source, but borrowed them from Alonzo Sanchez, a pilot who was driven across the ocean by storms, returned, and died at the house of Columbus, who inherited his charts and observations, and was not, therefore, the original discoverer of America; and "who culminates a long life of piracy by robbing a dead man of the glory that belonged to him." "The ruling traits of his character were hypocrisy, avarice, and selfishness."

Through two hundred pages octavo, this author pursues "the admiral of three fishing-smacks," with rather more acrimony than seems consistent with the truth of impartial history, and sums up the account with saying: "We look in vain through his life for any trait or action that would endear him to the hearts of men, for one deed that may be regarded as the impulse of a great and noble mind or generous heart; we find nothing but low cunning, arrogance, avarice, religious cant, deceit, and cruelty." How different these representations from all the notions of our early education about the great discoverer upon whom the world has lavished its laudations, and whom the Romish Church, which has honored with sainthood some of the greatest criminals in history, has lately threatened with canonization!

It would not be difficult to criticise this self-constituted critic. He thinks the "terrific storm" that overtook the returning caravels "magnified and exaggerated," but finds no difficulty in believing that Alonzo Sanchez was driven miraculously by a "most violent tempest" "twenty-eight or nine days," in seas where easterly winds very seldom blow at that gait. It appears to us that Columbus must have possessed some sort of greatness, natural powers, enthusiasm, or something of the kind, to induce the prior of the convent, the Pinzons, and the Sovereigns of Spain, to listen to so obscure a personage, or even to believe his representations, supposing him to have appeared before them with the charts of the dead pilot in his hands. Naturally enough, he stipulated to be made governor of the lands he might discover. In cruelty and perhaps in avarice, thirst for promotion and gold, he was probably no whit behind the average Spaniard of his age; and a long way this side of Columbus are the horrible barbarities of Mexico and Peru, and the blood-curdling atrocities of Cortez and Pizarro. Columbus never knew what he had discovered. He had been several years dead when Balboa crossed the isthmus of Darien, and looked out upon the Pacific Ocean. It was a quarter of a century from the trans-navigation of the Atlantic before Magellan rounded Cape Horn, traversed the broad Pacific, and circumnavigated the globe for the first time. The fact is, that the name and fame of Co-

lumbus have grown with the increasing greatness and importance of the lands he unveiled. A hundred years ago, George Washington was the rebel captain of a band of rebels. In 1861, Lincoln, "a third-rate Illinois lawyer," was made chief of a disorganized Union. Events vindicated the men, exalted their positions, and magnified their personal merits and qualities out of all proportion to their conception of themselves or the estimate of contemporaries. Mankind loves to saintify and deify its idols. Crimes and follies and imperfections are disagreeable to look upon; the crimes and faults and devilhood of particular ages are concentrated in a few monumental and typical characters—the Cains, the Ahabs, the Judases, the Catilines, the Borgias, the Benedict Arnolds, of their respective centuries. The virtues, the excellencies, the sanctity, the knowledge, the wisdom, of given periods, it loves also to concentrate in Josephs and Solomons, Platos, Colombos, and Washingtons. The romance of Irving is infinitely more agreeable, and perhaps a deal more profitable, for youth to read, with its pictures of self-sacrifice and purity, than the suggestions and proofs of insincerity, cheatery, and *Police Gazette* villainy, fished up from the cess-pools of the depravity of dead men and dead ages. Historians, like farmers and fishermen, gather and garner the good, and cast the bad away. The only question for readers to decide is, whether good romance is better than bad history. History is a queer compound. Of its actors,

"Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall."

Some great criminals have doubtless risen to the reputation of sainthood, and some characters of most exalted virtue have been humbled to the dust, who will have to wait till the day of judgment for their vindication.

"No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes; what king so strong  
Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?"

When some English nobleman was asked by a fond parent what he should give his boy to read, the reply was, "Any thing but history; that is sure to be false." Burns says,

"Some books are lies frae end to end,"

and many so-called histories are doubtless



as obnoxious to the Scotch poet's charge as this author's "so-called" histories of Christopher Columbus.

**LAW AND LAWYERS.**—The interminable scrimmagings of legal practice were admirably hit off in a clever caricature of the Beecher trial, which first appeared in the *New York Herald*, and has gone the rounds of the country, which represents the famous struggle as still in progress at the end of the century, when plaintiff and defendant, judge, jury, and counsel, were as old as Rip Van Winkle.

The examinations and cross-examinations, the fights of counsel, the time spent and the dust and fog raised to confound the judge, trap the opposite side, and bewilder the jury, put one in mind of Swift's description of "the tribe of lawyers" whom, he tells Pope, he cordially hated, "a society of men," he says, "bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid. If my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have the cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skillfully done, will certainly bespeak the favor of the bench.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. They never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow, but whether said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue."

ROME continues to receive hard knocks in the warfare of English pamphleteers, led off by Gladstone. The old damsel in scarlet rather enjoys a fight of this kind, and is sure, like any vexed or enraged feminine, to have the last word, and to come first and best out of the controversy. *Harper's Weekly*, *Nast*, and Eugene Lawrence are doing their "level best" to enlighten this country, and especially New York City, on the dangers to liberty and enlightenment from the growing ascendancy of Jesuitism, absolutism, ignorance, and servility to priestly rule, among the masses; but our people are passive, and politicians are truculent, while Rome saps the life of the Republic.

**LIVINGSTONE MEMORIAL.**—The Scotch and English are raising a fund of fifty thousand dollars to establish a mission in the neighborhood of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, in honor of the great explorer, who spent thirty years in arduous and beneficent labors, and who now sleeps in Westminster Abbey. The contemplated mission is a greater honor than sepulchre among England's kings and heroes. It is a glorious enterprise and liberal, as the Church counts liberality; but the amount should be five hundred thousand dollars instead of fifty thousand.

DELEGATES to the next General Conference are already elected by some of the annual conferences. Those chosen this Spring will have a year to study up measures of improvement and reform, and to cut out work for the ecclesiastical sewing-machine. Let the elect give twelve months' careful attention to what needs new making, and what mending, in our Church mechanism to secure its easy working and greater efficiency.

Shall presiding elders be elected by the conferences?

Shall we have a revisal of the Hymn-book?

Shall the Foreign Missionary Society be divorced from the Domestic?

Shall bishops travel at large throughout the length and breadth of the continent and both hemispheres, and come together twice a year from the four quarters of the globe to lay out their semi-annual work? or shall each have a four years' diocese assigned to him, in which he can manage conferences and

appointments, and travel and preach at his godly discretion?

A NEW ENCYCLICAL.—Pius IX is as fond of promulgating allocutions as Andy Johnson is of making political speeches. In a bull issued at Rome in February last, on the condition of the Romish Church in Germany, his Holiness reviews the operation of the German ecclesiastical laws, and declares that “these laws are null and void because they are entirely contrary to the constitution of the Church; for it is not to the great ones of the earth that the Lord has subjected the bishops of his Church, but to Peter. No temporal power, however exalted, has the right to deprive of their episcopal dignity those who have been nominated by the Holy Spirit to rule in the Church.” The Pope excommunicates all those who disobey, and visits with anathemas all who deviate from his episcopal directions.

THE MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL has become as distinguishing an institution of Cincinnati as the annual Exposition. A splendidly trained chorus of several hundred rich and fresh voices, a fine local orchestra, a powerful organ, Thomas, and his unrivaled band, big-voiced Whitney, Mrs. Smith, Miss Carey, and other renowned soloists, and seats in the broad Exposition Hall for five thousand auditors, combine to promise a season of unprecedented interest and assured success. The children of the public-schools will contribute their portion to the entertainment, which, in variety, classical selection, and finished execution, will be all that the most fastidious can desire.

OUR PORTRAIT.—Multitudes will look with pleasure upon the earnest and thoughtful face of our old friend, schoolmate, and college-associate, the late president of Dickinson. As a critical scholar, he had few equals, as a Christian minister and devoted educator, he has an enviable record. Our assistant editor, formerly a pupil of the Doctor, communicates the following:

“I recall with pleasure the many hours I spent in the class-room under the instruction of Dr. Johnson. He was emphatically a *teacher*. His explanations of our lessons were clear and satisfactory, for he had entire mastery of the subjects taught. His memory was exact, his judgment critical, and his

knowledge extensive. The whole range of literature seemed to be familiar on his tongue; and his illustrations, pertinent, apt, and conclusive, fixed the impression of the hour on the mind. Sermons and lectures from his lips—now a quarter of a century gone—I yet recollect, so that not only many of the thoughts, but the very words—*verba ipsissima magistri*—I can even now repeat. His style was sententious, often curt, exact, and pointed, but not elegant. He was too much of a metaphysician to stickle about the graces of literary composition, or the turn of an expression; yet his taste was cultured, and he had a store of refined wit that made his conversation attractive. His manner in the recitation-room was not of that unbending dignity which repelled question, nor familiarity that invited rudeness. Those who cared to learn could not help being profited by his teachings.”

REVISAL.—Bishop Haven is out in favor of revisal, foremost in this as in every thing that promises progress. His idea of adding hymn-book to hymn-book, in successive volumes, would be a good one if we had a Charles Wesley flinging off new lines by the thousand every year; but, in the absence of a living poet, and in the presence of the fact that hymns worthy of addition to the stock in hand come only occasionally, not half a dozen in ten years, we may be reconciled to infrequent revisions, perhaps once in a generation. We can't grind out new hymn-books as Sunday-school note-book publishers do their singing-manuals, without the danger of flooding the Church with the same kind of trash as a substitute for real poetry.

“VATICANISM” is the title of Mr. Gladstone's answer to “Reproofs and Replies,” the twenty or so that he thought worthy of notice out of the multitude of his irate assailants. The ex-premier deals heavy blows at his foes, and heavier still at the Papacy. “We see before us the Pope, the bishops, the priests, the people. The priests are absolute over the people, the bishops over both, the Pope over all.” Vaticanism says, “Do not appeal to reason, that is rationalism; do not appeal to Scripture, that is heresy; do not appeal to history, that is private judgment.” He warns his countrymen against “the velvet paw.”















THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1875.

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RICHARD BAXTER.

OF the two thousand Nonconforming clergy who, in the year 1662, abandoned their livings rather than perjure their consciences, none was more conspicuous for learning and piety, for zeal and suffering, than Richard Baxter. Indeed, no nobler nature sprang from that stormy age which produced a Cromwell and a Hampden, a Marvell and a Milton. But never was more heroic soul enshrined in a frailer tabernacle, or assailed by ruder gusts of fortune. His life was one long martyrdom of disease and fiery agonies of pain. His physical infirmities were aggravated by unremitting toil and study, and by cruel persecution and imprisonment. But the tree that wrestles with the storm upon the wind-swept height acquires a firmer fiber and a sturdier growth than that which nestles in the sheltered vale. So the stern Puritan nature, buffeting with the blasts of adversity, developed a strength of moral fiber, an unfaltering will, and dauntless daring, that a blander atmosphere might have enervated or destroyed. The study of that heroic life can not fail to quicken noble impulses and inspire a lofty purpose, even in an age of luxury and self-indulgence.

On the 12th of November, 1615, was born in the pleasant village of Rowton, Shropshire, the child who was to influence so largely the religious destiny of his own and of future times. His father

was a substantial yeoman, who cherished the fear of God in a period of general spiritual declension. King James's "Book of Sports" seemed almost to enforce the desecration of the Sabbath; and Baxter complained that in his youth the family "could not, on the Lord's day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs and antique dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common-prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again."

His early instructors in secular knowledge were a stage-player and an attorney's clerk, who had successively assumed the function of curate of the parish. But the religious teachings of his godly sire, and the study of the family Bible, which was all his library, save some peddlers' ballads and tracts, and a few borrowed books, were the most important elements in the formation of his character. From his sixteenth to his nineteenth year he attended the Wroxeter grammar-school, where he acquired a fluent though uncritical use of Latin, and a partial knowledge of Greek. Few glimpses of his boyhood occur, although he tells us that he was addicted to orchard-robbing,

and to the inordinate use of fruit, which he believed induced his subsequent physical infirmities. His constitution was further undermined by an attack of small-pox, which left behind symptoms of acute phthisis. Shortly after attaining his twentieth year, Baxter was induced to try his fortunes at Court. Thither he accordingly repaired, fortified with a letter to the Master of the Revels. The frivolous amusements and fashionable follies of Whitehall, however, proved distasteful to his naturally serious disposition, and within a month he returned to his quiet and studious life at Rowton. "I had quickly enough of the Court," he says, "when I saw a stage-play, instead of a sermon, on the Lord's day in the afternoon, and saw what course was there in fashion." From the seriousness of his deportment he early acquired the name of Precisian and Puritan; but though at first nettled at the sneer, he soon learned to regard as an honor an epithet which was daily heaped by the worst upon the best of men.

But mere sobriety of life could not satisfy the demands of an awakened conscience. A severe illness soon brought him to the borders of the grave. Deep convictions took hold upon his mind; his soul was shaken with fearful questionings; dark forms of unbelief assailed him—doubts of the future life, of the credibility of the Scripture, of the very existence of God. The very foundations of faith seemed to be destroyed. But he bravely wrestled with his doubts: he boldly confronted his spiritual difficulties, and he came off victorious; but not without receiving in the conflict mental scars, which he bore to his dying day. His convictions were inwrought into the fiber of his being: his faith henceforth was founded upon a rock.

At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and became the curate to a clergyman at Bridgeworth. Two years after, he was appointed to the cure of souls at Kidderminster, and entered with enthusiasm upon his parochial duties. His earnest ministrations and sedulous pasto-

ral care disturbed the spiritual apathy of the town, and soon wrought a wonderful improvement in the manners of the people. Nor was he less mindful of the ills of the body than of the maladies of the soul. For years he practiced among them the healing art, till, finding the tax upon his time too great, he secured the residence of a professional physician.

The times were full of portents. The political atmosphere was surcharged with elements which must ere long produce an explosion. In the oppressive lull, like that before a storm, could be heard the far-off mutterings of the thunder about to burst over the astonished nation. Society was to be plunged almost into chaos by the violence of the shock. The Puritans, from being a religious sect, were gradually becoming a political power. Oppression and persecution only confirmed them in their principles. They were gradually attracting to themselves the noblest spirits of the realm—those who loved God and loved liberty.

Baxter's religious sympathies were almost entirely with the Puritans; but he was loyal to his sovereign. The storm burst in his immediate neighborhood. The iconoclastic zeal of the Roundhead soldiery attacked some lingering relics of Popery in the Kidderminster church; a riot with the towns-people ensued. Baxter, as a man of peace, retired to Coventry, as a city of refuge, till the return of quiet times. "We kept to our own principles," he says; "we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament." Invited by Cromwell to become chaplain of the troops at Cambridge, he declined; but afterward visiting the Parliamentary army, he found, as he conceived, much theological error in its ranks, and accepted the chaplaincy of Whalley's regiment as affording an opportunity of converting the Anabaptists and Levelers to the orthodox faith.\* A skilled polemic,

\* Edwards, a writer of the period, in his "*Græna, or Collection of Errors*," enumerates sixteen prevailing varieties of heresy, and quotes one hundred and seventy-six erroneous passages from current theological literature.



he challenged his adversaries to a public discussion. The theological tournament took place at Amersham church in Buckinghamshire. "I took the reading-pew," says Baxter, "and Pitchford's cornet and troopers took the gallery; and I alone disputed against them from morning until almost night." He sought a nobler antagonist in the person of the General himself; but Cromwell, he complains with much bitterness, "would not dispute with me at all." But he witnessed other and direr conflicts than these; and after many a bloody skirmish, ministered to the bodily and ghostly necessities of the wounded and the dying. He was also present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester, ever striving to mitigate the horrors of war, and to promote the spirit of peace and good will.

Compelled by ill-health to leave the army, he returned to his beloved flock at Kidderminster, and gave to the world the undying legacy of his "Saint's Rest," and "Call to the Unconverted," written, he tells us, "in the midst of continual languishing and medicine . . . by a man with one foot in the grave, between the living and the dead." The one seems like a blissful anticipation of that heaven in whose very precincts he walked; the other is almost like a call from the other world, so frail was the tenure of his life when it was uttered; but echoing through the ages in many a strange land and foreign tongue,\* it has aroused multitudes from their fatal slumber, and led them to the everlasting rest.

Baxter was no sycophant of the great. He fearlessly declared, even before Cromwell, his abhorrence of the execution of the King, and of the usurpation of the Protector. Invited to preach at Court, he boldly declaimed, in the presence

of the great captain, against the sin maintaining schism for his own political ends. With a candor no less than his own, and in honorable testimony to his work, and to the value placed upon his esteem, Cromwell sought to convince him of the integrity of his purpose and justice of his acts. But the Puritan Royalist was faithful to the memory of his slain King. He left the Court, where advancement awaited him, and consecrated his wealth of learning and eloquence to the humble poor of Kidderminster; rejoicing in their simple joys, sympathizing with their homely sorrows, warning every man, and teaching every man as in the sight of God.

Baxter was strong in his sympathy with the exiled sovereign, and preached the Thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's on Monk's declaration for the King. On the Restoration, he accepted a royal chaplaincy, and, in conscientious discharge of the duties of his office, he preached a two-hours sermon of solemn admonition, ungraced by courtly phrase or compliment, before the yawning monarch. He was jealous of the interests of religion, and in a personal interview with Charles, to use the words of Neal, "honest Mr. Baxter told his majesty that the interest of the late usurpers with the people arose from the encouragement they had given religion; and he hoped the King would not undo, but rather go beyond, the good which Cromwell, or any other, had done."

Invited to present a plan of ecclesiastical reformation, he framed one on the basis of Archbishop Usher's "Reduction of Episcopacy;" but his comprehensive and moderate scheme was rejected. Notwithstanding the specious promises of the royal declaration, the perfidy of the King and Court was such that Baxter refused the offer of the miter of Hereford as an insidious bribe. He sought instead permission to return to his humble flock at Kidderminster. He asked no salary, if only he might labor among them in the Gospel; but his request was refused.

Baxter was a prominent member of

\* During Baxter's life as many as twenty thousand copies of the "Call to the Unconverted," were sold in a year—a vast number for that period. It was translated by Eliot into the Indian dialect, for the use of the American savages. It has since been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and multiplied almost beyond computation.

the celebrated Savoy Conference, in which, for fourteen weeks, twenty-one Anglican and twenty-one Presbyterian divines—twelve of the former being of episcopal or archiepiscopal dignity—attempted a reconciliation between the ecclesiastical factions. But this project was defeated by the bigoted opposition of the bishops. "Their lordships were in the saddle," says the contemporary chronicler; "so they guided the controversy their own gate." From the same authority we learn that "the most active disputant was Mr. Baxter, who had a very metaphysical head and fertile invention, and was one of the most ready men of his time for an argument; but," he adds, "too eager and tenacious of his own opinions." He gave especial offense by drawing up a "Reformed Liturgy," in the language of Scripture, which he proposed as an alternative to the venerable form consecrated by the use of a hundred years.

The prelatical party were eager to return to the livings from which they had been so long excluded. Even clergy, sequestered for public scandal, reinstated in their forfeited privileges, threw off all the restraints of their order. "Every week," says Baxter, "some were taken up drunk in the streets, and one was reported drunk in the pulpit. A flood of profligacy swept away all the barriers of virtue and morality. The King sauntered from the chambers of his mistresses to the church, even upon sacrament-days. The Court became the scene of vile intrigue. Dissolute actresses flaunted the example of vice, and made a mock of virtue in lewd plays upon the stage. The 'Book of Sports' was revived, and Sabbath desecration enjoined by authority of Parliament. To be of sober life and serious mien, was to be accounted a schismatic, a fanatic, and a rebel. Engrossed in persecuting schism, the National Church had no time to restrain vice."

The excesses of a faction of Fifth Monarchy men who, in the name of King Jesus, raised a riot in the city, gave

an occasion of prosecuting the Puritan and Presbyterian Party. In the very year of the Restoration, and almost coincident with His Sacred Majesty's Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, the dungeons of London were glutted with prisoners for conscience' sake. Among these were five hundred Quakers, besides four thousand in the country jails. For "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from church," attending conventicles, and like heinous crimes, John Bunyan languished in prison for twelve years, and bequeathed to the world its noblest uninspired volume.

The Act of Uniformity went into effect on August 24th, 1662, the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—an omen of sinister significance, inasmuch as both crimes were animated by the same spirit of religious intolerance. Two thousand "worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines," as Locke has styled them, were forcibly banished from their roof-trees and hearth-stones, and driven forth homeless and shelterless, for no offense save worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. While the courtly revelers of Whitehall were celebrating the nuptials of King Charles and the fair Catherine of Portugal, from cathedral close and prebendal-stall, from rectory and vicarage, the ejected clergy went forth like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. "This cruel Act," says Burnet, "raised a grievous cry over the nation. Many must have perished but for private collections for their subsistence. They cast themselves," continues the bishop, "on the providence of God, and the charity of friends." "Many hundreds of them," says Baxter, "with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread." Many of the ministers, being afraid to lay down their ministry after they had been ordained to it, preached to such as would hear them, in fields and private houses, till they were apprehended and cast into jail, where many of them perished. "Some lived on little more than brown bread and water," says the Conformist Plea. "One



went to plough six days, and preach on the Lord's day. Another was forced to cut tobacco for a livelihood."

The expulsion of these "learned and pious divines" was in wanton disregard of the spiritual necessities of the nation. Although many illiterate, debauched, and unworthy men were thrust into the sacred office, as the author of the "Five Groans of the Church" complains, yet many parishes long remained under a practical interdiction—the children unbaptized, the dead buried without religious rites, marriage disregarded, the churches falling into ruin, and the people relapsing into irreligion and barbarism.

One of the most illustrious of this glorious company was Richard Baxter. With broken health and wounded spirit, he was driven forth from the scene of his apostolic labors. The sobs and tears of his bereaved congregation at once intensified and soothed the pangs of parting. He espoused poverty, contumely, persecution, and insult. His home thenceforth alternated between a temporary and a precarious refuge among friends, and the ignominy and discomfort of a loathsome prison.

But he went not forth alone. Woman's love illumed that dark hour of his life, and woman's sympathy shared and alleviated his suffering. It is a romantic story, that of his courtship. He had often declared his purpose of living and dying in celibacy. His single life, he said, had much advantage, because he could more easily take his people for his children, and labor exclusively for them. There was little in his outward appearance to win a youthful maiden's fancy. Nearly fifty years of pain and suffering had furrowed his wan cheek and bowed his meagre form. His features were rather pinched and starved looking, and decked with a scanty beard. His nose was thin and prominent; his eyes were sunken and restless. Tufts of long hair escaped from beneath his close Geneva skull-cap. Broad bands and black gown complete his portrait.

Margaret Charlton was scarcely twenty

years of age, well-born, and beautiful, endowed with gifts of wit and fortune. But love is lord of all; and these two apparently diverse natures were drawn together by an irresistible attraction. The Puritan divine had been the maiden's counselor, her guide, and friend; and mutual esteem deepened into intense and undying affection. For nineteen years, in bonds and imprisonment, in suffering and sorrow, in penury and persecution, the winsome presence of the loving wife soothed the pain, inspired the hope, and cheered the heart, of the heroic husband, whose every toil and trial she nobly shared. The witlings of Whitehall did not fail to make merry and bandy jests—not specially refined—concerning these strange espousals; and some even of Baxter's friends sighed over the weakness of the venerable divine. "The king's marriage was scarce more talked of than mine," he says. But the well-nigh score of happy wedded years he passed are the best justification of this seemingly ill-matched union. There was nothing mercenary in his love, nor was it the mere impulse of passion. He renounced the wealth his wife would have brought; and stipulated for the absolute command of his time, too precious and precarious to be spent in idle dalliance.

After his ejection, Baxter preached as occasion offered in town and country. "In one London parish," he writes, "were forty thousand, and in another, St. Martin's, sixty thousand persons, with no church to go to." He felt that the vows of God were upon him, and he might not hold his peace. His heart yearned over these people as sheep having no shepherd; and in spite of prohibition and punishment, he ministered as he had opportunity to their necessities. During this period occurred the awful events of the plague and fire of London, like the judgments of the Almighty upon a perverse nation. Yet persecution raged with intense fury. A High-church pulpiteer, in a sermon before the House of Commons, told them that "the Nonconformists ought not to be tolerated, but to

be cured by vengeance." He urged them "to set fire to the fagot, to teach them by scourges or scorpions, and to open their eyes with gall."

Baxter was several times imprisoned for his public ministrations; for privately preaching to his neighbors; for having more than the statutory number at family prayer; and for similar heinous offenses. If but five persons came in where he was praying, it could be construed into a breach of the law. So weary, he writes, was he of guarding his doors against vile informers, who came to distrain his goods for preaching, that he was forced to leave his house, sell his goods, and part with his beloved books. For twelve years, he complains, the latter, which he prized most of all his possessions, were stored in a rented room at Kidderminster, eaten with worms and rats, while he was a fugitive from place to place, and now he was forced to lose them forever. But with pious resignation, he adds, "I was near the end of that work and life which needeth books, and so I easily let go all. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out."

He was once arrested in his sick-bed for coming within five miles of a corporation, contrary to the statute; and all his goods, even to the bed beneath him, were distrained on warrants to the amount of one hundred and ninety-five pounds, for preaching five sermons. As he was being dragged to prison, he was met by a physician, who made an oath before a justice that his removal was at the peril of his life, so he was allowed to return to his rifled home. On one occasion, finding him locked in his study, the officers, in order to starve him out, placed six men on guard at the door, to whom he had to surrender the next day. Had his friends not become his surety, contrary to his wish, to the amount of four hundred pounds, he must have died in prison, "as many excellent persons did about this time," naively remarks his biographer. Although he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Lord Chief-Justice Hale, of whom he wrote an interest-

ing life, yet even his influence was powerless to resist the persecutions of the Government. If he might but have the liberty, that every beggar had, of traveling from town to town, he somewhat bitterly remarked, so that he could go up to London and correct the sheets of his books in press, he would consider it a boon. "I am weary of the noise of contentious revilers," he plaintively writes, "and have often had thoughts to go into a foreign land, if I could find any where I might have a healthful air and quietness, that I might live and die in peace. When I sit in a corner and meddle with nobody, and hope that the world will forget that I am alive, court, city, and country are still filled with clamors against me; and when a preacher wants preferment, his way is to preach or write a book against the Nonconformists, and me by name."

But perhaps his most scurrilous treatment was his arraignment before the brutal Jeffreys, Lord Chief-Justice of England—the disgrace of the British bench, and the original of Bunyan's Lord Hategood—for his alleged seditious reflections on Episcopacy, in his "Paraphrase of the New Testament," written for the poor. The Latin indictment sets forth that "Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved, impious, and unquiet mind, and of a turbulent disposition and conversation, has falsely, unlawfully, unjustly, factiously, seditiously, and impiously made, composed, and written a certain false, seditious, libelous, factious, and impious book," and proceeds by garbled extracts, and false constructions, to bring it within the penalties of the law. The partisan judge, of the brazen forehead and the venomous tongue, the mere tool of tyranny, surpassed his usual vulgar insolence. He stormed and swore, he roared and snorted, and, we are told, he squeaked through his nose with uprolled eyes, in imitation of Baxter's supposed manner of praying. "When I saw," says an eye-witness, "the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought



of Paul standing before Nero." "His conduct," says Bishop Burnet, "would have amazed one in the Bashaw of Turkey." The accused asked for time to prepare his defense.

"Not a minute to save his life!" was the amiable reply; and pointing to the infamous Oates, who stood pilloried in Palace Yard, Jeffreys thundered, "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, and a hypocritical villain."

When the counsel reminded the judge of King Charles's esteem for the accused, and his offer of a miter, he shouted:

"What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? the conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog!"

"My lord," said the venerable old man, "I have been much censured by Dissenters for speaking well of bishops."

"Ha! Baxter, for bishops!" jeered the ermined buffoon; "that's a merry conceit indeed; turn to it, turn to it."

The proof being given, he exclaimed:

"Ay, that's Kidderminster bishops, rascals like yourself, factious, sniveling Presbyterians. Thou art an old knave," continued the browbeating bully, "thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing forty years ago, it had been well. I see many of your brotherhood waiting to see what will become of their mighty don; but, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, old knave? Speak up! I am not afraid of you, for all your sniveling calves," alluding to some of the spectators, who were in tears.

"Your lordship need not," replied Baxter, "I'll not hurt you. But these things will surely be understood one day; what fools one sort of Protestants are to persecute the other!" Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I am not concerned to

answer such stuff; but am ready to procure my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

After Jeffreys had passionately charged the jury, Baxter inquired:

"Does your lordship think they will pass a verdict after such a trial as that?"

"I'll warrant you, Mr. Baxter," he sneered; "do n't trouble yourself about that;" and bring in a verdict of guilty they did, without retiring from the box. He was fined five hundred marks, to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behavior for seven years; and but for the remonstrance of his fellow-judges, Jeffreys would have added the sentence of whipping at the cart's tail through the city.

"My lord, there was once a chief-justice," said Baxter, referring to his deceased friend, Sir Matthew Hale, "who would have treated me very differently."

"There's not an honest man in England but regards thee as a knave," was the brutal reply.

When Baxter was on this or some previous occasion brought before Jeffreys, "Richard," said the brutal Chief-Justice, "I see a rogue in your face."

"I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

The old man, bowed and broken with seventy years of toil and suffering, peniless, homeless, wifeless, childless, was haled to the cells of King's Bench prison, where he languished well-nigh two years, hoping no respite but that of death. But the celestial vision of the Lord he loved cheered the solitude of his lonely chamber; and sweetly falling on his inner ear, unheeding the obscene riot of the jail, sang the sevenfold chorus of cherubim and seraphim on high. Pain and sickness, bereavement and sorrow, persecution and shame, were all forgotten in the thrilling anticipation of the divine and eternal beatitude of the redeemed before the throne. The rude stone wall seemed to his waiting soul but the portals of the palace of the Great King, the house not made with hands in heaven.

"He talked," says Calamy, "about another world like one who had been there." But persecution and sickness had done their work. His feeble frame broke down beneath his accumulated trials. After his release he lingered about four years "in age and feebleness extreme," preaching as opportunity and strength permitted, till at last the weary wheels of life stood still. "In profound lowliness," writes a sympathizing biographer, "with a settled reliance on the divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering," to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The malice of his enemies sought to pursue him beyond the grave, by asserting that his last hours were darkened by doubt and despair.\* But his dying words are the best refutation of this posthumous slander. To Dr. Increase Mather, of New England, he said the day before his death, "I have pain, but I have peace; I have peace. . . . I believe, I believe." To a later inquiry of how he was, he replied, in anticipation of his speedy departure, "Almost well." His last words were, speaking of his divine Master, "O, I thank him! I thank him!" and, turning to a friend by his bedside, "The Lord teach you to die."

Thus passed away, in his seventy-seventh year, on the 8th of December, 1691, one of the noblest and bravest spirits of the seventeenth century. "In primitive times," says Bishop Wilkins, "he would have been counted a Father of the Church. He rests from his labors, but his works do follow him. Being dead, he yet speaketh. His words of wisdom can never die. In camps and court, in

his parish and in prison, in pain and sickness, in poverty and persecution, his busy pen and copious mind poured forth a flood of written eloquence—of argument, counsel, entreaty—that, still living in the printed page, is his truest and most enduring monument — *ære perennis*."

His collected works amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes, many of them ponderous folio tomes of forgotten controversy, or of superseded ecclesiastical lore. We know of no parallel instance of such intense literary activity conjoined with such a busy life, save in the kindred character of John Wesley. Baxter's "*Methodus Theologicæ Christianæ*," written, he tells us, "in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica, and many worse," and his "*Catholic Theology*," are now left to the undisturbed repose of ancient libraries—the mausolea of the labors of the mighty dead—the prey of the book-worm, insect or human. His "*Holy Commonwealth; or, Plea for Monarchy under God, the Universal Monarch*," was condemned to the flames by the University of Oxford, for the assertion of the constitutional, but, as then thought, seditious principle, that the laws of England are above the king. In a Dantean vision of hell, one of his clerical opponents represents the pious Puritan as throned in perdition, crowned with wreaths of serpents and chaplets of adders, his triumphal chariot a pulpit drawn by wolves. "Make room," exclaims the amiable critic, "scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, atheists, and politicians, for the greatest rebel on earth, and next to him that fell from heaven." The tumult of the strifes and controversies in which Baxter was engaged has passed away. Most of the principles for which he contended have long since been universally conceded. But even in the sternest polemic conflict his zeal was tempered with love. "While we wrangle here in the dark," with a tender pathos he exclaims, "we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our con-

\* Among the phrases applied to Baxter in a scurrilous Latin epitaph by the Rev. Thomas Long, prebendary of Exeter, are the following: "Reformed Jesuit, brazen heresiarch, chief of schismatics, cause of the leprosy of the Church, the sworn enemy of king and bishops, and the very bond of rebels."



troversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."

Baxter was not exempt from a touch of human infirmity and a tinge of superstition, incident to the age in which he lived—a superstition that was shared by Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne, one of the ablest judges and one of the subtlest intellects of Europe. In the remarkable witchcraft delusion of Old, and of New England, he saw unquestionable evidence of the certainty of the world of spirits, and he wrote a treatise commemorating the fact.

But it is by his "practical works" that he is best known; and these will never grow old nor lose their spell of power. As long as weary hearts and bruised consciences ache with a sense of sin and sorrow; as long as heavy-laden spirits struggle, often baffled and defeated, with the ills of earth, and yearn with an infinite longing for the repose of heaven, so long will the "Call to the Unconverted," the "Dying Thoughts," the "Saint's Rest," continue to probe the wounded spirit to the quick; to point out the inveterate disease of the soul and its unfailing antidote; to quicken to a flame of devotion the sluggish feelings of the mind. Throughout all time will the "Reformed Pastor" be a manual of ministerial conduct and duty, an inspiration and example of pastoral diligence and zeal.

The secret of this power is the intense earnestness of the man. He poured his very soul into his books. They seem written with his heart's blood. He walked continually on the very verge of the spirit world. The shadows of death fell ever broad and black across his path. All his acts were projected against the background of eternity. The awful presence of the king of terrors stood ever with lifted spear before him. Chronic and painful disease grappled ever at the springs of life. A premature old age—*præmatura senectus*, as he himself called it—accompanied him through life from his very youth. "As waves follow waves in the tempestuous sea," he writes, "so

one pain and danger follows another in this sinful, miserable flesh. I die daily, and yet remain alive." His spirit gleamed more brightly for the extreme fragility of the earthen vessel in which it was enshrined, like a lamp shining through an alabaster vase. He walked a stranger on earth, as a citizen of heaven. The evanescent shows and semblances of time were as nothing; the fadeless verities of eternity were all in all. Like a dying man, dis severed from the ephemeral interests of life, he wrote and spoke as from the borders of the grave. Each day must be redeemed as though it were the last. "I live only for work," he says. The worst consequence of his afflictions was, he considered, the loss of time which they entailed. He therefore wasted no midnight oil in minute revision, for he knew not if to-morrow's sun would permit the completion of the task he had begun. Each sermon had all the emphasis of dying words. Indeed, the last time he preached, he almost died in the pulpit. Therefore, he fearlessly administered reproof and exhortation alike before king or protector, before parliament or parishioners. He feared God, and feared only him. He had no time or disposition to cultivate the graces of style, the arts of rhetoric. He sought not to catch the applause or shun the blame of men, beyond both of which he was so soon to pass forever. Hence he poured the tumultuous current of his thought upon the page, often with impassioned and unpremeditated eloquence; often with thrilling and pathetic power; sometimes with diffuseness or monotony, but never with artificial prettiness or fanciful conceits. "I must cast water on this fire," he exclaims, "though I have not a silver vessel to carry it in. The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters. The transcript of the heart has the greatest force on the hearts of others." When the success of his labors was referred to, he meekly replied, "I am but a pen in the hand of God; and what praise is due to a pen?"

He was not insensible to the defects of

his writings, and admits that "fewer and well studied had been better." But he adds, in explanation of their character, "The knowledge of man's nothingness and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect."

Well were it for each of us who read the record of this noble life, if similar lofty principles and solemn sense of our duties and relationships inspired each thought and act, and molded our daily life and conduct. Thus only shall we be prepared for whatever may await us here and for an immortality of bliss hereafter.

H. H. WITHROW.

### THE RECORD OF A CRUSADE.

TWENTY-TWO of us had gone out from a prayer-meeting, where six hundred women were lifting up heart and voice beseeching God to save the young men of the land. We wended our way, silently, tremblingly, to the most fashionable saloon on Monumental Park in the elegant city of C.

The blue waves of Lake Erie, sparkling with sunbeams, were crowned with crests of white, as the Spring gales swept over them. Enthroned in purity, one might judge that our city needed no bands of praying women in its streets to remind the populace that weeping wives and starving children dragged out weary lives in the alleys and under neighboring hill-sides. Alas! there were twelve hundred places within municipal limits where fiery poison was dealt out in cask, bottle, or goblet; and so the women of the Churches looked sorrowfully one upon the other, and said, "Let us ask God to help us."

The little company of twenty-two went down E—— Avenue, into the great thoroughfare. Knocking timidly, they were admitted within a gilded palace, where more young men had been ruined than all the Churches of C. had been able to save.

The splendor of the furnishing, the dazzle of crystal and silver, the polish and suavity of the proprietors, all conspired to enhance our difficulties and to make the cross we were carrying almost

too heavy to be borne. Every one of the band was silently praying; two lovely Quakers, with soft, dewy eyes, leaned upon a marble counter; three stately Presbyterians and one Episcopalian bowed their heads; four or five Baptists, one with snowy hair and saint-like face, shielded their glance from the glittering array; while a Methodist stepped forward and asked permission to hold service. Then a weeping singer, a Congregational lady, commenced that wonderful hymn,

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

All joined in the refrain, and there floated up from the saloon that redemption song to the courts of heaven, and into the ears of men who had probably not heard the like since they bent low at their mother's knee in childhood. The two partners stood one on either side with solemn mien, and the bar-tender, with ashen face and falling tears, held to the walnut railing with convulsive grasp, and the billiard-balls in the immense hall in the rear ceased their clicking. An earnest woman stepped out with open Bible, and read:

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroy-



ing storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet! And the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the Summer, which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up. In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate."

Closing the book, she called upon a companion, with the gift of inspiration, to pray aloud. The band kneeled, and the power of the Highest overshadowed us as she pleaded for the souls of these men, and that they might be turned aside from their unholy traffic. All the way was clear now; no falling back, no hesitancy; and when, at the close of twenty minutes, a patient mother asked God's blessing on the house and on all those who might frequent it, we went out into the surging crowd, strong and ready.

The next day, seventeen of us prayed our way through B—— Street, one of the most populous of the city. Two of our number had that morning preceded us, and, kneeling down by the proprietor of the magnificent K—— House, one of them prayed for him with a rare eloquence; her "lips had been touched as with a live coal from off the altar." This was an afternoon of power; the faces of the band "shone, but they wist it not." Three young ladies sang extraordinary airs, and the fourth read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, to a hundred dissolute men. In one of the most noted of these saloons, we found a former professed Christian—the keeper.

"And, ladies," said he, "if you sing and pray seventeen years, it will make no difference. I shall keep on selling liquor."

In three weeks from that time he was forced to suspend. The third day, vio-

lence and riot met the footfall of the threescore women who went out armed with the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" so forty of them retired to the steps of the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and held a marvelous meeting with an audience of two thousand persons. Men with filthy clothing, unkempt hair, and bleared eyes; uncanny women with shawls over their heads, stood side by side with the polished merchant, the able advocate, and the hopeful clergyman.

The day succeeding, under an escort of a thousand citizens, sixty brave women prayed and exhorted in billiard-rooms and before bars, being led by a solitary policeman, who, seeing their meekness during the riot, signed the Temperance Pledge, and vowed to protect all Crusaders who should venture forth.

Then followed times of strange excitement; one heard in beer-gardens, on the docks, and in brothels, these and kindred words:

"For their wine is the wine of Sodom and of the fields of Gomorrah; their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter; their wine is the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken. Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The voice of God was heard above the confusion that reigned in the past. Pulpit thundred to pulpit the denunciations of the Book against the sin of intemperance. Multitudes gathered in the churches to hear eloquent men talk of the great evil which holds our beautiful city in its terrible grasp. The streets were filled with processions of Temperance Societies, mostly of the Romish Church, which favored the revival in extraordinary demonstrations of numbers of men, marshalled in line and gay with scarfs and banners.

In these days, too, God was blasphemed—sudden judgments overtook the violently profane in our streets. The avenger seemed to be in the midst, and flashings of his sword disclosed to wicked men their danger. Wholesale dealers blanched as they saw women in hundreds pouring into their strongholds; and, at night-fall, they looked apprehensively upon their palaces in the avenues, for they knew they were fashioned from the groans of the worse than widow and more than fatherless. The retailer who started in business with five dollars capital, now counted his pennies where erst he handled dimes. Those vendors not wholly given over to Satan arranged to sell out, declaring theirs to be a vile business; and among these was a conscience-smitten straying Methodist, who showed us his letter from the T— Street Church, in the capital city. Men who drank stayed more at home, and, for the first time in years, looked tenderly upon the wan faces of faithful, toiling wives, and on their little children, old before their time with want and sorrow; hundreds signed the Temperance Pledge, and some were converted, like Saul of Tarsus, who in an earlier crusade, was convicted in the midst of a riotous mob by the audible prayer of the martyr Stephen.

Out of the three thousand women leagued together to suppress intemperance in our eighteen wards, but few hundreds were engaged in street-work. The quiet conservatives impressed their carriages into service, waiting upon property-owners, laboring with them concerning the wrong of leasing houses or lands for the sale of intoxicating liquors. One gentle lady, by her potent influence with such, closed up seven of the worst saloons in U— Lane, the center of the "Five Points" of C—. Others of our number wrought among drunkards and their families, persuading to sobriety of living; and our young ladies drew off into a powerful league for the aid of children of inebriate fathers, and to discourage social drinking among the upper classes.

Wherever were great bodies of men, in hospitals, manufactories, vessels, depôts, halls in which convened brotherhoods of various Orders, all were visited, and thousands invited by woman's voice in supplication to newness of life. The might of prayer prevailed throughout the city; the tide of evil swept back as Israel's children passed by; and for a time the promised land seemed so near that we almost forgot the Red Sea and the wilderness.

One bright Spring day, a praying-band went through R— Street, one of the lowest, lined with saloons and sailor's boarding-houses. Refused admission at many doors, they passed on, patient and calm — martyr-spirits they were, "of whom the world is not worthy." One saloon-keeper relented, and sent for the ladies to come back. Entering, they saw four men playing cards, the chief of whom, with long gray hair, filthy, ragged, forlorn, blasphemed Christ at sight of his followers. The leader of the band approached him, and, with angelic sympathy, laid her hand on his shoulder, saying: "My brother, did you know Christ died for you?" Awe-struck, he ceased to blaspheme, turned deadly pale, and, during the service which followed, he observed the most profound attention. The next day in another den, the same band met him again. At the close of the prayers, he related the story of his life—a Virginian, once an editor in Cincinnati, then a colonel in the Confederate army; the victim of strong drink, he had wasted his fortune, deserted his wife and lovely daughter, whom he had not seen for years; sunk lower and lower, he despaired utterly, until now. "But, ladies," he said, "you will yet be my salvation; of this I am certain."

The next morning a gentleman called with a carriage. "Come to R— Street, to B.'s saloon, where Colonel W. was found. B. is himself relenting, and will sign the pledge."

Hastening down among the vilest, a tall, once fine-looking man, the saloon-



keeper, came to meet the visitors. He told his sad tale. The son of a Congregational minister, he had brought his father with sorrow to the grave. Remains of the pastor's library were upon an old bureau in one corner of the miserable tenement—works of Dr. Paley, of Jonathan Edwards, a Latin Lexicon and others—strange companions for such a man in such a place.

The room where they lived was almost bare; squalor and wretchedness had entire possession. A wife and three little children clung to this remnant of a man for support and protection. "Come, sign the Temperance Pledge!" An agony of repentance whitened his cheek and sent out great drops of perspiration; he hesitated. His wife pleaded:

"O, Willy, sign the pledge; let us lead new lives. I'll put my name right under yours, if you want me to."

"Shall I, Frank?"

After a few moments' reflection, he wrote out his name in a clear, beautiful hand. A short, fervent prayer went up for strength! At the noon meeting in the First Presbyterian Church, he and Colonel W. both announced their desire to reform. The latter was taken to the house of a benevolent citizen and cared for. After three days and nights of agonizing prayer, he found peace, and is now a member of E—— Avenue Congregational Church. His wife, who had vainly sought for him through nine years, came on from Richmond, and they were solemnly reunited with appropriate ceremonies. She had become self-supporting, and joyfully took to her home the wasted and worn old man, once the elegant gentleman and gallant officer.

B.'s saloon in R—— Street was the scene of a praise-meeting in those stirring times. How heartily we sung:

"We praise thee, O Lord, for the Son of thy love,  
Halleluiah. Thine the glory. Halleluiah. Amen."

This worst of slums was cleansed, the filthy whisky signs gave place to Scripture mottoes, and it became the R—— Street Chapel. Little children were gathered in for Sabbath-school, and many

drunkards there found the Gospel cure for intemperance. One of these—Thomas, a coachman—so renewed that he was scarcely recognizable, said: "Many men would turn to a better life if any body would speak a kind word to us; but we get thinking nobody cares for us, and we drink again and again."

A prize-fighter, one of the hardest description, was saved here from intemperance and crime; a burglar, also, who afterward occupied a responsible position. A score of men at least were redeemed in that former den, at meetings held there and on the neighboring dock, where Captain P. of the *R. N. Rice* improvised a platform of his boat's gangway. Service here had much of the picturesque—the steamer's floating pennons, the glaring signs of the wholesale liquor stores in the immediate vicinity, the carriages of spectators, the crowd of roughs brought face to face with refined Christian women, the blue sky reflected in the lake's clear mirror—a touch of nature caused man's depravity to seem all the more dark and dreadful. Breaking on the soft air came most fitly from the singing women,

"Depth of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?"

Some scenes transpired worthy of the days when men and women were slain for the Redeemer's cause.

On Good Friday, the anniversary of the crucifixion of our Lord, we determined to move upon the German saloons, knowing that of all the days of the year that is the one in which the heart of that people may be touched. An excellent German woman of our band, eloquent in speech and fervent in supplication, had endured much persecution from her countrymen on account of her holy boldness in daring to ask certain of them to cease their wicked traffic. Her life had been repeatedly threatened, and she had been followed in the streets by evil-minded persons manifestly bent upon murder. So, not knowing whether we should live or die, with the prayers and benedictions of a Nast and Nachtrieb,

we solemnly set forth in various directions. Stones were thrown in certain localities, but no injury sustained. The noble Mrs. C., with twenty others, stopped before a noted Jew's saloon on St. C—Street. Here they had a painting of Christ—the Ecce Homo, crowned with thorns—elevated upon a pole and draped in black, held up to be jeered at by the blaspheming crowd! "They crucified the Son of God afresh, they put him to an open shame." Looking on the patient face uplifted there, and then down through the years, we felt that he would again have prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and we knew that even yet would be fulfilled his promise, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Not long after, on the same street, three savage dogs were set upon a band, the leader of which was so fragile and delicate that the winds of heaven can not touch her roughly. She is the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary, born on heathen soil, and has all the fire that burned in her father's heart in the far-off lands of the Orient. Do you suppose this frail little apostle and her gentle band withdrew at the approach of those furious beasts? No; in the same spirit of loving kindness in which they sought to dissuade the saloon-keeper from his work of death, they called to the dogs, patted their heads, and sang such heavenly music that the animals crouched at the feet of the women, and became by far the most respectably behaved and attentive of the crowd. "My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths!" A milliner, seeing their danger, begged the ladies to come into her establishment; but the mob surging as it did against her windows and into every available space, the band withdrew to a vacant lot near by, and finished the service.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of our work were the Sabbath services, held in wigwams, halls, and inns, half a dozen women conducting the exercise, with scores and even hun-

dreds of men devoutly attentive; and these were seasons of power. One Sabbath night the Bethel Chapel was crowded with sailors. Prayers and singing seemed to have extraordinary effect. At length, a lady, with tender heart and winning voice, rose, and told them of two boys, sick in hospital; the one moaning and restless, the other, more vigorous, trying to comfort him.

"See here, Johnny, I guess I know what you want. They do say there's somebody'll help a feller if a feller axes him. He's named Jesus of Nazareth." The poor boy tried to speak, but could not. "Just reach up your hand and touch him, if ye can't do no more." The little fellow made a vain effort to lift the trembling right hand. "I'll help ye," and propping his comrade's wasted palm and fingers with a pillow, they went to sleep. In the morning they found the boy dead, his fingers pointing upward, and they knew by the expression on his face that Jesus of Nazareth had passed by and touched the lad.

She had no sooner finished the story than fourteen hands of weeping sailors involuntarily went up, so much did they desire that Jesus should pass this way. There is hardly ever a service anywhere that some do not express a desire for salvation. It is a wonderful revival of religion with temperance as its pretext. Believers are strengthened, sinners awakened, the masses are being reached, the long discussed problem approaches solution, What hath God wrought?

The very saloon whence issued the dogs, mentioned a moment since, is now remodeled, and has become a Friendly Inn, where hundreds of young men come to read and to hear of Christ; the keeper, smitten with remorse, having abandoned his business.

In O—Street, where the roughs were perfectly riotous, and through which thoroughfare it is scarcely safe to pass after night-fall, so thickly crowded together are the vilest haunts where licentiousness and crime prevail, another inn opens its friendly doors—a center of light for ship-



wrecked souls. Within, rare odorous plants send out their perfume on the foul air; hanging baskets swing with precious incense above the shrine of Temperance. An ample table with the Book of books, an open Pledge, and files of newspapers and magazines, invite to purity of thought, intelligent intercourse, and a happy use of time. Adjoining is the dining-room, clean, sweet, with appetizing fare for a mere trifle, something like the British Working-men's Public-houses,

"A public-house without the drink,  
Where men can sit, talk, read, and think,  
Then safely home return.  
A stepping-stone this house you'll find,  
Content to leave your beer behind,  
And truer pleasure find."

Another outcome of the movement in the city of C— has been the establishment of drinking fountains. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals united with the Women's League in furnishing pure cold water for man and beast. The power of our work we trust lies in the partial arrest, at least, of moderate drinking, and so impressing the hearts of parents that the boys of to-day will be the temperate men of the coming generation. Last month, at a social gathering in the home of a leading citizen, we were glad to see mingling with the delightful assembly a stricken woman, who had obtained redress under the Adair Law; a bright, brave lad, the son of a known drunkard; and, among those who presided at the piano, was the child of a saloon-keeper, whom the daughter of our hostess had induced to join her Sabbath-school class, and who now never appears in her father's place of business. Already do we catch glimpses of the "good time coming."

We women began this work among the vile, and thought of reaching them first, and, perhaps, only. The effect is most apparent among the higher grades of society; as though we had struck the lowest note on the base clef, and lo! a responsive chord from the highest soprano. It is the very æsthetics of reform.

The chief missionary work of the last

four months here, has been visitation to every house in a street to persuade all women, irrespective of sect or nationality, to employ their influence against the use of strong drink. These visits are nearly always warmly received—all women seem desirous to stop the tide of intemperance. Protestants and Catholics, each in his or her own way, are laboring for the same great end. It gives me pleasure to record the fact that one of our Catholic priests has, by faithful warnings or affectionate advice, turned aside sixty drunkards from their cups. This matter of personal appeal is a wonderful thing, that might form a good subject for a future paper. One poor woman of my acquaintance, who knows all about drunkenness, is now busy, when not engaged at her sewing-machine, in persuading one after another of these besotted men to a life of sobriety, chief of whom was her husband, the first convert.

O, my sisters, what might we not do with wealth, influence, and devotion all combined, to save the lost! The Crusade has opened the door into the most direct opportunity of work for Christ. The dear women of the praying bands have borne the odium, if odium there be, pertaining to our great undertaking; to them has been given the cross, the crown of thorns. Now will you not "lift up your eyes, and see the fields white unto the harvest?" This is the time accepted of the Captain of our salvation to go quietly from hearth-stone to hearth-stone, bearing the blessed Gospel of Temperance and holy living to all who will hear; and how many depraved can long resist these appeals?

Now may we cheer wives and mothers who bewail the loss of husbands and sons, leading these stricken women to "Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows," persuading men everywhere to repent, to become sober and industrious, thus removing the cause of nine-tenths of the want and woe now so apparent in our streets, and in the abodes of a large class of our population. God calls us, O, fellow-laborers for humanity,

to work *now*, and the Son, slain for our redemption, beckons us to palms of victory and crowns of rejoicing; but they must be obtained through patient, per-

sistent labor. Yes; even though we come up among those who wear white robes, by way of Gethsemane and of Calvary. MARY B. INGHAM.

## LISZT AND CHOPIN: A MUSICAL SOUVENIR.

THERE was a time in which the piano was a species of religion. When the aged Field was on his death-bed, his friends, not knowing what to say, in order to prepare him for the last great change, asked, "Are you a Papist or Calvinist?"

"I am a pianist," responded the dying artist.

Among the adepts of this new religion the most celebrated were, without doubt, Chopin and Liszt. A great many censure Liszt for his indescribable presumption, his grand charlatanism, for the conduct of his heroes of romance, for his strange musical theories: in spite of all, the superiority of the artist is in asking the world rapidly to forget the weaknesses of the man. Liszt has been, without doubt, the true lion of the piano. All the great artists whom we have interrogated on the subject, Chopin excepted, have made the same response: "O, Liszt is the master of all." We have seen talents more pure, more perfect, more sympathetic; but no one has had, in the same degree, that electric power, that musical magnetism that impassions and entrances an audience. Liszt was many times but a mediocre in playing, when he was troubled, ill-disposed, or prey to over-excitement; but when he wished to play, when he concentrated all his powers to make a grand stroke, and held his musical poem in his head, in his heart, in his fingers, in his nerves, he launched like a thunderbolt over the trembling audience, and produced effects which no other artist has produced, except Paganini.

Schumann has said of him, with a mixture of admiration and irony, "He is as brilliant as light, grand as a thunderbolt, and leaves after him a strong odor of brimstone."

We have been accustomed, for many years, to hear Liszt and Chopin, but never have we enjoyed their playing as during the year 184-. It was during my stay at Castle B., near the right bank of the Noir. The mistress of the castle, an illustrious woman, entranced all, by her genius and talents; but she was loved more than admired, by those who knew her, for her supreme goodness of heart. She was, at that time, entertaining Chopin, and she had positively snatched him from the vale of death. She turned from her maternal cares to him, and it is to her influence that we are indebted for those last compositions of that genius, so pure and so beautiful. There was, in that year, a reunion of artists at the castle. Liszt came, accompanied by a star from the Parisian world, a noble lady as spirituelle as she was beautiful, there called Arabella, and who has since, under another name, held a distinguished place in literature.

The sublime cantatrice, Pauline V., with her husband, was there, who preserves, to this day, the ideal expression, mistress of her incomparable talent; Eugene D., the romantic painter, the poet of color; B., the great actor, and several other celebrities. After the children of the lord of the castle, a son and daughter, were a niece and nephew, and several friends from the neighboring city, with their wives, all young and enthusiastic. Such



was the character of the guests at the Castle of N. We were hospitably entertained, and our liberty was absolute. There were guns and dogs for those who liked the chase, boats and tackle for those fond of fishing, a magnificent garden for a promenade—every one did what he wished.

Liszt and Chopin composed; Pauline V. studied her rôle of "the Prophet;" the mistress of the castle wrote a romance or a drama; and the others amused themselves as they chose. At six o'clock all assembled for dinner, and did not disperse until two or three o'clock the next morning. We will not relate here the several improvisations which made the time seem so short. We will speak chiefly of the music, and, above all, of the rival pianists. Chopin played rarely; he was not willing to play, unless he was sure of perfection; nothing in the world would tempt him to play in a mediocre style. Liszt, on the contrary, always played, whether he played well or ill. One night the guests were all assembled in the great drawing-room; the large windows were open, the light of the moon flooded the room with a golden light; the songs of the nightingale and the perfume of mignonnette were borne on the breeze into the room. Liszt played a nocturne of Chopin's, and, according to his custom, he enlarged the style, and introduced trills, tremolos, and so forth, which were not in the original compositions. Several times Chopin showed signs of impatience. At last he approached the piano, and said to Liszt, in grave English:

"Will you do me the honor to play a piece of mine as it is written? No one but Chopin has a right to change Chopin."

"O, well, play yourself, then," said Liszt, arising from the piano.

"Willingly," said Chopin.

At that moment the light was extinguished by a large moth, which had flown into the room. They wished to relight it. "No!" cried Chopin, "the light of the moon is enough for me: extinguish all the tapers!" Then he played. He

played an entire hour. It is impossible to describe the effect. There are emotions that we feel and can not describe. The nightingales tried to rival him with their song; the flowers were refreshed with water divine. Those sounds came from heaven. The audience were in a mute ecstasy—scarcely dared to breathe; and when the enchanter finished, all eyes were filled with tears—above all, those of Liszt. He pressed Chopin in his arms, and cried:

"Ah! my friend, you are right. The works of a genius like thine are sacred; it is a profanation to touch them. Thou art a true poet, and I am only a buffoon."

"Come, then," replied Chopin; "you know that no one can play Weber and Beethoven like yourself. I pray you, play me the Adagio in C sharp minor by Beethoven—play it slowly and seriously, as you can when you wish."

Liszt played the Adagio with all his soul and all his will. Then he manifested to the audience another kind of emotion. They wept, they groaned. But they were not the tears that Chopin had caused to flow; they were cruel tears, of which Othello speaks. The melody of the second artist did not touch the heart, as the first had done: it was like the sharp thrust of a poniard. It was no longer an elegy—it was a drama. In the meantime, Chopin thought he had eclipsed Liszt that evening, and boasted of it, saying, "How he was vexed!" Liszt understood him, and determined to be avenged, spirituel artist though he was. And here is what he improvised. Four or five days after, the company were all assembled about the same hour—"a short time before midnight." Liszt entreated Chopin to play. After a great deal of persuading, he consented to play. Liszt then demanded that all the lamps and tapers should be extinguished. They put down the curtains, and the obscurity was complete. It was a caprice of the artist, and they did as he wished. At that moment, Chopin went to take his place at the piano. Liszt whispered some words rapidly in his ear, and took his

place. Chopin, far from dreaming what his comrade wished to do, seated himself, without noise, in a neighboring arm-chair. Then Liszt played all the compositions that Chopin had played at the memorable *soirée*, of which we have spoken. But he knew how to play them with such exact imitation of the style and manner of his rival, it was impossible not to be deceived; and, indeed, they were all deceived. The same enchantment! the same emotion! When the ecstasy was at its height, he quickly lighted the tapers at the side of the piano. There was a cry of surprise in the assembly.

"What! was it you? we thought it was Chopin."

"What sayest thou?" said he to his rival.

"I say, like all the rest, I should have thought it was Chopin."

"Then seest thou that Liszt can be Chopin, when he wishes? but Chopin—can he be Liszt?"

That was defying him; but Chopin would not, and dared not, accept. Liszt was avenged.

Sometimes they played a comedy or improvised a drama. They had a pretty domestic theater, and an assortment of costumes; they gave only the subject of the piece and the distribution of the scenes. The actors improvised a dialogue. Liszt and Chopin comprised the orchestra. Two pianos, placed at the right and left of the stage, covered with drapery, were occupied by the virtuosi, who followed the piece and improvised the preludes according to the changes of the drama. Here again we are powerless to express what we heard. Both artists were gifted with a prodigious memory; knowing all the Italian, French, and German operas, seizing with admirable promptitude the movements which suited the situation, and developed them with such fire, with such ardent superiority, that the actors at the side were obliged to cry, Enough! enough! These amusements were always followed by a magnificent and joyous supper. We could

easily fill a volume with the memories of that Summer; but in order not to weary the reader, we will end with an artistic fantasy, of which few examples are found under similar circumstances. There was, at the end of the garden, an esplanade which overlooked the *malle noir*, which was paved with marble. They had placed there a table, with chairs and rustic sofas, and it was surrounded with an iron railing to prevent the children from falling into the ravine below. That passage was known for its wonderful echo, which would be repeated three or four times. The children often amused themselves by making sounds in order to hear the echoes. One evening, some suggested the idea of carrying the piano there to play some fragments of romantic music, in order to hear it re-echoed in the valley. The idea was acceded to by acclamation; and very soon the friends at the castle took the magnificent Erard grand piano on their shoulders, and carried it to the esplanade.

It was a night in June. There was no moon, but the sky was burning with stars, and the air was calm and sonorous. The piano was opened at the side of the valley, and Liszt struck, with his strong hands, that admirable "Hunter's Chorus" from "Euryanthe," which you all know. Naturally, he stopped at the first and second phrase to listen to the response of the echo; at the first pause we were all seized with trembling; it was a new poem, an immense ideal. The musical phrase was too long to hear the first and second echo clearly; but the third and the fourth, or the echo of the echo, was re-echoed without losing a single note. Liszt, exalted, continued to accelerate the movement. What could we say? Each phrase was a subject of ardent curiosity, and of breathless attention.

The last, above all, where the chorus in unison changed into G flat, rolled under the woods of the valley with a heavy accent; but the last, which changed so fiercely in the key of B flat, announced the victory of the human will over the obstacles of nature. After that flourish



of trumpets so appropriate to the circumstances, Chopin took Liszt's place at the piano, to cry and sing the echo. He composed then his impromptu Opus 66, if we mistake not, and he played, for the first time, some passages in G flat, which are in the middle of it. That transparent Æolian music placed Chopin above himself. He prolonged his mysterious conversation with the spirits of the valley; that was between them and him a strange dialogue, full of whisperings and murmurings, which resembled a magic incantation. The mistress of the castle was obliged to snatch him from the piano. The fever had come upon him. After him Pauline V. sang a romance, so tender and so naïve, of "La Molinara." The air was admirably chosen; for each phrase, composed of two notes only, was echoed and re-echoed from rock to rock with a

clearness which was ravishing to all. The niece of the lord of the castle next sang, with a voice fresh and vibrating, a popular air, which was a grand success, echoing and re-echoing with a particular pleasure. It was two o'clock in the morning when refreshments were served, and they sang in chorus to send a last adieu of gratitude to the echo. The dawn was already whitening the horizon when we separated, burning with emotion, but happy in keeping the memory of that night an ineffaceable souvenir. O where are you now, days of youth and happiness? Where are you, glorious artists, so good, so artless, so indulgent in your grandeur? . . . Alas! the greater part are dead; with two exceptions, all are like the shadow of the past!

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES ROLLIANAT.

## THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

WHAT a cold and naked world would ours be without rivers! Many of its most picturesque scenes—its mountain gorges, its wild glens and ravines, its rushing rapids and roaring cataracts, its verdant valleys and lovely plains, which entrance the beholder—are due to the action and flow of streams. Nowhere does our world array itself in sweeter or more pleasing features than along its river banks. Here are the earth's most delightful spots. The richest monuments of art and industry which the world possesses are reflected in their waters. Their meanderings are the handwriting of heaven in the soil of the earth, recording its own great transactions. Ever since the morning of creation, the rivers have been the appointed ministers of God's bounty and goodness, fertilizing, beautifying, and blessing every-where this abode of man.

No parts or elements of a country are

so historical as its rivers, or reflect so faithfully the character of its people. All the upland streams and rills of their experience seem to run down into their main rivers, and these to take the hue of their moral and political life. The Euphrates, while it flows, will ever speak to man of the glories of Babylon and the beauties of the Chaldee excellency. The Nile to-day reflects the majesty of Egypt's greatness. The Jordan and the Tiber will never cease to relate to the passing traveler their ancient memorials. The Thames and the Seine mirror the life and character of the different nations to which they belong, and are peculiarly marked by their historical characteristics. Each not only seems to record, but to resemble, the character of the people settled upon its banks. Each is adapted for its respective country; neither would be at home were a change to be effected placing the Seine in England and the

Thames in France. The gay, volatile Parisians would lose their flow of spirits, and grow morose and melancholy, amid the fogs of the British river; while the Englishman would soon lose his native traits were his capital on the banks of the sunny Seine.

Our country has also its historical rivers. The Connecticut, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Merrimack, and the James, in the fullness and variety of which we speak, are representative streams. What, even, is the "gallant Forth," or "Father Thames," the Rhine, or the Nile, beside these giant rivers of the New World? How can they compare with them for their commercial and manufacturing capacities, their affiliations and connections?

To the student and man of facts on both sides of the sea, no other rivers of America, the St. Lawrence and its tributaries excepted, embrace so much of varied record and interest as these six beautifully bound and illustrated volumes. The history of the country—its early colonization, its struggles with the savage red man, its battles with the mother country, its utilization of machinery, and the founding of its manufacturing cities and commercial emporiums—is their history, and the flow of their waters has entered into the warp and woof of our national prosperity.

The Merrimack is the central representative river of New Hampshire. It is essentially the property and the pride of the old Granite State. It belongs to us in almost every sense and aspect of reflection. It runs forever full of the bright, pure waters from New Hampshire lakes and hills. Here you find New Hampshire at home, in the full play of her life and character, with all of her varied and grand industries at work. Here on each side are sample towns, villages, factories, farms, and schools. Here are reflected, as in a mirror, her industrial communities and activities, the endless fertilities of her inventive genius, her manufacturing establishments and educational institutions alternating with each

other, and both blending with a hardy and thrifty agriculture in the varied and picturesque scenery of human industry which glorifies the valleys with the joy and beauty of golden harvests, and softens the rugged sides of a hundred hills with meadow and pasture for numerous flocks and herds. Here is Franklin, engirt by hills, busy with its factories and shops of trade. Here it is, with its youthful years and its immense water power still immatured, yet with the birthplace of Webster to make it ever famous. Down past Kearsarge, with its historic fame, down through lowlands and valleys, every inch of which is classic ground, and we find Concord, reposing quietly under its venerable shade-trees, at the junction of four railways, rich in its manufactures and marts of trade, and with the bright future still before her. A few miles below are Suncook, Hooksett, and Manchester, where the whole volume of the Merrimack has been, as it were, Niagarized for countless spindles and machinery of every faculty and invention. Here, too, is Amherst and Merrimack, of old renown, and Nashua, with its busy industries and mechanical activities.

Crossing the New Hampshire line, the river shows, on either side, some of the best sample towns in Massachusetts, besides the manufacturing cities of Lowell and Lawrence, and the seaport of Newburyport—cities that stand unsurpassed in this country for their busy, untiring, valuable industries. Along the entire course of this beautiful stream the music of machinery beats time to the accents of its rushing waters. From the moment they start from the cool springs among the granite hills until they are joined to the salt waters of the sea at Newburyport, they are compelled to labor. Foremost among manufacturing streams is the Merrimack; its water-power has been utilized till, with its tributaries, it turns more machinery than any other river in the world, and still not more than one-half of its available privileges are used.

The grand historical background of the Merrimack reflects another feature



of interest upon the stream. It bears the records of as noble heroisms as the Clyde or the Rhine, with all their strong castles of old baronial bandits, never equaled. Every mile of the river has its association with the unprecedented perils, hardships, and endurance of the early colonists. Romance is written on every flashing wave of its pure waters. Every one of these fair, green shaded towns, on either side, as we ascend, has its connections with these first years of peril, heroic daring, suffering, and patience. Each has its own legends and traditions—stories of hair-breadth escapes, grim battling with want and suffering, and hand-to-hand struggles with bears, wolves, panthers, and the vengeful red man. Here is old Haverhill, sitting in the peaceful quiet of its ancient elms, with its very name associated with one of the most stirring events in a century of Indian warfare. Up farther on the stream are Lawrence and ancient Dunstable, around which clings the romance of history as ivy on a ruined tower, filling with poetry the memory of those old days of strife and bloodshed. Here are Sonhegan, Amoskeag, and Penacook, the well-known haunts of the red man, and fragrant with the glories of Wonolanset and Passaconaway. Here was the home of the Penacooks and the Nashaways. Over these flashing waters the canoe of the savage tossed and quivered as he swept the stream for shad and salmon. Through these dark forests and over these verdant hills the Indian hunter pursued the bear and deer. Here the smoke of the wigwam curled upward, and where the rattle of machinery now stirs the silence, the war-whoop pealed and thundered. The farmer, as he guides his plow, still turns out in his furrough remnants of their bones, arrow-heads, stone hatchets, and other Indian implements,—convincing proof that these grounds were formerly the favorite retreats of the aborigine.

Onward a little further, at the confluence of the Contoocook River with the

Merrimack, lies Dustin's Island, where, in the olden time, was enacted by two captive women as heroic a deed to secure liberty from the hands of a savage foe as is recorded in the pages of our early history. What deed of cold and sublime daring in the annals of our race can compare with this exploit, where nine swarthy Indians fell before the arms of these two feeble captives, whose sex and condition ill-argued such an exhibition of fortitude and strength? Search the records of history, if you will, to find a parallel of these brave women's deeds. No expedition that ever sailed up or down that river, Danish, English, French, or Colonial, ever equaled that of those two lone women for sublimity or faith as they sailed down the turbulent tide in the frail boat of their enemies, on their homeward route. Well worthy indeed of the monument which an admiring posterity has, within the last two or three years, raised to their honor, and which stands on the very spot where their daring deed was consummated. Here, too, is Canterbury, with its romantic records of the past; and Plymouth, where the swift and unsparing vengeance of the English colonists fell upon the sleeping bands of their fierce enemy.

This is but a mere glimpse at the historical data of the "Merramacke," as the Indians called it, that signifying, in their language, a sturgeon. Here are two centuries in presence and comparison, with their contrasting experiences, which the mind almost unconsciously sets against the other. Legendary lore has thrown its magical curtain over its whole extent, and from the White Mountains to the sea, romance, poetry, and heroism has clothed, as in a cloak of glory, the green savannahs, the forests, the verdant hillsides, and the busy towns along its banks. The long, blue river runs through them and her history, like a self-registering gauge, every mile of it marked by some distinctive feature.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

## THE OUT-BOUND SHIP.

QUEEN Autumn stood in her purple robes,

She stood with gems in her hair;  
And she thrust aside her golden veil—  
For she knew that she was fair—  
She thrust aside her glistening veil  
Of woven sunbeams rare.

A wondrous light lay over the land,  
A wondrous light on the waves;  
And the sapphire waters smiled and sang  
Over hidden rocks and graves;  
For the storm-king slept in the arms of dreams,  
Alone in his secret caves.

What matter to us when the proud old ship  
Was bearing our hearts to sea?  
For the Autumn sunshine would not fall  
On the lonely days to be;  
And Winter, with trail of cloud on the hill,  
Would pipe on the frozen lea.

We strove to stifle a nameless pain,  
Where high hills talked of God;  
But the dying flame of the martyr leaves  
Burned low on the somber sod;  
Thro' winding passes of evergreen,  
The ghost of the Summer trod.

And I can but think, as the Autumn gold  
Is waning to Wint'ry gray,  
As the sunset's crimson coronal  
Grows dim on the bier of day,  
Of ships that rode from another port,  
And sailed away and away.

Their swift prow sped through the narrow strait,

To the rush and roar of the main;  
We waved our hands in a mute adieu,  
While our tears fell fast as rain,  
And our longing thoughts flew after them,  
But to flutter back again.

They bore no hints from the isles of spice,  
No green of an olive leaf—  
They had gleaned on the heights of dusky hills,  
And the cypress was their sheaf;  
While the east wind shrieked to the sobbing sea,

And the word he spake was grief.

Where peace bends over a palm-fringed shore,  
Did they anchor safe and soon,  
To sleep like children at home, and rest  
In the lap of the still lagoon,  
When through the shadows stole silently  
The silvery feet of the moon?

It may be our gems lie fathoms deep  
With the sea-pearl—fitting mate—  
Or waste their gleams on a heart of rock,  
That scorns their pitiful fate.  
Perchance—God knoweth—a sunrise shone  
On wanderings long and late;  
And they sailed to another "Land of the free,"

Thro' the dark and narrow strait  
Which the angels, looking downward, name  
The pass of the "Golden Gate."

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

## AMONG THE HEATHER.

WINT'RY winds are blowing cold  
O'er the moors of purple heather,  
Where, in sunnier days of old,  
Hand in hand we idly strolled,  
Thou and I together;  
But those sunny days are past,  
And no more we walk together,  
Where the snow on every blast  
Whirls above the heather.

On the dreary moorland now,  
In the storm I wander lonely,  
Longing—love alone knows how—  
For thy kiss on lip and brow,  
Longing for thee only.  
Life can bring me naught but pain  
Till, among the purple heather,  
Hand in hand we walk again—  
Thou and I together.



## SULKS.

## PART TWO.

IT may be supposed, from Mary's plain language, that her natural frankness was but another name for the utterance of hard, cutting truths. This was not so. No woman more heartily despised the petty fault-finding or dismal fretting by which so many women poison the happiness of their homes, or the loud scolding that degrades the family, while it makes the wife and mother despicable. There are women who are no sooner fatigued in body than they seem to be angry with every body around them. They resent the tired feeling just as they would a personal injury inflicted by a neighbor; and the family, if, unfortunately, such a woman has one, is made to feel that they are innocently blamed for untold grievances. There are husbands who see their wives undertake any tiresome labor with an inexpressible dread. They know what will be the unpleasant result; and men do not generally enjoy seeing their wives enact the rôle of a martyr, or to be considered themselves hard-hearted tyrants when they have had no wish to impose the lightest burden upon the wife's unwilling shoulders.

Mary had no faults of this nature. If George Stanhope's life was not all sunshine, his wife was not to blame for it. She cheerfully took up all necessary burdens, and bore the ills of life patiently. Except in a few rare instances, she endured the visitations of her husband's pet-demon without a word of remonstrance. All women will understand by this that she possessed an unusual degree of grace. We do not mean the grace of looks or of manner, but that heavenly grace that God bestows according to the need of his children.

It was nearly a year after Mary's plain talk, before the sulks appeared again in full force. They cropped out just as June was putting on its richest garniture of leaf and blossom, when it would seem to

be happiness just to live. Two dismal weeks passed. Outside, the world grew more beautiful every day, while inside, the pretty home gloom would have reigned supreme if Mary had not resolutely set her face against the domination of its influence.

It was on a fair morning, not unlike the bright June day on which our story opened, that George Stanhope stood by the window just as he did then, and scowled over the lovely view outside. It was very provoking to him. The garden lay before him bright in the sunshine, sweet in its floral treasures, altogether cheery in its aspect and associations. What right had it to put on such gay apparel, or to wear such rejoicing looks when he, its owner, felt as if he were attending his own funeral?

He listened to the musical prattle of the children at play, until its sweetness angered him. He resented their unconsciousness of his dismal condition. He wondered if they would keep on with their careless sports if he were dead; and he had an angry, unconfessed conviction that such an event might be a possible relief all around.

But more irritating than all was the serene demeanor of his wife, who stood on the grassy terrace, not a dozen feet from him, humming a gay tune as carelessly as if there were not a sorrow on earth. How could she do it when she knew what a state he was in! She seemed as light-hearted as the birds in the trees over her head—and this, too, when the concentrated sulks of nearly a year had come to a head, and were breathing out threatenings, if not slaughter. There was a strange mingling of love for her, and indignation over her apparent tranquillity in his thoughts. If she would only be miserable with him, or if she would not seem so placidly superior and indifferent. Was ever a man before so unhappily sit-

uated as to be forced to bear the brunt of his own ill temper?

Mary sat down on a rustic chair, and, taking a roll of tatting from her pocket, began to work, still humming the lively music over and over. His only comfort was in thinking that she did not know he was near her. But she did; and O how sore her heart felt! These two dark weeks, coming after so long a respite, had nearly tried her beyond her strength. She had looked upon the sulks as upon a nearly conquered foe; and here they were, rampant as ever. She had almost forgotten that there was a skeleton in the house. Alas, it was such an ugly skeleton! Not a bit of romance or any redeeming trait about it. If, in contemplating it, there had been any room for pity, or even terror, she thought she could have borne it better. But to be obliged to feel only contempt, and to know that it would take months of pleasant intercourse to wear off the impression, and that, after all, she would never quite succeed in getting back to the lost standpoint of respect.

So Mary reflected while those airy melodies rippled from her lips. Suddenly she paused, and an involuntary smile crossed her face.

Chloe was singing in the kitchen; not with any light, unconscious tones, but with a heavy, emphatic utterance that showed her sense of what she sang. The faithful girl had never shown, in word or action, that she had any idea of the household trouble. There was a quiet dignity about her mistress that would have forbidden any expression of her opinions. But, like the rest of her race, she was musical, and she had two songs adapted to the varying state of things, which served also as safety-valves for her own pent up emotions. So long as the dark hours lasted, she steadily wailed a most lugubrious air, the words of which might properly be designated as a judgment hymn. As it swelled out through the open kitchen window, Mary could hear it plainly. So could her husband. Chloe put a mighty volume of sound

into the closing strain, which she repeated over and over as if she enjoyed it:

"O, the judgment-day am a-rolling on,  
A-rolling on, a-rolling on,  
Soon be here, poor sinner."

"Now, there is folks," said Chloe, moralizing to herself, audibly, "there is folks that better 'member that ar. They just had, I tell you. For," breaking into song again,

"O, the judgment-day am a-rolling on,  
Soon be here, poor sinner."

Her other song was for cloudless skies, and it told triumphantly of

"Canaan's shining shore, .  
With gold all spangled o'er,  
And diamond trees that bore  
Heavenly consolations."

The chorus consisted of two prolonged halleluiahs, expressive of most complete victory.

Mary listened to the judgment hymn quietly, not noticing little Paul, who silently approached, and sat down at her feet, or his baby sister, who had followed him, and was coaxingly trying to induce him to return to his play. Not until the child spoke was her attention directed to them.

"See, mamma! Paul not well. He can't talk a single speak."

It was an innocent fiction of Mary's whenever her children remarked their father's sour looks, that he was ill. Spiritually applied, it was true. She turned quickly to look at her boy. Ethie had stolen her little fat arm around his neck, and was repeating her wish for him to "come, please, brother, and play with Ethie."

He did not answer, but turned away with a surly, pouting face, quite incomprehensible to the little girl. Her rosy lips trembled, and her blue eyes filled with tears. Mary's work fell from her hands. The boy's expression so exactly resembled his father's that it fairly frightened her. The possibility of his inheriting so disagreeable a trait of character had never occurred to her. She sprang from her seat, and seizing him by the arm, shook him violently.



"What do you mean?" she asked, as he looked up startled by her unusual manner. She had always made it a point to speak pleasantly to the little ones, believing that many a fine disposition is spoiled by harshness. The passion in her face and voice terrified him.

"Tell me. Why do you look so cross, and refuse to speak when Ethel asks you to play with her? Look at her—your own little sister. Are n't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I—I do n't want to play, mamma." He began to cry.

"Do n't want to play," she repeated. "Then say so like a little man, and say it kindly, too. Don't sit there and snarl like a cross puppy."

"I did n't mean to, mamma. Please let my arm be. It hurts."

"Listen to me, Paul. Little boys who show such a temper as that become cross men, that nobody can love. You would n't like that?"

"No, mamma."

"You said last night that you wanted Jesus to love and bless you, as he did the little children that I read to you about in the Bible. Do you think he can love a sulky boy?"

"No, mamma. O, I'm afraid he won't ever forget it," said Paul, penitently.

"You are a little fellow, and God will forgive you, and help you to grow up a good man, if you ask him. How much better," said Mary, earnestly, quite forgetting how young her auditors were, "how much better to be a genial, whole-souled gentleman than to be like Nabel, who was such a son of Belial that a man could not speak to him!"

"I do n't know what you mean, mamma," said the child, wonderingly.

"No: you are not old enough to understand. But you can remember this, that you are never, under any circumstances, to refuse to answer your sister, or any one else who speaks to you. You are never to draw off by yourself and pout. You are to reply at once, and pleasantly, whenever you do not like to do as she wishes."

"I will try, mamma." He drew the little girl close to his side, and kissed her.

"Look, mamma!" she said, joyfully. "Him all well now. Not sick one bit."

"Mamma," said Paul, earnestly, "I do n't like to have you shake me so hard and look like you did just now. O, mamma, you never did look so before."

The boy's father, standing in the window behind them, could truthfully echo his last words. *He* had never seen Mary exhibit such passionate feeling before.

"Paul," said Mary, stooping down and kissing him, "I hope that you will never give me cause to look so again."

"Do n't cry, mamma; I will try, indeed I will," said the child, sobbing himself, as he saw the fast-falling tears on his mother's face.

"O, my boy, try to be sweet-tempered and frank always. It would break my heart to see you, my pet, grow up into a surly, unreasonable man, spoiling the pleasure of all about you, and darkening the whole house with your unhappy temper. But I see that I am talking above your comprehension again," she added, smiling at the wonder expressed in the dark eyes. "My darling, be a little gentleman always, if you want mamma to be happy."

"Yes, I will. Come, little sister; come, Ethie."

Hand in hand the children ran down to continue their play under the shady trees, and their mother, all at once becoming conscious that her husband must have heard every word of the conversation, picked up her work, and with crimson cheeks, followed them.

"What *will* he think?" she said, in dismay.

If she could have read his first thoughts, her courage would have failed altogether. A feeling of fiery indignation, such as no person had ever aroused in him, took possession of his whole being. He had never realized that Mary could experience the intense loathing of his bosom pet that she had just expressed. The man's pride and self-conceit were not at all increased by her evident feeling.

"Abominable!" he exclaimed, as he paced angrily up and down the room. "Why, she might as well have called me a brute in so many words. A pretty way to make children respect their father!" he added, quite oblivious of the fact that Mary had made no reference to him in her remonstrance, or had any idea of his existence. All at once, he stopped before the great mirror. Could it be possible that he was looking at himself?—that pale, angry face with its scowling brow, its flashing eyes full of fierce light, its lips so sternly set. Ah, no wonder that Mary was repelled from him, or that she kept the innocent children out of his sight. A feeling of intense shame came over him, and the face expressed that also. If sulky persons were obliged to practice their little humors before a looking-glass what a blessing it would be! Mirrors should abound in the houses where such people live; they should be multiplied as a means of grace.

George Stanhope was disgusted with his reflection in the glass. And as he continued to gaze upon it, O, happy change! the eyes in the mirror softened, the stern lines about the mouth relaxed. There came into his heart a compassion for the long-suffering wife whose life was made so unhappy by her relation to him.

"Poor Mary," he said. "What a disappointed life! And she became my wife with such faith in me. I was absolutely perfect in her eyes. And now she can scarcely disguise her contempt when I am more—well, more crabbed than usual. Yes, crabbed is the right word. No wonder that she is so resolute in regard to Paul."

Thinking thus, and studying the improvement that gradually altered his face, he came to his senses once more.

There are sulks and sulks. One kind is a steady snarl for home use all the year round; the other comes in paroxysms. It would be difficult to choose between them. With the steady kind one knows what to depend on, and one may get used to its exhibition, as to a disagreeable picture or an ugly point in the

landscape. The other kind has a sting in its very unexpectedness, and is doubly hard to bear from its contrast with the polite behavior that precedes it; but yet, as granting intervals of civilization, might be chosen, if a preference were allowed. There is no mood so charming as that which follows a paroxysm of sulks.

"I can go fishing or do any thing I like," said a boy to his playmates at school, "for my papa is awful clever now, since he's got over being mad with mamma."

On the whole, intervals of sunshine are pleasanter than all cloudy weather.

If George Stanhope could have seen the impossibility of overcoming his besetting sin in his own strength, the evil would have found its remedy. He had been a member of the Church for many years, and no man was more faithful in the outside duties of religion—outside of his family, we mean. Yet it is doubtful if he had ever felt the renewing, life-giving power of the Holy Spirit operating upon his heart, or even the need of its sacred influence.

When at last he sought his wife in the garden, it was with a very sincere desire to begin an entirely new life, in which no sulks should be permitted to show themselves.

The children were playing happily together, and Mary stood near them with an absent, dreamy look, that showed her thoughts to be otherwise occupied than in watching them. She started violently when she heard her husband's voice. Never before had he sought her after a period of gloom, but had waited for the inevitable meeting at meal-times, or when retiring to rest, to show that the evil spirit had temporarily departed. Had he, then, been provoked by what he had overheard into an outburst of anger? She looked up timidly, remembering that it was scarcely two hours since she saw him at breakfast, frowning over his coffee, and growling at the light muffins that Chloe was so proud of making. It was altogether a different person who now approached her. His voice had,



indeed, a strange huskiness, but its tone was pleasant.

"Mary," he said, "I know you think I am a brute, and I must say that I agree with you. I am not going to ask you to forgive me this time, because you can have no faith in my penitence, after all that has passed. Yet, if you can believe in my sincerity, I think you will help me to overcome myself."

Mary was not one of those unreasonably good women who throw cold water upon a poor sinner's resolution to do better. She saw that, for the time, his repentance was genuine, and her sweet, womanly sympathy was awakened at once. A love, born of compassion rather than of respect, swelled in her heart as she listened to him. Women have a special talent for forgiving, as her first words showed.

"O, George, I will indeed help you if I can. Let us turn over a new leaf and never speak of the past: for the children's sake if not for our own."

By what special magnetism Chloe, at work in the kitchen, out of sight from the garden, was impressed with the change in the home atmosphere, we can not say; but, as if inspired, she straightway put away all thoughts of the judgment, and "Canaan's shining shore, Halleluiah," rang out upon the air in trumpet tones. The children came running boldly to their father, little Ethel putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss. But, although Chloe had so promptly celebrated the joyous change, she was not at all blind as to its character. There was no love in her heart for her master.

"'Deed there is n't," she said, grimly, as she watched them an hour later, as they came round to the orchard back of the house; "just look at him! Now, did you ever! 'Fore I'd whiffle round like an old weather-vane! Two hours ago as contrary as a pig; now, as smiling as a basket of chips. I'd be somethin' or nothin'. I 'clare I would."

Chloe dropped a couple of saucers in her indignant energy, and broke them both.

"Good 'nuff for him. Nobody's fault but his own. If he'd behaved hisself they would n't have broke. Now, he can buy some more."

"Mrs. Stanhope would like dinner an hour earlier than usual. We are going to drive out to her mother's this afternoon." Her master spoke pleasantly, and Chloe knew that he was standing by the open window, but she did not look at him, and a smothered grunt was her only answer.

"That 's the kind o' manners that he has hisself," she said, when he had gone; "hope he likes it. Hi! He 's the aggravatingest critter! I knows all about him. Miss Mary says his business tries him. Wonder if she thinks I believe it. Acted like Cain afore he ever had any business. Drefful trying to ride down to the factory and look round a couple of hours. Well, I hope he'll be decent a spell now. He's had a tall time with the evil one in full swing. Turnin' up his nose at my muffins," said Chloe, coming at last to her personal grievances, "go 'way! He ought to live on grits. Can n't abide sich doings. Would n't stay here a day if 't wa' n't for Miss Mary. Women in the dumps is bad to get along with, but men is 'nuff sight disagreeabler."

We are inclined to agree with Chloe, albeit a sulky woman is sufficiently exasperating. Is it not N. P. Willis who tells of a divorce that was brought about without a single angry word between the husband and wife? The silly woman chose to put on an injured look, and to persist in wearing it, without any explanation of its cause, and the husband could not bear it.

Weakness and silliness are usually considered feminine qualities. The latter trait is founded upon the former, which seems to have a certain charm for the masculine eye, and too often wins the masculine heart. But no woman of common sense likes a weak, silly man. It is the element of strength that she unconsciously reaches after. She wants something to rely on. She must be able to

believe in her husband's wisdom. He may not be wise to others, but she must be able to say, "John says so and so, and *he* knows," or her love will not be worthy of the name.

Notwithstanding the promising conclusion of this last "sulk," there was a good deal of squally, threatening weather during the Summer and Autumn. It was like the temporary abstinence from tobacco or strong drink, that does not destroy the appetite, but lets it start up with new energy to make up for the occasional reform. The appetite for stimulants is more excusable, and its victim is vastly more agreeable. A man sleeps off a drunken carouse, but if he is sulky, he gets up in the morning as cross as he went to bed.

Very few of George Stanhope's friends had any idea of the fault that marred his whole character. None of them knew the extent to which it was indulged.

"Stanhope is a little blue to-day," was the charitable comment of society if his face retained a shade of its home-look. No one suspected that the clouds were of his own making.

Mary's womanly pride kept her reticent. Her own mother had no idea of her trials. With her, there was no reaching out for human sympathy; she only strove to hide her wrongs and disappointment from every eye. One peculiarity of her husband's sulks made concealment easy. No matter how surly he felt, or how curtly he resented her attempts to win him to friendly sociability, his manner changed with the celerity of thought upon the entrance of any person not belonging to the family circle, and he became the courteous gentleman and attentive host as if by magic.

"It is only his family that must be ill treated," Mary would bitterly reflect at such times. "He has pleasant words for any one excepting those whose whole lives are spent in vain efforts to make him happy."

One evening in December he had been sitting moodily in the parlor for an hour before tea. Not a sound broke the still-

ness except an occasional shout from the nursery window, where the children were watching the skaters on a frozen pond at a short distance. Some were sliding, and others were carefully drawing their little brothers or sisters on their brightly painted sleds. It was a merry sight for old eyes as well as young.

Mary sat by the parlor-window crotchetting a worsted scarf for Paul, and thinking about the coming Christmas, and the gifts that the children would be expecting. There was only a week before the world's great festival, and she had, as yet, made no preparations for it. Paul was constantly talking about it, and speculating as to the favor in which he might be held by the good St. Nicholas. His parents had usually enjoyed a holiday in advance in visiting the city and selecting presents for the occasion. Never before had the sulks been in force at Christmas-time. How pleasant it had been to prepare together the happy surprises that crowded the tiny stockings hung in such undoubting faith by the mantel, near the chimney, down whose narrow throat Santa Claus was to make his miraculous descent into the room!

Mary had twice mentioned the subject to her husband, eliciting, in the first instance, a grunt which might mean either assent or dissent, and resulting, as to the second attempt, in nothing. "He is not asleep and he is not deaf," thought Mary. "Of course he hears me, but does not think me worth a polite answer. I will not mention it to him again. It is too humiliating to beg for money to spend on his own children. But they shall have their presents, if I sell my jewelry to get them."

Let no one misjudge Mary, or think her hasty in her decision. Her husband was a wealthy man, and there was no reason why his children should not be made glad at Christmas like other children. Besides, her wifely pride was interested in having him appear an indulgent father.

She made no further effort to obtain a reply from him, but began in silence to



plan an excursion to the city on the morrow. Presently she heard quick, eager little steps in the hall, and the door was hurriedly opened by Paul, who came running in, followed by his sister.

"O, mamma!" he said, "will you just come and see Neddy Wild's sled! It is such a beauty."

"In a minute, dear. Let me finish this scarf. There are only a few more stitches."

"Mamma," he began again, looking doubtfully at the silent figure by the table, "do you think I am big enough to have a sled? I wish Santa Claus would bring me one. Do you think he will?"

"I can not tell. I hope he will. Suppose you wind this loose worsted while I finish this."

"Could n't you write to him, mamma? Tell him I have been a good boy. I have been a good boy lately, have n't I?"

"Yes, darling."

"I could draw sister out on the snow in pleasant weather, just as Tommy White draws little Emma."

Ethel's bright little face grew radiant at this prospect. She laughed gleefully.

"Would n't you like me to have a sled, mamma?" persisted the boy.

"Yes. It would be a fine thing for you both. I should n't wonder at all if Santa Claus thought so too. Should you, Ethie darling?" said the mother, stooping down to kiss the fair, eager face that, with its clear violet eyes and frame of sunny curls, made a sweet picture indeed. "Would baby like it?"

"Paul," interposed her husband sternly, "take Ethel and go back to the nursery."

The boy's lip trembled, but he obeyed without a word. The mother's heart beat indignantly, but she would not trust her voice to speak until she could control it to speak calmly.

"I am sorry, George," she said at last, "that you can not bear to have the children near you."

No answer, except a smothered grunt and a deepening of the angry scowl upon the sulky face.

"George," she began again; but just

then the door-bell rang, and directly Mr. Randolph was ushered into the room. Stanhope rose to greet him, with every trace of gloom banished from his face. The change was so instantaneous that even Mary, who was used to these pleasant transformations in favor of visitors, looked at him with some astonishment before she took up her part, and smiled cordially as became the happy mistress of a charming home.

"Randolph!" he said, coming forward to shake hands, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Not an unfrequent one, however," answered the young man, as he comfortably established himself in a lounging chair with the air of one who felt at home. "It is not a week since I spent an evening here. I wonder if you do not tire of me. You have only yourselves to blame if you do; for the fact is, you are so snug and happy here that I am irresistibly attracted to you."

"Remember the old proverb, Mr. Randolph," said Mary, "that all is not gold that glitters."

Her tone was playful, but her husband winced a little at the truthful words.

"Ah, Mrs. Stanhope, I know the ring of the genuine metal. Confess now that you pity my unfortunate bachelor condition. Would n't you like to see me safely married?"

"No. You would not come often to see us then. I am selfish, you see."

"Do you know, Stanhope," said Randolph, speaking with considerable earnestness, "do you know that I never come in here and see you so cozily established with this charming wife of yours, without puzzling myself to understand why I have not yet encountered the angel who must have been created for my own fireside?"

"A curious problem, certainly."

"Honestly now, what especial good deed have you done that you should get all the cream of life, while poor fellows like myself can only look on wishfully? Do you see any justice in such arrangements?"

Stanhope laughed gayly. "Your turn will come sometime, old fellow."

"I am afraid not. There are not many Mrs. Stanhopes in the world, and I am spoiled for any thing of a lower order by knowing her."

"What do you think of that, Mary?" asked her husband. He was not at all embarrassed by the knowledge that he had not spoken to her pleasantly for a week. He had on now what Chloe styled his "company manners."

Mary looked at him wonderingly. She could never get used to the facility with which he changed his behavior to her. At first she did not answer him. She was struggling with her sore sense of injustice. When she saw that both gentlemen waited for her to speak, she turned to their guest and studied his face for a moment to convince herself that his words had not been a mockery of their real condition. His frank smile reassured her.

"Mr. Randolph," she said, trying to speak lightly, "bachelors only see married people at their best. You have never been behind the curtain."

"Ah, that is said to reconcile me to my lost estate. You would not seriously advocate a single life."

"Not unless I thought marriage would do for you what it apparently does for some others."

"And what is that?"

"It takes away the romance of life when the union becomes an old story."

"Perhaps. But one could be resigned to the lack of novelty if the love remained."

"Yes; but supposing the love to become exhausted, can you imagine the intolerable bondage of the tie? I would not risk it, Mr. Randolph."

She had spoken in a jesting way, and laughed lightly as she finished; but there was an undertone of feeling in what she said that made her husband fidget uneasily in his chair, while his friend observed her curiously. Not suspiciously, for there was nothing in which he had a firmer faith than in the wedded felicity of

these two. But he noticed an unnatural color in her cheeks, and a nervous tremor in her hands as she laid aside her work and rose from her seat.

"I must go up to my babies, Mr. Randolph," she said. "They will neither of them go to sleep until they have seen mamma."

"But you will come back?" said Randolph, rising courteously to open the door for her; "you will come back and give us some music?"

"Not to-night, if you will excuse me. I am going to the city to-morrow, and I have a list to make out of what I must purchase. Shopping, you know, is a serious business for a lady."

Randolph's disappointment showed itself as he went back to his seat. He was passionately fond of music, and Mary's style of singing and playing just suited him. It made no pretensions to art, but was simply natural, and therefore charming.

"Do you think Mrs. Stanhope is quite well?" he asked.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"She has too much color; that is, more than is usual with her. I have thought several times lately when I have met her, that she was not looking well. But, of course," he added, seeing that Stanhope looked surprised and alarmed, "of course she could not be seriously ill without your knowledge. Only, you know, she is fashioned delicately, and we are always expecting that such sensitive, fragile organizations will give way. And yet, when they are tried, they often prove stronger than more stolid temperaments. I see I have frightened you. I believe I am always doing mischief, as my sister declares. I dare say, Mrs. Stanhope would laugh heartily if she knew the trouble we are borrowing on her account."

If he could have seen Mary, as she sat by the bedside of her children, he would have doubted her ability ever to laugh heartily again. She was bitterly thinking of the false light in which they showed to others.

"It is such shameful hypocrisy," she



said to herself. "Randolph supposes our married life to be a second edition of Paradise. What *would* he say if he knew the facts? Here am I, with a rich husband, obliged to sell my jewels to get Christmas gifts for his children! I have half a mind to take them to Randolph's shop, and tell him what I want to do with the money. He would think me crazy. I could bear it better," she went on sadly, "if George were naturally stingy; but he is generous as the day. What *will* he say when he sees the presents, and finds out how I paid for them?"

It was true, as Mary said, that Stanhope was generous in disposition. No needy person was ever turned from his door, and no one gave more liberally to the public charities of the day. His home was furnished expensively as well as tastefully, and his table was bountifully spread with luxuries.

It was only when sulky that his wife's demands for money were unheeded. He fully intended now to supply all needful funds for the coming holidays. But he must have his cross fit out first. His enjoyment of that must not be abridged for his wife's sake, though it could be interrupted very readily, as we have seen, for the sake of his friend.

Mary was a good deal surprised on returning from her trip to town, to find him at the railway station awaiting her with the carriage. Unlike many husband's, he never imposed any restrictions upon her actions, but suffered her to go and come at her own pleasure. It was no uncommon thing for her to go into town by herself for any trifle that she required. She would have been something less than a woman if she had not enjoyed his astonished looks when she directed a non-descript pile of luggage to be sent up to the house. She saw that he was emerging from his cloud, the fact of his meeting her at all showed that. No doubt she ought to have rejoiced in spirit and brightened up like a radiant sunset after a thunder shower; but her grievances were too recent to be so soon forgotten. Outwardly she appeared provokingly calm

and indifferent, while she inwardly chafed with a sense of injustice.

He said nothing until they were seated in the carriage and driving toward home. Even then he spoke in an embarrassed way, unusual to him. He had been doing considerable thinking since Randolph's visit, and it was not agreeable thinking. He had recalled to mind the past few weeks, the chill atmosphere, and generally comfortless air that he had managed to throw over all his surroundings; and, being for the time in an introspective mood, he had actually seen himself in a true light. And he had not enjoyed the view. All through that dreary time his wife had made no effort to propitiate him, but had endured his ill temper as composedly as if it had been an attack of the measles or any other harmless disorder. He saw that she had no natural aptitude for martyrdom, and was not disposed to cultivate it. She was a study to him now as she leaned forward to the carriage-window and smilingly bowed to a passing acquaintance.

"Really, Mary," he said at last, "you must have been making some curious purchases, if one can judge by the wrappers."

"Yes: I have been buying presents for the children—Christmas gifts," answered Mary, composedly.

"Indeed! I thought you said you had no money."

"I had none. But I sold my garnets at Pool's. Sold them well, I think, though I do n't pretend to be a judge of the worth of such things. Anyhow I raised what I needed to-day, and I shall have enough for several holidays. You know Paul's birthday comes in January."

"Mary! Sold the garnets!"

"Yes. The setting is out of style."

"They were my first gifts to you, Mary."

He spoke in an injured tone, as if they ought to have been doubly precious on that account. And so they would have been, had not his frequent injustice to her rendered any reminder of the old days maddening by the contrast they offered.

"I remember," she answered slowly, "how foolishly happy they made me."

"Mary," after a pause, "why did you sell them?"

"To get money, of course."

"Am I then so niggardly toward you? Do I not supply you freely with all that you require?"

She turned suddenly, and gave him a long searching glance, that brought a guilty color to his cheek.

"Is it possible, George, that you have forgotten my repeated requests for money within the last week?"

"Of course I meant to give you the money in time."

"But how was I to know that, when you would not answer me?"

"Mary, I have been thinking over to-day what Randolph said last night. I know as well as he what a priceless treasure I have in my wife, badly as I often treat her. And it seems strange that I can ever be cross to you."

"Especially," she answered coolly, "when the bad mood is so easily thrown off on the entrance of a friend."

Ah! it is easy to see that Mary was no pattern for poor snubbed wives to fashion themselves by. The wives of sulky men ought to be like weather-vanes, turning to a fair breeze the moment that it changes. The husbands of sulky women whiffle round with the greatest alacrity and delight when the domestic fog lifts before a fair wind. They are glad to have clear weather on any terms. Yet we are not sure that Mary's method did not secure for her longer intervals of sunshine than any other.

Early in the following Summer, a young sister of Mr. Stanhope's came to reside with them. She had been living for ten years with an invalid aunt in a Southern city. This aunt had named her for herself, and had agreed to make her the heiress of her own large fortune if she were sent to her as soon as she had passed through the manifold perils of childhood. So, at the age of fourteen, she had been sent away from home to an almost solitary life among strangers. The aunt was now

dead, and Ruth, who had never ceased to long for her old home in New England, was coming to find every thing changed, and those who had been dearest to her, gone from home forever. Her parents were both dead, and no relative except her brother lived to welcome her return. Mr. Stanhope went into the city to meet her. He was in his happiest mood, though Chloe had several times within a week declared that her "Judgment hymn would be all worn out 'fore long."

She watched her mistress curiously as she stood on the piazza, looking up the street anxiously, for the train was late.

"Chloe," she said, presently, "what sort of a person is Miss Ruth?"

"Ye need n't be none afeard o' her, Miss Mary," answered Chloe, encouragingly. "She ain't one bit like—like some of her relations. You'll see that as soon as you see her. Now husband's relations generally are posset to meddle. There's Mr. Hunt's sister—the old maid I mean—and Mr. Stafford's mother, that's come to live with him, now she's a widder; and that cross-eyed aunt of General Dyer's—you've seen her at church, she wears a green bunnit as old as the hills. I declare, Miss Mary, I would n't stay in a family where any of them lived if they'd give me forty dollars a week. 'Deed I would n't."

"Tell me about Miss Ruth, Chloe. Do you think we shall get on comfortably together?"

"Knows you will without thinking."

"And if your master should—" Mary paused. She could not bring herself to ask a servant how the new-comer would be likely to bear an exhibition of sulks. But the quick-witted Chloe understood her:

"Laws! Do n't bother your head about that, Miss Mary. She knew him when they was children, a long sight afore you ever saw him. She was a darlin' little critter, as fair and sweet as a white rosy, and he was a big boy. But the old lady allus made Miss Ruth give up to him. He was her *idle*, you see. Such tantrums as he'd have if he could n't have



his way! And Miss Ruth would coo round him and coax him 'nuff to melt a stone. 'Twa' n't no use, more 'n't would be now. The very old scratch gets into him, and—"

"Chloe!" Mary's raised voice silenced Chloe at once. Her eyes darkened, and a painful color burned in her cheeks. "Never let me hear you speak of your master in that way again."

"I 'clare now," said Chloe, opening her great black eyes so wide in her astonishment that it quite altered her looks, "I 'll give it up. I forgot you 's his wife. I did, now. I would n't 'a' said a word for a farm. I never did afore; now, did I? I talks to myself and to the pots and kittles, and sometimes I breaks out a word or so to Pete when he comes in from the stable, but I would n't say a word to you for a thousand dollars. Poor thing!" said Chloe, pityingly, "you 's 'nuff to bear without that. Only think how many of these ugly scrapes he 's had since you were married. And if I so much as says to him, 'This pudden be extra good, Master George,' do n't he glare at me like a wild beast? And do n't he growl when I does exactly what he tells me? But I never comes to you with it. I knows you can't help it, poor critter. I never did mention it to you, and I never will."

Chloe's persistence in the very fault for which she was apologizing was so funny that Mary could not help laughing. The faithful servant went back to the kitchen to look after the tea-cakes, which were being spoiled by waiting.

"Miss Mary is a-worrying because the cars is late. Hope to marcy he 'll come home all right, though if the ingine is busted and any body 's killed, we must be resigned. Providence does amazin' things sometimes; but, bless you," added Chloe, piously, "they allus works out for our good. There goes the whistle. He 's safe 'nuff. Knew he 'd be. Deary me! What lots o' real nice peaceable folks does get killed, and the wicked live right on in every body's way."

Mary was still standing on the piazza

when the carriage drove up. She saw her husband get out, and directly after him a light figure spring to the ground without assistance.

"Why, Ruth! You little witch! I was coming to help you as soon as I could fasten the horse."

"So is Christmas coming," responded a clear, girlish voice. The voice corresponded very well with the fresh young face that turned eagerly toward Mary. She put up her rosy lips to be kissed, exactly as little Ethel did when she went to bed at night.

"It is Mary, is it not? I am so glad to get to you at last. You will be glad, too, will you not?"

"Yes, indeed."

Mary was won at once by the frank, bright manner of her new sister.

"Because," continued Ruth, looking wistfully into the kind face that welcomed her as cordially as Mary's words had done, "I have n't any friends to live with but you. And it would be so sad if you could not love me. Aunty was kind, but she did not love any body much, so, of course, she could n't love me."

By this time they were in the house, and Mary could see her guest more plainly. Her eyes were blue, like Mr. Stanhope's, and the masses of hair coiled at the top of her head and curling about her face and neck were of the same color with his. But there were no other points of resemblance to show their kinship.

"Ruth seems to puzzle you," said Mr. Stanhope, who remarked Mary's study of the young girl's features.

"I do not think her likeness does her justice; that is all."

"Likeness! Have you a likeness of me? Where did you get it?" Ruth looked to her brother for an answer.

"I do n't know. I am sure I have never seen it."

"Why, you gave it to me yourself when I was filling the album. Here it is."

Ruth looked at the picture curiously, laughingly at first, and then her eyes filled with tears.

"It is Aunt Ruth," she said, softly,

"and it must have been taken twenty years ago. I can hardly realize that she was ever young like this." Another thought drove the sadness from her face.

"Where is Chloe?" she asked. "Dear, good Chloe! I have looked forward to seeing her ever since I knew I was to come home to you. You won't mind it, will you? You see I did not know you and the babies, but I did know Chloe."

Chloe must have been somewhere within hearing, for as soon as Ruth mentioned her name she appeared at the door, her face radiant with smiles. Ruth threw her arms around the faithful creature's neck, and clung to her with a warm affection that Chloe was not slow in responding to.

"There, there," she said, touching the bright hair on her shoulder, caressingly, with her hard hands, "old Chloe 'll keep till to-morrow, and the tea-cakes is a-spilling: just such cakes as you used to tease for when you were no bigger 'n our Miss Ethel."

It was soon apparent that the presence of Miss Ruth in the family was to bring none of the disagreeables that Chloe had designated as apt to accompany "husband's relations."

On the contrary, she managed to creep into the hearts of all. Especially was this the case with Mr. Randolph, who now visited them oftener than ever. It was soon apparent that he had found one other woman in the world equal to Mrs. Stanhope. It was not so easy to ascertain Ruth's opinion of him. Indeed, as soon as she detected his feeling for her, she began to shun his society. At first she had shown a frank liking for him that was very flattering, and, when she grew cold and constrained in manner, Randolph naturally thought that he had inadvertently offended her. Mary was not a little puzzled by her behavior. She saw that the trouble, whatever it might be, made the young girl unhappy, and so she resolved to avail herself of a sister's privilege, and question her.

She found her one evening, sitting listlessly by the parlor-window, looking out

upon the street, with a preoccupied air that showed her thoughts to be far away. Mary sat down beside her, and, without any preliminary beating about the bush, began at once,

"What is the matter with our Ruth?"

Ruth looked up quickly and laughed.

"The matter? Why, I cut my finger with Paul's new knife. See! Chloe has bound it up."

"You know what I mean, Ruthie."

"Yes, I suppose I do. But I can not tell you what you want to know."

"Perhaps I can guess. It is about Randolph, is it not? Ah! I see it is."

"If it is, you can not help me."

"You are both miserable, and there is of course a cause for it. What has he done to offend you?"

"He has done nothing. Do not ask me."

"I must, my pet. I can not see you so unhappy and not try to help you. Why do you avoid him?"

"Because, Mary dear, I am afraid he likes me. I know he does."

"And why should he not? Can you not love him, and are you sorry for him because he loves you?"

"No. It is not that. O! Mary, how can I tell you! It is because I have no means of knowing his real disposition. You were deceived, Mary. No one could seem more unselfish and thoughtful than George did. If I should marry Randolph, and find out afterward that I could not respect him, it would kill me. I have not your strength of mind. I could not rise superior to such things."

Mary was silent, but her color rose painfully. What could she say?

"Understand me, Mary dear," Ruth went on; "I love him well enough to bear almost any shortcomings on his part. I am not ashamed to own it. But I could not love him if he should have the sulks. There, now you are angry with me. Why would you persist in knowing the truth?"

"No; I am not angry. I suppose you would believe Randolph himself, if he should plead 'not guilty' to this particular fault."



"Yes. But who would dare to ask him such a question? You see it is a hopeless case."

"Perhaps not. We will see. Do not look so frightened. I will do nothing to compromise your delicacy."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when Randolph himself was shown into the room. Before Ruth could run away, Mary addressed him.

"You always look so good-tempered, Mr. Randolph, that I sometimes wonder if you were ever angry. Confess, now, that you do not always feel as pleasant as you look."

Randolph laughed. "Well, I am what is called quick-tempered, but I can not stay angry. I don't think I ever kept

the bad feeling ten minutes at a time in my life."

"Not if you were low-spirited?"

"I do not suffer from low-spirits, fortunately."

Mary saw Ruth's face brighten, and very considerably left them together. They were married within a month, and Ruth has never regretted it.

We leave Mary reluctantly, because her married life does not grow happier as the years go by. Her character is strengthening; her spirit is becoming purified. She is a wise as well as affectionate mother and a dutiful wife; but, we grieve to say, her heart has been thoroughly weaned from her husband by *sulks*.

H. C. GARDNER.

## MOUNT VESUVIUS.

MOUNT Vesuvius rises from a low and level plain of Italy into a clear sky, whose arch extends over a deep, blue sea. On the east shore of the Bay of Naples, it rises with a base of thirty miles in circumference; and in its upper section it divides into two peaks. The one termed the Somma rising three thousand and seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; the other, known as Vesuvius, at the north brim of the crater, attains the altitude of nearly four thousand feet, but has varied at different periods on account of the eruptions which have broken up its top.

The surrounding country called Campania (from *campus*, a plain), though portions of it have lain for eighteen centuries a barren waste, was as much renowned by the ancients for its beauty and fertility as the vicinity of Vesuvius now is for its desolation. It is of volcanic origin, due to the action of Vesuvius and other volcanoes, whose craters, now level with the surface, form many inland lakes. It is to this volcanic origin that it

owes its extreme fertility for which it was celebrated in antiquity above all other lands. It produced corn, wine, and oil, and all kinds of fruit, in the greatest abundance. Olives flourished, and the vine was cultivated, throughout all Campania. Every reader of "Horace" is familiar with the name of "Old Falernian," and every schoolboy has heard of the "Ulasic Hills."

Campania was also a healthy country; and, save the Sirocco, a south wind which comes charged with suffocating heat from the scorching plains of Africa, it possessed every thing that can make and keep men happy. In fact, the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the scenery, the softness of the climate, the heat of which is tempered by the delicious breezes of the sea, secured for it the name of *felix*. The lovers of the sublime will find no place where they can breathe a more elevating influence from natural beauty. All the grandeur of Switzerland is found enriched by the color and warmth of the southern sky.

The cold gray and green of the north here pass into gold and purple; while in the same district is found the most charming lake scenery in the world; where the sunny hills and warm hues of Italy are backed by the lofty range of the Appenines, which sweep around in the form of a semicircle. Here the Roman poets place the home of the Sirens, who, by their charming voices, enticed ashore those sailing by, and detained them listening to their sweet music till they pined away. Here was a favorite resort of the Roman nobles, whose villas studded a considerable portion of the plain. Here, too, philosophers and poets sought retirement; and here were born many of those sublime ideas now found in poetry, whose source by mistake is traced to the Eternal City. In fact, of all Italy, Rome occupied the least enviable position, and were the Tiber stripped of its associations, its ruins, its buildings, and its history, the traveler would little care to linger on its bank.

In the vicinity of Vesuvius lived a people as joyous by nature as by association; and, until the latter part of the first century after the Christian era, they tilled the very sides of the mountain without the least apprehension of danger from its summit. Prior to this time, there are no records of any eruptions. In fact, the mountain is often spoken of by ancient Roman writers without allusion to its volcanic nature; and that such has always been its character has only been inferred by Strabo, on account of the igneous appearance of its rocks. Diodorus Siculus, a contemporary of Strabo, both living at the Christian era, also remarks that the mountain bore many signs of having been burning in ancient times; but its cavities had filled up, and so great was the lapse of time since its activity that a soil gradually formed over the volcanic rocks, in which century-living plants grew up and died; and to all appearance time had forever sealed up the fountains of its lava.

But the happiness of the people, and the prosperity of happy Campania, were

destined ere long to cease. On the 5th of February, A. D. 63, the mountain gave signs of agitation in an earthquake, which occasioned much damage to the surrounding country, and foreshadowed the dreadful doom of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Naples suffered some damage, but a heavier calamity fell upon the two fated cities. The temples and theaters which displayed their chief wealth and beauty were laid in a heap of ruins. Many private residences crumbled to the ground, and beneath them perished many of the inhabitants; others, also, while trying to escape, were crushed by falling stones, which afterward lay in huge heaps along the streets. So great was the destruction that the people for a long time thought of deserting the site of the unfortunate cities; and by this we are able to comprehend the extent of the calamity, for it was argued that to build a new city would be easier than to clear away the ruins and rebuild upon the old site; but, either from the supplications of the people or on account of the well-known excellence of the place, it was agreed upon to rebuild them upon the old sites.

Then they began with a restless activity to clear away the rubbish, and rebuild the public buildings and the temples. The work progressed so rapidly that by the close of Winter the theaters and temples were again fit for use; and when the light and joyous people of Campania could witness the bloody spectacles on the arena, and worship at the shrine of their deities, they felt prosperous, and soon forgot the dark calamity.

Some, by a presentiment of a calamity still more dreadful, deserted the place, and sought homes in Rome or Naples; but whether they had sought and found a sufficient cause for their fears in a probable return of the volcanic action of Vesuvius is doubtful, since they did not regard the probability of such a return of sufficient importance. Light vibrations were frequently felt after the 5th of February, which indicated such a return; but all this was overlooked in the desire to



rebuild the cities, which progressed so rapidly that in a short time no ruins remained to recall to mind the disaster that had inflicted so deep a wound.

But a cruel destiny awaited the yet happy people who, ignorant of their danger, awaited it unterrified. On the 24th of August, A. D. 79, the inhabitants of Pompeii were moving in joyous groups to the amphitheater, where they intended to spend the day in witnessing the combats on the arena. The day did not forebode an impending calamity by a strange appearance, neither did the earth warn the people by any vibrations, until they had filled the seats of the amphitheater.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, when the play perhaps had just begun, the shaking of the earth became perceptible, and nature presented that strange appearance which sometimes creates within us a mingled feeling of awe and dread of something we know not what.

We can give no better description of the beginning of the eruption, than that of the younger Pliny, an authentic writer, and an eye-witness to the awful scene.

He relates that his uncle, the Admiral Pliny, his mother and himself, were sitting at their midday meal, when his mother, turning to the window, called the attention of his uncle and himself to a strange cloud in the heavens. All turned their eyes to where the cloud appeared, and his uncle, astonished at the unusual sight, at once left the house and ascended a neighboring hill, where he could better observe the strange phenomenon, which had occupied his whole attention.

For a time he could not decide with certainty from what mountain the cloud arose; but finally he discovered it to be from the summit of Vesuvius. He compared the form of the cloud to that of a huge pine, because it arose for some distance tall and slim like the trunk of a tree, and at the top spread out in branches. By times, says Pliny, the cloud appeared to glow as a stream of fire, and then again was dark.

The elder Pliny, admiral of a fleet at Misenum, entered the ships and ordered his men to follow and assist in rescuing those on shore. Already the sea had risen before him in wildest tumult, yet no storm had disturbed its depths. He reached Stabiæ, the hot cinders falling on the ships, and entered the house of a friend. The flames were rolling round, and the house was fast filling with cinders. Finding it too dangerous to proceed further, they returned to their ships, bearing pillows on their heads to escape suffocation; but on reaching the sea they found it too tempestuous to embark. The followers of Pliny fled for safety, but his own body was found three days afterward, he having perished by suffocation.

In the mean time the sea arose far above its shore, and then dashed back with wildest fury. In some places it remained far above its water-mark, while in others it never reached it, leaving a portion of its bed above the surface, and many sea-animals upon dry land. In this shaking, portions of land arose while others sank, leaving some places formerly on the coast far inland, while in other places portions of land had become a bed of the sea.

He further relates that a column of smoke and fire began to blaze forth with greater violence in another place, and the broad light of day became mantled in the darkest night. The rain of ashes grew thicker, and so heavy that those fleeing were compelled by times to shake it from them, lest, gathering upon them, it would weigh them down and engulf them beneath. Terrible were the lamentations of those fleeing. Says Pliny, one heard nothing but the cries of children, the lamentation of wives, and the curses of men. Some sought their children, others their aged parents, and could distinguish them only by their voices. Some preferred death to the fear of death, and others raised their hands to heaven and thought that the last day had come. He further relates, that after this fearful condition had continued for some time, the

darkness disappeared and the sun shone forth, but so pale and faint that it resembled its appearance during an eclipse, and the ground was covered with light gray ashes, as if a deep snow had fallen.

Dio Cassius, who flourished about two hundred years after the Christian era, relates that there came a fearful drought, that caused the disappearance of all the springs in the vicinity of the mountain; and that this was closely followed by a violent shaking of the earth. He also describes with great vigor the thunder-like rumbling in the earth, the terrible roaring of the neighboring seas; after which there came a sound as if the mountains had fallen together. Then great stones were thrown aloft. Streams of fire rolled from the mountain, and finally a dense smoke filled the air, that obscured the sun. After this there came an immense shower of ashes that covered both land and sea, filling the air as far as Africa, Syria, and Egypt. In Rome the air was almost darkened by it; while in the vicinity of the mountain the ashes, mingled with burning brimstone, fell so thick that escape became almost impossible. Many perished in the open fields, while those who sought their houses for safety, there found a more inevitable destruction. This rain of scoriæ and ashes lasted eight days and nights, mingled with showers of rain. During most of this time a thick darkness overhung the vicinity of Vesuvius, leaving the unhappy people overshadowed by a long and fearful night. At the end of eight days the darkness disappeared, and the sun shone through a hazy light. Day had dawned upon Campania, but not upon Herculaneum and Pompeii. A deep mass of seething ashes lay where these two cities had been, and a few dying embers only floated above the abyss in which the wealth and pride of Campania had been engulfed.

When the volcanic matter ceased to flow, and the darkness cleared up, no trace of Herculaneum or Pompeii remained; and the face of the country had so changed that those most familiar with

the place could not distinguish their sites. Portions of land which had flourished with the vine and the olive, sunk below the level, were overwhelmed, and their place had become a sea; again the land had risen till portions of the ocean's bed, covered over with lava, were added to the extent of land. The river Samo had changed its course, while Pompeii, once at the foot of the mountain, where the waters laved its very site, now lay buried nearly two miles from the sea.

For seventeen centuries the names of Herculaneum and Pompeii disappeared from history. A soil gradually formed above them, in which wild plants and shrubs grew up, till the Campus Pompeii became a barren and uninhabited plain. No trace of either city appeared until the year 1592, when an architect engaged to dig a canal to drain the water of the river Samo. This he conducted through the very site of Pompeii, where he came in contact with the cinders, as well as the remains of houses, without being impressed with the least idea that they were the remains of human dwellings. A portion of the theater was now above ground; it is also said that he came upon an inscription bearing the name of Pompeii. This, however (although it took place in the sixteenth century, when there raged a passion for discovery), was not associated with the memory of the ruined cities, and, soon passing from the memory of men, left the cities doomed to lie for another century in their deep and dark grave. In the year 1721, as two vine-dressers were going to or from their work, they came upon the remains of a building projecting above the surface, and, digging further, they found it to be the remains of a human dwelling. About the same time remains of Herculaneum were found by the digging of a well. All this was made known to the King of Naples, who determined to lend his aid in the excavating of the cities. The bonds were now broken, and the veil which had been spread over the cities for seventeen centuries was rent.

The houses were stripped of their gold



and precious things; but their discovery threw much light upon the private life of the ancients. Men knew enough of their public life, but it had often occurred that to enter a private residence, as it was eighteen centuries ago, would reveal a deep mystery. Such the resurrection of these two cities afforded; for the eruption came upon the people while cooking, dining, and even baking bread.

About half the city is now exposed to view, with its market-places, theaters, temples, baths, and private houses. It was surrounded by a wall about two miles in circumference, surmounted by towers, and containing six gates. It was chiefly devoted to commerce, and, from its present appearance, was quite a considerable town, yet was far from being a great city. There seems to have prevailed a spirit of domestic economy which far exceeds the most frugal of modern times. The dwellings were built of brick or wood, plastered on the outside. All were of a single story, and usually connected with a shop, or in some way linked with the buildings for commerce. These, however, were but for the purpose of shelter while eating and sleeping; for all the buying and selling was carried on in the open air. The exterior of the houses was unadorned; but the walls in the inside were covered with paintings, many of which before exposed to light, retained the brightest colors. The floors of houses of ordinary rank were made by leveling the ground and overlaying it with a kind of cement or mortar, which, when hardened, formed a floor at once cheap and durable. In the houses of the more wealthy, the floors were wrought with mosaic work, an art then at the height of its perfection. It consisted in fitting together in a groundwork of cement cubic blocks of stone and glass, in such a way as to imitate the colors and gradations of painting. The representation of inanimate objects scattered over the floor seems to have been the chief design of the artist. A floor in Pompeii, containing the battle of Issus, is the finest representation yet

discovered. Herculaneum seems to have been much larger, and much more devoted to literature and fine arts than her sister city. The houses were mostly built of brick, the wooden roofs of which soon gave way to the heat and pressure of the volcanic matter above them. This, says Sir William Hamilton, flowed in the form of liquid mud, which, when hardened, retained the images of the objects it engulfed as perfectly as if they had been taken in the plaster of Paris. By these impressions the arrangements of buildings, forms of cooking utensils, and even the eatables, can be distinguished. The first matter ejected from Vesuvius was scorix and ashes, this being the principal matter until 1066, when the first great flow of lava occurred.

Herculaneum was overwhelmed at first by the same material as Pompeii; but later eruptions added much to the covering of the former, in so much that it now lies about one hundred and twelve feet below the surface. The later floods of lava consisted of the same material that formed the Italian tufa, or building-stone of Naples. On this account, as well as from the expense of raising the materials excavated to the surface, only a small portion of the city is now exposed to view. Enough however has come to light to show that it was, to some extent, devoted to the study of fine art. The most important of the buildings was a theater capable of seating about ten thousand persons. Its walls were adorned with frescoed paintings, and the interior contained many images of sculptured marble. A basilisk standing near contained the paintings, many of which when discovered retained the brightest colors. There were many other things, such as mirrors, vases of colored glass, all representing the highest skill in ancient art. A library was also disinterred written upon scrolls of papyrus; but being completely carbonized, the difficulty of unrolling and deciphering was very great. However, the Government employed a skillful artist to translate it, and all Europe awaited the result, in anticipa-

tion of seeing some valuable addition made to the restoration of ancient literature. When deciphered, it was found to be a treatise on music by Philodemus, and a few unimportant works on philosophy.

From the first great outbreak of Vesuvius down to the present, about sixty eruptions have occurred, many of which are described as terrific. From the first to the ninth century, the ejections being scoriæ and ashes, there were no eruptions of great violence. From 1306 to 1631, Vesuvius was in a state of rest; but all this time *Ætna* was pouring forth streams of lava, which doubtless gave vent to the internal force that before had escaped through Vesuvius.

An eruption of 1779 is described as one of the grandest and most terrible of nature's phenomena. White sulphurous smoke arose four times as high as the mountain, into which stones and scoriæ were projected three hundred feet, after which streams of fire shot forth three times as high as the mountain. Another took place in 1794, which entirely destroyed the town of Torre del Greco. It poured forth huge streams of lava con-

taining more than forty-six million cubic feet of matter. During this flow, a vent opened near the base of the mountain more than two thousand feet in length and nearly three hundred feet wide, which, when filled with lava and hardened, resembled a structure of ancient basaltic rock. Another, of 1861, is represented as extremely terrific. It began at eight in the morning, in tremblings of the ground, and at nine, the lava flowed in a stream a half a mile broad. Torre del Greco, a town of about twenty-two thousand inhabitants, again suffered a partial destruction. Great crevices opened in the streets, that stopped the running of carriages. Walls were rent, and roofs wavered and shrank, burying up or crushing the inhabitants beneath them. Explosions resembling those of heavy artillery continued till evening; and at night a most brilliant display of electric lights, forked lightning, and columns of fire and smoke, continually arising from the crater. During these explosions, the whole shape of Vesuvius has been changed. The old crater has been deepened and ten new ones have been produced.

SOPHIA MONROE.

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### GOOD DREAMS.

YOU never heard Parepa sing, or Nilsson in her glory; you who play the piano never thrilled in unison with Rubinstein; you who love the violin never listened to the witchery of Ole Bull; you who regard heroic deeds never read of Scott at Lundy's Lane, but flaming, you exclaimed, "I too! I can! Great things are in me, let me try!" We talk of dullards. Dullards? There are none. Go pick us out the rudest clod-breaker who seems to have no thought but to follow plow and kick the unturned furrow down, to eat and sleep. I can rouse his soul to dreams. I will point across

the lake, so peaceful now, and tell him of the strife at Plattsburg, where his grandsire fought; tell of the roll of drums, lines of steel, the British charge for the bridge, the flash, the shock, the dismayed recoil; tell of brave M'Donough on the bay answering also with his guns; how he fought his ship for "free trade and sailors' rights;" how the smoke arose, obscured the young flag, lifted for a moment and revealed it, wrapped it round again and held it long, till American winds came out of the north and revealed the flag still flying; tell of the day won. Your dullard shall cry, "Why



was not I there?" This human soul of ours, what does it not dare in dreams! Men are brave in dreams; geniuses in dreams; pious followers of Christ, and bearers of his cross in dreams; entering heaven in dreams. It is the practical which estops us; the how of daily deeds which gives us pause.

Last Summer, at the Overlook, among the Catskills, off to the south-west of the house, the morning revealed a bank of clouds, which seemed to rest far up in a sort of "home of the clouds," a ravine in the inaccessible bosom of three lofty peaks. Here evaporation was rapid after the night of rain. From hence, half across the face of the gloomy pines, these clouds would advance at times as if resolved to oversweep and reign in rain: this was their dream. But there really was no wind, and they never crept beyond the edge of their high dark cavern, moving ever, rolling somberly in upon themselves, achieving nothing. Then they combed over the mountain's long arm, an ambitious crest, about to envelop the whole range; but there was no strengthening breath, and they were soon anchored as before. Then they lifted, as if determined now to soar, and, earth-severed, to be a proper cloud, sun-touched and regal; yet they only arose to sink again; there really was no vigor to execute the dream. Poor clouds! to watch them was to pity them, tantalized by hopes they could not realize, vexing men with long uncertainty, reminding one of human souls. Then came the wind strong from out the north-west, a whole hour before sunset, caught them up, tossed them, turned them over and over in that most resplendent light the whole day has; and, not content with gilding, used alchemy. Then the wind said, "Rise! be what you have dreamed!" reminding one of Christ, who says to man, "You can do all things through me strengthening you."

Popular phraseology has fixed certain religious idioms—some say unfixed them, because they have become cant. "Getting religion," "seeking the Lord,"

"becoming converted" or "pious" or "Christians," have nevertheless a meaning, express an idea. Religion is a word of wide meaning certainly. The idea underlying these idioms, however, is specific enough in a Protestant evangelical community. If one shall have "experienced" this particular phase of "religion" in just what is his life helped? A line compasses the answer: Jesus, Savior, pledges and furnishes a superhuman help to become such a man, live such a life, as in his better moments every man dreams, yet can not in his own weak self accomplish.

Go down the avenue and you can too easily find him—the rum-seller. He was, possibly, a mechanic, hard-worked, frugal. Trade grew dull, work uncertain, and with a few honest savings he opened this dishonest shop. The clergy call him bad names; he knows it, laughs, or, at the worst, but grows angry, and hates them in silence. The women pray for his overthrow; he knows it, and—makes money. The better classes all condemn and contemn him; count him a social enemy; he knows it, gets richer; indeed, with doubly curtained windows, screen at door, hides, like a rat in his hole, and gnaws away at the public cheese. One might think this creature less or more than human. No; a man like the rest, save his bonds. Once in a while, not because of the clergy, crusaders, or better classes, but because he is born of woman, he turns lock and gas at police-rule closing-time, and stops to think. See! In the dim half-light he leans an elbow on the reeking counter, drops his chin into his hand, gazes down upon that indescribable floor, bursts out, "I hate it! Why did I ever come into it? I—live—among—hogs! What's worse, I—I, as clean-born as a prince—make men so!" It is impossible to describe the tones with which this is uttered. He thinks of his youth, long gone now, for a gray hair or two has fallen from his nervously combing fingers plain upon the brown counter under his eye; yet not that he is aged, for the trade does not

"make old bones;" only, passing on, he thinks of that regard of good men once his; of his own children in the tenement above his shop. It is nigh the 1st of January, when he must renew his lease. "I'll quit it." He grasps a pen, the words are fairly pushed on to the paper; a letter to his landlord:

"MY DEAR SIR,—My rent will Expire in two weeks. Circumstances are such—or rather for Reasons of my own I have concluded to, I have Resolved to—"

Unpracticed in writing, pausing over spelling, questions of capital letters, searching for forcible rhetoric, he has found, what many another has, his ardor cool. Twenty minutes were consumed in the above, and twenty minutes halt in the heat of a noble resolve have, more than once in this troublous world, been like a rasping rock on a scythe's edge; for he falls to weighing the toil of a working life again—the moving to a strange community, to be character-free; the war with his own thirst; the speers of "pals," sneers sharper than blows ever. Poor wretch, pausing pen in hand, gnawing the holder, distraught, irresolute over the words "Resolved to—."

Just what would the religion of Jesus do for that man? It would superhumanly help him to finish the letter. What! a miracle? A miracle!

Last Monday a man, aged thirty, walked up Broadway in the city of New York. He had a fine broad forehead, brown, deep vocal eyes, thin locks, a nervous venous hand as of one unused to manual toil, and wore a somewhat seedy suit of black. Almost pathetic traces of the gentleman appeared in his dress; in the well-worn kids, one on, the other carried deftly. He may have been a clerk or a mercantile character. Probably not. However that, you would have said at a glance, "A wreck!" whether you thought him a musician, lawyer, or what not of the professions. Perhaps, just then, indeed, he was forth on that wild, aimless walk the morning after a Sunday of revel. What cared he, or who for him, as he passed the Grand Central Hotel;

what cared he, or who, in a city full, for him, as he passed Stewart's: indeed, as he passed Grace Church? Stay! he did not pass the church; but the door being open and perhaps he weary, the church being warm, and perhaps his lodgings not, reason or none, he dodged in. The writer does not imagine what the writer saw, as the reader may have seen any day even more, if he ever has read that most wonderful of all volumes, the streets of a great town. *Le miserable* stood a moment in the aisle, as if questioning "How came I here?" Then, as the soft notes of the organ rose above the hum of outer passing vehicles, he sat, as through the flecks of colored sunbeams, shadows, and dim distance, came the voice of prayer—prayers than which none can be nobler, sweeter to the hungry, more tender to the weary—he dropped his head. The prayer went on: "Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee." And the waif's thoughts were busy; busy on better days; busy with old memories, hopes, aims, joys. Great repentance sprang up in his heart. Hope swam in his eyes, whose tears would not stay dried. You could have read in his glance, as his hand propped his upturned face in a long gaze to the groined arches, "I will." And, alas! you could also have read, as his dream drew near a close, "Of what avail! I have tried a thousand times!"

He went out with the scanty worshipers, the service done, into the street; the music gave him parting benediction, as did none of fourscore worshipers—lo! admirable conventionality!—the great crowd took him in. It was high noon. He struggled a moment with two things—a hot resolve and a hot throat. It was but a step to a bar. The dream is over! What can the Holy Spirit do for humanity? It would have made this dream a reality. A miracle? A miracle! What do we in this late age? Our religion is miraculous or false. Does Christ, or does he not, do for us what we can not do for ourselves?



On the answer hangs the faith once delivered to the saints.

Who can describe the joy of "conversion?" After Jesus' answer to Nichodemus, in the figure of the blowing winds, let no man try; yet each and all may feel. Still it is not impossible to walk about this many-sided blessing, describing single rays of its glory.

There was once a lark, and when we saw him he was young. Young, yet he had already flown high; for this lark knew an eagle, and one day, with this eagle, flew from Mount Washington to Jefferson, six thousand feet in air. Theirs was a real friendship; for the eagle had been on good terms with the mother lark and father, was present that morning when there was joy in the lark family because this fellow, then a fledgeling, first essayed to wing it; had told the young ones many a tale of wild adventure in the upper air; had half adopted this young handy-wing, when, at length, the aged pair were softly buried by November winds piling the leaves. But the lark, grown of age, strangely chose, by some temptation, to grovel. Instead of feeding in those high pastures upon insects of zephyr-wing, he walked in furrowed fields and fed on grubs; treading all day by marshy pools, by stagnant waters, after rains, bordering country roads; soaring never. There were not

lacking kind and fiercer exhortations from the noble patron. "See how defiled you are on beak, on talon, on shapely limb." To which was ever the same reply, "Just for to-day; I can fly when I will." Not so; for one noon, by a quagmire's edge, a worm crept forth, fastened to the tiny claw, slipped cold and coiling up the leg, struck to burrow in the feathers. Fly, poor thing! It tried; but how could it fly with that dangling reptile weighing it down? and all the while the miscreant twined in, out, a cincture round the wing's hinge, the victim fluttering, floundering, fettered; the enemy nestling chill against the very skin. You might have heard that prayer had you been there; the farmers heard it as they rested at the swath's end: "O eagle, my friend, and my father's friend, is it too late?" Where the eagle roamed one knows not; but from far he came. See! he feels for the creeping thing, seizes it, unhasps it, flirts it out, far out and down. As the foe falls, deliverer and delivered soar.

Many are the homes where Jesus is the friend of the old pair. Many are the youths who suddenly find sin a coiling habit. To be forgiven by him is to be set free. And yet forgiveness is but the beginning of "conversion," when one is hidden under His feathers.

EMORY J. HAYNES.

## ABOVE ALL PRICE.

HOW dear does mother hold  
Her bonny little ones?  
Just as dear as the jostling clovers  
Hold the merry sun.  
How hard would mother try  
To please her pretty lass?  
Just as hard as the pleasant showers  
Try to please the grass.  
How fair does the mother think  
The darling at her breast?

Just as fair as the fleet white sea-bird  
Thinks the wave's white crest.  
How long will mother's love  
For her treasure last?  
Just as long as her heart keeps beating—  
Till her life be past.  
How much will mother's love  
Change from warm to cold?  
Just as the mountain changes,  
Or the ocean old.

## WALKS ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE.

I HAVE received, in my Oriental home, and read with great pleasure, an article in a recent number of the *REPOSITORY*, entitled "Journeyings of an Invalid," and seeing no mention made in it of this city of the East, the thought has suggested itself to my mind of inviting the genial writer of that article, together with other readers of the *REPOSITORY*, to accompany me in a walk among some of the more interesting sights and monuments of this great city.

Taking then, as our point of departure, Pera, which is the European quarter, and where the hotels are situated, we descend a steep hill, through a narrow, crowded street, to Galata, we cross its main street, keeping a lookout for the horse cars of the street-railway (tramway they call it here). There comes a huge car with passengers on the top as well as inside, and in front of it there is running at full speed a stout fellow dressed in a red shirt, swinging a stick and calling out at the top of his voice, "Varda! Varda!" (Get out of the way.)

This novel arrangement has been found necessary for the prevention of accidents, as the street-railways have only been recently introduced, and the people of this country are not yet sufficiently used to the cars to keep out of their way.

We proceed, after crossing the tramway, through a still more densely crowded though short street, and as a confused din and noise of many voices strikes our ear I am asked for an explanation. I reply by asking you to step aside through a narrow door-way blocked up by crowds of people, and, after edging our way through this crowd with difficulty, we come into a paved court surrounded on all sides by a double gallery. The court is filled with men, principally young men, each with note-book and pencil in hand. The galleries also are both filled with men, two-thirds at least of whom are leaning over the balustrade, and, with

the most intense excitement depicted on their countenances, are shouting and vociferating to those below; and since, in the uproar of several hundred persons shouting at once, not a word can be distinguished, they are accompanying their voices with a curious pantomime with the fingers. You ask me with astonishment the meaning of this violent and angry gesticulation and shouting. I inform you that this is the gold exchange, where the public stocks are bought and sold, and where fortunes are sometimes made or lost in a day. A telegram has probably arrived of a drunken brawl somewhere up in Montenegro, and a half dozen Christians and as many Turks have broken one another's heads, and it is going to make work for diplomacy; or it may be some one has got wind of a contemplated change in the Turkish Cabinet of Ministers, the Grand Vizier is going to be dismissed; or it may be there was a stormy session yesterday in the French Assembly, and trouble is predicted. Whatever the exciting news may be, the "bears" are at work trying to bring down the price of Turkish funds; and quite likely, before night, they will succeed in effecting their object, and the funds will fall one or two per cent even from so slight a cause, so sensitive is this barometer of public credit.

We are glad to escape from the deafening noise of the Bourse, and regain the street. We soon arrive at the bridge over the Golden Horn. I need hardly tell you that the Golden Horn is a horn-shaped body of water, the broad part of which forms the principal part of the harbor—by the way, one of the finest in the world—and this body of water gradually tapers off to a small end and curves around to the north behind the hills of Pera. At the "little end of the horn," the Sultan has a Summer palace, and a small stream—the ancient river Lycus—comes in there, which gives to that



locality the name of "The Sweet Waters of Europe." In this country the term sweet, applied to water, means only fresh, not salt. This bridge over the Golden Horn, which we are crossing in order to pass from Galata to Stamboul, resembles somewhat an old-fashioned "corduroy" road. It is made of sticks three or four inches in diameter, hewn off a little with an adz and spiked down. The bridge rests upon pontoons. The water is here very deep, over one hundred and fifty feet, so no other kind but a floating-bridge would be practicable. Look to your right, up the Golden Horn, and you will see a handsome iron bridge. That bridge was made in France a few years ago, and was originally intended for this position. It was actually placed here; but the Sultan passed along, looked at it, and was not pleased with it, and ordered it to be removed immediately, and this old wooden one put back again. An English contractor is now making another iron one, which, it is hoped, will soon permanently replace this old, unsightly wooden structure.

Let us linger a few moments here on this bridge, as it is the best place in all this city from which to study the various elements of this strangely mixed population. You noticed that as we came upon the bridge we paid toll at the rate of ten paras, that is, about one cent each. The bridge is owned by the Admiralty Department of the Government, and it is let out by them to a private company. Small as the toll may appear, yet such is the stream of people constantly pouring along here, that the revenues amount to an enormous sum. You will notice there are six men kept constantly busy receiving the coppers, passing them over by handfuls to the cashier, and yelling all the time, either to call back some fellow who is trying to step past without paying, or to hurry up those who are slow in their motions, and are blocking up the way. An amusing story is told of the captain of a Scottish Highland company, who had just arrived here at the beginning of the Crimean war. He came here to the end

of the bridge followed by a porter carrying his box, when he was rudely stopped by the toll-keeper, and an extra price demanded for the box. The captain was annoyed, not being able to understand what was said, and turning round he saw, to his great relief, two of his own stout Highlanders. "I wish you would see, my men, what this fellow wants of me, stopping me in this rude manner," said the captain. The two six-footers, without asking any explanation whatever, just picked up the Turk, and carrying him over to the side of the bridge, with a "one, two, three," heaved him over into the sea, and, accompanied by their captain and his porter with the box, went on their way unmolested. No English officer or soldier after that was ever asked for toll during the continuance of the war.

At the present time, the only persons who pass free are Turkish soldiers, or officers of the Government, and, we must add, beggars, of whom the number and variety exceed perhaps any thing you have ever seen, without you have been at Naples. Here is one fellow coming up to us now, whom I have known by sight for at least seven years, and whose story always is that he was burned out in the fire which happened last week. Here, on every side of you, is a horrid mass of every kind of deformity, ostentatiously paraded before you, and shocking all your senses at once. Here a poor wretch, whose lower limbs are paralyzed, is dragging herself along the ground. I call your attention to her merely to ask you to notice that she is *veiled*. Notwithstanding her horrid deformity, yet she carefully adjusts, from time to time, the rag, which at some remote period was white cotton cloth, concealing all of her face below the eyes. "Is this," you ask, "because the face of the poor creature has suffered from disease, and there is concealed under that covering some disgusting sore, sufficient to shock the sensibility even of a Constantinople beggar?" By no means. The face of this poor creature is perhaps the only part not diseased. I have seen it many a time, and there is nothing

repulsive about it; her voice, too, is not a disagreeable one. This covering over her face simply indicates that she is a Mohammedan. She is of the faith of Islam, and it would be a shame even for her, crawling like a reptile through the muddy streets, to have her face uncovered. Here comes another poor creature whose case is a little different. She sits upon her feet with her knees drawn up to her breast. She can not rise up or straighten her limbs. In this posture her stiffened limbs admit of a movement of about two inches at a time, and so she makes her way along this bridge and through the crowded streets. She is now apparently about eighteen years of age. I have known her since she was a little girl. She wears no veil, nor is she ashamed, nor does she in any way shock the modesty of Turkish men or women who stop and give her alms. Why is this? The answer is, this poor creature is a Greek. Her religion (Christian) does not require the concealment of her features; and what would be a shame for the other, who had just crawled past, is not a shame for this one. What a field of study is here opened before us in considering the deplorable condition of the Mohammedan woman!

You would soon learn to distinguish the majority of the different nationalities passing before you. A great number bear the unmistakable features of the Jew. While you see Polish Jews, Russian Jews, and German Jews, yet the most of those you meet here are Spanish Jews, descendants of those who were driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella—one of the darkest acts of cruelty ever perpetrated in the history of Christendom. It is a sad thought that the queen who generously aided Columbus in the discovery of America, could have been driven by a fanatical priest to such a crime against God and humanity. That was the same blasphemous priest who retorted once, upon some one who had not shown him, as he thought, proper respect:

"Is that the way to speak to him who

has every day your queen at his feet, and your God in his hands?"

Here are Constantinople Greeks in great numbers, and now and then we distinguish some Hellenic Greeks, that is, Greeks from Greece itself. These are Albanians, with their white woolen kilts, and with their woolen hose so tightly fitted to their lithe and slender limbs. Here are some Bulgarian shepherds from the plains of Roumelia, looking like Esquimaux, only much larger, dressed literally in sheep-skins from head to foot. Their sandals are of ox-hide; but trousers, jacket, and cap are of sheep-skin, worn as the sheep wears it, with the wool outside. Just behind walk a couple of tall Arabs from the desert, dressed in very thin clothing, with a kind of long, white woolen shawl about the body, and thrown gracefully over the shoulder. Such are the extremes of costume met with here every hour. But night will be upon us if we stop until I point out to you the Tartars, Circassians, Kurds, Turcomans, Persians, etc., who are passing along.

These small steamers upon our right, or the inner side of the bridge, ply up and down the Golden Horn, conveying passengers to and from the different stations, on both sides. The fare is the same, one piaster, a little over four cents, for all the stations. On our left we see a great number of steamers moored to the bridge. The ones nearest the Galata end run to the Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, about nine miles distant. Those moored next to them run to Cadi Keny, a large suburb, which you can see over there to the south. It is the ancient Chalcedon, where one of the Ecumenical Councils was held. It is the terminus of the Asiatic railway, which is only completed about one hundred miles, but which is intended, "in the good time coming," to extend to India. The next steamers we come to are those which run straight across to Scutari, which is that large city over there on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, and just opposite Stamboul. Remember the Bosphorus runs



parallel with this bridge, and Stamboul is a triangle whose point is just here to our right, where the Bosphorus mingles its waters with those of the Sea of Marmora. Look over to Scutari, on the side toward Cadi Keny, that is, toward the Marmora. You see that large quadrangular, yellow building, with towers at the corners, looking like just what it is—a huge barrack for troops? That is the famous Scutari hospital, where Florence Nightingale tended the sick soldiers in the Crimean War, and did so much to endear herself to the hearts of all wherever the English language is spoken.

These steamers, farther on toward the Stamboul-end of the bridge, run up the Bosphorus, some on the Asiatic and some on the European side. When you wish to visit Bebek or Roumeli Hissar, the seat of Robert College, or Buyukdere, or Therapia, or others of those interesting towns on the Bosphorus, take these boats.

Stand back! Here comes the young prince in his carriage, preceded and followed by a mounted guard. The crowd opens, and the people stand in respectful silence as the carriage sweeps past with His Imperial Highness Izzeddin, the eldest son of the Sultan, yet not the heir to the throne. According to Mohammedan law, the heir to the throne is Murad Ef-

fendi, the son of the late Sultan and nephew of the present one. There has been a good deal of talk here in regard to a plan which it is believed the Sultan has of placing this son upon the throne, in violation of the law of succession; and many predict a revolution if this should be attempted. The prince is a pale, delicate-looking youth, about eighteen years of age. Early cares are already beginning to leave their traces upon his brow. Upon his fifteenth birthday he was presented by his august father with a *harem*, and made a general of division in the army, and he has been rapidly promoted, until now he is one of the highest officers in the Turkish army. He ranks as *Ferik*, which corresponds to field-marshal of France.

Well, in our survey of the crowds found here upon this famous bridge, we have had a view of both extremes. Beggars and royalty have passed before our eyes, and each class would give us a subject to moralize upon. That, however, you can do at home, as well as here upon this bridge; and as I can perceive just a little trace of fatigue in the face of our invalid friend, we will call cabs and return to the hotel, leaving further sight-seeing for another day.

ALBERT L. LONG.

## LIFE A SUMMER'S DAY.

THIS life is but a Summer's day,  
Of shadow and of light;  
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,  
And soon give place to night.  
Fair childhood is the early dawn,  
And youth the morning gay;  
Manhood's the noon, so quickly gone,  
And age the evening ray.  
But life eternal—who can tell  
How long it shall endure?  
The righteous shall forever dwell  
In mansions bright and pure.

The hours of childhood and of youth,  
Of manhood and of age,  
Should in the love of sacred truth  
The inmost soul engage.  
This life is given us to prepare  
For that which is to come;  
O, may I gain admittance there,  
And find a heavenly home!  
The Lord will all my sins forgive  
Through his redeeming blood,  
And bid me to his glory live,  
And write my name above.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

## CHAPTER VI.

ONE day Maurice said to me: "I have, down near Berny, a kind of debtor, who has made a successful dive within the past year, and now reappears quite above water. It is necessary that I go in person to assure myself of the phenomenon, and recover, if it be possible, my loaned gold pieces. Take the carrier's wagon with me on Saturday evening, and thou canst easily get to Longjumeau to see Madeline. I will rejoin thee next day in the wood called 'Laughing.'"

The plan seemed very opportune, as I had not visited my mother but twice since her departure, and the last time had found her nearly blind. In all else, she was in better health than I had ever known her, and always in good spirits. But nearly three months had passed since then, and my work had kept me unceasingly employed in the shop and lime-yards.

On reaching Longjumeau, daylight was nearly on the wane. I took the road that led directly to the house of the Mother Rivion; but they had cut down trees along the route, and demolished fences, so that I became bewildered, and lost my knowledge of the way. After wandering in utter confusion among several paths, I looked around with the hope of seeing some person who might set me forward in the right direction.

The nearest dwelling was a long distance off, and I could see that for the time even the fields were deserted. Suddenly a voice, clear and musical, sounded as it were in my very ear. It sung a refrain that I knew well, for it was an old rondo that I had heard in my infancy and often repeated by my mother. I halted in my walk, with a feeling at once of surprise and satisfaction. It was the first time I had listened to the air since I was fifteen years old, and I saw myself a

child again, and heard the youthful Madeline's sweet voice once more.

In the fact that this voice was also true and fresh, it recalled still more forcibly that of my mother. It had the same manner of throwing off the notes to the wind, with a gentle softness that was a little sad in its melody, as I have since heard from the shepherdesses of Bourgoyne and Champagne. I approached near the singer, who occupied herself in taking linen, that was bleached to snowy whiteness, from the drying line. I found her to be a stately girl, of large proportions and beautifully formed, who looked me calmly, with her clear eye, full in the face, as I inquired the way to the "Laughing Wood," and which expression seemed to excite her mirth.

"I'll engage that you are Madeline's son!" said she.

I regarded her on my part, laughing also.

"And for myself, it seems to me that you are the young girl that Mother Rivion expected when I was last here!" was my reply.

"And they call you Pierre Henri?"

"And you Genevieve?"

"Ah, well, what a lucky meeting! And that we should know each other without ever having looked at one another before!"

We fairly roared with laughter, as young simpletons sometimes will, and then the explanations began. I learned that my mother had completely lost her sight, but without being able, or at least not wishing, to be convinced of it. As for the rest, Genevieve declared that she was more courageous and spirited than all the youth of the home, and always singing like a lark.

"It was she, then, who taught you the refrain you were repeating just now?" I asked.



"Ah, did you hear me, then?" replied she. "Yes, yes, the good Madeline taught me all these old songs. As she expressed it, they would serve me in rocking the cradle of my own children, or that of others."

While thus speaking, she hurried to gather together the pieces of linen, and I aided her in rolling up a package, which I threw over my shoulder.

"Well, well, so behold! I have a servant at last!" said she, gayly.

And I replied it was but justice that the son should render to her the service she had so willingly performed for the mother. After this, she began to speak to me more explicitly of Madeline, and with so much of true friendship and affection, that when we reached the Wood I felt obliged to declare my gratitude, which came from the very bottom of my heart.

The mother, who was sitting in the door-way, knew my voice, and did not fail to say that *she had seen me coming!*

Since the darkness of night had closed in around her, all the self-love of my poor mother was exerted in not seeming to be blind. Genevieve helped her in every thing, without having the appearance of doing so. She had surrounded the rooms, both above and below, with a large cord, which, clasped in and running through the hand, guided the blind woman. A knot in the line warned her when she approached a door, a piece of furniture, or the limit of a room. A cleat moved by the wind indicated, to her delicate ear, the place where was sunk the well; and these mute signals were equally evident along the garden walks. Thus, by the grace of Genevieve, the "Laughing Wood" was converted into a true geographical chart, which one could read even in the darkness. And in this way, too, the dear woman found every thing ready to her hand by the kind foresight of others, while she glorified herself each time, as if it were a proof of her own clear-sightedness. As for the rest, each one in the dwelling respected her little errors, and indulged an innocent

malice in deluding her with it. She was there like a spoiled child, at whom every one smiles and applauds as if he did all things just right.

Maurice, who rejoined me according to his promise, comprehended the whole field in the position given to Madeline by the goodness of her hosts.

"You have not always had your reckonings made so easily and happily," said he to her; "but it seems to me that for the last quarter of an hour they have paid you all arrears, my old woman!"

"It is true, the country is very agreeable!" replied the good woman, who did not like to confess her content.

"Yes!" replied Maurice; "but it is generous people who make a good country; and you have fallen here into a colony of Christians, and of a description not too common in these days."

"Well, I have not made complaint!" observed Madeline.

"And you have no reason!" continued the master-mason. "Good hearts have made up to you more than unfortunate accident has taken away. See now, why I counseled you to thank the evil which has brought to you the value of such benevolent service of friends. If you still had your eyes—"

"What! what! my eyes!" interrupted the old mother, impatiently. "Do not imagine by any accident that I am blind!"

"That is right! You are cured!" replied Maurice, smiling.

"And to prove it, I see you," continued Madeline, who heard the sound of the forks. "You are at the table with Pierre Henri! Ah, ah! And just now you asked for bread, and have cut it. Ah, ah! There is nothing that escapes me, and there is many a one who has eyes of fifteen years that can not do what I do here."

The Mother Rivion now came forward to support Madeline in what she asserted, by reporting all that she left to her care in the house. The excellent woman comprehended, that, for the infirm, that which constitutes the greatest trial of

the heart is the sense of uselessness. Genevieve excelled also as a farmer, as well as in her care over the house, and thus left her blind friend often in sole charge.

When we were on our return route, Maurice impressed upon me the good, kind intentions and manners of the whole family toward Madeline, in their endeavors to keep her content and happy.

"People say, nevertheless, that the world is wicked," added he, with heat; "that the good ones in it have become a kind of white blackbird, impossible to find. But those who repeat such stuff, seest thou, do not seek for them, and oftener they care the least about them. For my own part, I have never passed a day without receiving from some one a good word or a good service. Unfortunately, there are men who only keep account of the evil one does them, and who receive the good as a payment too long kept back. It is nearly always because one is too well satisfied with one's self that makes him so discontented with all others."

Some months now passed by without bringing any thing new to me. I made several trips to the "Laughing Wood," and Genevieve brought me, on several occasions, tidings of the old mother. This inestimable girl came to Paris as often as she could obtain permission, to see her nephew Robert, placed by her to an apprenticeship. Robert was at this time seventeen years old, and worked in an establishment of imitation jewelry; but as one of the family who paid something on the rent. His master, whom I went one day to see on the part of Genevieve, declared to me that he would never go out with the dirty clod-hopper workmen who fabricated the trash of the shops for three cents a day.

"The boy can make a fop, which suits him well; but see now! he has neither the heart nor the arm for work."

To speak truly, Monsieur Robert bore a greater likeness to a senator's son than an apprentice to a jeweler. Genevieve would have given him her very last cent;

and when one blamed her, she always began to relate how her brother had intrusted the infant to her care as he lay on his death-bed; how she had promised to be father and mother and sister to him; and then the great tears that filled her eyes would roll down over her cheeks, so that no one could find heart to say any thing of blame to the girl.

Monsieur Robert knew Genevieve's weak point very well, and did not fail to abuse her trust. He had a pretty little round figure, white hands, and voice sweet as that of a young girl. We might have considered him one of those gentle lambs that can be led by a ribbon. But in reality, no strength could avail any thing against his determined will, and an enraged bull-dog had been easier to manage. I found this out later in our acquaintance, and to my great damage. For a time, our only intercourse consisted in brief conversations. It appeared to me that the little nephew did not feel particularly enchanted with the acquaintance of his aunt, and feared to soil his vest by contact with a rough citizen. In fact, our friendships and our occupations were widely separated, the one from the other. Monsieur Robert had been launched into the society of grisettes and commission merchants. He sung ditties from romances, played at cards, and frequented night balls.

As for myself, I lived more than ever retired. The occurrence with Faramount had given me a great disgust for boarding-house public dormitories, and I hired, in consequence, a little box close under the roof. A chair, a chest, a bed of heather, constituted my only furniture. But, at least, I was alone. The space comprised within the four walls belonged only to myself; and the outside crowd could not, as in the other apartment, come in to consume my healthy air, disturb my quiet, interrupt my song, nor my sleep. I was master of my surroundings, which is the only way that one can be also master of himself.

This state of things seemed to me so pleasant that I dreamed away life in its



enjoyment. I was like a person chilled with cold, who, once ensconced under warm coverings, does not care ever to come out. I doted on my new liberty, and never left my mansard after the hours of work were over. Maurice complained several times at not seeing me any more.

"Thou must not accustom thyself to live a close, sullen life," he said to me. "In the world, as in the army, seest thou, it is a good thing to feel a little the elbow-thrusts of a neighbor; and thou art too young to turn thyself into a snail, by shutting thyself up in thy shell. Come to see thy friends; it is health to the heart, and that helps one to breathe good air."

I had no answer to make against the advice; yet nevertheless I continued to remain, as ever, in my humble apartment. I might perhaps have been able to utilize this kind of isolation by recommencing my interrupted education; but there was no person to goad me on, and I felt no taste for it. I can not really say what my experience was in these months. I became almost stupid in my utter indifference to the outside world. For hours I would remain perfectly absorbed and passive, yet without any definite thought on any subject, but just flitting from one thing to another, as when one walks about without any goal in view.

It required a violent shock to rouse me from this waking sleep. The malice of Faramount prepared one for which I had not calculated. We had not met each other for several months, when I encountered him at a building we were finishing off, in South Street. He came to adjust the large irons on the carpenter's work, and, on recognizing me, ceased his labor to accost me with a malicious laugh.

"How now, thou bankrupt dog; is it, then, here thou hast brought thy rubbish?" asked he, with his habitual insolence.

I answered him in a curt tone, and continued looking at an open window, ready for the last touches of work, in the highest end of the gable, and which,

indeed, I had come for the purpose of finishing.

"Ah! that scaffolding is for thee, then," said he; and he threw an eager look toward the plank that hung suspended as high as the gable. I had laid my vest and basket on the ground-floor for safety, and then carefully directed my steps toward the new window.

The platform was firmly braced, and suspended by two cords, which I had myself securely fastened to the timbers; but hardly did I place my feet upon it, than the evil face of La Chiourme showed itself above and between the rafters. At the same instant one cord became unfastened, the structure vibrated for a second or two, and then I was hurled from a height of forty feet on the hard rubbish.

I can not tell how long I remained insensible; but the torture of being removed from the spot, albeit by the kindest hands, restored me to consciousness. I uttered cries of agony, and supplicated that they would have mercy, and not touch me. It seemed as if the ground on which I lay stretched had become part of myself, and that it would be impossible to separate us without tearing my flesh entirely away. Some of my comrades hastened in quest of a doctor and litter, while others, among whom I discerned Faramount, continued to gather about me. I suffered cruelly, but it seemed to me, even then, that my wounds were not mortal.

The doctor, who arrived soon after, said nothing; but, after giving me the first necessary attention, ordered the men to place me on the litter, and convey me to the hospital. I can only recall in a very confused way what passed around me for several days. My first distinct remembrance is the visit of Maurice. He it was that told me I had been confined here for a week; that they had despaired of my cure; but now the chief medical assistant had reported favorably on the case. The brave mason, while heartily rejoicing at the good news, could not but feel at the same time a little anger against me. When he had inquired

of the by-standers the cause of the accident, they had told him of a cord badly fastened; and he took advantage of my convalescence to reproach me with due energy for my negligence. I justified myself, however, without any trouble, in relating what had passed. He stepped nervously backward, and then struck his hands together with excitement.

"Behold now, how one word explains the riddle! The name of a trick or conjuror. The *Chiourme* (charm) being there, he had only to call, and the devil appears straightway in the *mêlée*. Hast thou spoken of this to any other person?"

"Not to any other."

"And were there any other to witness the deed?"

"We were quite alone on the top ridge of the mansion."

"Then, death to it!" said he, after a moment of reflection. "To accuse an enemy without proof is only to embarrass one, and increase the malignant feeling in his adversary. If thou keepest silence, La *Chiourme* will perhaps regard thy account with him as settled, and will never again return to the charge; otherwise, on the first occasion, he will feel obliged to recommence the fight. What has now happened to thee has happened likewise to many another in similar predicaments. According to the old saying, 'It is the mark of our trade.' As for myself, I will tell thee a secret which I have never spoken in thine ear before; that I once made a false step from two stagings high, through the malice of a companion who owed me forty gold pieces, and hoped in this way to get quit of me and the debt together. I did not breathe a word, but left to time the work of doing justice to the brigand. Six months after, two of his associates, of the same sort with himself, bludgeoned the recreant like a dog, for having stolen from them the sum of thirty cents."

I appreciated the value of Maurice's counsel, but nevertheless submitted to it with an ill grace; repugnance, indeed. My heart and soul rebelled against the impunity which allowed so much assur-

ance to the guilty. Since then, I have been witness to many similar examples, and have found, that among all mechanics and manual laborers, strength and audacity are too often a safeguard to the wicked. Time, money, and education are lacking for us of an humbler class, who wish to obtain legal justice; so much is this the case, that, when we can, we bury the wrong in our own hearts, and resign ourselves to what we see passing around us. Do we not thus encourage oppression, wrong, and even crime itself?

If operatives in all departments could agree among themselves, if they could only understand their true security and glory, they would seek honorable arbitrators, among their own caste, who were able to judge that which can only be judged and settled by a just and equitable law. Thus might be prevented these lawless ones from striking the knife into a neighbor who passed by, and cutting across the joints also of all codes. Several leagues in the State have this kind of family jury, who hold in check the bad, and who also protect the good.

My fall retained me within the hospital walls for quite two months. Indeed there were seasons when I despaired of ever being cured, so slow was the process. But I had a neighbor who gave me courage. This was a poor old man, bent nearly double by disease, and whose real name I believe was *Pariset*. But in the hospital he was known as *Numero Douze*, number twelve being the number of his cot. This bed had already received him three times, for three long, weary sicknesses, and had thus, in a manner, become his lawful property. In this way it came about also that M. Number Twelve was well known by the surgeon-in-chief, his students, and the inmates generally. Never could there have been a more patient, gentle creature born to walk under the heavens above than *Numero*. I said walk; but this word, alas! for the brave old man, had become only an old remembrance. For more than two years he had lost almost entirely the use of his lower limbs, which had been gradually



crippled. However, as he supported himself by copying certain descriptions of papers for the palace, it did not disturb him very much, as he said, and he continued still to make up his rolls in all due form on royal stamped paper.

A little later, paralysis attacked his right arm—then he exerted himself to learn to write with his left hand. But the dreadful evil steadily progressed, so that he was compelled to be taken to the hospital, where he had the happiness of finding his cot, the same he occupied on two other occasions, free, which fact quite consoled him for being again brought hither.

"The evil chance hath but its one day!" said he, on looking about him, "and all days have their to-morrows."

The good man, Number Twelve, took possession of his bed with a most affecting tenderness of manner. Indeed, the hospital, where a sojourn seemed so hard to many persons, was for him like a pleasant Summer residence. He found there all he desired. His admiration for the most insignificant commodities proved what privations he had been called upon to support heretofore. He was in ecstasies with the clean, well-arranged linen, with the whiteness of the bread, with the richness and juiciness of the vegetables. I was never more astonished than when I learned that for twenty years he lived on ammunition bread, broth made from herbs, and white cheese! The poor man, moreover, could never weary nor vaunt high enough the munificence of a nation which had opened similar retreats for useless invalids. As for the rest, his grateful recognitions did not stop at this point, but embraced every other. To hear him speak, one might have believed that God had created these especial favors for himself; also that men proved themselves full of benevolence; and that all things in fact, sooner or later, turned to his advantage.

The inmates said, or a few cynical ones, that he, Number Twelve, had so much happiness because he was a kind of silly fellow; but it was a description of silliness

that gave us a great respect for the brave man and encouragement for ourselves. I think I see him still, sitting in his hospital chair, with his little black silk bonnet, his spectacles, and the red volume of poems which he read and re-read unceasingly. The first rays of the morning sun glinted across his bed, and he never perceived this precious light without rejoicing in it and thanking the good Lord for it. To see his gratitude, one would have said that the sun rose particularly for his benefit each day.

He informed himself regularly as to the progress of my cure, and always found something to say that tended to give me patience. He was a living example himself, that spoke to the heart more forcibly than any words could do. When I looked at that poor body without any power of motion, his joints twisted and bent, and, above all the suffering and deformity, saw the sweet, smiling face, I felt a courage within me that prevented any light trouble from being an overburden, and shut up my lips from all complaint.

"This is an evil moment, the one just passing," he would say, in every crisis; "but soon a change will come. All days have a to-morrow."

This was the motto of the father Number Twelve, and he brought it into good use continually. Maurice, who in coming to see me, had ended by knowing him well, never passed his bed without saluting him respectfully.

"He is a saint!" was his frequent exclamation. "But he will never be content to gain paradise for himself alone—he must win it for others also. Men like him ought to have a column raised on high in their honor, to be seen of all people. When we behold such grand martyrs, it shames our selfish happiness, while yet making us emulate those who merit it. What can I do for this brave father Number Twelve, to prove how much I esteem him?"

"Try," said I, "to find on the quays the second volume of Jean Baptiste Rousseau's poems; it is six years since he lost

it, and he has been obliged to read over the first part during this length of time."

"What! he holds to books, then?" replied Maurice, a little angry; "parbleu! they say well that every one has his weak point. Never mind, write on a paper the name of the old book of which thou speakest, and I will seek it."

He revisited us promptly eight days after, with a bound volume, which he triumphantly presented to the old invalid. On opening it, the latter seemed at first surprised—astonished indeed. But Maurice having told him that it was on my recommendation that he had wished to procure for him the second volume of Rousseau, the father Number Twelve, thanked him with affectionate warmth. Meanwhile, I experienced some doubts, and when the master-mason left us, I desired to see the volume. My old friend reddened, stammered, tried to change the conversation; but at length, driven to his last intrenchments, he handed me the book. It was an old almanac royal! The bookseller, abusing the simple-minded ignorance of Maurice, had substituted, for the work asked for, this printed fraud. I shouted with laughter, but *Numero* imposed silence in a merry way.

"Do you wish that M. Maurice should hear you?" cried he. "I would rather lose my last arm than take away the pleasure of his gift. Yesterday, I did not possess a court almanac, and later I might perchance have desired one. All days you know have a morrow. It has, besides, very instructive lessons, for I have seen the names and titles of a crowd

of princes, of whom I have never heard one speak before."

The almanac was carefully preserved by the side of his favorite volume of poetry, and the old cripple never failed to be turning the leaves of the royal record whenever he perceived Maurice on his way to the apartment. The latter exhibited great pride at the sight, and his face fairly glowed with satisfaction.

"It seems," said he to me, "every time I come, that I have managed to bring *Numero* a famous gift!"

Toward the close of my sojourn in the hospital the strength of father Number Twelve diminished rapidly. He lost at first every power of movement, then speech became impeded, so that words could scarcely be understood. There was nothing left but the bright eyes, which were merry and laughing still. One morning, however, it appeared to me, that their outlook was more dim. I had commenced to dress, having just risen in the early dawn, and went to him, asking if he wished a drink. He made a movement, with the eyelids, as if to thank me, and at the same instant one first ray of morning sunlight beamed on his cot. Then his eye kindled with a fresh brilliance, as does a burning spark just before it is extinguished forever. The expression on his pallid face was as if giving a salutation of joy for this last blessing of the good God. Then I saw his head fall over on its side, and the brave, loyal heart had ceased to beat. There were no more days for him. He had begun an *eternal morrow*!

FROM THE FRENCH.



## IN JUNE.

BROWN in the blue of the river lies  
 A shadowy, lazy trout ;  
 Who would trouble himself to rise,  
 And get his tackle out ?  
 Let me do nothing but live for a day,  
 Live and listen and look ;  
 Let there be truce between preyer and prey,  
 Between the fish and the hook.  
 I will love on the midstream strong and even,  
 And the eddy's brawling rush ;  
 I will rise with the lark to the gates of heaven,  
 I will love with the thrush ;  
 I will learn the song that the river sings,  
 In varying time and tune,  
 Of this day, the sweetest of all sweet things—  
 in June.

Low I lie on a soft green bed,  
 Drinking the lazy air ;  
 Green is the canopy high o'er my head,  
 The larch's fringe hangs fair ;  
 In scented darkness over my eyes,  
 Bee-haunted brambles trail ;  
 I know, I feel the blue of the skies,  
 I need not sever their veil ;

Wild roses tangle the water above,  
 Below my nook of rest ;  
 If they win not the river, with all their love,  
 They may die on his breast ;  
 And the river, unwitting, wends his way,  
 With pink and white spoils strewn ;  
 The love-lorn spoils of a wild-rose day—in  
 June.

Quiver, O larch ! till in evening's haze  
 Your tassels rise and fall ;  
 Murmur, O bee ! in the bramble sprays,  
 Till you find your home in the wall ;  
 Sing, O thrush ! in my listening ears,  
 As one sang to the monk of old ;  
 I could listen and lie for a hundred years,  
 And deem that their sands ran gold.  
 Ripple, O river ! by bud and flower,  
 As long as my eyes may see ;  
 Sweep, in the pride of your royal power,  
 Past the town to the sea ;  
 Teach me the whole of your murmuring lay,  
 The night comes all too soon ;  
 The night, ah me ! of this glorious day—in  
 June.

## AMONG THE CORN.

THE girl sat down 'mid the rustling corn,  
 And started a nested bird,  
 And up it sprang with a burst of song,  
 But I do not think she heard.  
 She sat her down on the low stone wall,  
 And gazed at the sunset sky ;  
 I can not think that she saw its glow,  
 For why should it make her sigh ?  
 What does she think about, sitting there ?  
 What does her spirit see ?  
 Is she thanking God for his golden sky,  
 And for river and hill and tree ?  
 No ; for her heart's in the city streets,  
 Where the working day is done ;

The crowds are hurrying home, she knows,  
 But she only thinks of one !

She sees a room in an old brown house,  
 With a window long and low,  
 Where above the hum and dusty moil  
 Some country geraniums grow.

She dreams of the life the women have,  
 Who live in such homely place ;  
 Is it the light of the setting sun  
 That is glowing upon her face ?

Let her sit and dream 'mid the rustling corn  
 Till the golden skies grow gray ;  
 We scarcely know God's earth is fair,  
 Till something is gone away.

## EDUCATED TO DEATH.

"**E**DUCATED to Death" is the ominous title of a story going the rounds of the press concerning a girl who, at an early age, fell a victim to the combined folly of her parents, teachers, and physicians, and to her natural want of physical endurance. The story is taken from a book of Dr. Clarke's, in which he uses it to make a strong point against the co-education of the sexes. It is just one of those things calculated to influence the casual reader and bias the uncritical public mind—a beautiful, strong, healthy girl educated to death! "Down with the education of women!" cries the public, just as the public has always cried, "down with it!" when but one side, or a fictitious side, of a question is held up to view, as Marc Antony held up Cæsar's bloody mantle.

It is unscientific for a medical man to try to prove a principle or establish a law which is to apply to half the race by taking for his example a person with a predisposition to a diseased vascular system. The description of the patient in what the mother calls health would indicate a marked scrofulous diathesis—the pure pink and white complexion and the precocious intellect. Close mental application, without physical recreation, precipitated the event; but the disease would undoubtedly have developed itself in later life, perhaps even in a worse form. The laws of schools are made to meet the average class, that need goading; so, of course, under such a system the morbidly active brain gets too much work. The whole history of the case is a most potent argument for the cause of woman's education—thorough, complete education. If the mother of the girl had known and made use of the first principles of physiology and hygiene, she might have saved her daughter. If one only knows how, even inherited disease may be mastered. The physician quoted in the story was not wrong when he said, "Every woman is a

law unto herself." He would have been right, too, if he had said, every human being is a law unto himself. And, until the individual arrives at the age of maturity, his parents must be the interpreters of the law which is unto him. That is just what parents are for, to judge for their children according to their individual idiosyncrasies. Systems can not provide for exceptions; as a rule, school-girls do not die from over-study, at the age of eighteen. We have too many educated, hale, hearty, and even gray-haired, women among the alumnæ of our schools for Dr. Clarke or any one else to prove that, as a rule, education kills women. For every case of "studied to death," we can produce five hundred of "sewed to death," as will be seen further on.

Study in itself is not injurious; its normal action is to increase rather than diminish physical endurance. It was well demonstrated in our war that the student soldiers were the hardest soldiers. The English have another way of stating it; they say, "The sons of gentlemen are always stronger than the *cad*s." But we are told the same rule does not apply to women; that which strengthens men weakens women. It needs great discrimination to determine how much of the feebleness of women is artificial, how much natural. I doubt if any part of it can be traced to brain-work alone. The ill-health of American women, young and old, has become notorious. It can not be the effect of our school system, pernicious as it is; for it has not been in operation long enough to affect American grandmothers; while in nine cases out of ten the invalid loses her health through her own ignorance, through the *want* of education, and not through *excess* of it. The beginning of the trouble is laid long before the child enters a school-room. It begins in American homes. The most skeptical can be convinced of this in an



hour's walk in this metropolis, closely observing the children he meets, especially those on promenade with their mammas. Let him count the old wizen faces, the bird-claw hands, and pipe-stem legs, that point from the top, sides, and bottom of the million wads that are piled on to the central skeleton; let him listen to the hollow cough that comes from the depths of the wads, and let him deny, if he can, the pleading of that voice, "Educate my mother, teach her common sense!"

It begins in American homes, and acts alike on boys and girls, the only difference being that the boy's life throughout is less artificial than the girl's; hence he has the help of nature to overcome the evils of his home and school education. No period of an American girl's life is a natural one, not even her babyhood. A great number of American mothers, even country mothers, whose only study was done at a district-school three months in the year, can not nurse their own children. So that precocity and the feeding-bottle are recognized as national things, even by novelists, as this quotation from Julian Hawthorne: "Of the march of events, the news of the day, of all such knowledges as the American infant sucks in with the milk from his feeding-bottle, your Saxon peasant has no inkling."

The average infant period is marked by a systematic effort to starve, feed, chill, or roast the child to death. Up to this time, boys and girls suffer alike, and there is nothing to prove that infant girls do not survive these attempts to kill quite as well as infant boys.

Now comes the general mismanagement of American children, and the special mismanagement of American girls, *little* girls. The children go through with all the bad eating, bad hours, excitements, etc., of the grown-up people; they are saved from nothing—they are simply the old folks dwarfed. Foreign children, whose health is so often contrasted with that of American children, are never seen in the drawing-room talking precociously to gray-haired people,

at midnight; nor are they taken to theaters and operas and other places of amusement. So far as the presence of children at night goes to prove their existence, you would not know they had an existence, if you were the guest of a foreign family. They have an early, light supper, instead of a late, heavy dinner; they are never seen at a dinner-table, partaking of all the courses, and they spend the night in sleep, where all children ought to spend it, repairing the waste and tear of the day.

American mothers are falsely kind to their children in this regard. They ignorantly make it a point of duty to have the dear little things at table, especially when there is company. They are proud of the child's smartness, and they feel a heroic satisfaction when Bridget is summoned to bear away the poor exhausted little creature that has fallen asleep at the table or on the floor. If the little fellow wakes up in the process and expresses a wish not to retire, he is brought back to the guests to go through another trial for his life. This is no overdrawn picture. The chances are, if you spend an evening in a house where there are children, you will see just such scenes.

Added to all this morbid excitement; added to the furnaces, pie-crust, and ice-water, out of which the blood of our children is made, the girl has to stand all her mother's clothes!—all her mother's clothes—enough to kill ten men, and gets none of her brother's exercise which helps him to digest his pie-crust and late hours; gets no sunshine, no romps, because she must keep her face white and her feet small.

Country life is nearly as bad, especially in the country villages, where all the worst things of city life are imitated, just as we imitate the worst features of foreign life, upon the single recommendation that they are *fashionable*—a word that carries more authority than love or law. During the Winter, village children are out sleighing or attending parties almost every night in the week. Even Sunday night is filled up with some

excitement for the children. Eight or ten speakers are advertised to address the children's meeting; and the sight is a most pitiable one, half the poor tired things nodding in their seats, and the other half wriggling and coughing! Then comes the exposure of a sleepy child to the night air. Any one who has attended these night meetings for children can not help praying against this zeal without knowledge; while, to one who understands the human mechanism, such things are no better than murder. They are worse, because few parents would give their children a dose that was labeled poison; but if the same thing came under the name of spiritual food, they would give it freely. There is time enough through the day to attend to the children. Better, if need be, dispense with the morning sermon once a month, than thus to spend the Sunday nights in digging children's graves.

As the children grow, the girl grows more and more into the artificial, the boy more and more into the natural; at the end of each year her freedom is abridged, while his is increased. If a meaningless society restraint is imposed upon him, he can knock it off, start out and hunt, fish, and swim, and no questions asked; but his sister dares not cut one cord of her strait-jacket, lest she lose caste, which society makes dearer than life to every woman. These artificial restraints fall harder upon the middle-class and poorer girls, who are obliged to economize and even to help themselves.

One of the most corroding cares of American women—the one that is wearing and gnawing their health away—is the fictitious value Americans place upon appearance. The interpretation of this, in ninety-nine of every hundred cases, means “dress beyond your means,” and the greatest strain of it comes upon women. The average American mother, when she ought to be taking recreation with her children in the open air, or giving them lessons in manners and morals, is tucking and ruffling finery for her

girls to outshine her neighbor's girls. The whole status of the girl is made to depend, not upon what she is or does, but how she looks. “How do I look?” is the everlasting story from beginning to end of woman's life. Looks, not books, are the murderers of American women. Let any one of our middle-class women tell you her experience in keeping up appearances; ask her the greatest care and worry of her life, and what she would most like to get rid of. If she answers honestly, it will be—the burthen of dress; not her library, or the few years she tasted of books, but this everlasting making and fixing and keeping up with the fashions. Sensible Christian women acknowledge that they have to bow down to this Juggernaut of Juggernauts, or be ostracized, because every woman is judged by her appearance.

Here is an invalid who needs air and exercise, but she acknowledges to me, by the time she “puts up” her hair—no one but a woman knows what time and ingenuity that means—and gets on all her clothes for the street, she is too exhausted to take a walk; so her nervousness increases, and a few years will end the struggle. Now, why, in the name of common sense and Christianity, should women endure these artificial humbugs?

Here is practical work for Christian Churches in general and the Methodist Church in particular. The best way to prepare people for a future life is to teach them how to make a success of this life; and there is no part of this life too small, too insignificant, for Christianity to touch and brighten. Now, here is a grievous burden right in the way of woman's usefulness and happiness, and Church members feel its weight just as sorely and bitterly as do others. Here is a live issue for Christian teachers—the emancipation of school-girls from the tyranny of clothes. Clothes should be our servants, not our masters, ay, our murderers! Let Christian women establish comfortable, convenient, substantial suits for street and ordinary wear; suits that can be purchased ready-made at less



cost of worry and time than women can sit down and make them. There are such things in use now; they are comfortable and handsome, not flimsy and forever needing repair. There is no more need of every woman being her own dressmaker than of every man being his own tailor—one is just as absurd as the other—and the sooner dressmaking is recognized as a profession, the better for womankind; for sewing-machines and dressmaking, in the hands of the unprofessional, are killing more women than all the books in the world. Christian ministers can not get a better text for a sermon; ay, sermons upon sermons are needed to root out this fictitious value of appearances, and put books, instead of sewing-machines, into the hands of American mothers. This same sewing-machine has been one of the greatest of curses to our average American society; instead of giving leisure for the mother to bestow upon the education of her children and to enjoy their companionship, it is used to feed a morbid vanity; and people of small means, through it, affect the style of millionaires. It is not the fault of the machine, of course, but the result of our false ideas of appearances. A well-known American teacher at Dresden said, it was the one great thing against which she had to contend in the care of the young ladies under her charge—"the American love of dis-

play" she called it. It is well known abroad; it has an English and a Continental reputation, and has even reached the Orient. It is a natural result of our institutions. People with us often arise from nothing; they must have some standard of excellence, so they grasp at the most conspicuous thing to their senses—livery. So they worship livery till they grow into something higher. It is this higher growth to which Christian schools, Christian ministers, Christian men and women every-where, should lend their every energy, for the love of livery is poisoning our love of liberty.

These are some of the things outside of school life that ruin the health of American women. There is no country in the world but this where school-girls go into society. Boys do not break down under these fearful social habits, because they have not the added burthen of dress, nor the added want of air, exercise, and out-door life, that fall upon girls. That our public-school system is vile, and is working ruin for boys and girls, annihilating the species—boys and girls—is very apparent; but that brain work, as such, is the cause of the ill-health of American women is not apparent, and can not be made so. On the contrary, if American women would educate and use their brains, they might subjugate and lose their pains.

SARAH HACKETT STEVENSON.

## RHETORICAL HONESTY.

**A**N honest rhetorician, like an honest lawyer, is vulgarly deemed a paradox. The rhetorician's rules are thought not merely to fetter a struggling genius, but to sear a tender conscience, and blind the quick vision which perceives the intermingling shades of right and wrong. Lack of polish and honesty on the one hand, rhetorical art and dishonest artifice on the other, are considered necessary

adjuncts, and the whole system of rhetoric is stigmatized as "lying reduced to a science." Rhetoric is a badly abused art, as stump-speakers and camp-meeting orators often demonstrate. And the charge is sadly true that its weapons are frequently turned against the truth it should defend, and used to protect the errors it should destroy. There are no corrupt motives which may not prompt

to rhetorical dishonesty. The intense self-complacency which shouts to hear the pleasing echo of its own voice, and looks occasionally at its own shadow on a sunny day, is often gratified by its use. Avarice appears in the lawyer who pockets his fee and gulls the jury. The selfish ambition which rides on the popular wave, and never, like a specter ship, sails gallantly against the wind and tide, speaks in the smooth oratory of scheming politicians. And the lust for conquest, which would boast even over vanquished truth, has often disgraced with sophistical trickery the polemics of the gravest theologians. Men are so mutually dependent, that selfishness in one can only be gratified by the aid and at the expense of another. Rhetoric, or the art of persuasion, becomes, therefore, the official agency of every kind of selfishness, and the two are naturally confounded. But so far from its being true that there is any mutual repulsion, we find that rhetoric and honesty are complements of each other. A cultivated rhetorical skill develops and clothes with power that honest conviction which, in its turn, gives to rhetoric its effective energy and best adornment. Even the artifices of rhetoricians are not necessarily dishonest; they are practiced continually by every man of well-regulated mind upon himself. No man begins to feel from a mere volition; but persuades or dissuades himself, excites or allays his own emotions by a direct rhetorical process, and one in which he is himself at once orator and audience. And how do orators reach the feelings of their hearers? Is it not by dwelling on every fact, and painting vividly every circumstance calculated to excite them; by appealing, in short, first to the understanding, and through it to the emotions? But the rhetorician not only needs not be dishonest; if an honorable man, he is a better rhetorician. One of the first rhetorical duties is to produce in the hearers' minds, a favorable impression of the speaker. Aristotle lays down three qualities as constituting the character in which he must seek to

appear; these are, good sense, good will, and good principle. It would seem that the two former were sufficient, since the one implies the speaker's power, the other his willingness, to give the best advice. But it is none the less important that he appear to his hearers unbiased by interest and uninfluenced by passion. All orators, indeed all men, recognize this necessity. When Pericles, speaking in his own vindication, reminded his hearers that "Not a citizen of Athens had been obliged to put on mourning on his account," he claimed for himself exactly these qualities. Shakespeare makes Antony say:

"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable;  
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friends; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me; but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, that were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

Now, honor and integrity are not so inseparable from the public speaker as to pass unnoticed when they exist. An honest man's reputation goes before him, and prepares the way. It conquers his worst enemy, prejudice. It arouses the indifferent; it gives confidence to the partisan; it prepares the soil, and leaves him nothing to do but to drop the seed; and when at last he is heard, it is with unremitting attention and a confiding deference that goes far to insure success. No prejudices, nor passions, nor interests, can resist the combined eloquence of speech and character. Its effects are well described by the following lines:

"As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,  
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud,



And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:  
If then some grave and pious man appear,  
They hush their voice and lend a listening ear.  
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,  
And quenches their innate desire for blood."

Again, to all the functions of rhetoric the principle, "Art is to conceal art," applies with continual and unvarying force. As if besieged by an enemy in ambush, the instant it exhibits itself it is wounded. The apparent art draws to itself the attention which should be fastened on the subject under treatment, and while we admire the speaker, we forget the speech, often suspecting his sophistry as much as we admire his skill. It is for this reason that a reputation for eloquence is absolutely dangerous, unless when addressing men whose interest it is to believe what they are told.

But ordinarily, men are afraid of oratorical skill. They regard it with suspicion, and deem it an unfortunate weakness to have yielded to its power. They nerve their souls by a strong voluntary effort against the onset of expected eloquence, like one who sees the swift approach of some overwhelming danger, and stands more solidly bracing himself to meet it. The vanity, therefore, which parades its own skill for applause, often gains nothing but contempt. A perfect orator would be one who should effect his designs with little display, but great certainty, and be himself forgotten amid the strong convictions and earnest deeds excited by his eloquence.

Lying is naturally artificial. If one man lies with a bolder front than another, and covers his lie more effectually with the semblance of truth, it is because he is the more artful rogue. While it is a part of genuine art to conceal itself, artifice can only with difficulty be covered. But the art of words disappears at no time more thoroughly than when used by him whose words are the expression of deep-seated and honest convictions. As a light placed behind a dark body exhibits it more clearly, so an honest man's rhetoric, hidden behind his subject, displays every outline of it with such bold-

ness as to make it almost visible and tangible to the hearers.

Finally, the recognized object of rhetoric is persuasion, to enlighten a dark understanding, and then, by enkindling in the hearer's soul a sympathy akin to that which is supposed to fire the soul of the speaker, to fix a wavering will and impel to conviction and action. It needs no argument to prove that a feigned sympathy is not only more difficult, but less effective, than a real one. And if the sympathy which a selfish interest excites is as real and effective as that which springs from honest conviction, why the labored efforts of every orator to show that his particular sympathy with his subject is exclusively of the latter character? It is when a speaker is filled with that earnest belief which grasps a subject with an honest affection, that the muscles of his brain are strengthened to wield with unerring power the weapons which rhetoric has polished and made keen. The dishonest rhetorician often succeeds better in deceiving himself than in cheating others. The practiced rhetorician, unrestrained by principle, finds himself possessed of a dangerous power, and with it, he destroys his own faith in all that is good and true. He is given over to the belief of his own lies. "I will not say," says Dr. Thompson, "that the office of the disputant is never useful, or that it may not be safely discharged when it succeeds a process of investigation; but I do affirm that a controversial spirit, leading the mind, as occasion may require, to undervalue perfect evidence, and overrate imperfect, to blend things of different species, to take advantage of the ambiguities of language, to overlook facts important to the issue and bring in facts irrelevant, to confound the incidental with the essential, the important with the trivial, the accidental with the uniform, to invert the order of sequences, or to rush rashly to general conclusions, has a tendency not only to mingle truth and error, but to unsettle in the disputant's own mind the very foundations of the power of belief."

Rhetoric, then, is like a keen Damascus blade: carelessly handled, it will inflict wounds upon him that wields it; but for hard conflicts, for struggles where important issues are pending, it should never

be overlooked, and may always be depended on. It may be dangerous to him who uses it with a base design, it is still more so to the enemy he opposes when rightly directed. J. W. HEATH.

### DRESS REFORM.

THE idea of dress reform seems not to have originated in the nineteenth century. The haughty daughters of Zion, who walked mincingly, making a tinkling with their feet, were condemned by their prophets, not only for their chains and bracelets, their ear-rings and nose jewels, but for their changeable suits of apparel, their mantles, their silken raiment, their brodered garments, their fine linen, their hoods and their veils, their well-set hair, their crisping-pins, and their head-bands. In later days the apostles exhorted that women should not adorn themselves with braided hair, with gold or pearls or costly apparel; from all which it would appear that the chosen seed of Abraham were as fond of ornamentation as were the descendants of Hagar, of whom it is written: "They had golden ear-rings because they were Ishmaelites." The reformers of the present day join hands with prophets and apostles in deprecating not only the amount of ornamentation, but the costliness of material and the variety of garments. With Isaiah, they call upon the "women that are at ease to give ear unto their speech;" "upon women in high places, on whom are laid the weighty responsibilities of position, of wealth, and of influence, to bring into use the strength of resolve and the force of action necessary to stay the tide of extravagance and the increasing physical degeneracy for which costly attire is largely responsible."

First attempts at any reform usually prove abortive, a result undoubtedly arising from the fact that the change de-

sired to be effected is too radical. Hence the well-meant efforts of Mrs. Swisshelm, who "twenty years ago organized a body of female type-setters in Pittsburg, dressing them suitably for their work, in order that they might be able to compete with men," as well as those of the advocates of the Bloomer costume, who failed to accomplish the desired reform. Every great cause must have its martyrs. Our age has not yet brought forward in feminine ranks the John Browns and Luthers that shall covet death in order that others may live. It has, however, attempted "to arouse women to a knowledge of physical laws, to show them how their dress defies those laws, and what different garments they should adopt."

During the past year "it became the duty of a committee of ladies, associated together, to take cognizance of the widespread dissatisfaction existing in regard to woman's dress, to inquire into the charges brought against it, and to determine what steps could be taken towards making it more healthful, artistic, and serviceable." To this end the association selected a number of regularly educated and able female members of the medical profession for the delivery of a series of free lectures to women concerning the structure of their dress and the important natural laws with which it conflicts. These lectures were delivered in Boston, and are now offered to the general public in a book entitled "Dress Reform," edited by Abba Goold Woolson, who, though not a physician, delivered one of the lectures, and, in an Appendix to the work,



offers some explicit and practical suggestions in regard to the radical improvements that are capable of immediate adoption. The Committee on Dress-reform have opened in Boston an accessible and attractive room as a center and exchange for all dress-reformers; where the plainest and cheapest, as well as the richest, material may be found, formed into garments that are constructed in accordance with the strictest hygienic principles. The reformers do not propose to invade with hostile forces the kingdom of fashion; so that Worth, the man-milliner, may still dress in satin trousers and lace-trimmed shirts, and repose underneath his hangings of blue satin and costly lace, amid the incense of the sweetest of odors; "for fashion merely modifies the outer costume and varies its countless details; but with the essential and abiding structure of the whole attire, it has nothing to do."

The present reformers, unlike their predecessors in the cause, do not propose for adoption a singular and conspicuous garb, in which woman has to play the *rôle* of a martyr; although, as they say, "there seems a dread suspicion in the minds of some that women have no other aim in their desire for dress-reform than that of adopting the hideous style of clothes worn by men;" for while admitting that, utility alone being considered, man's dress is as nearly perfect as may be, they yet complain that in donning the funereal black, and throwing aside the glittering and gorgeous apparel in which they were wont of old to present themselves in the halls of our provincial assemblies, men have ignored the inherent instinct of beauty which God has implanted in our being, and that he has taken such infinite pains to gratify. Women have sacrificed comfort to beauty, men have sacrificed beauty to comfort. Man goes about his work in a compact, simple, and serviceable dress; while woman, in endeavoring to retain the flowing outline and the graceful sweep of trained drapery, utterly ignores health and convenience, and, with impaired

strength, attempts to live the life of the busy worker in a dress that the merest idler would find burdensome and oppressive.

"Society has ever proceeded on the theory that man has only to be useful, and woman to be beautiful; but in our country, she is not content to be useless and indolent. Her energy and her intelligence alike forbid it; and the new demands of a broader and more active life lead her to bear with ever-increasing impatience the countless restrictions which her conventional dress imposes upon her." Considering the undoubted ill-health of our country-women a national injury as well as a national disgrace, and believing that the present pernicious style of dress is one of the manifold agencies which are converting so many of our vigorous girls into suffering invalids before they are fairly grown, our lecturers do not base their hopes of reform so much upon the older women—who, at the best, are little better than physical wrecks, through the ignorance of themselves and of their time—as upon the awakening in the mind of these women a spirit of inquiry concerning the causes of this tendency to disease, in order that the girls of the present day may be saved before they have learned to wear the woman's dress with its countless abominations, that they may grow up untrammelled, vigorous, and happy, showing the world a nobler womanhood and a nobler race of children than our country can now offer.

First and foremost among these abominations may be classed the corset, which, with biased waists and tight ligatures about the waist, sets at defiance the important hygienic principle laid down by our reformers, that "the vital organs situated in the central regions of the body must be allowed unimpeded action," else they will be forced out of place, and upon each other.

The second principle enjoins that a uniform temperature of the body must be preserved. Instead of this we find sleeveless and low-necked garments, which make a frigid zone on the shoul-

ders and chest; additional coverings between the shoulders and belt form a temperate zone; while belts, bands, gathers, plaits, panier, and sash-bows, especially abundant at the back, constitute a torrid region wherein arises "a chronic inflammation of the internal organs—mother of a hundred ills that afflict women." The lower limbs, whose clothing should increase in direct ratio to the distance from the body to the feet, encased in thin garments, and surrounded by wind-blown skirts, with feet pinched in tight boots, are chilled into recognition of a second frigid zone.

As a third hygienic principle, we find that weight must be reduced to a minimum. Far from this being the case, we see that the weight of our clothing constantly increases. Skirts, one, two, and three, of heavy cotton cloth, with trimmings *ad libitum*, trained dress-skirts with puffs, flounces, platings, linings, facings, and protectors, to say nothing of heavily trimmed over-skirts, constitute a load that the Humane Society would think cruel if laid upon beasts of burden, and that violate the fourth important principle, which teaches that "the shoulders, and not the hips, must serve as the base of support, in order that the weight of the clothing, falling upon the unprotected portions of the body, which the hip-bones partially inclose, may not cause displacement of the internal organs."

Annihilating bindings from all articles of apparel as injurious compressions, and showing no mercy to tight waists, built on the inverted pyramid plan, the reformers propose, as a substitute for that style of "senseless underwear which we have all accepted from our grandmothers as the legacy of fate," a garment now much worn by children, called the union flannel suit for Winter, and one of linen or cotton for the Summer; an under and upper skirt, cut semicircular in shape, or with all useless fullness removed by gores; both hung from the shoulders by means of suspenders, or of a high-necked, long-sleeved basque furnished with but-

tons for that purpose; and a small hoop-skirt. For the outer dress, "the present fashions supply a model which is the most healthful, convenient, and artistic possible for us to-day; namely, the Gabrielle, which may have some light, durable, and simple ornamentation. The waist of this garment should be fitted loosely to the form, and the length of the skirt shortened so as to promote cleanliness and comfort. For the street, the redingote or polonaise, or, if preferred, an over-skirt and short sacque, may be superadded."

The argument for the reconstruction of dress is founded upon well-known physiological facts, and is elaborated by the different lecturers with the care which the importance of the subject demands. The prevailing extravagance in dress is deplored, as well as the vast amount of time consumed in the excessive ornamentation demanded by the tyranny of fashion—extravagance so often leading to crime—time, in too many instances stolen from the hours of needful rest.

"The only hope for the redemption of woman from the thralldom of dress," says one of the lecturers, "lies in the belief that her hitherto limited sphere of activities has been so insufficient for her intellectual occupations, that she has been forced to expend her thoughts in decorating her person, instead of in enlarging her mind; but we are living in an age of progress, when ideas are asserting their right to rule, and woman is awakening to a consciousness of powers unused, and of fetters on mind and body which have hitherto prevented her from doing her share of the world's work." "The day is not far distant when woman is to take part in all that concerns humanity; and if she would rightly fulfill the high trusts that shall be given her, she must emancipate herself from the engrossments of fashion, and come to see that a cultivated mind in a healthy body is more to be desired than the most costly or elaborate attire."

No doubt the world will have its laugh at the efforts of the dress reformers; no



doubt it will accuse them of fanaticism, if not of lunacy; but, taking those who before have spoken in the name of humanity for an example of suffering affliction and of patience, let them endure unto the end, assured that when charity balls exhibit toilets of calico, set off with embroidery, or ornamented with laces and silks at a cost of thousands of dollars; when Washington society exacts from a salary of five thousand dollars a costume of silk, satin, or velvet, renewed each day of the week; when bridal gifts are estimated by the tens of thousands, and when fashionable modistes are tempted by their wealthy patrons to de-

fraud the Government by setting at naught revenue restrictions, the culminating point of extravagance must soon be reached, and a reaction follow. As woman becomes an active rather than a passive member of society, through a more liberal education, man will cease to look upon her as a gilded toy, and appreciate her not in proportion to the quality of the feathers she wears, but according to the better development of her mental and moral nature, rendered possible by the improved physical condition which an intelligent comprehension of the laws of health shall induce.

N. C. WENTWORTH.

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## THE SPIRITS OF THE OLD WORLD AND OF THE NEW.

THE mass of mankind are easily influenced by that which savors of the superhuman. In past ages superstition had a greater control than now; but in some nations it still exerts a great influence. In the Old World, and especially in the vicinity of the Papal throne, is it most plainly manifested. Every traveler who has visited that famous seven-hilled city tells of the many relics of the supernatural to be found there. Angels and spirits appear on every hand. There are vast, grand cathedrals in which Madonnas stand, like enmarbled dreams; angels, whose faces seem to tell us that they have seen some wondrous vision; subterranean temples, cavernous chambers; grottoes, sacred to mysterious spirits; consecrated fountains, monuments erected in honor of some patron saint, and tombs containing bones of wondrous healing power. Every thing tends to awaken emotions of beauty and awe. Every thing is so constituted that the naturally superstitious must of necessity believe in an unseen world, the abode of spirits. The New World, on the contrary, has no such beliefs. It utterly disregards mys-

terious visitants. The traveler in our country beholds a vastly different state of things. We have our churches thrown open to welcome all, and within their sacred precincts no spirit save that of God is supposed to dwell. Our public-schools, seminaries, and universities lift up their several voices, and plead the merits of a liberal education. Our battlefields tell of the desire for liberty which is deeply rooted in the heart of every loyal citizen. We have our monuments, dedicated, not to patron saints, but to those heroes whose names are ever cherished. We have our healing fountains, but by means of chemistry we have learned that their charm does not arise from some creation of superstition. We have our grottoes, not sacred to mysterious spirits, but ever telling of that all-powerful hand which fashioned them. The New World disregards mysterious visitants, but ever believes in that great power—the earnest spirit—which has controlled its destiny; that spirit which never rests, but ever presses onward, striving to achieve new victories; that spirit which discards useless ideality, and

ever treats of the plain reality. This earnest spirit enabled the Pilgrim Fathers to make for themselves a home in a wilderness, where wild beasts and savages threatened life and property. It is this earnest spirit that has caused many beautiful cities and villages to be scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. By no other means could we have become an enlightened and an intelligent people.

The Old World is over-populated; there is not room for all to obtain sustenance in an honest manner. Crime and idleness, therefore, too often reign supreme. It is the idle hand, the idle brain, the idle heart, for which Satan finds employment; and a more willing master can scarce be found elsewhere. It is with his assistance that the idle brain conjures up dread phantoms which may inhabit grottoes and subterranean caverns, and it is the idle heart that holds in reverence nothing higher. Who ever heard of a ghost inhabiting a school-house, a mechanic's shop, or any place where industry was found? On the contrary, they always favor ruined churches, and tenantless houses which already have a tale of horror connected with them.

The New World is broad, and there is plenty of work for every hand, for every brain, for every heart. Every hand and every brain may be engaged in the great work of elevating and ennobling mankind, while every heart is thus governed by the earnest spirit. The spirits of the Old World may add to the imagery of its literature, but the spirit of the New World

gives to its literature that which adds strength of character to those who study it. The art of the Old World may deal more frequently with angels and spirits; but, although yet in its infancy, the art of the New shows forth the leading spirit of the country and the nation. The people of the Old World prize the pictured Madonna and child very highly. The people of the New World place statues of living and departed heroes in their chief places of meeting, as incentives to action. The people of the Old World are coming into the possession of this earnest spirit to a marked degree, yet it is not so general as in the New. The thoughts and feeling of an individual or a nation are molded by outward circumstances. The climate, the scenery, continually exert an influence. Italy has her sunny skies famed in song and story; Switzerland, her mountains; Scotland, her picturesque scenery; and America, her plains, forests, and mountains. Each one has that which may feed the fancy; but the people of America have a grand and mighty work before them, which can only be accomplished in an earnest, persevering spirit. The spirits of the Old World arouse the fancy; the spirit of the New develops the intellect. The spirits of the Old World have a depressing influence; the spirit of the New, an elevating one. The spirits of the Old World tend to lead the mind away from the only true God; the spirit of the New leads man onward and upward, nearer and nearer to that One who continually guides him.

LOU W. PEARCE.

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### HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,  
And she that doth most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade when all things rest;  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown  
In lowliest adoration bends;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
The most, when most his soul ascends;  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE memory of those who have left a mighty impression on the hearts of their contemporaries, and whose influence has been potent in shaping the course of events, will ever remain bright and clear. It is transmitted from generation to generation, and tradition not unfrequently invests it with a wreath of many colors, and thus it comes down, beautified, to posterity. Historical events may grow dim in the recollection of the masses; but the memory of the persons connected with them is lasting, and those who will teach the lessons and the warnings of history frequently turn to them to adorn their story or impress a moral. To such a personage we have before alluded in these pages, and now again linger for a moment with the noblest of modern queens, Louisa of Prussia, whose name has of late become a talisman for all Germany. We do this because of the renewed interest taken in her sad history in this the centennial year of her birth, which has called forth numerous biographies of her life and history. She was the personification of all the sorrows experienced by Germany at the hands of French insolence and arrogance. She died in the bloom of her years in the midst of the deepest humiliation of her country, and a victim to the mortifying blows and insults of the enemy. But her name became the signal of an uprising of her people, and adorned the banners of the Prussian youth as in forlorn hope they cut their way through the enemy's ranks, and returned to receive the honors of the Iron Cross, which her husband, Frederick William III, had created in her honor and on her birthday. Sixty years after her death the spirit of her name breathed again upon her people, and her son, the present venerable Emperor, gathered his forces again to repel the invaders whose fathers had crushed

his nation and killed his mother. He crossed the Rhine as King of Prussia, and returned as William the victorious Emperor of all German lands; and his first deed was to kneel at the grave of his sainted mother, and, amid grief and tears at her fate, implore a better future for that country whose sorrows had broken her heart.

And again the Iron Cross was revived to adorn the breast of the many heroes, and this time was not confined to Prussians, but was granted to all the nationalities of the common country, and thus joined them by an invisible but powerful band, whose essence was the pure character and patriotic spirit of the long dead but ever memorable queen. And now, in her centennial year, even her French foes are doing justice to her name in the columns of their *National Review*, in which her memory is gently handled by her biographer, and whose words have awakened quite an interest in French society. Her German historian, long known to the nation, has just published the seventh edition of his life of the queen. He has greatly enlarged the work, and enriched it with many additions obtained from the present ruling house, which is more than ever willing to give to the world any thing and every thing that may illustrate the life of this remarkable and good woman. He has thus succeeded in drawing a beautiful picture of a noble life from the cradle to the grave, which shows us the same lovely character as school-girl, daughter, wife, and mother. As queen, her life was simple, domestic, and pure; and from her exalted position she breathed an elevating influence over the women of the land which is yet vividly felt. The wife of one king and the mother of two, she has had a controlling influence over her country, though long since borne to the tomb in sorrow

as a self-sacrificing wife and mother, and a royal sufferer whose heart beat and burst for the woes of her people. The interest taken in the history of this German queen has reached the English nation, to which a literary lady and admirer has given the "Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, with a Sketch of Prussian History." The English lady has handled the theme lovingly, but too learnedly and vaguely. And "Good Louisa's" fame has even reached us, and been lovingly treated of, in the form of a Sunday-school book, by a lady of our Church, whose enthusiasm and opportunities have well-fitted her to tell a story that ought to be read and pondered over by the growing girls of our land, that they may indeed learn that it is more profitable to be a good woman than queen, and that simple goodness can adorn a throne more effectually than a coronet.

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THE French ladies are just now largely absorbed in the study of a magnificent work just issued, bearing the title: "History of Costumes in France from the Remotest Periods to the End of the Eighteenth Century." The book presents a continuous, exact, and detailed description of all styles of dress that have been usual with the Celtic, Romanic, and Merovingian periods in France, and it gives, to a certain extent, the cause and history of the changes. This portion of the work is indeed the most instructive; for the changes in styles of dress are largely affected by the development of industrial skill, and their history must, in a measure, be that of the national development under historical changes and influences. The descriptions of the divers costumes are given in exact though attractive words; but these are greatly enhanced by some five hundred capitally executed wood-cuts, drawn and engraved by the best artists from the originals. Statues, reliefs, and engravings, pictures in old manuscripts and prayer-books, tapestry, carpets, and rugs, have all been used with the greatest care, and for this purpose libraries and collections of antique curiosities and art have been rummaged from garret to cellar. It must have cost a world of trouble and labor to bring together so much scattered and half-hidden material, so that no material link should fail in the endless chain

of changes to which this classic land of fashion has been subjected. To a history of costumes of different epochs belongs the history of extravagance in the different periods treated of. This throws a peculiar light on the condition of society at different periods, and especially the relations of class to class, as developed in the impassable barrier of dress as peculiar to each one; for in this regard the sternest laws have existed until quite recently. Modern progress seems now to be obliterating these marks in some measure. The author has spiced his book with an occasional dash of the favorite *sauce piquante* of the French, without which scarcely any book nowadays leaves the press. If it has not flavor, essence, sparkle, it is almost too heavy for digestion as literary food, and is likely to be consigned to a back-shelf. This piquancy is given in the present instance by an occasional bit of racy gossip concerning the prominent dames in the fashionable and court circles of the respective periods, interlarded by a display of their weaknesses. The most distinguished ladies were the slaves of their hair-dressers and man-milliners, who, in the necessity of frequenting their boudoirs, became acquainted with their foibles, and would thus rule them with an iron hand. A certain "*friseur*" of fame is mentioned who would treat his high-born customers as if they were his servants, and not hesitate to order other persons out of his presence while he was performing his artistic feats on the subject's head. One is accused of having said to a noble dame: "You see, madame, that however handsomely I may dress your hair, you can never make a handsome appearance, or do justice to my skill, with that long nose!"

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AND the above leads us logically to a remarkable exhibition which has just taken place in Paris, and is now commanding the attention of the press. The French occasionally become so tired of politics, music, the theater and opera, that they demand of public caterers something new. And this time the hair-dressers and "*friseurs*" have stepped into the gap and delighted the giddy Parisians with a grand tournament in their line. In this gay capital there are no less than three institutions in which are taught the art and mystery of hair-dressing; and



four periodicals are published entirely in this interest. In these "Hair-dressers' Academies" there are numerous "professors," who teach their pupils to handle the comb and the brush, to manufacture plaits and coils, rats, mice, puffs, and what not; and they further impart to them the skill of using the "rouge" and the "blanc," and of heightening the attractions of eyebrows, eyelashes, etc. The course in these academies begins in November and ends in February. At the close they have their "Exhibition" like other learned institutes. Professors and pupils appear in public to exhibit their art and to contest for the palm of superiority and the golden medal of merit. The professor must be fluent in tongue as deft of finger, graceful in his movements, and quick at his work, that the fair patient may not weary under the treatment. He must possess discretion, as well in respect to what he may see and hear in the houses which he frequents as in the aids to beauty which he employs to hide the ravages of time. He must, above all, be an artist—possess artistic taste to adapt his creations to the style of face on which he builds his rare inventions—in short, he must be a diplomatist. For are not all these things told in the *Hair-dressers' Monitor*, the organ of the hair-dressers' guild in Paris? Run over its pages, and you will find that curling-irons, false hair, and combs alternate with the philosophy and politics of hair-dressing—for political preferences are often conveyed by the style of the hair and the color of the *coiffure*. Then the fluctuating prices of hair and the state of the market play a great part. One learns from what sources the greatest quantity of false hair comes to Paris. The German blonde and auburn are not despised, and even Brittany sends a portion of these, while Italy supplies the market with the coal-black article. A handsome golden blonde set of hair costs the immodest sum of three thousand francs, although it may have been enticed from the head of a simple peasant girl for a mere bagatelle. And happy are those who can secure it from such an acceptable source, for much of the false hair of the trade comes from the prison, the hospital—the grave! And yet how few ladies can rise above the tyranny of false hair! But let us go to the "Exhibition." It is held in a

large ball-room filled with thousands of persons, mostly composed of the families of the artists. Over three thousand are present. In the center of the room is a raised platform so situated that all can walk around it. On the platform sit the officers and judges, as well as the artists and their subjects. The exercises are opened by a speech from the presiding officer, alluding to the importance of the occasion, in which he ranges from Queen Semiramis to Madame MacMahon. The solemnity then commences. The professors and their pupils, forty in all, begin the great work. A lady's hair is first dressed by the teacher, and then another is prepared by a pupil. The parties operated on are then led around the room that all may have an opportunity closely to inspect the work. Applause or silence, according as the audience is impressed with the genius displayed in the artistic creation. Every thing is carried on with dignity and seriousness, as if the institution and the act treated of weighty affairs of State or Church. As the work goes on, one display becomes more extravagant than the other; the ruling tendency is a sort of Tower of Babel arrangement; and the higher the structure, the greater the admiration. At last the work is finished, and the judges give in their decision. The golden medal is taken by a structure rising high over the forehead, and rolling deep into the neck, leaving the crown of the head comparatively bare—a wonderful abnormality to be crowned with a golden prize. But the golden and silver medals come forth from the glass case in which they have been exposed, and are duly distributed to the victors, who are photographed and presented to the public in the columns of the *Monitor*, in its next issue, as public benefactors. For a year they are the champions of the noble profession, and command its highest emoluments and honors, until some still greater genius arises to claim them.

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THE emancipation of woman is not confined to England and America, for a letter from St. Petersburg in the *Memorial Diplomatique* mentions, among other things, that some Russian ladies have formed a society with a view of qualifying themselves for the bar, and demanding permission to plead, after undergoing the prescribed examination.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

IN the course of an address, in Cincinnati, on the "Duties of Christian Women," Miss Smiley spoke these words in favor of strict temperance habits: "I beg you, for the sake of your brothers, your husbands, your sons, your friends, I beg you never, never again to do it. A few years ago this whole nation was startled with the horrible story told of one of the ladies in Baltimore, who had poisoned her guest at the supper-table, putting the poison in the cup she held to his lips. Do not some of our Christian women sometimes do that? Have not delicate hands held out the very cup which, in due time, was to poison a beloved one? I beg you, dear sisters, to take this thought home to your hearts, and never, under any pretense, for any purpose, set such an example whereby your brother might stumble or be made weak."

—The Chicago Temperance Alliance proposes, as its first task, to persuade the employers of Chicago to change their weekly pay-day from Saturday to Monday. One of the papers of that city, in commenting on the move, says: "To carry this point will not be to carry the main position, of course; for that is not done till men are saved from the power of the drink-habit by being converted to Christ; but it dislodges the enemy from one of the outworks of his line, and will enable us to turn it more quickly and more easily. With thousands of men the difference between an idle day with money in their pockets and an idle day without it, is the difference between a beastly, drunken spree and a happy frolic with the children."

—At the District Temperance Convention of the Eighth District of Ohio, held in Urbana, the following, among other resolutions, was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we recommend that special efforts be made in our Sabbath-schools and families to educate all the children to total abstinence, and to eternal opposition to this debasing traffic and use of all intoxicating liquors."

Among other resolutions adopted was one urging women to use their influence for the

election of only square temperance men to office.

—Miss Alice Guernsey, of the Randolph Normal School, read a poem at the Women's State Temperance Convention at Montpelier, February 17th.

—The Woman's Union, recently organized at Philadelphia, Mrs. Dr. Lowrey, President, is holding prayer-meetings twice a week in the Reformatory Home for Inebriates, in Locust Street.

—A State convention of delegates from the women's temperance organizations of Pennsylvania was held, March 3d, in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, for the purpose of forming a State union. There were about seventy ladies present, representing various sections of the State. A petition, presented by Mrs. Anna Wittenmyer, protesting against the repeal of the Local Option law by the Legislature of the State, was adopted by the convention.

—A delegation from the New York State Temperance Society and the Women's State Temperance Union visited Albany, February 17th. The liquor men were doing their utmost to secure the repeal of the excise law, and large numbers of them were present when the noble little band were accorded a hearing. A mass-meeting was held in Tweedle Hall in the evening. The liquor-dealers and members of the Legislature were out in force.

—The Christian Associations of the land that are under feminine control seem to be striving to deserve that best of all praise that can be accorded a woman, "She hath done what she could." The Association in Cincinnati has, for a center of operations, a "Home," where young women of slender means who are working their own way in the world can pay for board in proportion to what they are earning. The young ladies' branch reports success in relation to the Industrial School, where girls are taught plain sewing and dress-making. A training-school for cooking and laundry work is contemplated. St. Louis has a similar association, which



gives a home to girls out of employment, and furnishes board for industrious women of good moral character at reasonable rates. The Western Sanitary Commission offer the ladies \$10,000, to be spent in the purchase of a lot and the erection of a suitable Home, providing that the ladies could raise the balance of a sufficient amount to build a Home that would comfortably accommodate one hundred and fifty young women. A committee of ladies was appointed to take proper action and solicit subscriptions.

—A new institution of benevolence, a Home for Widows and Single Women, has lately been opened in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Presbyterians, at an outlay of \$70,000.

—Mrs. Ann C. F. Smith, widow of the late Gerrit Smith, died at the family residence, Petersburg, New York, March 6th. She was a woman of great benevolence of character, hospitable, genial, and generous.

—Lebanon, Ohio, several years ago, received from Miss Klingling a legacy of thirty thousand dollars, to be applied to the establishment of a Home for friendless children under sixteen years of age. It has now twenty-seven inmates.

—A new Home, or family hotel, has been opened in Boston through the exertions of the managers and friends of the Young Women's Christian Association. There are accommodations for about one hundred and ninety persons, including matrons and assistants. Of the one hundred and fifteen rooms, fifty-two have been furnished without cost to the Association by individuals and Churches.

—By the Association in Washington, two hundred and eleven women have been relieved during the year, fifty-two employed in sewing, forty-five supplied with homes, seventy-five children cared for while their parents were earning a livelihood. Besides this, very many were supplied with work at their homes. Congress appropriated \$25,000, and the District Legislature \$5,000, to this excellent institution.

—Mrs. Field, wife of Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., editor and proprietor of the *New York Evangelist*, died, after a lingering illness, in

New York City, Saturday evening, March 6th. She was a native of Paris, and came to this country in the capacity of a teacher of French. She was married to Dr. Field in 1849. During the twenty years she lived in the city she was one of the most distinguished women of New York. She was a woman of great wit, acuteness, and sense. Her conversational powers were remarkable, and her reading and accomplishments complete and varied. Mrs. Field was an artist of great merit, and her crayon portraits, which were often seen on the walls of the Academy, received many encomiums. For three years she was principal of the Women's Art School of the Cooper Union, a position which to her was a place of delight, and which she only relinquished on account of the failure of her eyes.

—Miss Anna Oliver has joined the theological class in the Boston University. She is the first woman admitted to the school.

—At the second annual commencement of the School of Medicine of Boston University, a class of thirty were graduated, of whom seven were women.

—Rev. Miss Haines, of Hallowell, officiated as Chaplain in the Senate lately, being the first woman that ever acted in that capacity in the Legislature of Maine.

—The total number of students in attendance at the university in Ann Arbor is 1,112. The number of women in attendance is ninety-four, of whom five are in the law department, thirty-eight in the medical, and fifty-one in the literary.

—The Sanskrit class in Boston University includes two young ladies. So far as is known, they are the first of their sex in America or Europe to undertake this difficult study. Elihu Burritt is teaching Sanskrit to a class of young ladies at his home in New Britain, Connecticut.

—Miss Carrie S. Burnham, who has been studying law for three years in Philadelphia, presented her application before the Board of Lawyers of that city the other day for the usual examination and admission to the bar. The Board declined to receive her application, as they could find no precedent for it, but promised to lay the matter before the court.

## ART NOTES.

WE have before noticed in these pages the explorations of the German archæologist, Dr. Schliemann, whose interesting narrative of "Troy and its Remains" has recently been issued by Scribner & Co. This work is a translation from the German, and its interest is greatly increased by being edited by the learned Philip Smith, B. D. Besides the narrative of researches and discoveries on the site of Ilium and in the Trojan plain, there are maps, plans, views, and cuts, representing five hundred objects of antiquity discovered there by Schliemann himself. The autobiographical notice of the persevering and enthusiastic explorer tells us, in a few pages, of early boyhood spent in a small German town, and struggling through poverty and performing most menial drudgery till, at the age of nineteen, he found work at eight hundred francs a year. A wretched garret for lodgings and a meagre allowance for meals drove him to his books, that he might, in his few leisure hours for study, forget his miserable wretchedness, and fit himself for a better position. In this way he mastered the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian languages. He soon obtained a better situation, where he could study the Russian, Swedish, Polish, and modern Greek, and at the same time mingle with the people speaking these languages. At the age of thirty-six, having now made himself familiar with the ancient Greek, he commenced his travels in the East, and perfected his knowledge of Arabic. After extensive travels around the world and great success in business, in 1866 he settled in Paris in order to devote himself to the study of archæology; and in 1867 he visited the place he has since found to possess such rich memorials of antiquity. Accompanied by his wife, whom he introduces to the reader as "an Athenian lady, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Homer, and who knows almost the whole of the 'Iliad' by heart," he commenced his excavations on the site of Homer's Troy.

In this most interesting volume he gives in detail the method and progress of his excavations. During the two years he had in

employ one hundred and sixty workmen, with their eighty-eight wheelbarrows, one hundred and eight spades, and one hundred and three pickaxes, all taken from England. With a miasmatic climate, and a constant exposure to falling *débris*, and the provoking interference of the Turkish Government, he has shown wonderful determination and enthusiasm. From Dr. Schliemann's own account, he seems amply repaid in his one hundred thousand specimens of coins, terra cotta vases, tablets, and rich gold ornaments. With a generosity only equaled by his enthusiasm, after spending his best years and forty thousand dollars, Dr. Schliemann expresses his purpose of presenting the entire collection to some archæological museum. May the time come when we may have them reproduced and placed by the side of the famous De Cesnola collection in the metropolitan museum!

—The Society of Painters in Water-colors have given the general impression, among art critics, of unusual success at their last exhibition in New York. We notice with pleasure the names of several ladies among the many examples of rare merit; Miss M. R. Oakley, Miss M. I. M'Donald, and Miss Jacobs stand most prominent. The few imported flower-pieces, especially the Italian, seemed to add variety and warmth to the collection, without detracting from our own artists' work. They brought soft and sunny Italy in their beautiful tints, and we could only wish there were more of them. From a very small beginning, only a few years ago, this Society has shown steady improvement; and from little attention or encouragement, it was this year honored by over a thousand visitors a day, and its sales were far in advance of other years.

—Perhaps none could wonder more than the old masters themselves at the strange society into which some of their compositions have fallen in these later times. These profound students of the power of tone understood full well that human emotions find their various, appropriate, and natural expressions. Upon this they base their



masterpieces. Impassioned earthly love finds its necessary tone-language; so with revenge; so with fear; so with submission, etc. In the opera equally with the drama, success and greatness of composition must depend upon the interpretation of the varying emotions of the characters through the changing, shifting tone. But when these very compositions, born of an earthly sentiment, or of an impure passion, are transferred to the temple of the living God, and made the vehicle of the lofty praise of the devout worshipers, how perfectly grotesque would this appear to the great composers themselves, could they be present at our modern service! Nothing is more offensive to the cultivated taste of a Christian man—nothing more disturbing to his religious exercises, than the abominable music that is introduced into many of our Churches by a company hired to do the praising for the congregation, as the machine does the praying for the stupid heathen. People of refined sensibilities and tastes are shocked that some operatic snatch should be made the vehicle of expression of the deepest religious thoughts that have been born of the spirit. Next to the reform of Sunday-school hymns, we need a thorough reform in the choir.

—Professor C. W. Bennett, of Syracuse University, delivered a lecture on "Art as an Illustration of Christian Doctrine," before the Drew Theological Seminary on the 6th of April.

—Macfarren, the English composer, has attracted much attention by his Oratorio of "St. John the Baptist." The London *Observer* pronounces it the greatest sacred musical work that has been produced in England since Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

—Madame Neilson has just ended her one hundred nights' engagement with Mr. Max Strakosch, in Toronto. Great enthusiasm ran through the overflowing house, and she was repeatedly recalled amid bursts of applause.

—Pius IX is plucky in more ways than one. It is now announced that he desires to ornament the exterior of the dome of St. Peter's with twelve colossal statues of the apostles, conformably to the supposed intention of Michael Angelo for the finished structure, which he did not live to see. The

Pope proposes to give the commission for these statues to twelve Roman sculptors settled in the city before the fatal 20th of September, 1870, and who have not in any way submitted to, or made common cause with, the new authorities.

—A Paris art journal is responsible for the statement that the thieves of Spain are still making successful raids on the art galleries and churches of that distracted country. The celebrated cartoons of Goya, at Madrid, have been removed. The beautiful Virgin's crown, in the St. Ferdinand Chapel at Seville, has been spirited away, also a beautiful *Mater Dolorosa* at Granada. The latest theft was perpetrated in Madrid. A small statue of the Virgin, of most excellent workmanship, dating from the sixteenth century, was carried off to Paris, where the plunderers borrowed a round sum upon it from the bankers. The Spanish legation has claimed the statue, and is to return it to its resting-place. This business is not a little amusing when we come to study it. Only think of a good Catholic taking down a statue from the sacred place, and selling the "Queen of men and angels" for paltry pelf!

—March 6, 1875, was celebrated in Florence, Italy, as an anniversary of the deepest interest. On that date, three hundred years before, was born Michael Angelo, painter, architect, and sculptor. This celebration had been looked forward to by all Italians, and, indeed, by all lovers of art, with very special interest, because that day was the time fixed by Michael Angelo himself, on his death-bed, for the opening of a large sealed packet, which he then placed in the hands of his executors. It has not yet transpired what were the exact contents of this packet, but it was supposed to contain many valuable State papers, secret correspondence with Popes, princes, and leading men, of the great artist's day, and, it is hinted, something of his correspondence with the Marchioness Pescara. A new monument is also being erected to the artist at Florence. It is to consist of a group in bronze, cast from selections of the works of the master himself. In the center will be placed the "David," and at the angles "Crepuscle," "Aurora," "Day," and "Night," from the sacristy of

St. Lorenzo. The publication of seven hundred of Michael Angelo's letters, and of eighteen hundred addressed to him by his eminent contemporaries, was to take place simultaneously in Rome, Florence, Leipsic, Vienna, and London, and must form a valuable contribution to art, letters, and politics.

—The marble bust of Mazzini was recently unveiled on the third anniversary of his death. Garibaldi honored the occasion by sending his son to represent him, he being too ill to be present.

—Mr. Conrads, the sculptor of the great Antietam statue, at Westerly, Rhode Island, is modeling for Mr. Batterson, a prominent citizen of Hartford, a group of nine figures, representing the "Landing of the Pilgrims in 1620," to be cut in granite in bas-relief.

—Mr. Silas Martin, an artist of Columbus, Ohio, has completed a portrait of Governor Kirker, who filled the gubernatorial office in that State during the year 1807-8. This painting is the last required to complete the series of portraits of Governors of Ohio from the year of the admission of the State into the Union down to the present time.

—The statue of the patriot hero of Venice, and President of the Republic of 1848, Daniele Manin, was unveiled March 22d. The ceremonies were very imposing, and great enthusiasm was felt by all classes of the people. A general holiday was observed, the city was gayly decorated, and at night Venice was brilliant with illumination.

—At a meeting of the artists of Philadelphia, held March 27th, a committee of eleven, consisting of painters, sculptors, architects, and engineers, was appointed for the purpose of conferring with the Centennial commissioners, and the artists throughout the country, with regard to the art features of the Centennial. An address to the artists throughout the country, inviting participation, was adopted.

—Edward Eggleston has just completed the arrangement of the text for a volume of about one hundred and fifty pages, containing about one hundred full-page plates, called "Christ in Art," after designs by Bida. Mr. Eggleston has chosen to adhere strictly to the Scripture text, and where there was a variety among the evangelists, to select

that account that is simplest and richest. It occurs to us that this work is to do good.

—The Joseph Warren Association of the Boston Highlands have accepted the ten condemned brass cannon, given by Congress, with which to cast a full-length statue of General Warren, to be placed in the square in front of his birthplace, Warren Street, Boston Highlands. The estimated cost, exclusive of pedestal, is ten thousand dollars.

—Edgar A. Poe's memory is at last to be honored with a monument, through the efforts of the Public Teachers' Association of Baltimore. The work is to commence immediately. The design is an obelisk of pure, white Italian marble, with a bas-relief of Poe on one of the panels, and appropriate inscriptions and emblems on the other three. It is thought it will be ready for dedication in a few months.

—Leonardo's gifts were so incredibly numerous and varied as to hinder the development of his career in any one of them. He was also fastidious, procrastinating, and apparently unconscientious; and never was so lofty a fame in art maintained by works so few, so ruined, and so uncertain, as those he has left behind him. Michael Angelo was the impersonation of laboriousness and conscientiousness; but his time and his genius were wasted by the authority of ignorance and caprice; and it was only by the perseverance of an honest purpose, the energy of a great mind, and the opportunity of a long life, that he accomplished the stupendous monuments that immortalize him. As to Raphael, the number of his creations, compared with the shortness of his career, are such as to lead us to infer that equal facility and perfection of production were never compatible before or since. Leonardo worked slowly; Michael Angelo, furiously; of Raphael's mode of labor, we can only be sure that it was a delight to him. In character of art, Leonardo and Michael Angelo were both strictly new; Raphael not so new as so perfect. Finally, their portraits are the types of the men. Leonardo, handsome and high-bred, with an Italian's dignity, but a courtier's mask; Raphael, young, beautiful, and unruffled; Michael Angelo's the mournfulest countenance we can look upon.—*Edinburgh Review*.



## CURRENT HISTORY.

IN March, France put upon record another Ministry, constituted as follows: M. Buffet, Vice-President of the Council; M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice; Duke D'Audriffret Pasquier, Interior; Duke Decazes, Foreign Affairs; M. Leon Say, Finance; M. Wallon, Public Instruction; General De Cissey, War; Admiral De Montaignac, Marine.

—The Mikado of Japan visited the Government navy-yard at Yokosuka, March 5th, to witness the launch of the *Seiki*, the first man-of-war constructed on foreign principles, and there was a general celebration in the vicinity. The *Seiki* is a gun-boat, one hundred and ninety-seven feet long, thirty feet beam, and sixteen feet depth of hold. Her displacement is eight hundred and forty tons, and she carries three Krupp guns; one a swivel of six inches caliber. The engine is one hundred-horse power. Yeddo, Japan, was lit with gas for the first time on the 18th of December. The Japanese Government has appropriated \$1,600,000 for the construction of wharves in the harbor of Yokohama. The work is to be commenced immediately.

—It has generally been agreed upon by the highest authorities that Prince Chun, father of the new Emperor of China, has resigned his position as commander of the Tartar garrison at Pekin. It has been found expedient to readmit Prince Kung to at least a part of the official power formerly held by him, his experience in foreign affairs being expressly required at this time. The infant Emperor is said to be extremely wretched in his new exaltation, which separates him from his companions and parents forever. Proclamations have already been issued as proceeding from him. It is announced he will continue in mourning three years. On petition of the ministers the term will probably be reduced to twenty-seven days.

—An earthquake of unusual force shook a large portion of Northern Mexico on the 14th. The little town of San Cristobal was almost entirely destroyed, and seventy dead bodies were taken from the ruins. The center of the disturbance seems to have been

the volcano of Leboruco. The earthquake occurred at night, and the terror of the people was increased by the darkness.

—March 4th, advices from Buenos Ayres state that the palace of the Catholic Archbishop of that city was sacked, and the houses of Jesuits set on fire.

—The *Universe* publishes the Papal Encyclical renewing the excommunication of the pronunciamento against the Old Catholics of Switzerland, and censures the authorities for protecting them.

—The Italian Government having refused to permit the coining of any more money bearing the effigy of the Pope, the Papal coins will be in future struck at the Brussels' mint.

—The Pope has permitted the Austrian bishops to comply with the law which requires that the authorities be notified of the names of the priests appointed to a living. This is considered, in Berlin, evidence that the Pope is actuated by political motives, as the resistance of the Prussian bishops, which he encourages, to a similar law is the principal cause of the present trouble with the Catholic Church.

—The Papal Consistory was held at the Vatican on the 15th of March. Archbishops Manning of Westminster, Ledochowski of Posen and Guiesen, M'Closkey of New York, Deschamps of Malines, and Monsignors Gianelli and Bartolini, were created Cardinals. Philadelphia, Boston, and Milwaukee were raised to the rank of Metropolitan Sees, and bishops were appointed for the dioceses of Wheeling, Portland, Hartford, and Kingston. An allocution was delivered by the Pope.

—In consequence of the last Encyclical of the Pope, the Government has introduced in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies a bill withdrawing State endowments from Catholic clergy, and providing for their restoration only to those bishops who will bind themselves by formal document to obey the laws.

—In Spain, according to Protestant statistics, 30,000 Spaniards have been converted since 1868. The Protestant chapels throughout the country remain.

—March 26th, twenty prominent Communist prisoners, under the leadership of Dr. Restavue, escaped from New Caledonia in boats built by themselves.

—At Rome, the new "Venus" found on Christmas Eve has been placed in the gallery of the Capitoline Museum. The statue is only four feet in height, and represents a young girl of the Roman type of beauty, of about thirteen years of age. Although inferior to the celebrated Capitoline Venus, it is a most lovely specimen of sculpture.

—The summary of Spanish history for March is as follows: 8th, Advices from Figueras, on the Spanish frontier, report that an engagement had taken place between the Carlists and Alfonsists, near that fortress, which lasted six hours. The Alfonsists lost three hundred killed and wounded. The Carlists are bombarding the town of Oria. 15th, The Spanish troops in Cuba shot twenty-two young Cubans at Cienfuegos, as it is said, without the form of a trial, and, for all that yet appears, merely because they had republican sympathies. Even if they were technically rebels, their summary execution was an outrage. The slaughter was only in accordance with immemorial Spanish practice, however; for the ancestors of the present assassins tortured and murdered thousands of West Indian natives without remorse and without reason. 20th, The Carlist General Cabrera declared for Alfonso by issuing a manifesto against Don Carlos. Eight of the Carlist chieftains followed him. 22d, Senor Castelar resigned his professorship in the university in consequence of the Government re-establishing, in schools and colleges, text-books proscribed during Queen Isabella's reign, and otherwise changing the manner of public instruction. 24th, Don Carlos issued a decree calling into military service all males in Navarre provinces over eighteen years of age. 25th, General Campos inflicted another defeat on the Carlists at Huguet, near Ridaura. The enemy lost three hundred, and the Alfonsists sixty-eight, killed. The Carlists are concentrating for an attack on Puycerda. A royal

decree has been issued at Madrid restoring to the Duke de Montpensier his military rank, his decorations, and other honors.

—On the 15th of January it snowed for two hours at Bellianeh, in Upper Egypt—something that it is supposed never happened there before.

—Ice formed at Jerusalem this year, much to the astonishment of the Arabs, to whom the phenomenon was entirely new.

—The residence at Washington at present occupied by George Bancroft, and in which he is completing his history of the United States, has had for its tenants Jas. K. Paulding, Washington Irving, John P. Kennedy, Wm. Wirt, Peter Force, and Jared Sparks.

—It has been determined by the Russian Government to send fresh transports of criminals by sea to the once Japanese island of Saghalien, where the convicts will be employed in working coal-mines near the Russian colony of Doe.

—The two great English universities own between them 319,718 acres scattered through England and Wales, the land being generally of an admirable description. The combined revenues amounted, in the year 1871, to \$3,722,025.

—The German papers announce that the Khedive has authorized Dr. Schwein to establish a geographical society for Egypt, which may serve as an organ for the encouragement and prosecution of all expeditions and discoveries in the southern parts of the Egyptian territories. The great object of the new association is to promote the extension of African exploration, and the opening of new channels of commerce.

—A Pera correspondent writes, under date of February 1st, that the Porte has at length granted the requisite powers to a company for making the river Sakaria, in Asia Minor, navigable for ships. The company in question has been unsuccessfully applying for a firman for fifteen years. Had it been granted two or three years ago, there would have been no famine in Asia Minor, and thousands of lives would have been saved. The same writer states that brigandage is on the increase. The local authorities are useless, and the inhabitants are almost entirely at the mercy of the robbers.



—A remarkable sect has just come into notoriety at Charlestown, Mass. It has gained adherents chiefly among some Norwegians and Swedish residents. Mortification of the flesh and vegetarianism are its principal tenets, and new converts are severely beaten to hasten on the work of subduing the passions. One poor woman was almost pounded to death by her husband and other more advanced disciples, and being weak in the faith, took refuge with some of the world's people. Her protectors thought an appeal to the law the best course, and the expounders of the new faith have been arrested.

—The *Independence Belge* states that at Buenos Ayres a church calling itself "Christian, Apostolic, Universal," has been opened by Dr. Emelio Castro-Boedo, until now a Roman Catholic priest. Other ecclesiastics have joined him, and many persons have signed a declaration concerning Church reform. This declaration is divided into two parts. In the first, comprising thirty-three articles, are indicated the fundamental points of reform in dogma. In the second, of eight articles, are given certain explanations and plans relative to the organization of their Church. These reforms reject the Papacy, but retain the three primitive orders, bishops, priests, and deacons, recommend the reading of the Scriptures, renounce transubstantiation, and uphold the reception of both elements in the holy communion. Dr. Emelio Castro-Boedo and his committee are in correspondence with the Old Catholics of Europe, and desire to proceed in full accord with them.

—The holy grail of the Cathedral St. Lorenzo at Genoa is preserved under lock and key, and is only shown on rare occasions. Its history, says a correspondent, is very strange, and calls for a great deal of honest faith. It was captured by the Genoese during the Crusades, and the records say that it is the vessel out of which the Savior and his disciples partook of the Paschal lamb, and into which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught some drops of the blood of the crucified Savior. The first Napoleon's troops carried it off to Paris when they conquered this part of Italy; but it was restored by the allies in 1815, and broken on the way.

Before that it enjoyed the reputation of having been made of one precious emerald; but this misfortune proved it to be only a better quality of glass. It looked like a green glass dish supported on a golden tripod, held together by filigree work in gold, placed there not so much as an ornament as to prevent it from falling to pieces. The English come in crowds to see it, because their poet laureate made it the subject of one of his weird poems.

—The English House of Commons has again rejected a bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by a vote of 171 to 142.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the sale of the first portion of M. Guizot's library, amounting to 10,000 volumes, has been made. All M. Guizot's books are stamped on the title-page with the words "Bibliothèque de M. Guizot," and the motto, "*Omnium recta brevissima*," with the shield of a knight of the Golden Fleece.

—A society, formed at Halle, for feeding wild birds in Winter, has twenty-one stations in the neighborhood of the town, where, during the last severe weather, many hundreds of birds received three meals a day. It is believed that the expense will be repaid a hundredfold by the destruction of noxious insects.

—A French paper announces the recent discovery of various autograph letters of King Henry IV, in the Chateau de Leran, where they had lain for nearly three centuries, in a lumber-room, among an enormous heap of charters, edicts, and letters from illustrious persons, going back to remote periods of French history.

—The doctors appointed to examine into the case of Louisa Latteau, the Belgian fasting girl, whose "stigmatization" and abstinence from food are alleged to be miraculous, have sent in a report in which they say they are convinced that she is supplied with food. They ask that the affair should be more thoroughly investigated. As to the marks, or "stigmata," the report says they can be accounted for as the result of a nervous affection. Upon fuller examination, the whole thing may prove to be nothing better than an imposture.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

AN INTERESTING RELIC OF WILLIAM PENN.—In the Land Department at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, there is preserved the original of the following letter, written nearly two hundred years ago, and by none other than the celebrated William Penn. It appears to be the credentials of an agent of the Society of Free-traders, an organized body of merchants which once existed in London, whose objects were to trade with Canada, at that period a province of France, and a comparatively unknown country. The "Emperor of Canada" was supposed to be a powerful Indian chief:

"TO THE EMPEROR OF CANADA.

"The Great God that made thee and me and all the world incline our hearts to love peace and justice that we may live friendly together as becomes the workmanship of the Great God The King of England who is a Great Prince hath for divers Reasons granted to me a large Country in America which however I am willing to Injoy upon friendly terms with thee And this I will say that the people who comes with me are a just plain and honest people that neither make war upon others nor fear war from others because they will be just I have set up a Society of Traders in my Province to traffic with thee and thy people for your commodities that you may be furnished with that which is good at reasonable rates And that Society hath their President to treat with thee about a future Trade and have joined with me to send this messenger to thee with certain presents from us to testify our willingness to have a fair Correspondence with thee And what this agent shall do in our names we will agree unto I hope thou wilt Kindly Receive him and comply with his desires on our behalf both with respect to Land and Trade The Great God be with thee Amen

"WILLIAM PENN

"PHILIP THEODORE LEHMAN } Secre's

"LONDON the 21st of the ffourth month called June 1682."

This most interesting and curious letter is written on a sheet of parchment nearly three feet square. The letters are about an inch long, and slightly inclined to the right, and all very bold as well as of symmetrical form. The first letters of the first and second lines are large and highly ornamented, in a style which is yet kept up by some of our book-publishers, who introduce ornamental initial letters to chapters and poems in their publications. The signature of Penn, then in his thirty-eighth year, is nearly an inch long,

with the same inclination to the right; but the letters are not quite so bold or gracefully formed as those in the body of this curious document, written probably by the Secretary, Lehnman.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—The Boston *Herald* is responsible for the following story: Heywood, the photographer, is proprietor of a piece of dog-flesh of unusual sagacity. One morning last week, the dog's absence created some little alarm, it being feared that some cur had caused him to see the last of his dog-days. But our artist friend was soon made glad by the appearance of a philanthropic acquaintance leading his dogship into his rooms. He stated that he found him setting on Washington Street, apparently rooted to the spot, with head erect, pointing pertinaciously opposite. Suspecting there must be game in the vicinity, he made anxious search, and in a few moments discovered, on a line with the setter's snout, the sign of *A. Partridge*.

HOW TO SPELL SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.—

For one hundred and fifty years critics have disputed over the correct way to spell the name of Shakespeare. The *Troy Times* thinks that the reason that the Bard of Avon induced Juliet to inquire "What's in a name?" was for the purpose of discovering the correct orthography of his own name, and says that in some of the earlier editions of "Shakespeare," it reads "What's in his name?" or, in plain language, "How many letters are in his [Shakespeare's] name?" The spelling of Shakespeare's name has been a puzzle that critics for a century and a half have labored over. Steevens, Drake, Dr. Johnson, Reed, Hazlitt, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Ulrich, and Bodenstedt spell the name with ten letters, thus, Shakspeare. Chidworth, Mason, Heath, Lord Campbell, White, Guizot, and Horn, insist on eleven letters, thus, Shakespeare; while still others, though less in number and ability, declare for only nine letters, thus, Shakspere.

THE BLUE LAWS.—The vitality of lies is something astounding. There is the current fiction known as the "Connecticut Blue



Laws." These so-called laws are purely fictitious. They were written and published as a satire on the people of Connecticut, and were absolutely without any other foundation than the brain of the practical joker who drew them up. The fact that they never were enacted, and never were meant to be, has been proved scores of times; and yet a week seldom passes without some allusion to them by men who either believe, or affect to believe, them genuine. Not long ago, a Catholic clergyman preached a sermon, in which he quoted from these Blue Laws to prove the intolerance of the early settlers of Connecticut. Doubtless he believes them to be a part of the Connecticut statute-book. He might better have quoted "Knickerbocker's New York," as a veracious history, since the latter does contain a little truth, while the "Blue Laws" are fictitious from beginning to end.

"APPLE-PIE ORDER."—The *North British Review* thinks that the common expression, "apple-pie order," is a corruption from "chapel pie," and originally meant disorder rather than the opposite. It states that a printing-house was, and is to this day (the *Review* speaks of England), called a *chapel*, perhaps from the Chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton's earliest works are said to have been printed; and *pi* is type after it has been "distributed," or broken up, and before it has been re-sorted. "Pi," in this sense, came from the confused and perplexing rules of the "Pie," that is, the order for finding the lessons, in Catholic times; which those who have read, or care to read, the Preface to the "Book of Common Prayer," will find these expressed and denounced. The passage referred to is this: "Moreover the number and hardness of the rules, called the 'Pie,' and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only, was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out." Thus type in "pi," is confused and unsorted, and "apple-pie order," or "chapel-pie order," is simply confusion. So speculates the *Review*.

WOMEN FINED FOR WEARING SILK.—In what we are wont to call the good old times

of our fathers and mothers, there were curious notions, which, if carried out in these latter times, would sometimes be inconvenient, if not absurd. As an instance we may cite the following, from the Court Records of 1773 in Western Massachusetts: "The wife of Edward Gramrig, of Hadley, presented by the jury for wearing silks against the law, they being of very mean estate; she being also presented at the last court at Northampton for the like offense, she then appeared, not in person, nor yet now, but her husband for her; the court accounting little otherwise than contempt; and he bringing into court his wife's silk hood and scarf, which, though somewhat worn, yet they had been good silk; whereupon the court fined her ten shillings to the county, to be paid to the county treasurer."

"Divers women at Springfield, presented at ye court in March last, for that being of mean estate, they did wear silk contrary to law; namely, Goodwife Lebdia, Goodwife Holtum, Goodwife Morgan, Goodwife Barnard, Mary and Hephzibah, Jones Hunter's wife and daughter, and Abell Wright's wife, and warned to this court, the six former appeared in court; they were admonished of their extravagance and dismissed; the other appeared not. And the fines of the women presented at the last court for the like offense are remitted."

MEANING OF THE WORD BOULEVARD.—Galignani's *Messenger* defines the difference between a boulevard and an avenue, and gives other interesting information, as follows: "The use of the word 'boulevard' is circumscribed. That term generally signifies a rampart, and should only be applied to roads which follow the line of the ancient fortifications, or which at least run in a circular direction, and suppose more or less the traces of an old municipal boundary. The wide thoroughfares which traverse the city in an oblique direction, or run from the center to the circumference, are in reality 'avenues.' The designation 'boulevard,' as applied to some of the transverse thoroughfares recently opened in the center of Paris, will, however, be retained. The attention of the Committee on the Nomenclature of the Streets of Paris has also been directed to the abuse of certain names in the denomina-

tion of the streets or public places; not less than eighteen bearing the title of 'Eglise,' seven that of 'De la Maire,' sixteen that of 'Marie,' and the words 'Notre Dame' forming a part of the appellations of sixteen others. Such a state of things calls loudly for reform, and will shortly be remedied."

ORACULAR RESPONSES.—The responses of the oracles of old were contrived with such ingenious ambiguity, that the solution was equally borne out, whether fortunate or disastrous. Many celebrated instances are preserved by Herodotus, Xenophon, Strabo, and other writers. Cræsus, when he consulted the oracle of Delphi, was told that if he crossed the Halys, he should destroy a great empire. He supposed it was the empire he was about to invade; but it proved to be his own. The words *Credo te Æacide Romanos vincere posse*, which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, received for answer, when he wished to assist the Tarentines against the Romans, convey opposite meanings according as they are read. He interpreted them in his own favor, and they proved his ruin. Nero was ordered to beware of seventy-three; but he expected to live to that age, and misinterpreted the caution, until Galba, then in his seventy-third year, dethroned him. The oracles of old were open to bribery and corruption. Lysander failed in his attempts to purchase favorable responses; but Philip and Alexander were more fortunate. These oracles, for the most part, were mere priestly impostures; but occasionally a happy coincidence in the prediction and the result gave them current popularity. As late as the sixteenth century, Michael Nostradamus, a celebrated French empiric and astrologer, obtained much reputation in this way. He published a volume of quatrains in 1555, entitled "Prophetical Centuries," obscure and fantastical, which may mean any thing or nothing, according as they are translated by credulity or caprice. He gained great credit by the following lines, which are applied to the death of Henry II of France, killed at a tournament by the Count de Montgomeri, the lance piercing his eye through the golden visor:

"Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,  
En champ bellique par singulier duel,  
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,  
Deux plaies une, puis mourir: mort cruelle."

"The elder lion shall the young engage,  
And him in strange and single combat slay;  
Shall put his eyes out in a golden cage,  
One wound in two. Sad death, in such a way."

DICTIONARY ENGLISH.—On a fly-leaf of a folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, published in 1785, one year after the death of Johnson, is the following:

In love with a poetic jargon,  
Our poets nowadays are far gone,  
So that a man can't read their songs  
Unless he has the gift of tongues;  
Or else, to make him understand,  
Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand.

Be warned, young poet, and take heed  
That Johnson you with caution read;  
Always attentively distinguish  
The Greek and Latin words from English;  
And never use such as 't is 'wise  
Not to attempt to naturalize.  
Suffice the following specimen  
To make the admonition plain:

Little of anthropography has he  
Who, in yon fulgid curriole, reclines  
Alone; while I, depauperated bard,  
The streets pedestrious scour. Why with bland  
voice

Bids he me not his vegetation share?  
Alas! he fears my lacerated coat,  
And visage pale, with frigidic want  
Would bring dedecoration on his chaise.

Me miserable! that the Aonian hill  
Is not auriferous, nor fit to bear  
The farinaceous food, support of bards  
Carnivorous; but seldom yet the soil  
Which Hippocrene humectates nothing yields  
But sterile laurels and aquatics sour.

To dulcify the absinthiated cup  
Of life, received from thy novercal hand,  
Shall I have nothing, Muse? To linify  
Thy heart indurate, shall poetic woe  
And plaintive ejulation naught avail?

Riches desiderate I never did,  
E'en when in mood most optative. A farm  
Small, but aprique, was all I ever wished.  
I, when a rustic, would my blatant calves  
Well pleased ablactate, and delighted tend  
My gemelliparous sheep, nor scorn to rear  
The superb turkey and the frippant goose;  
Then to dendrology my thoughts I'd turn,  
A favorite care should horticulture prove,  
But most of all would geaponics please.

While ambulation thoughtless I protract,  
The tired sun appropinquates the sea,  
And now my arid throat and latrant maw  
Vociferate for supper—but what house  
To get it in, gives dubitation sad.

O for a turgid bottle of Bell's beer,  
Mature for imbibation! and O for  
Dear object of hiation—mutton-pies!

Johnson's book survived such attacks as these, and was eventually considered good authority. It still retains an honorable place among the dictionaries, and new editions are occasionally issued.



## SCIENTIFIC.

**ROUTE OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, a paper upon the proposed route of the Arctic Expedition was read by Admiral Richards. It is intended that two vessels shall leave Portsmouth the latter part of May, and taking the usual route to Baffin's Bay, so endeavor to pass up Smith's Sound. In  $81^{\circ}$  or  $82^{\circ}$  north latitude they will probably separate, and while one stays exploring the northern coast of Greenland, the other will push on still further northward. Every arrangement to insure success has been made, and the scientific world will look with deepest interest upon every step taken which will render the expedition efficient in all departments. A botanist and geologist of unquestioned ability, with their assistants, will accompany the expedition, and carefully note whatever of interest may be discovered in their respective investigations.

**MEDICAL SCIENCE IN JAPAN.**—The science of medicine and surgery, according to European notions, is making some progress in Japan. We learn that in the hospital at Hakodadi there are twenty young men regularly entered as students of medicine; daily lectures are given, and bedside and other clinical demonstrations, the curriculum being similar to that of most medical schools. An illustrated medical journal, in the Japanese language, is also published every two months.

**VALUE OF THE WORLD'S MINERALS.**—The aggregate value of all minerals mined in the whole world amounts at present to \$1,000,000,000 per year; of this, coal alone is worth nearly two-thirds, say \$666,000,000; the rest, one-third, or about \$333,000,000; gold stands at the head of the list, the value of this metal mined per year being about \$100,000,000. Next is iron ore, being at present \$70,000,000; but of no mineral is the production so largely increasing as that of iron, and it will soon surpass in value that of gold. It has increased during the last seven years from 18 to 28, while coal has increased from 18 to 25, and gold remained

about as it was. The production of steel increased from 48 to 54, proving the progress of industry in general, in which steel is the main agent.

**MICA AS AN AID TO MICROSCOPIC INVESTIGATION.**—Microscopists, who use the illuminating gas with the common Argand burner, will be interested in Mr. John Martin's suggestion of placing a thin piece of mica, with a small hole punched in its center, upon the top of the glass chimney. A more perfect combustion of the carburetted hydrogen is secured, giving a very steady flame and the full amount of light with the gas turned partly off.

**MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.**—Among the many interesting descriptions found in Hayden's "Geology of Colorado," is one of the Mountain of the Holy Cross. The main mass of the peak is composed of granite gneiss, and the summit is covered with fragments of banded gneiss. The characteristic feature of the mountain, and that which gives it its name, is the vertical face, nearly three thousand feet on the side, with a cross of snow near the top, which may be seen at a distance of fifty to eighty miles from other mountain peaks. This is formed by a vertical fissure about fifteen hundred feet high, with a sort of horizontal step produced by the breaking down of the side of the mountain, on which the snow is lodged, and where it remains almost unimpaired by the heat of Summer. A beautiful green lake lies at the base of the peak, almost up to timber-line, and forms a reservoir for the waters of the high peaks which rise on every side.

**RATE OF GROWTH OF MAN.**—Mons. Quetelet gives us some interesting data from which to compute the average rate of growth of man. He says: "The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth; the infant in the space of a year grows about two decimeters. The increase in size diminishes gradually, as its age increases, up toward the age of four or five years. When about three, it attains half the size it is to become when full grown. When from four to five years of age, the increase in size is very

regular each year up to sixteen years, that is to say, up to the age of puberty; this annual increase is nearly fifty-six millimeters. After the age of puberty the size continues to increase but feebly; when from sixteen to seventeen years old, the individual increases four centimeters (.60 inch). In the two years following, it increases only one inch. The total increase in the size of a man does not appear to be entirely terminated when he is twenty-five years old. The mean size is a little larger in the city than in the country."

EDUCATION AND HEREDITY.—"The special aim of education is to transmit to the child the sum of those habits to which he is to conform the course of his life, and of those branches of knowledge which are indispensable for him in the pursuit of his calling; and it must begin by developing in the pupil the faculties which will enable him to make these habits and this knowledge his own. It teaches the child to speak, to move about, to use his senses, to look, to hear, to understand, to judge, to love. But now the influence of education, opposed as it is to that of heredity, is so great that in most cases it is of itself alone capable of producing a moral and psychological likeness between children and parents. When once it is admitted that education, a long, watchful, laborious training, is indispensable in order to call forth and perfect in the child the development of aptitudes and of mental qualities, we must conclude that heredity acts only a secondary part in the wonderful genesis of the moral individual. The argument is unassailable. That hereditary influences make their mark in predispositions, in fixed tendencies, it were unscientific to deny; but yet it would be inexact to pretend that they implicitly contain the future state of the psychical being, and determine its evolution."—*Fernand Papillon, Popular Science Monthly.*

PLANTS AS DOCTORS.—In addition to the pleasure which amateur floriculturists take in rearing their many-colored plants in garden plots through the Summer, and sunny south windows in the Winter, it will be satisfactory to those of benevolent disposition to know that a learned scientist pronounces them as benefactors of their neighborhoods,

and their cherished blossoms as a new class of physicians, whose services are free to all, and most effective in curing many of the ills to which flesh is heir. It has been known for many years that ozone is one of the forms in which oxygen exists in the air, and that it possesses extraordinary powers as an oxidant, disinfectant, and deodorizer. Now, one of the most important of late discoveries in chemistry is that made by Professor Mantogazzi, of Pavia, to the effect that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors. Hyacinths, mignonnette, heliotrope, lemon verbena, and the whole list of our garden favorites, all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays; and so powerful is this great atmospheric purifier that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from malaria by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation. The bearing of this upon flower culture in our large cities is also very important. Experiments have proved that the air of large cities contains much less ozone than that of the surrounding country, and the thickly inhabited parts of cities less than the more sparsely built, or than the parks and open squares. Plants and flowers and green trees can alone restore the balance; so that every little flower-pot is not merely a thing of beauty while it lasts, but has a direct and beneficial influence upon the health of those who care for it.

THE WESTERN CHINA EXPEDITION.—We are enabled to give some fuller particulars in reference to the Western China Expedition, which left Rangoon in the middle of December, 1874, to reopen the old trade route between Upper Burma and Yunnan. Colonel Horace Brown is commander of the expedition, and Mr. Ney Elias is the topographer. At Calcutta the expedition was provided with a guard of fifteen soldiers and two native doctors. It is thought that a few months will be sufficient to make the journey from the upper waters of the Irrawaddy to those of the Yang-tse-kiang, which river will then be descended to the seacoast of China. The Chinese Government has given every facility in the way of passports, and there is abundant prospect of a successful result.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

ADAM RIESE.—Who was he? He was a German, and the first man who undertook to lay down in a book the art of ciphering, hitherto hidden away in a few learned heads, and, by doing this, rendered a very great service to common education. For, while in our times even the very poorest may, if they will, learn to read, write, and cipher, it was once considered a sign of unusual learning when one was but ill-versed in these three arts. The mightiest generals, yes, princes themselves, could not even sign their own names, but had to content themselves with affixing their seals, or making the mark of the cross.

With reckoning, or arithmetic, it was worse still, and the one times one, or multiplication-table, with which you are all so familiar, was indeed, at that time, a thing of the "higher mathematics." Not that the whole realm of the science of numbers, in the broadest sense of the word, has been opened up in the last two or three centuries, for there were already, among the ancients, great mathematicians, Euclid, Pythagoras, and others; but all mathematical knowledge beyond the ability to count units or tens was the exclusive possession of the most learned, while all others were in a state of pitiable ignorance with regard to it.

To remedy this evil of ignorance, Adam Riese wrote his arithmetic, and by it laid the foundation for the popularizing of mathematics. Adam Riese was born in 1492, somewhere in Saxony, but where is unknown. It is claimed that his birthplace was Annaberg, but it is an undisputed fact that this place was not founded till 1496. In 1522, Riese had his little reckoning-book printed under the title, "Reckoning upon Lines and by Figures." In 1525 appeared a second edition. At this time he lived in Annaberg, and turned his skill in figures to good use by keeping the accounts of extensive mining companies. He was a school-master besides, and, in his own private school, taught his art of arithmetic, both on a counting-board with coins and by figures also. He died in the year 1559. His

two sons, Abraham and Jacob, were not less distinguished than their father as arithmeticians, especially Abraham, who gained high honor; while his sons also, Heinrich and Carl Reise, sustained fully the reputation of their grandfather.

In ancient times, and the earlier half of the Middle Ages, the Roman system of numbers prevailed, by which certain letters expressed a fixed number of units without changing their value with their place. Christianity was borne every-where upon the wings of the Latin speech, and its quickly won sovereignty impressed upon other peoples many of the different usages of the Roman empire.

About the year 980, the European world received by Gerbert, afterward Pope Sylvester II, knowledge of an entirely new and much simpler art of reckoning. Gerbert spent several years in Moorish Spain, and studied hard at her high schools. He made the acquaintance of the mathematical and astronomical works of the Greeks in Latin translations, and became familiar with the Arabic system of enumeration. After he, in 999, ascended the Papal chair, he used every means to spread throughout Europe a knowledge of this Arabic method. But he succeeded only with the learned; the common people got very little idea of the whole matter, and continued to make diligent use of their thumbs and fingers for the little reckoning which they found necessary in daily life. But Adam Riese broke the ban, and kindled a new light in the dark night of Middle Age ignorance. Riese did not number from right to left, as we do, but from left to right, and the word million he did not use at all. The numbers 97,345,123,458, Riese would not read in our way, but as follows: Seven and ninety thousand thousand times thousand, three hundred thousand times thousand, five and forty thousand times thousand, hundred thousand, three and twenty thousand, four hundred and eight and fifty.

This arithmetic passed through many editions, and was held in high esteem and authority for fully two hundred years.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

LONG, long ago, on the mossy bank of a forest brook, grew two lovely flowers, which had in the middle a little shining yellow point which looked as if it were a sun-spark, which the green fingers of the calyx had carefully caught up, while five glittering white leaves spread themselves out around this golden-yellow center like delicate moonbeams, which receive their soft radiance from the light-giving sun.

These two white flowers lived in the tenderest friendship, a very happy life. With shining, dewy eyes they awakened at morning, nodded gayly to each other in the gentle morning breeze, and told confidently the beautiful dreams of the night-time. The sunbeams made their morning visit, and sipped the dew-drops out of their happy eyes. In the mirror of the brook they made their morning toilet, and rejoiced, like sporting children, when they saw their images lean toward one another in the water, as they gave each other a friendly kiss.

So the flowers lived on in hearty friendship, with no concern for the things round about them. Therefore, they did not notice how, of all the flowers in the forest, the brook liked them best, nor what pains he took to please them; how he now spread out before them his very smoothest mirror, and again, caught up for them on his dancing waves the sparkling sunbeams, hoping they would nod thankfully back to him; how he touched gently their roots, and with low murmur said, "Let me also be your friend, let me be the third in the bond of friendship, play and rejoice with me also." But the friends, in their happiness, took no notice of the kindness and the gentle pleading of the brook. Then he became angry. "They are ashamed of me! I will punish them." And he gathered up all the waters out of the moss-beds of the forest, out of the rents and crevices of the rocks, and shot away in wild waves. And he called his old acquaintance the wind, who bowed down with a strong hand the terrified flowers, and the angry brook mockingly snatched away one of them with his foaming waves. But alas, only one of them! The dying flower could only call back sorrowfully to the one left behind, "Forget me not!" before the raging brook had swallowed it up in his cold waves.

The sorrowing friend left behind laid off her white dress, and clothed herself only in blue, the color of the eternal heaven, the hue of everlasting truth; and so men call the lovely flower "forget-me-not," and offer it to the departing friend as a token of faithful friendship. Like its kindred flower, the pansy, it has been consecrated to memory, and expresses the undying remembrances of love and endearment.

O, that every body would hold faithful as unchangeably as the blue heaven and the blue "forget-me-not!" For heaven never yet forgot to stretch out above us the blue canopy of Spring; the little blue flowers of the brooklet's mossy bank have never yet forgotten to smile kindly on one another, and on the pleasant world around them.

## SUMMER.

SPRING is growing up,  
Is it not a pity?  
She was such a little thing  
And so very pretty:  
Summer is extremely grand,  
We must pay her duty;  
But it is to little Spring  
That she owes her beauty!

From the glowing sky  
Summer shines above us;  
Spring was such a little dear,  
But will Summer love us?  
She is very beautiful,  
With her grown-up blisses;  
Summer we must bow before,  
Spring we coaxed with kisses.

Spring is growing up,  
Leaving us so lonely;  
In the place of little Spring  
We have Summer only—  
Summer, with her lofty airs  
And her stately paces,  
In the place of little Spring  
With her childish graces!

## DON'T FRET.

WHETHER days be dark or fair,  
Fair with ease or dark with care,  
Bravely do and bravely dare;  
Don't, don't fret.

Whether things go well or ill,  
Whether gifts your hands shall fill,  
Or you wait and wish them still;  
Don't, don't fret.

If your favorite plan succeed,  
Or if failure follow deed,  
Count possession, and not need;  
Don't, don't fret.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

DR. M'COSH is a deservedly popular lecturer and writer. The acquisition of the great Scotch divine to Princeton College and this country was assuredly most fortunate. Robert Carter & Brothers publish, in a duodecimo of fifty pages, his *Ideas in Nature Overlooked by Dr. Tyndall*, being an examination of his Belfast address. Of the numerous criticisms of Dr. Tyndall on both sides of the Atlantic, this is one of the ablest. He says: "Dr. Tyndall is not regarded in Great Britain as a scientific man of the first order; he is not one of the few stars of first magnitude. I am not aware of any discovery made by him which has opened a new department of nature, or set scientific exploration out in a new direction." "He is thoroughly at home in the domain of physics;" is a "brilliant experimenter and a fascinating expounder." "Eminent as he is as a scientist, there is no proof that he has studied philosophy, or that he is specially a philosopher; he is certainly not a rigid reasoner, and he overleaps wide gaps in constructing his theories." Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Mill, and others of the semi-atheistic school, get no tender handling from Dr. M'Cosh. He is at home on the whole ground, as scientist, philosopher, and divine, and shows himself abundantly able to reconcile the discrepancies that naturally arise between these different domains, and which those who are acquainted with only one department of life and mind find it so difficult to dispose of.

AMONG the many solid and useful publications of the Messrs. Carter, one of the most useful to students of the relations between the Bible and science will be found to be Dr. J. W. Dawson's *Nature and the Bible*, a course of lectures delivered in New York in 1874, on the Morse Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary. The author claims that his stand-point is not that of a theologian or metaphysician, but of a student of nature, who, while he has been chiefly occupied with investigations and teaching in natural science, has been a careful and reverent student of Holy Scripture, not with

the view of supporting any particular school of theology, but of learning for his own spiritual guidance the mind of God." A glance at the topics presented will show the extent and importance of the field canvassed by Dr. Dawson. Lecture First, General relations of Science to the Bible; Second, Biblical views of the Universe as a whole; Third, the Science of the Earth in relation to the Bible; Fourth, the Origin and History of Animal Life in Nature and the Bible; Fifth, the Origin and early History of Man according to Science and the Bible; Sixth, Review of Schools of Thought, with Appendix and Illustrations. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

To be a good citizen of the great western republic requires a knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, and also of the laws of the individual State in which one happens to live. This knowledge should be acquired in youth by all classes and both sexes. To facilitate the acquisition of this important branch of youthful education is the object of Charles R. Brown's *Government of Ohio*, a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, published by Moore & Quale, Kalamazoo, Michigan, for the use of colleges, schools, and general readers. The volume contains a history of Ohio, its government and laws; educational, penal, benevolent, and reformatory institutions; resources; and matters pertaining to domestic relations and civil rights. Each chapter is furnished with questions, and there are over sixty chapters richly freighted with information that ought to be in the possession of every juvenile in the land.

MISS MULOCK ran a brief race in the days of her youth as a successful and popular novelist. Writing and publishing *incog.*, it is not surprising that the authorship of her most popular romance, "John Halifax, Gentleman," should have been claimed by another, or that she should have been obliged some twenty years ago to vindicate her claim by public acknowledgment of that interesting work. Miss Mulock is poet as well as romancer, and her fugitive pieces, published

in magazines and various periodicals, are now collected and printed in a thin quarto, with music as well, under the title *Songs of our Youth*—Miss Muloch is not yet fifty—"by the author of 'John Halifax,' Gentleman, "set to music," inscribed "to my old friends." Here are forty passable songs, set to Irish, Swedish, French, Old English, Gaelic, Welsh, and original melodies, with accompaniments for the piano. The initials D. M. M. (Dinah Maria Muloch) show that the authoress not only wrote novels, but dabbled in music and poetry as well, sometimes attempting that frequently not very successful feat of setting her own words to airs of her own composition. The adapted airs, particularly the Swedish, are beautiful. A prettier companion for the piano and a voice and taste adapted to ballad singing we have not seen for a long time. (Messrs. Harper, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Price \$2.50.

THE annual "Sunday-school Manual" is forth-coming from Toledo, Ohio, edited and mainly written by W. R. Ogden, and published by W. W. Whitney. It is called the *Crown of Life*, and is about on a par with others of the same genus. The music and poetry are neither of them above mediocrity, and there is not a song or a tune in the book that will outlive the generation, and most of them will not survive the year of their production. The ephemeral nature of these fussy productions necessitates a call for "more of the same sort." Of the petty fugue style, so extensively popularized in "Precious Name" and "Sweet By and By," this volume of one hundred and fifty pages, and perhaps as many songs and tunes, treats us to more than forty specimens. The song-ody of the Sunday-school is training a whole generation to a disrelish for genuine Christian psalmody. It is enough to drive sensible people crazy, and suggests the alternative of the insane asylum or a refuge in the bosom of the United Presbyterian Church.

FIFTEEN brief essays by Alexander Dickson, of Lansingburg, New York, founded on Canticles, fifth chapter, tenth to sixteenth verses, and published by Robert Carter & Brothers, titled *All About Jesus*, will be found by the the devout to be entertaining and profitable reading. To those wishing to cul-

tivate heavenly-mindedness, this volume will not only repay perusal, but it will also be a companion fitted to awaken thought and stimulate devotion.

CLARKE'S Commentary performed a useful work in its day; but it has been for some years antiquated, and we have long needed a new exposition of the Scriptures, free from learned lumber and up to the demand of the times. This felt want Dr. Whedon, with able coadjutors, is now supplying. We have now the fourth volume (the second issued) of the Old Testament. *Kings to Esther*, by Rev. Milton S. Terry, A. M., D. D. Whedon, LL. D., editor. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, publishers.) The Preface says the set is to consist of eight volumes, uniform with the Commentary on the New Testament, the purpose of which is to exclude all extraneous matter and to bring a large amount of Biblical exegesis into a small compass, purchasable at a reasonable sum, embodying the best results of Biblical criticism, acceptable to ministers and scholars, and at the same time available for popular use. Messrs. Nelson & Phillips send us *Binney's Theological Compend*, a useful book for students of all classes, published many years ago, and now thoroughly revised and improved. (Hitchcock & Walden.)

*The Royal Road to Fortune*, by Emily Huntington Miller, author of several popular stories, originally written in part as a serial for the the *Little Corporal*, and now, at the request of many admirers of Mrs. Miller's genius, put into a more permanent form. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

*Pamphlet Memorial* of Rev. Gleezen Fillmore, D. D., a discourse delivered in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, New York, February 19, 1875, by Rev. S. Hunt, D. D. A worthy tribute to the memory of a great and good man, one to whom Christianity and especially Buffalo and Rochester Methodism are greatly indebted.

TALES.—*An Eden in England*, by A. L. O. E. (Robert Carter & Brothers.) *Valentine and his Brother*, by Mrs. Oliphant. *Love's Victory*, by B. L. Farjeon. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## JUNE.

"WOULD that thou couldst last for aye,  
 Merry, ever merry May!  
 Made of sun gleams, shade, and showers,  
 Bursting buds and breathing flowers;  
 Girded with the eglantine,  
 Festooned with the dewy vine,  
 Merry, ever merry May,  
 Would that thou couldst last for aye."

Thus chants an American poet, and thus might we join in the lay if hopes and expectations were greater than enjoyments—if anticipation gave more satisfaction than actual possession. As childhood, however, is but the promise of the man, as sunrise is only the prelude to the coming of the glad day, so are the bursting buds of May to the full-opened flowers of June; the faint tints of the last morn of Spring to the rich coloring of the Summer's sun. At the approach of the month of flowers, earth smiles as she dons her gayest mantle; the sky wears a softer hue; the fresh leaves quiver with delight; the birds warble forth a deeper melody; the busy insect hums a song of welcome; the wild flowers spring to life and light from their hiding-places 'neath the rain and snow; while the streams, rejoicing in their new-found freedom, murmur praises to the sweet south wind, and mirror, as they flow, all the many tints that nature in her loveliness displays.

"Brightest of Summer months,

I feel it were not wrong  
 To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,  
 Only that there the clouds and storms of time  
 Sweep not the sky along;  
 The flowers, air, beauty, music, all are thine;  
 But brighter, purer, lovelier, more divine."

LIVINGSTONE ON HARD DRINKERS.—The celebrated African traveler's journals abound in Scotch witticisms. The following is a fine specimen:

"The Ptolemaic map defines people according to their food: The elephantophagi, or elephant-eaters; the struthiophagi, or sparrow-eaters; the ichthyophagi, fish-eaters; the anthropophagi, man-eaters. If we followed the same classification in drinkers, it would be thus: The tribe of stout guzzlers; the roaring pot-house fuddlers; the whisky

fishoid drinkers; common wine-bibbers; lager-beer swillers; and an outlying population of the brandy and gin cock-tail persuasion."

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.—A most useful pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages emanates from the "Wesleyan Mission House," London, "printed for private circulation," containing "statistics," as far as attainable, from all the Protestant Missionary Societies in the world. Every one knows the difficulty of obtaining exact, full, and reliable statistics. The reports of some societies are defective, some make no returns, some grudge and stint information; there is little or no uniformity in the style and modes of making returns, some societies giving full particulars, and others affording only scanty notes of matters important and vital. The editor of this useful pamphlet has spared no pains, and has condensed into this convenient manual "the reports of missionary and Bible societies for 1872-3, which, though incomplete, form, when bound up, thirty thick octavo volumes." He registers one hundred and sixty-six distinct Protestant missionary organizations, besides twenty leading Bible and educational societies, all of which have their subordinate branches and auxiliaries, as well as agencies in every part of the globe." The revenue of the various Bible and missionary societies, so far as can be gathered from the returns, is as follows:

British Societies.....	\$4,387,670
American Societies.....	2,999,075
Continental.....	747,505
Total.....	\$8,134,310

This amount is about double the estimate made in 1861, and omits the names of about twenty societies in America, fourteen on the Continent, and several local societies in India and the colonies. Four and a quarter millions in Great Britain, three millions in America, and three-quarters of a million by the Christians of Continental Europe, are the sum and substance of the effort of the Protestant world to convert the heathen to Christ by means of missionaries, tracts, and Bibles! Verily, comparing the enterprise of the

Church with that of the world in these days of wholesale, it is no wonder that some one has said of the religious side of the world, that, in missionary doings,

"This is an age of little men and of little measures."

While the private incomes of railroad kings, capitalists, and merchant princes are ten, twenty, and thirty millions, the entire income of the Christian world, even including that of the famous Roman Propaganda, is less than ten millions of dollars a year for the conversion of six or eight hundred millions of heathens; and, even of these scant millions, a large percentage is spent in countries professedly Christian, and in nominal Christianities!

A Presbyterian divine has recently written a work entitled "Christian Missions to Wrong Places, among Wrong Races, and in Wrong Lands." This wrong can be only relative, for no society that we know of has missionaries enough, or spends funds enough in any corner of the globe, to do any damage, even if it does but little good; but it points to the blind way in which missionary societies, like sheep, or miners in a gold-field, or boys in a blackberry patch, follow a blind lead, "plan and no plan;" which has sent the agents of twenty missionary societies to South Africa, to work in a population of some two millions, and "twelve others to Japan!"

Dr. Geikie recommends some things which we have been advocating for twenty years, one of which is, that different missionary societies take different fields. No less than seven different societies are laboring in the little city of Shanghai. The native goes into one chapel, and they stand up to pray; in another they kneel; in yet another the preacher is gowned, and reads his prayers from a book; in one the candidate is sprinkled or poured in baptism, in another submerged. Six societies worship God on the first day of the Christian week, one (the Sabbatarian) is there to teach the heathen that Saturday is the day in which to worship God, though it would seem that the Chinese, who have very respectable almanacs of their own, might possibly become Christians without adopting the Western calendar.

It is reported that the missionaries of China are to have, or have recently had, a conven-

tion, to consider missionary work, particularly with reference to covering the whole field without interference. Such conventions would be valuable in all countries, and something like agreement or compact might be had among missionary societies at home in reference to the occupancy of foreign fields.

Dr. Geikie proposes not the "amalgamation" of missionary societies, but their "combination," not organic union, but practical agreement and correspondence. The London Missionary Society and the American Board were both originated on the right platform, but both have subsided into mere organs of Congregationalism.

What we want now is a grand missionary union, British, or, more properly, European on one side of the ocean, and American on the other; or, if possible, neither European nor American, but INTERNATIONAL, like the Evangelical Alliance, which shall take into view the wants and woes of the WORLD, scan its destitute fields, equalize the distribution of missionary forces, to see that every accessible land gets attention, and that no part gets more than its due share. This plan would render the men and means of the smaller Christian denominations available.

Hitherto, a hundred and fifty separate societies have wrought in the dark, helter-skelter, without plan or order, overlaying and interfering with each other's work. What is now needed is unity of plan, headship, work from a common center, executive control, if not from an individual mind like the General of the Jesuits, at least from congressional, conventional, or general conference decision and dictation. In this way, all denominations can exercise, in an undisputed field, their own peculiarities, and can expend the strength they usually expend in measuring swords with each other on the worser foes, heathenism and sin.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE met at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in the Fall of 1871. Stanley's account of the meeting was published in 1872, Livingstone's in 1875. It is curious to compare them. Stanley's account is narrative, and Livingstone's journalistic. The former says he reached the lake and depôt of the Arab slavers on Friday, November 10th, two hundred and thirty-six



days from the coast. Livingstone's date of the meeting is October 28th, thirteen days behind Stanley's reckoning; yet in chapter twenty of the "Last Journals," he says that by the arrival of the Mohammedan fast Ramadan on the 14th of November, and a nautical almanac, he discovered that he was twenty-one days too fast in his reckoning. Stanley says "Livingstone arrived at Ujiji, October 16th," the "Last Journals" say "October 23d," a week's difference. The accounts of the meeting do not essentially differ. We can hardly read either without tears. Stanley's is full of exuberant spirits, exultation, eloquent joy. Livingstone's is as full of compressed emotion. "When my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand; for one morning (happy, glorious morning, Stanley calls it) Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking-pans, tents and so forth, made me think this must be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wits' end, like me."

They started to explore Tanganyika together. November 16th, Livingstone writes in his terse style "four hours to Chigoma," Stanley sets it down as "the magnificent Bay of Kigoma." Thenceforward the accounts coincide tolerably, Stanley's being fuller than Livingstone's, and perhaps a little confused by his several severe attacks of fever. They arrived at Ujiji, December 13th, and attempted to keep Christmas in orthodox style. Livingstone writes on the 26th, "Had but a sorry Christmas yesterday." Stanley explains, the cook "spoiled the roast, the custard was burned, the dinner was a failure."

"January 22. Mr. Stanley shot two zebras yesterday and a she-giraffe to-day. The meat of the giraffe was one thousand pounds weight, the two zebras, eight hundred pounds." Stanley is more specific, "The eatable portions of the two zebras weighed seven hundred and nineteen pounds, the eatable portions of the giraffe, nine hundred and ninety-three pounds." On the 18th of February, they arrived at Unyanyembe, on the route to the coast, where they were to

part; Stanley to return to civilization, Livingstone to replunge into African forests and marshes, and, after a year, to die. The record of each is characteristic. The exuberant American leads the great traveler into his house and says, "Doctor, we are at home at last." Livingstone writes, "February 18th, Unyanyembe, Thanks to the Almighty."

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION. — Under this caption the *New York Times* makes the following sensible and well-timed remarks:

"Nothing is easier, in the estimation of many people, than to make a book or to write successfully for the press. Impecunious people, and people who have failed at every thing else, are especially convinced of their fitness for a 'literary life.' Men whose success in life has not met their anticipations, are prone to think that their failures are due to an excess of the literary faculty, and they too fall back upon the pen.

"If it were possible to see, in one comprehensive view, all the people who dabble in what, for want of a better word, we must call literature, there would be brought into the prospect a very motley crowd. There would be persons of all kinds, representing in their original callings every possible occupation, and in their lives every degree of failure. There would be scholars of the highest order, and many more whose ignorance is only equaled by their pretensions. The number who have voluntarily made pen-work their profession would be found to be comparatively small, and it is only they who would rightly measure their prospects. All the rest would be found to be building castles in the air; looking to the fortune that they think is sure to be theirs whenever their transcendent ability shall have come to be acknowledged by the public. Such people are encouraged in their delusion by the statements that are published from time to time of the salaries of prominent journalists, and the profits of popular authors, but with these statements the other side of the picture is not given. The fate and sufferings of such men as Cervantes, Otway, Johnson, Goldsmith, Butler, Campbell, Dryden, and others, are readily forgotten. It may be answered that when these men lived, literature was less appreciated and the profits smaller. That is true; but the laborers were fewer too.

"Mr. Carlyle has said that literature as a trade is neither safe nor advisable, and we do not think it often proves much better when taken as a last resource. Thackeray pronounced it one of the greatest evils to be born with a literary taste. Charles Lamb declared that any thing is better than to become a slave to the booksellers and to the reading public; and even in the 'Arabian Nights' literary labors are pronounced worthless if intended as a means to buy bread. Miss Mitford wrote for 'hard money,' but avowed that she would rather scrub floors than suffer its penalties. Washington Irving, in a letter to a nephew, hoped that he was looking forward to something better than literature to found a reputation on. Southey said the greatest mistake in life a man could commit was to follow literature for a livelihood. Within a comparatively recent period, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, and scores of others less generally known, have died almost in actual poverty. And yet they worked hard all their lives. The ranks of indifferent writers are full to repletion. If all such writers could be convinced that their efforts can not lead to the goal their imaginations foreshadow, they might possibly be diverted into some more useful path. But this is almost hopeless while their persistence depends, as it generally does, upon a too exalted notion of their own powers."

It is elsewhere stated that "Planche, the great French critic, who died some years ago, between the contending forces of his life—celebrity and poverty—avowed that twenty-five years of literary labor had not produced for him more than ten thousand dollars—four hundred dollars a year!—and he was no corporal in the army of the pen, but a marshal, who received his baton at his first campaign."

REUNION.—Cazenovia Seminary (Oneida Conference Seminary of old) proposes to have a semi-centennial gathering, July 7th and 8th. Three of the latest elected bishops, all of them former students of the Institution, Peck, Bowman, and Andrews, head the call. Dr. Whedon, Dr. Johnston, and Dr. William H. Allen, were once Professors there. Dr. Tefft, Dr. Vail, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College,

Dr. Hawley, the late President Johnson, Dr. Hitchcock, Dr. Bannister, Dr. Ives, and scores of others, pursued their academic course there. The writer prepared for college there, 1832 to 1834 inclusive, under the principalship of the energetic W. C. Larabee.

FRATERNITY.—Sensible progress is being made in the line of union between the Northern and Southern Methodisms by trying it on *religion—end foremost*. Witness the cordial reunion at the 'Louisville Conference, in March last, and the call, signed by representatives of all the American Methodisms, for another fraternal meeting at Round Lake during the current July.

ORTHOGRAPHIC.—The spelling-match mania swept over the whole country in the form of an epidemic. Franklin said "the worst spelling was usually the best." He meant the Phonographic. The bigoted adherence of the Chinese to their bungling hieroglyphics is not more absurd than the bigoted attachment of English and Americans to their old forms of spelling and writing. The real alphabet of the language contains about forty sounds, for every one of which there should be a representative character. Shorthand should be universally substituted for the present cumbersome style of writing, and words should be spelled as pronounced: *tīt* for *tight*, *sīt* for *sight*, *rīt* for *right*, *wright*, *write*, *rite*, etc. If these spelling tournaments would cause people to see the absurdity of the old system, and lead them to abandon it, they would accomplish a good purpose, and confer on future generations a lasting benefit.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—During this sultry season, when the ardors of the day are scarcely tempered by the shades of night, it would be pleasant to rest in such a bit of greenery and quiet as "Warwick Valley." Beneath the foliage of these grand old trees we would forget the dingy walls where we now write; the dusty manuscripts, the calls of the printer, the demands of the public, the annoyances of editorial work, the fretfulness of correspondents, and imagine ourselves in the first paradise, "when earth lay nearer to the skies" and rejoiced in its golden age.

"Shadow Pictures," such as the little maid is making on the wall, explains itself.









# WALTON'S REPOSITORY







THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY

REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

JULY—DECEMBER.

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# CONTENTS.

## ENGRAVINGS.

THE AU-SABLE AT KEEN FLATS, ADIRON-  
DACKS.  
WALDEMERE.  
THE FIRST LESSON.  
ROCKS AND CAVERNS.  
AFTER DINNER.  
MOUNTAIN LAKE AMONG THE ANDES.

TOMB OF BISHOP KINGSLEY.  
MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.  
CONVALESCENT.  
PORTRAITS.  
BISHOP STEPHEN M. MERRILL.  
MISS SARAH F. SMILEY.  
OUR MISSIONARY SECRETARIES.

## PROSE.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Acquaintance without Introduction, Mrs. O. W. Scott, . . . . .	259	Fair Weather and Foul in a "Far Country," Flora Best Harris, . . . . .	450
African Music, Miss N. C. Wentworth, . . . . .	506	From London to Bremen, May Alden Ward, . . . . .	64
All about the Ring of Rings, George B. Griffith, . . . . .	104	Full of Sunshine, Abbie Mills, . . . . .	237
Antigone, Pamela Helena Goodwin, . . . . .	25	German Students' Monument to Luther, J. F. Hurst, D. D., . . . . .	246
ART NOTES, . . . . . 77, 173, 268, 366, 462, 556		Heinrichsbad, Rev. Gideon Draper, . . . . .	351
Art of Jewelry, Sig. Sophia Bompiani, . . . . .	412, 513	Hindoo, and His Reason Why, Rev. J. T. Gracey, . . . . .	536
Atlantis, John Budlong, . . . . .	453	How I Made the Sermon, Editor, . . . . .	334
Aunt Kitty's New Home, Mrs. C. Hobart, . . . . .	46	How we Breathe, Prof. E. F. Carr, . . . . .	253
Autographs, A Chapter on, George B. Griffith, . . . . .	234	Immortality, Prof. Edward C. Merrick, . . . . .	18
Brief General Survey of Missions, Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., . . . . .	444	Isabella the Catholic, Curtis E. Mogg, . . . . .	240
Carter, Elizabeth, Harrington Putnam, . . . . .	108	Italy in the Middle Ages, Prof. G. C. Jones, . . . . .	1, 319 403, 542
Cathedrals of the Renaissance, T. A. H. Brown, . . . . .	140	Katy's Romance, Mrs. H. C. Gardner, . . . . .	204
"Christ and Humanity," Rev. W. Fitzgerald, . . . . .	42	Lake Chautauqua, Fannie E. Landon, . . . . .	349
Christian Life in the Catacombs, W. H. Withrow, D. D., . . . . .	385, 481	Mannedorf, Rev. Gideon Draper, . . . . .	140
Cincinnati May Festival and its Effects, John S. Van Cleve, . . . . .	136	Marie Antoinette in Letters, Prof. Wm. Wells, . . . . .	313
Confessions of an Artisan, From the French of Emile Souvestre, Mrs. E. S. Martin, . . . . .	35, 127 225, 339, 396, 521	Martha of Bethany, Rev. R. N. Sledd, . . . . .	9
Connecticut in 1775, N. S. Wentworth, . . . . .	418	More about Finger Rings, Geo. B. Griffith, . . . . .	433
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE, . . . . . 89, 184, 280 378, 474, 566		NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT, . . . . .	82, 178 273, 371, 465, 559
CURRENT HISTORY, . . . . . 80, 176, 270, 369		Old French Power in America, Rev. J. H. M'Carty, . . . . .	55, 289
Different Ways of Fastening Gates, Jenny M. Burr, . . . . .	346	Old Pictures, Some, Prof. Selah Howell, . . . . .	15
Dutch, The; or, Amphibious Industry, Prof. Austin Bierbower, . . . . .	97	One Hundred Years Ago, Mary Granger Chase, . . . . .	151
EDITOR'S TABLE, . . . . . 92, 187, 282, 379, 476, 567		"Our Age," Editor, . . . . .	159

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT, . . . . .	71, 167, 263, 361, 457, 551	Spirits, and Simon Butterby, E. M. Hamilton, . . . . .	115
Our Wants, Mary Arnold, . . . . .	485	Stirling and its Castle, Rev. W. F. Mallalieu, . . . . .	546
Out in the Snow, Eliza A. Conner, . . . . .	6	Sumner, Charles, Rev. C. W. Cushing, . . . . .	499
Out of a Pocket, Mrs. C. B. Le Row, . . . . .	438	Sunday in Zermatt, Mrs. Julia M. Olin, . . . . .	549
Professors and Students in Classic Times, Hon. M. J. Cramer, . . . . .	217	Sunset on the Gomer Grat, Mrs. Julia M. Olin, . . . . .	436
Rambles in Egypt, Rev. H. H. Fairall, . . . . .	389	Tenth Century, Emory H. Talbot, . . . . .	52
Readers and Reading, Rev. J. L. Sooy, . . . . .	21	That Girl, Mrs. M. L. Sherman, . . . . .	492
Recent Archæological Discoveries at Rome, Sig. Sophia Bompiani, . . . . .	297	Tired Mothers, For, . . . . .	359
Relic Worship, Walter P. Morras, . . . . .	39	Two Sisters, Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. H. S. Lachman, . . . . .	248, 301
Rights of Children, Victoria Magazine, . . . . .	357	Tyndall's Lecture on Fog Signals, Sarah Hack- ett Stevenson, . . . . .	308
Savonarola, Signora Elvira Caorsi, . . . . .	210, 326	Visit to Pompeii, Hon. M. J. Cramer, . . . . .	529
SCIENTIFIC, . . . . .	85, 180, 276, 374, 468, 561	Wagner and his Art Problems, J. S. Van Cleve, . . . . .	531
"Sensation" Among the Classics, J. Pummill, . . . . .	60	Wandering Jew at the Grimsel, Ellen M. Soule, . . . . .	256
Seven Sleepers, The, Gertrude Mortimer, . . . . .	155	What can American Educators Learn from the "Heathen Chinese?" Editor, . . . . .	425
Shakespeare's Cordelia, Pamela H. Goodwin, . . . . .	193	Whittier, John G., H. H. Butterworth, . . . . .	487
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, Mrs. M. J. Whipple, . . . . .	293	Women of Ancient Rome, Professor W. Wells, . . . . .	121
SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG, 87, 182, 278, 376, 471, 563		WOMAN'S RECORD AT HOME, . . . . .	74, 170 266, 364, 460, 554

## POETRY.

A Creed for All, Dublin University Magazine, . . . . .	411	Mid Watch at Sea, . . . . .	24
Aged Christians, Mary Wilson, . . . . .	541	Mother and the Angel, . . . . .	148
Country Sabbath, Chambers's Journal, . . . . .	209	My Heart, . . . . .	166
Difference, The, All the Year Round, . . . . .	550	New Jerusalem, Two Versions, . . . . .	324
Evening Prayer, . . . . .	50	Only a Wee Bit Bairn, R. C. F. Hannay, . . . . .	345
First Lesson, The, ( <i>with steel engraving</i> ) . . . . .	166	Orange-tree, The, . . . . .	431
Harvest Hymn, William D. Gallagher, . . . . .	158	Pathways of the Holy Land, . . . . .	456
Heavenly Guest, The, . . . . .	209	Prayer of a Dying Sufferer, . . . . .	148
He Knows, . . . . .	135	Psyche, Flora Best Harris, . . . . .	231
Hymn of the Creation, Arranged by B. F. Cocker, D. D., after Rorison, . . . . .	518	Sabbath Evening, . . . . .	24
In Exile, . . . . .	70	Song of Love, Dublin University Magazine, . . . . .	318
"I shall be Satisfied," . . . . .	14	"The Master is Come," . . . . .	261
Jesus Walking on the Sea, . . . . .	432	Things that Never Die, All the Year Round, . . . . .	471
Legend of the Little Pearl, . . . . .	498	Twilight Dreams, . . . . .	432
Life's Voyage, . . . . .	262	Under a Cloud, . . . . .	262
Love and Labor, . . . . .	70	Waiting, . . . . .	51
		What the Winds Say, . . . . .	51
		Where is the Summer? George Elliott, . . . . .	541









THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MEDIAEVAL Italy has the misfortune, as far as its fame is concerned, of being placed between two periods of such exceeding interest and attraction that its own luster, by no means diminutive, appears dim in comparison. Most people, when they think of Italy, think of the Italy of Rome, republican and imperial, of Romulus and the Scipios and the Cæsars, of the Samnite and the Punic wars. Even if they have no taste for ancient history, Italy is to them little but a synonym for Rome, with her Leos and her Gregories and her Urbans, her Bomba and Garibaldi and Mazzini, her Pius IX and Victor Emmanuel. And yet if Italy had never destroyed Carthage; if the tread of her soldiery had never been heard in transalpine lands; if Virgil had never gilded her ignoble and cloudy origin with a rainbow of transcendent genius; if Horace and Ovid had not sung the very songs of Venus herself, and given love a dialect in which she may body her most precious thoughts; if there had been no Rome of plebeians and patricians, of consuls and tribunes and emperors, of popes and cardinals,—yet there would have been events of sufficient importance, and history of as strong attraction to the philosophic student, as to turn toward Italy the eyes and thought of the civilized world. Not even all historical students realize that during the Middle Ages Italy, especially Lombardy, was the

focus of commercial and warlike enterprise, of political complications, and of scientific research. This subject, too, should have special interest for Americans; for it was in Northern Italy that the genius of republicanism, banished from Greece and Rome and Carthage, found a genial home. The spirit of liberty has preserved to herself in all ages some who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of despotism; and during the dark ages these hardy souls were to be found behind the walls of Genoa and Pisa, Milan, Venice, and Cremona.

My present object is not so much to give a dry, detailed account of mediæval Italian history as to illustrate some of its more salient points, and excite some more interest upon this important section of our world's annals.

The history of the twelfth century discloses a very singular posture of affairs in Northern Italy. There we see an immense plain, thickly populated, not seamed or trenched by any natural lines of division, the people all speaking a common tongue, and yet not united into one state, but split up into a number of minute but wholly independent republics. Each little city was the metropolis of a surrounding territory, often not one-fourth the size of an ordinary American county. Poor Artemus Ward said that there is a great deal of human nature in man; and this is equally true of states. We scarcely

need to be told the result of this state of political affairs. War to the knife with her neighbors was the normal condition of each republic, the more powerful tyrannizing over the weaker. These latter found their only chance for existence in seeking the protection of some more distant city. The two great cities, Milan and Pavia, were by far the strongest and most important of all these republics. Between these two cities, a level plain, about twenty miles in length, formed the only separation. Disputes about boundaries were therefore very likely to give occasion to quarrels, into which, on account of their perpetual rivalry, the inhabitants entered with only too great zest. Very frequently, however, they did not themselves engage directly in combat, but each city contented herself with assailing those weaker neighbors which were under the protection of her rival; just as the big boys of one school will amuse themselves by beating the little boys of a neighboring school. Brute force with little military skill was all that was displayed in these incessant petty squabbles. One of the towns would send out a raiding party to destroy or carry off the crops, and the outraged neighbor usually did not suffer much time to elapse without adopting retaliatory measures. After a series of such mutual hostilities had raised to the boiling point the military ardor of the citizens on both sides, the next step in the proceedings was to appoint a day for an appeal to arms, and a convenient position on the frontier was selected. Thither, marshaled around their consecrated cars, marched all the citizens, and a battle was fought, which usually terminated the campaign.

The sacred car, or *carroccio*, to which I have referred, was four-wheeled, and drawn by four pairs of oxen. In its center was fixed a lofty mast, with a gilded globe at the top, both car and mast being painted a bright red color. Near the summit of the mast, the image of the Savior, his arms extended on the cross, appeared to bless the army. Beneath it the standard of the republic fluttered;

and on the platform below, from which the mast arose, were stationed some of the most valiant soldiers. The loss of this standard was considered the deepest disgrace which could befall any city. Its advantages, in a military sense, were to give steadiness to the infantry, and to prevent a retreat becoming a panic.

The issue of these petty skirmishes was often ludicrous. Honor rather than material advantage, and the disgrace rather than the destruction of an opponent, were frequently the objects aimed at. Thus, in the year 1108, the Milanese, having captured some Pavians, paraded them in one of the squares of Milan. There they tied their hands behind their backs, and then, having, in order to quicken their pace, fastened a lighted torch to each of them in the rear, threw open the gates, and hooted them out of the town. But frequently these wars terminated far more seriously. The most remarkable war of the period, the one which gave Milan a decided preponderance among the family of republics, was her contest with the little town of Como. We are indebted for our knowledge of this war to a contemporary Latin poem, of most doubtful Latinity and versification. Most who have waded through it will join heartily in the writer's ascription: "*Finito libro, referatur gratia Christo*" (Let praise be rendered to Christ that the book is finished).

The war arose from the rivalries of candidates for the Papal chair. A herald was dispatched from Milan to Como with a declaration of war, and he was speedily followed by the Milanese forces with their *carroccio*. The Comasques sallied out to meet them, and a battle ensued, which was carried on till night without any decisive result. But in the darkness, the Milanese, by following the dry bed of a river, succeeded in reaching Como, and, finding the town defenseless, burst open the gates, and set it on fire. At day-break, the Comasques, seeing that the enemy had slipped away from them, set out for their town; and great was their excitement when, on reaching the



ridge of a hill commanding the city, they perceived it wrapped in flames. They rushed down furiously, fell on the triumphant Milanese, who were scattered through the city plundering, completely routed them, extinguished the flames, and shut the gates. But the great city of Milan was too proud and self-confident to relinquish the struggle for so slight a check. Nearly all the cities of Lombardy united with her against the devoted little city. For eight years the siege was continued, without the besiegers gaining any advantage. Year after year, the Lombard armies encamped round its walls; from Spring to Fall the struggle was prolonged, with heavy losses; and at the beginning of Winter the besiegers would annually raise the siege, after making proclamation by their herald that, at a given date next Spring, they would resume their work. At last the allied forces became ashamed of their ineffectual efforts, and roused all their energy to crush the courageous little city. Four towers, defended from fire by hurdles covered with raw hides, were constructed; and two *gatti*, a species of battering-ram armed with a powerful iron hook to pull out loosened stones from the walls, were suspended between them. These engines were advanced to the ramparts, and, in spite of the desperate resistance of the besieged, the allies succeeded in establishing a breach. But the resolution of the citizens did not desert them. Near them, on the shore of the lake, stood the strong castle of Vico. The citizens resolved to evacuate the town in the night, and establish themselves there. They embarked, with their wives and children, on board their little fleet. Next morning Como was empty, and the ramparts of Vico were bristling with armed men; and the allies, utterly discouraged at the prospect of having to begin another tedious war with such resolute antagonists, offered honorable terms of capitulation, which the Comasques were glad enough to accept.

The reign of Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, which began in

1153, is in a great measure the history of Italy. Master of the combined forces of Germany, he saw that Italy was the field marked out for the triumphs of his arms. He was not long in finding pretexts for interfering in Italian affairs. As the dissensions of Irish chieftains in Henry II's time gave England her first foothold in Ireland, so the rivalries of Italian republics made them forget that the foreign aid they called in would cost them their freedom. Two private citizens of Lodi, who happened to be in Constance when the Emperor was there, implored his help to release their countrymen from the intolerable yoke of the Milanese. Right willingly did Frederick return a gracious answer; he overlooked the fact that these men had not been authorized by their city to make an appeal to him; and an imperial officer, one Sicherius, was dispatched with a letter to the Milanese, requiring them immediately to renounce their usurped jurisdiction over Lodi. The envoy went first to the villages in which Milan had quartered the inhabitants of Lodi when she destroyed their town, and told them his mission, thinking they would be delighted in being patronized by so powerful a potentate. But great was his astonishment and disgust, when he found that, instead of receiving Frederick's promise of assistance with delighted gratitude, the whole population almost went into fits with terror. Frederick could give them no help for at least a twelvemonth, while a few hours' march, could bring the Milanese army upon them. Their town was already in ashes; their present habitations were wholly defenseless; and the insolent letter of Frederick was calculated to excite to fury these powerful and proximate foes. They entreated Sicherius to suppress the Emperor's letter altogether, or at least to delay its presentation till the arrival of the German army. But he indignantly refused, and forthwith proceeded to Milan. Arrived there, the consuls received him in state, in presence of the assembled citizens, and his dispatches were read aloud by a

herald. Words fail to express the wrath of the Milanese. The unfortunate letter was snatched out of the hands of the herald, torn to pieces, and trampled on; and Sicherius wished most devoutly that he had taken the advice of the magistrates of Lodi, for it was with considerable difficulty that he escaped from the hands of the raging mob. Meanwhile, the citizens of Lodi were in mortal terror. They sent their wives and children, and other valuables, to Pavia or Cremona; and the male population appear to have spent the most of their time wandering in the woods, in momentary dread of the arrival of the Milanese army. But it did not come. The Milanese cooled down a little, and, judging discretion to be the better part of valor, thought it unadvisable to compromise themselves unnecessarily with Frederick, who was very shortly expected in Italy. In October, 1154, he came, with a large army. He soon found that Lombardy was divided into two leagues, headed respectively by Milan and Pavia. He saw, too, that the Milanese party was considerably the stronger of the two. Accordingly, Frederick, with great astuteness, resolved to favor the Pavians; for he knew that his assistance being indispensable to them, he would ever remain their master: whereas, if, on the other hand, he gave his support to Milan, that city would soon have no need of his good services. As yet, however, he did not openly declare hostilities, but marched across the Milanese territory, allowing his soldiery to plunder. Early next year, on a march to Pavia, he encountered a gallant resistance from Tortona, an ally of Milan. This little town resisted his whole army for more than two months, although they were reduced to the greatest extremities for want of water,—the besiegers having polluted their only fountain, by filling its source with dead bodies, and throwing in burning pitch and brimstone. By this device the town was at last compelled to surrender; but the refugees were hospitably entertained by the members of the Milanese league, and the consuls of Milan

bound themselves, on the part of their city, to rebuild Tortona as soon as the German army had taken their departure for Pavia. No time was lost in redeeming their promise. They presented to the national assembly the hapless refugees from Tortona, victims to their patriotic devotion to the cause of Lombardy, and speedily obtained a decree for the rebuilding of their city at the public expense. But the treasury was empty, and the citizens, who were unable to contribute in money, could only give their labor instead. Two of the six divisions of Milan were commissioned for the work. The entire population of these selected divisions, nobles and plebeians, cavalry and infantry, repaired to the ruins of Tortona. The history of the rebuilding of this city reminds us of Nehemiah's difficulties in repairing the broken walls of Jerusalem in the face of Sanballat and his army. Exposed while at work, like the Jews, to the attacks of their enemies, the Milanese were obliged to act alternately as soldiers and masons during their stay. Once the Pavians succeeded in driving the Milanese out of the lower town to take refuge in the upper, where the greater part of them still defended their unfinished ramparts. Some, however, ignominiously took refuge in a church; but, after the repulse of the assailants, the consuls held up these citizens to eternal infamy by recording their names on the church door.

Meanwhile, Frederick, anxious to obtain the investiture of the imperial crown of Germany from the Pope, hastened on to Rome. The haughty monarch was much humiliated by being compelled to hold his Holiness's stirrup while he dismounted from his horse. The anger which he was obliged at the time to conceal, burst out soon afterward against some other dignitaries, whom he could more safely assail. The senate of Rome sent their ambassadors to meet him, and he gave them audience in his camp. They began to read their address:

"Incline your ear to the queen of cities," they said, "approach with a



friendly and peaceful mind the precincts of Rome, which has cast away the yoke of the clergy, and is impatient to crown her legitimate emperor. By the wisdom of the senate, and the valor of the Equestrian order, Rome in former ages extended her victorious arms to the east and west, and over the islands of the ocean. Do you not hear the language of the Roman matron?—"You were a guest, I have adopted you as a citizen; a transalpine stranger, I have elected you for my sovereign. Your first and most sacred duty is to swear that you will shed your blood for the republic; that you will maintain in peace and justice the laws of the city and the charters of your predecessors; and that you will reward, with five thousand pounds of silver, the faithful senators who shall proclaim your titles in the Capitol." "

Frederick's indignation was gradually gathering during the progress of this grandiloquent address. He was not at all sure that his imperial position was due to the generosity of the Roman citizens, but when the ambassadors arrived at the explicit sum, in hard cash, which the patriotic senators considered their due, his wrath boiled over. He interrupted the astonished deputies, who had not nearly finished their highly polished oration. He told them he had no intention of disputing the merits of the ancient Romans, but that the present inhabitants were in a very different position. He referred to the deliverances of Rome by Charlemagne and Otho, and the dominion which those sovereigns had thereby acquired. "I claim you," he continued, "by the rights of inheritance and of possession, and who shall dare to extort you from my hands? Am I not encompassed by the banners of a potent and invincible army? You venture to prescribe the measure and the objects of my bounty, which flows in a copious but voluntary stream. All will be given to patient merit: all will be denied to rude importunity."

The disconcerted ambassadors hastily retired from the imperial presence, and,

returning to Rome, were closely followed by a detachment of one thousand German cavalry, which latter body obtained possession of the Leonine city. Thus Frederick and Adrian were able next day, without any opposition, to enter the suburbs. The Romans, behind the barricade which the Germans had erected to keep back the citizens, were asked for their suffrages. They replied with yells of wrath and defiance. These maledictions the Germans interpreted as favorable votes, and, all bowing graciously to the infuriated citizens, the Pope placed on Frederick's head the imperial crown.

But the republican spirit broke out anew, and the precarious character of Frederick's influence showed itself in the sequel of the day's proceedings. When the ceremony was completed, the newly crowned Emperor withdrew, with his army, to the camp without the walls; but no sooner was the guard removed from the barricade, than the exasperated Romans rushed across, and massacred every adherent of the Emperor who was unlucky enough to fall into their hands. Frederick hastily reassembled his soldiers, and returned; but the Roman militia fought with the utmost gallantry all that day against the entire German army, and were only finally dispersed after the loss of one thousand men.

The hot weather now coming on, and his troops becoming impatient to return home, the Emperor was soon obliged to disband the greater part of his army. With his remaining troops, he set out on his homeward march, purposing to traverse the territory of Verona. But it was the prudent custom of the Veronese never to admit an imperial army to pass through their streets. They preferred building, at their own expense, a bridge without the walls, for the express purpose of the transit; and, when Frederick, on this occasion, entered their territory, with a greatly weakened force, they thought that now was the time to avenge themselves on the devastator of Italy and his savage hordes. They constructed the bridge for the passage of the army so as

to form a snare: the boats on which the planks were supported were but slightly fastened together; and the intention of the Veronese was, when half of the German army had crossed, to launch down the stream enormous balks of timber, which, striking against the ill-compacted bridge, would be sufficient to sweep it away. They considered that the army, being thus divided, and without any means of communication, might be easily annihilated in detail. But, fortunately for Frederick, his march had been accelerated,

the rear of his army having suffered much annoyance from the peasants, who endeavored in this manner to avenge themselves on their plunderers; and thus the army were safely across before the bridge gave way. The Emperor perceived the snare that had been laid for him, but he did not feel himself strong enough to resent it. He continued his march, and before long arrived in Bavaria, after a year's absence on his Italian campaign.

GEORGE C. JONES.

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### OUT IN THE SNOW.

YOU remember that snowy Sunday in the first part of March? I never saw it snow harder in my life. It seemed as though the very windows of heaven were opened again; only, instead of rain, they poured forth an eternal flood of "beautiful snow."

At daylight we looked out the window. It was snowing; the ground was already white, and growing whiter. The flakes were fine and small then, and filled the atmosphere with a mist which was like the diaphanous veil of a goddess. Presently the flakes grew larger, and yet larger, until I give you my word of honor that some of those snow-flakes looked as large as a spool of thread. Then the white began to creep up along the sides of the houses, and to deck the tops of the fences with a snow-cap. People who came in out of the storm looked like old Santa Claus in the children's picture-books, and came in stamping heavily, and shaking themselves till the snow-flakes fell in all directions.

Still it snowed.

At eleven o'clock the flakes grew fine and thin again, and the bank of cloud overhead half parted in the middle, as if it would presently let the sunshine through. "It is going to quit snowing,"

we said, looking out of the windows. But no! Presently the cloud bank closed up in the middle again, darker, heavier than ever; and then the snow began in earnest, as though it had only been "foolin'" before. Bless your heart, how it did snow! The flakes darkened all the air, so thick and fast did they come. Higher and higher up the houses crept the snow-line; and the snow-cap on the fences became so heavy that, here and there, it tumbled off, of its own weight, like those monstrous chignons fashionable ladies used to wear.

Travel on the streets nearly ceased that afternoon. Once in a while, forced out by necessity, a lonely straggler hurried by,—mayhap a perplexed soul rushing after a doctor; or may be a grumbling Church sexton, making his way through the blinding storm to poke at the church fires, and make ready for the empty benches of the evening. Empty, of course, for who would go out in that snow, to Church or anywhere else? Even the street-cars nearly ceased their rumbling. Those which still struggled feebly through the blocked-up streets had four horses to them instead of two; and every few minutes they stopped to rest the horses, whose steaming coats and panting



sides showed the labor it was to drag the clogged wheels even a few steps.

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the lamp-lighter waded with his ladder from lamp-post to lamp-post, lighting the gas in the streets; and then as the snow-flakes fell through the gas-light, they gleamed like untold millions of diamonds. Still they fell, though, beautifying the face of mother earth, changing the marks of human unsightliness and defacement

"Into something rich and strange."

Out yonder are the great, ugly slaughter-pens. Usually you hold your nose, and turn your head away, when you pass them. On that snowy Sunday, no Spring landscape could excel them in their strange, heaven-like beauty. A little way up there, too, is that awful tanyard, where was done a murder so fearful that it makes your flesh creep over your bones to hear of it. The old tanyard is a grewsome place, so weird, dark, and uncanny, that you shudder when you pass it; because the very air of it seems poisoned and heavy with the breath of some awful, bloody mystery. It is such a place as Macbeth's witches might have held their horrid dance in. The morning after that Sunday, the grewsome old tanyard lay there as pure and peaceful, and as beautiful, as a baby's grave, with the kindly snow covering it all.

On the night of that snowy Sunday, we two drew our chairs closer to the grate, and brooded together over our troubles. Life has not been sunshine to us two; and may be, at the happiest of times, we look at this earthly pilgrimage with hearts which are a little bit soured for a steady thing, with eyes always somewhat darkened and disappointed. But that snowy night, I remember, it was worse than usual. All the little sweetness life had ever bestowed on us two, seemed too thin to sugar-coat the cud of bitter fancies that night. The Giant Despair seemed to have assailed our two souls, and we had fought him until we had well-nigh given up the battle. He had as-

sailed us with the unconquerable weapons of poverty and sickness. I don't know, even yet, whether the Giant Despair will not overcome us two at the last. Ah, well! it takes a mint of money to make any body thoroughly comfortable in this world, I've noticed.

Ten o'clock struck, and we two still sat brooding sorrowfully. The Giant Despair was fearfully near winning the battle at that moment. A loud ring came at the door. We opened it. A man stood outside, shaking and stamping the snow off. He did not come in, but handed us a note.

"Read that, if you please," he said.

I have the note yet. I think it was written in the most exquisitely beautiful hand I ever saw. The note was inclosed in a tiny yellow envelope, such as I have seen jewelers seal up rings and small articles in, when they had mended them. Now, as I write this, I take the tiny yellow envelope from my desk, and look at it. It is directed as follows, in the exquisite hand I told you of:

"To the gentleman of this house."

We opened the envelope, and on a neat slip of paper, in the beautiful writing, with every point, dot, and letter as correct as an old-maid school-mistress could have put it, was written this:

"SIR,—There is a man at your door who is hungry, and has no place to sleep to-night. Please assist him, and you will have done an act of charity."

The man stood quietly outside the door, without a word or movement. We looked up in a moment, feeling bewildered, as if we were in a dream.

"Who wrote this?" we said at last.

"I wrote it, sir."

"Do *you* want something to eat?"

"I should be very glad of something to eat, sir."

"Come in, then, for gracious sake! come in," said we two, both at once.

He stepped inside, through the hall, and into the room, beside the grate, where we two had been brooding over our troubles. He was neatly dressed in dark clothes, and his skin was clean, fair,

and delicate. He took a clean handkerchief and wiped the damp from his face. His hands were clean and shapely; his eyes were bright, large, and honest; there was no particle of liquor-smell about him, and no shadow of dissipation on his face. The word "gentleman" seemed written over him, from head to foot. He sat down beside the fire, and warmed his hands, while we got him something to eat. But he did not speak a word until we, full of curiosity, as you may well imagine, asked him some questions. In answer to something we said, he told us he was a printer by trade.

"Why, I thought printers could always get work," I said.

"Madam," said the gentleman, "there are three hundred printers out of employment in this city to-night."

"But can't you get into the — office?" we asked him.

"I might as well try to get into heaven, as that office."

Though, to be sure, heaven and a printing-office are not very much alike, I should think.

I brought him something to eat, cold scraps, and bread and butter, and some potatoes left of dinner. Between ourselves, it's been a mystery to me ever since, how I got together enough for the man's supper, that snowy Sunday night, ten o'clock. It was a poor time to make a raid on a careless housekeeper's larder, you see. He turned to the cold potatoes and mackerel backbone with a sort of princely air; and, as sure as you are alive, I felt painfully embarrassed and guilty at the thought that I was offering charity to that man. I could n't have helped the feeling to save my life.

He ate the mackerel backbone and bread and butter and the potatoes with

the air of a prince too, but of a prince who is very hungry indeed. I noticed that he ate with his fork, and was otherwise as nice and dainty in his manners as the most refined young lady. How on earth came such a man to be supperless? Heaven only knows. It seemed much the same as if a prince of the blood-royal should take to street begging. I suppose this was only one of the strange, sorrowful incidents of the strange, sorrowful panic year. But I wonder how many more years the dark and dreary panic year will last.

The man finished all the cold bits but one piece of bread and butter. I felt ashamed as could be, but I wrapped it up in a paper and handed it to him, and he put it in his pocket. He stood a moment, with his hat in his hand, and held the door open, before he started to go. He had a most musical, pleasant voice, and he said this:

"Believe me, I shall be ever grateful for your kindness. If it is ever in my power to return the favor, I shall do so; and some day I may be able."

Saying which, he turned his face toward the cold and the darkness, and went again "out into the snow." We two shut the door quietly, and sat down beside our fire, bright for that night at least, without speaking a word.

We had found somebody who was poorer than we were.

Who was this gentleman, that came through the snow that night, begging for something to eat? I do not know. I have not found out to this day. But do you know, I have the strangest superstition about him. It appears to me that that man is in some mysterious, occult way—how, perhaps I shall never know—connected with the fortunes of us two.

ELIZA ARCHARD.



## MARTHA OF BETHANY.

VERY little is said by the evangelists concerning Martha. But the few brief sentences that make up the record of her life are full of interest. They discover to us a character clearly and sharply defined, and suggest valuable lessons of instruction.

It is generally supposed that she was the eldest of her household, perhaps the proprietress of the establishment. The house is said to have been hers. Her parents had probably died while Mary and Lazarus were of tender years, and on her had devolved their tuition and government, as well as the care and management of all the temporal affairs of the family. At all events, she was the one in authority, the ruling spirit of the household, and felt herself chiefly responsible for its condition and reputation.

But while this is presumptive evidence, it is not proof, of her seniority. Family authority is by no means always in the hands that should wield it. The wife frequently controls the husband, the child sometimes the parent, and very often the younger sister the elder. From prudential considerations,—to avoid the “little unpleasantness” of tears, of domestic dissensions, and moping misery,—the scepter is yielded to those to whom it does not rightfully belong. There are some characters in which self-assertion is the predominant element. Such characters, sustained by a determined purpose, invariably make themselves felt. Possibly, Martha may have gained her position as mistress of the family by some such element as this in her character.

She is introduced to us as an industrious, energetic housekeeper,—like Solomon's model woman, looking well to the ways of her household. No doubt she was an early riser. She did not doze away the best hours of the day in languid irresolution and indolence; but, with the first blush of the morning, and the waking up of the feathered songsters

in the olives and palms that embowered her home, arose to the duties of practical, useful life. Throughout the day, those duties engaged her thoughts and activities. She had no time or disposition to loiter, or to busy herself in her neighbors' matters, and but little patience with any one who indulged in any such weakness. For any and every duty she had a ready heart and hand, and could not have been more unhappy than to have been compelled to eat the bread of idleness. Dreaming and castle-building was no part of her occupation. Her nature abhorred such a vacuum. With her, life was real; and she met its realities with an earnestness and fidelity worthy of all emulation.

And there is reason to believe that her housekeeping was in good reputation in Bethany. Her superior judgment, skillful management, and fertility of resource, as well as her courtesy and affability, were well known and acknowledged by her neighbors. Hence, when the feast is made in honor of Jesus in the house of Simon, she is present, not as a guest, but to superintend the arrangement and conduct of the entertainment.

It is questionable whether all of our young ladies regard such a reputation as at all enviable, or such work as at all creditable. Many seem to think that their little hands were never made for such commonplace duties, and that their minds and hearts were never designed to be engrossed by thoughts and cares so earthy and unromantic. These things are to be left to the Marthas who have a taste for them, or to the servants, or, worse still, to the weary, wasted, worn-out mother. As for their part, they were born to be Marys,—passive, dreamy, contemplative. It is no part of their mission to be active, working, useful members of the household and of society.

It can not be denied that our modes of female education, and of social and

domestic life, have a strong tendency to develop in the minds of our daughters this predilection for the unreal, and distaste for the useful. In many of our institutions of learning, accomplishment, rather than education, seems to be the end chiefly sought. In the home circle, we often find fond mothers, who, under the mistaken idea of contributing to the happiness of their children, impose no important duties upon them, but permit and encourage them to occupy themselves wholly with music, light literature, and fashionable society and amusements. In social life, with multitudes, external glitter is the one thing needful to popularity and appreciation. Pinchbeck is at a premium; genuine gold, at a discount. The painted butterfly is the toast of all the popinjays of the community; while the young lady of true wealth of mind and heart and life, but without accomplishments, so-called, is insufferably dull and prosy. Under such influences, it would be remarkable if the views which many young ladies entertain of life were otherwise than unreal, or if they considered the reputation of a Martha at all to be desired.

Of course, every character can not be cast in the same mold; every life can not be projected on the same plane. There are original constitutional differences that mark and make up our individuality. These differences no degree of culture can efface; nor is it desirable that they should be effaced. But of what advantage are the lives of those who have gone before, of what benefit are the examples of the great and good of our race, if we may not appropriate their excellencies, and use them as material in the structure of our own life and character? We can not reproduce the original character, because we can not appropriate the peculiarities that constituted its individuality; but the virtues of humanity are common property, and these we may gather up, and, casting them in our own mold, thereby improve and perfect our own character. Thus, while every woman can not be a Martha in domestic life, every one, by

imitation and appropriation of what was excellent in her, may make her own life more praiseworthy, and contribute more largely to the happiness and welfare of humanity.

If it be asked, What in her character, as so far developed, was specially commendable? the answer is, her industry and activity, her fidelity to home duties, her interest in and care for all the concerns of the household. In these respects her life was in striking contrast with that of many around her. There were, no doubt, some women in Bethany who were out every morning, making calls, gossiping with their neighbors, and perhaps stirring up jealousies and strifes; others who were ready for any work of mercy abroad, and at the expense of the home circle; others who had time and means to patronize every itinerating troupe of vulgar showmen, or every public entertainment and popular amusement; others who considered the society of husband, brother, children, a wretched bore, and any time that might be demanded for duty to them as time lost. But the glimpses we have of Martha justify the conclusion that she had no sympathy with any such characters. Home was her sphere, her empire; and to rule it well, to meet its responsibilities, was her ambition. Far better would it be for the world, if all our women would become Marthas in this respect.

But the chief interest of her character centers in her relation to and connection with Jesus of Nazareth. It is that relationship that has immortalized her name, and invested her quiet and unpretending home with a peculiar charm to the Christian heart. She first appears in the Gospel history as his hostess. Weary with toil and travel, he seeks rest and refreshment under her friendly roof. She receives him gladly, and applies herself diligently to his comfort. In her hearty, affectionate zeal, she feels that the very best that the house can afford must be brought forth, in order worthily to receive the beloved guest.

While in the midst of her preparations,



an incident occurs strikingly illustrative of her character, but which some have interpreted, unjustly, to her detriment. She has taxed herself to the utmost. Many things are to be done, and she would have every thing done well and in its time. But she had no notice of his coming, and the whole work of providing the entertainment has to be accomplished after he has entered the house. She feels that her own hands are unequal to the task. She is anxious, perplexed, cumbered. To use a term familiar to the feelings of every housewife under similar circumstances, she is *flurried*.

To whom could she look, on whom could she depend for help in her emergency, but Mary? She was her sister, and might reasonably be supposed to sympathize with her, and to feel a deep interest in the credit of the house and the proper entertainment of their visitor. She did aid her at the beginning of her work; but, having but little relish for such employment, and far greater delight in the company and conversation of Jesus, she had now left her to serve alone. She can not recall her quietly; that would be a discourtesy to Jesus: for he was now speaking to her. But she was intimately acquainted with him,—had often entertained him before,—and she felt that she was justified by that intimacy in appealing directly to him. She therefore came to him and said, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me." No words could be more natural. Overtaxed and weary, at the same time anxious to complete her arrangements that she, too, might enjoy his company, she is annoyed that Mary should have deserted her. Her address indicates her annoyance, perhaps vexation. Had he been a stranger in the house, it would have been an impropriety to have left him alone, and Martha herself would have justified Mary. But there was no consideration of mere courtesy, nothing but her desire to be with Jesus and hear his words, perhaps coupled with some indisposition to work, that influenced her

to leave Martha "to serve alone." Her appeal to Christ, therefore, was perfectly natural, and, if not perfectly proper, may be vindicated by her evident conviction that hers was the best way of demonstrating her affection to him. Jesus replied to her, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

This reply is not to be understood in the earnest, severe tone of preaching, nor yet of decided rebuke. It is rather the language of familiar friendship, such as almost any one would employ when finding that the friend whom he was visiting was putting himself to great trouble and expense to entertain him. We love the every-day fare of our friends, and esteem it a greater evidence of affection to be permitted to sit down at their board as one of their own household, than to be honored with an elaborate and expensive entertainment. Jesus shared in this common feeling of humanity. He would not have Martha disturbed, her spirit thrown into a tumult, by her anxiety and her efforts to provide a *variety* of things out of the usual order of their living.

When he says, "One thing is needful," he evidently designs a double allusion, or to give utterance to two truths. The words stand between the temporal and the spiritual, and look back to what has already been said to Martha, and forward to his vindication of Mary. In their relation to what goes before, their meaning is, "Your anxiety and care are unnecessary; the plainest and simplest fare best suits me and my disciples. Not the many things about which you are careful and troubled, but one thing,—a single dish,—is all-sufficient." In their relation to what follows, the words have a spiritual signification. It was the constant custom of the Savior, in his teachings, to pass directly from the sensible and natural to the supernatural and divine. The flowers, the birds, the vine, the wheat, and the pursuits of common life, were all

made the vehicle of spiritual instruction. So, here, the "one thing needful" for his bodily want suggests the "one thing needful" for the human soul,—that spiritual food, that divine enlightenment and nourishment, that his words alone can impart.

In saying that Mary had chosen that good part, which should not be taken away from her, he does not mean to imply that Martha had not chosen it also. She was as truly his friend and disciple as was her sister, and experienced as sincere a pleasure in serving him. Her faith in him is sufficiently evidenced by his making her house his home. It is placed beyond all doubt by her confession on the occasion of the death of Lazarus: "As soon as she heard that Jesus was coming," she "went and met him." She addresses him in the language of faith in his almighty power: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that, even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Jesus assured her of her brother's resurrection. "I know," said she, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." "I am the resurrection, and the life," said he; "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" "She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the son of God, which should come into the world." Nowhere in his Word is there a clearer and more pointed confession of faith. It is in harmony with her character, strong, robust, energetic; and is a sufficient refutation of all those interpretations that make her the type of the earthly-minded, and Mary of the heavenly-minded, woman. Moreover, there is no evidence that she did not have as high a place in his confidence and affection as was awarded to her sister. He knew her faith in him and her love for him, and understood perfectly all the peculiarities of her temperament. And even had there been differences in his con-

duct, they would have been justified by the difference in the constitutions of the sisters,—justified on the same principle on which the wise teacher proceeds differently with different pupils. But we detect no such differences. John places them on precisely the same platform when he says, "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." The conclusion, then, must be, that he does not here intimate that she had neglected the good part,—or the interests of her soul. And yet Martha was not without fault on this occasion. Her fault was a very common one. Its commonness will perhaps greatly palliate it in the estimation of many of my fair readers. It was threefold:

I. Her temper seems to have gotten the advantage, for the moment, over her piety. Jesus saw that, and, when he said, "Martha, Martha," he meant quietly to recall her to herself; not so much dissatisfied with her act in appealing to him, as with the spirit in which the appeal was made. He does not tell her that her spirit was wrong, but would simply have her pause, and regain her self-possession. Her own moral judgment will then dictate the right. Vigorous, energetic characters, like hers, are usually found in connection with a high-strung nervous organism; and that they should sometimes be overcome by the excitement of temper is not at all surprising, nor should it be set down to the discredit of their piety. It is when the rein is given to passion, when we surrender ourselves without resistance to its sway, or when it degenerates into peevishness and fretfulness, that we become weak and contemptible. There are some emotionless, phlegmatic men and women whom nothing will stir. Their equanimity under provocation is ascribed often to piety, and others more passionate envy their gracious attainments. Often as otherwise there is no grace in it; it is the Dead Sea of their nature, whose sluggish waters no tempest can lash into foam. There is more of the power of grace manifested in one successful effort to



overcome violent passion, than in a lifetime of such lethargic calm.

2. Another fault of Martha was, that she measured Mary by her own standard, and blamed her for not thinking and feeling and acting just as she did,—a fault no less common than that already named. No two persons are constituted precisely alike; no two persons can think precisely alike on every subject. In fact, the same subject presents itself often in aspects totally different to different minds. Yet our desire is that every body should think precisely as we do, and we grow impatient and intolerant when they presume to differ. Out of this disposition have sprung a large part of the woes of our race. In the political world, it has engendered strife, bloodshed, revolution; in the Church, schisms and persecutions; in society, personal animosities and hatreds; in the household, alienations and discontent. There are two principal sources of this evil,—ignorance and pride; ignorance of the laws of thought and feeling, and a pride that arrogates to itself infallibility of opinion. Its corrective is to be found in intelligence and humility,—an intelligence that can grasp human character in all its phases, and a humility that can discover and acknowledge excellence outside of self. Had Martha understood Mary's character, as distinguished from her own, or had she thought that Mary might be right as well as herself, she would not have entered complaint against her. Her language would have been, "She may honor the Master by sitting at his feet and listening to his words, I will honor him by my active service in ministering to his comfort."

3. Her third fault was her attempt to confederate Jesus with herself against her sister, to secure her own approbation and her sister's condemnation. Here was exhibited some want of that charity that "suffereth long and is kind." The more Christian course would evidently have been to appeal directly to Mary for the help she needed, and not to have sought to inflict a wound on her gentle

spirit, by turning against her the rebuke of him whom she loved so tenderly. But, while we detect here some uncharitableness, we can not affirm that it actually existed, or that either of the faults named was, in the thought of Jesus, an actual sin. He does not deal with them as sins. He does not characterize them as offenses, or intimate that they are barriers to his love or her salvation. They are errors, mistakes, originating in her peculiar temperament and the exigencies of the occasion, weaknesses perhaps,—not radical defects, but such as served only to present in bolder relief the real strength and worth of her character. They were the errors of love,—love for the Master,—love which sought expression by serving him worthily while in her house,—and in her circumstances were the almost inevitable result and accompaniment of her efforts in that direction. However they may have appeared to the all-searching eye of Jesus, he does not, even remotely, impeach the truth of her love and faith and holiness. He leaves her character standing out before us, in bold outline, as bright and stainless as that of Mary, or any other of the holy women who gathered along his earthly path.

Nor does he condemn her method of expressing her affection as in itself wrong. He could not convert her into a Mary without destroying her individuality. To require her to manifest her devotion in the same way would be to do violence to her nature. It was no part of his mission to do this. Nor is it any part of the mission of the Spirit and the work of grace, now, to destroy the distinctive peculiarities of men, and cast every one in precisely the same mold, and exact from every one precisely the same exhibitions of Christian character and life. In the natural world there is one principle of life,—one hidden, mysterious, indefinable power, from which result all the glories of animated, sentient existence. It is Winter. The trees are stripped of their foliage; the fields are bare and desolate; the brooks and rivulets are

locked in ice; the winds howl and the storm shrieks the requiem of dead nature. But the vernal suns begin to pour their genial warmth on the earth. The secret life-power begins to move and discover itself, but in forms endlessly varied. Here it is seen in a spire of grass, there in the modest violet, there in the pure lily, there in the blushing rose, in the tulip, the camellia, the magnolia, the waving field, the glorious forest; everywhere the same life, yet every-where in infinite variety of manifestation. In the sentient world, we are met by the same phenomena: one life principle manifesting itself in all the forms of existence, from the zoöphyte up to man, the crown and glory of earthly life. In the human family it is so diversified that, of its twelve hundred millions of members, no two are so exactly alike in form and feature as to be indistinguishable. In spiritual life there is the same law of unity in diversity: "the same spirit," but "diversities of gift;" "the same Lord," but "differences of administrations;" "the same God which worketh all in all," but "diversities of operations." It is the province of the grace of Christ, in a qualified sense, to accommodate itself to our constitution, to adapt itself to our weaknesses, to enter into and sanctify our peculiarities, and thus fix upon us indelibly the stamp of individuality. It is sheer ignorance, therefore, that con-

cludes adversely to my faith and hope and Christian joy, because I do not manifest it as my neighbor does, or according to any rule that human opinion may prescribe. If I have the marks of Christian character, as drawn in God's eternal truth, it is enough that in its expression I am true to my nature. And to be untrue to that is to be untrue to grace; for grace, or spiritual life, develops itself in harmony with the distinctive peculiarities of my constitution.

In this view, Martha stands before us, not only vindicated, but a splendid type of the working, active, Christian woman. She is ready to do any thing for Jesus,—not only to break the alabaster box and anoint his feet and head, but to devote all the energies of her strong will to his service. Activity is her life: work is her glory. Shut her up in the closet; supply her with Bible and Hymn-book and tracts, and religious biography, and every devotional work that piety has ever produced, and still her soul would droop and languish, and she would come forth at the end of life a spiritual dwarf. She must have the light and air and sunshine of Christian activity. Mary may live and flourish in seclusion,—yea, quiet contemplation is essential to her growth,—but Martha can attain maturity only by work, only by the vigorous exercise of her essentially active nature.

R. N. SLEDD.

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### "I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

I SHALL be satisfied, O Lord,  
 With satisfaction full and deep,  
 When, done with all of earthly ills,  
 In Jesus I shall fall asleep;  
 When with life's cares no more oppressed,  
 When doubts no more assail this breast,  
 When comes the long and endless rest.

I shall be satisfied, O Lord,  
 When in thy likeness I awake,  
 When of the joy and perfect peace  
 Of thy blest kingdom I partake;  
 When from mine eyes shall drop away  
 The scales that darken eyes of clay,  
 And I behold thy perfect day.



## SOME OLD PICTURES.

A COLD morning, and four thousand miles from home! That was perhaps the first thought. The second was somewhat more courageous; namely, got to get up some time or other, might as well, therefore, get up now. And up we got to begin the 17th of January, 18—. It had been agreed upon that we should call for our friend at an early hour, at least in time for the train. Frau Koch was up betimes, had blacked my boots,—gently hinting that I ought to wear my nice shoes, instead of the old boots,—given me my breakfast, together with some excellent motherly advice about keeping warm and well. In good time we were all ready, and receiving the kind wishes for a happy time and safe return from the frau mother and her three daughters, Gretchen, Julchen, and Jennie, I sought my friend. They, landlady and daughters, watched me from the window as long as they could see me, and finally, bowing and waving their hands, disappeared. The morning was indeed cold; and the four thousand miles separating me from the home across the seas were not very cheerful beginnings of a Winter day. Yet the raw, cold wind was tempered, and the lonely feeling driven off, by these faithful friends, who, of no kith or kin, had said, Stay with us; be our friend, and we will be yours.

My friend had breakfasted, and was enjoying his cigar. He was, however, in considerable trepidation about his money. Did not know what to do with it. Had more money, he said, than he knew how to take care of. We pitied him with tender consolation, trying our best to ease his troubled heart. At last he concluded, in the midst of a gentle remark that was kindly intended to assuage his grief, to trust to Providence and German honesty, and so left the money in his desk. After a long walk, we reached the station, and, buying third class tickets, found our way

to the train. We always travel third class; eat third class; sleep third class; dress third class; but see, hear, think, and feel first class. Indeed, we have become so accustomed to consider things temporal in a third class way, that my friend is quite in the habit of dropping the dignified title of professor when addressing me, and using the more expressive, if not juster, term "Old Third Class." Knowing, though, from the affectionate gleam in his dark eye, that it was only one of his devices for expressing his love, I would gently kick him if he forgot himself in the presence of dignitaries, and, on all other occasions, answer his questions kindly, though he did preface them with "Old Third Class."

We found a third class car, on a cold day, a cold place. The first class cars were better furnished, but by no means better warmed; and we very soon discovered that we were not riding in a nicely cushioned, warm, easy-going express, with which, until this experience, we had been familiar. The short, quick motions of the car we were in became exceedingly wearisome after a while. The journey was not in itself pleasant, but we were riding over ground upon which stirring deeds had been done. Here, one October morning in 1813, Marshal Ney, "bravest of the brave," had made the Crown Prince of Sweden, with his Saxon troops, know the valor and irresistible force of the French army. It was a scene of blood and terror that October day in 1813; to us, January 17, 18—, it presented only a vast plain covered with snow, over which a fierce wind was chasing the lonely traveler. It was dreary to look upon, reminding one of pictures of Russian landscapes in Winter. Here and there, we could see a single sleigh; the driver, almost buried in his fur coat, urging his horse, cold and blinded by the fierce wind, to greater speed. We were, as often before, surprised at the abun-

dance of game. Hares were very common; we could see them whenever we looked out of the window; oftentimes they were close by the railroad. And flocks of large birds whirled away over the sparkling landscape.

My friend and I talked of the strange language we were learning, its difficulties and beauties, so far as we knew them; and then we talked of friends thousands of miles away. Something in the bleak, desolate day reminded him of his army life, and, by mutual story of suffering and danger, recalled the bloody days of the terrible struggle. We had in our compartment of the car two Germans, one of whom smoked and snuffed, and the other snuffed and smoked. After an hour or two of cold and jolting, the snuff-taker, yielding to the yearnings of his capacious stomach, drew out from a pocket in his fur coat an allowance of black bread, large enough, it seemed to us, to satisfy a horse. The occasion was an impressive one. Every time the eater opened his mouth, the other German, sitting just opposite, gave his undivided attention to the spectacle.

It was very cold in the car; the long tin tube filled with hot water barely kept our feet warm. At one o'clock we reached our destination, and found in the well-warmed and well-furnished restaurant a cheerful close of the ride. But we were by no means satisfied when fed and warmed. Our object was not food and fire, nor the comforts of ordinary life. We were living in an extraordinary place, surrounded by the choicest fruits of the most gifted natures. What cared we, then, that the beer was poor and the food not abundant! As soon as it was at all possible, we inquired the way to the *Gemaelde Gallerie*, and sought at once the *Madonna di San Sisto*, by Raphael. It was bought for sixty thousand thalers. The picture is large, seven feet by nine, and has a room set apart especially for it. Three hundred years ago it was painted, but it still looks fresh almost as if painted to-day. We looked at it long and carefully. The Holy Mary stands on a globe

enveloped in clouds. A mantle is thrown about her, revealing the finely shaped feet and ankles. The face is small, and regular in outline. The head, not above the average in size, indicates little power of thought. The eyes are very bright. Still, the expression of head and face is peculiar. I can with difficulty describe it,—intense, motherly, conscious, yet insipid, as if, after all, she did not, could not, comprehend the situation. The child Christ she holds in her right arm supported by the left. Near her, and kneeling, is the holy Barbara. On the right stands the holy Sixtus, looking up at the child. At the feet of Mary, and gazing upward, are two child angels. But all these faces are of themselves unimportant. They serve only to concentrate the attention upon the wonderful babe. There are other paintings of Madonnas in the collection; but in all, save Raphael's, the child Christ is represented simply as an exceeding beautiful, though only beautiful, child. In this painting, however, Raphael has thrown into the face an expression which haunts you. While looking at other pictures, we afterward recalled that nearly all the time we had been thinking of the *Madonna di San Sisto*, and slowly, unconsciously working our way back to the room which contains it. It is a wonderful painting, as wonderful in execution as in conception. Years have passed since the Winter days when we sat long hours absorbed with the thoughts and emotions it awakened, yet now is the picture no less vivid.

In the next room of the gallery, and hanging up over the doorway, is the Magdalene by Batoni. She is represented, like Correggio's, in a reclining posture, though the face is seen in profile. The picture gives the figure nearly life size, and matchlessly beautiful. The shape of the head, and the rich flow and fall of the golden hair; the swelling outlines of the bosom; the lovely form, half concealed, half revealed, by the rich mantle; the pensive face, troubled and yet consoled by thoughts which the Holy Book before her inspired; and the light, as



it falls on head and face, so softly, gently falling, as if even its weight would add a pang to the burdened heart,—all these make the picture a powerful one.

The next painting which attracted our attention is No. 530 in Saal F. It is a Magdalene by Franceschini, and impressed me more than perhaps any other picture in the collection. The most heart-rending agony, in a face intensely beautiful, with an unspeakable longing for escape from the remorse, was depicted with rare skill. It was a face of glorious beauty; so noble the head, so rich in its luxuriant growth the flowing hair, covering as with golden foam the gentle bosom. And the face—ah, how it haunts me!—so gentle, so loving, so tender, and yet so full of pain! The painter has represented her as soothed and cared for by two or three noble women, who bend over her, caressing the lovely head. But, alas! they can do little. It is the great sorrow, which can find no hope, only remorse, remorse, in "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." O woman, thine all is love—and the bitterest cup.

The painter must have seen such a face; he could not have created it. It was the face of his once beloved, we fear. We saw the well-known Magdalene by Correggio; and though it is very beautiful, it lacks the terrible sorrow without which a Magdalene is meaningless.

No. 512 of the same Saal is a picture the name of which we could not learn. The picture is hung in a recess made by the stairway, and is perhaps seven or eight feet by nine in dimensions. The figures are three in number. One of them, an old man with heavy head, sits in the center, holding in his arms his daughter. She is very beautiful, very lovely, but dying from a wound made by the arrow of a careless young hunter. The arrow is withdrawn; and he holds out the bow and the fatal weapon, and begs them to shoot him. The terrible suffering depicted on his face, and the earnest No, no! O, no, no! of the pre-

cious girl, who grows fainter and weaker, struck me to the heart. I looked at the picture long and repeatedly. It is one of the few paintings which will live in my memory forever.

In one large room nearly all the pictures were by Rubens. But they did not please us. They are too gross. Huge great pictures of naked women and naked men, reveling in their sensuality, look down upon you from the walls. There was a drunken Hercules, consoled by women drunk as he. The artist had painted him as a great, rugged fellow, full of power and massive beauty.

We saw also several pictures by Paul Rembrandt. They are dark and gloomy, though not wanting a kind of weird strength, fascinating, but forbidding: no joy, no music, no glowing enthusiasm, in them; but dark, rude, stern wrestling with fate and passion. They did not fit our mood then, and we wandered back to the Magdalene by Franceschini. No gloomy self here, maddened by disappointment and ugly with revenge; but sorrow, O, what sorrow! covering head and face, and streaming upward, with an agony no pen can describe. The gates of heaven closed forever: only the pure in heart shall see God.

But the time was passing rapidly, and we were becoming very tired; tired not only of standing and walking about, but from the mental strain even more exhausted. Yet we were looking at pictures only. Out of doors was the tragedy of human life, going on as ever, since man has been man and woman has been woman. We left the renowned gallery of paintings with sad heart, and that was the reason, may be, why, in the darkening hours of the Winter day, every face seemingly had a shadow upon it.

"Every man sings from his own heart-strings;" and if they be attuned to sad melody, he will discern often enough, Heaven knows the lip which, though it have a smile upon it, is trembling with the sorrow that is never forgotten.

SELAH HOWELL.

## IMMORTALITY.

IS there a future life? Does our existence terminate with our perishing bodies, or is there in human nature an element that will survive the "wreck of matter," a spirit eternal, immortal and invisible, for whose faculties and sensibilities there is reserved a nobler sphere of exercise and enjoyment, a cosmos of imperishable beauty and order? Does the cessation of living phenomena, in what is called death, involve a total destruction of the vital agent itself, or merely its separation from a system of matter which it has hitherto animated? Is that which we call soul or spirit a mere function of matter, a simple product of bodily organism, a blank abstraction with no corresponding reality, a provisional and imaginary basis of phenomena which materialism still hopes to embrace within its shallow formulæ, a chimera coming down from the infancy of society, soon to be dissipated in the crucible of modern science; or is it a nucleus of invisible, intangible force, eluding the most subtle analysis, around which the physical elements crystallize in perfect subjection? As the breath leaves the body, does the light of the soul go out, in the blackness of darkness, forever; or does it kindle with a brighter flame when relieved of its corporeal lumber? Are the majestic thoughts, the exquisite sensibilities, the imperial volitions, of man but fermentations of matter; or are they the outgivings of an immortal principle, whose pulsations are only deadened by the bodily systems through which they are propagated? Are all the grand exhibitions of human character in history but ripple marks in the sand, which the rising tide will soon obliterate forever? or are they partial fore gleams of that glorious manhood which only the genial atmosphere of heaven can develop? Are the joyous hopes that have sustained suffering virtue in all ages only baseless chimeras, invented to beguile present

wretchedness; or is there, "within the veil," a solid basis to which the pious soul may anchor its eternal destiny, out-riding the storms of life and preserving, in its inner consciousness, the "peace that passeth understanding?"

Such queries have agitated each generation of thinkers ever since men began to *speculate* upon the problems of existence. History reveals a period of simplicity, at the beginning of each line of social organization, in which no such questionings were thought of, in which no misgivings were felt. The idea of a future life was received with unquestioning faith. The classic tradition of the Golden Age, in which the gods dwelt with man, revealing to him his glorious heritage of immortality, finds its counterpart in the mythology of all heathendom. The simple savage races of to-day, whose stereotyped social and individual life still preserves its original impress, cherish traditions of a former revelation of immortality. Alger, in his "History of the Doctrine of Immortality," written from the stand-point of the baldest rationalism, has, with considerable minuteness, traced this idea through the teachings of both ancient and modern heathenism. The African tribes, the New Zealanders, now nearly exterminated, the Sandwich Islanders, and other Pacific tribes, held to the general fact of immortality, though differing in the details of the conception. The Kamtschatdales believe so strongly in a subterranean elysium, reproducing the main features of their bleak country, that they frequently commit suicide to attain it. The Esquimaux, the Greenlanders, and the Indian tribes of both North and South America, held characteristic conceptions of a future life. The Druids believed that the clouds were composed of disembodied spirits, confined by an invisible sapphire wall within our atmospheres. The old Scandinavians believed that valiant souls were received



into a sensual paradise, in which was located a glorious palace called Valhalla. Every morning at cock-crowing, its inhabitants rush into the great court-yard, and engage all day in miscellaneous and desperate conflict. At eventide, every wound is healed, and the warriors sit down to a sumptuous feast, in an order determined by the individual exploits of the day. Carvings on Etruscan tombs evince a clear idea of a future life. The Egyptians corrupted it into a metempsychosis, as also did several Asiatic peoples; but the classic mythology of Greece and Rome has embalmed it in beautiful conceptions, so strongly in contrast with the repulsive superstitions of other races.

Alger is supported by later researches, showing that the varied conceptions of the doctrine of immortality among the heathen are but distortions of one great primal truth, coming down to our times through successive strata of barbaric ignorance. Trace back any line of ethnic development we may please, and we will find, as the bottom thought of social and individual life, the idea of a future existence. Such an idea, in those primitive times, could not have been the result of study and investigation. On the contrary, it purports in all cases to rest upon direct revelation. However we may regard this claim of divine origin, in some inexplicable way it forced itself upon the understanding of all primitive races.

Later in history, we find men questioning this universal popular belief, because their superficial studies of nature afforded no specific evidences corroborative of the imperfect religious teachings then extant. Every effort has been made to solve the problem by reason alone. Men first interrogated nature in the wild guesses of speculative *a priori* philosophy. They assumed fundamental principles, and then deduced from them the details of a complete system of cosmogony and anthropology. But such speculations from arbitrary premises could command but a limited assent, especially among the acute and restless Greeks. Their schools of philosophy present a great chaos of

thought, a confused jargon of antagonistic hypotheses, from which only a few points have been found available to the universal reason of mankind. These logomachies were propagated by the schoolmen through the Middle Ages, until the Baconian philosophy opened up a partial relief, giving rise to modern *a posteriori* science, with its more sober and effective processes and far more satisfactory results.

Both speculative philosophy and science have been brought to bear upon the question of a future life; but if these are the only accredited oracles of nature, she refuses to give a consistent or even intelligible response. The widest differences, nay, the most irreconcilable antagonisms, are found in the alleged teachings of both. Doubtless, to the infinite reason that conceived the programme of nature, the traces of immortality are sufficiently clear; but whether human reason can detect any authoritative indications of this truth, in the small portion of creation within its ken, has been questioned. To master this grand theme, it is necessary to have information in regard to the inception of our being, and the basic constitution of life itself. Science has discovered the "physical basis of life" in a specific combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which Huxley calls protoplasm. He is anxious to have us believe that life results entirely from the molecular changes of this protoplasm. But this is only a speculation based upon ambiguous analogies, and not upon an induction of observed facts. He reluctantly confesses that natural history furnishes no evidence of *abiogenesis*, or the derivation of life from inorganic matter. The seed springs from the tree, and the tree from the seed. Life only produces life. Nicholson says that protoplasm shows no sign of organization or of differentiation into parts. The simplest vital phenomenon has in it something over and above mere chemical or physical forces. Though the action of the gastric juice in the stomach is chemical, yet "digestion presents

phenomena inexplicable upon any chemical theory."

Physical analysis thus confesses an unknown factor in vital phenomena, not amenable to its laws. The true science of life lies in the great world of facts outside of observation. The agency producing these phenomena is recognized only by its pulsations upon organic matter. This we must know, with its constitution and relations, before we can pronounce upon its immortality. If science fails to grasp such points, she acknowledges her inability to solve the great problem of life. It awaits information from beyond the ken of human reason, at least under its present limitations. How pertinent in this connection are the words of the Almighty to Job, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding." So, of the reckless theorist it may be demanded, "Where wast thou when God made thee? Declare, if thou understandest, thine own character, origin, and destiny." If we know not whence we came nor how we are constituted, we can not tell whether we are to live hereafter. God alone, who knows the secrets of our being, can inform us in relation to its capacity, compass, extent, and duration.

The truth of immortality, then, depends upon revelation. Science may draw from nature confirmatory analogies, but its scope is so limited that it can not trace these analogies far enough to test their ultimate validity. Man can not prove even his present existence; how much less his future immortality! Des Cartes tried to frame a scientific argument for his own existence. His *cogito, ergo sum*,—"I think, therefore I am,"—has been shown to be nothing more than a begging of the question, assuming the very point to be proved. It proves, not the objective fact of existence, but only the subjective persuasion of it. The persuasion itself, though a satisfactory ground of certitude, is not the conclusion of a syllogism. For in the syllogism the conclusion is wrapped up in the premises. It

is a truth dependent upon more elementary truths. But personal existence is the basis of all human consciousness. It is believed, not because it can be proved, but because of evidence impressed upon the soul from without. If science and philosophy fail to render a logical reason for this obvious fact, how shall they deal with the deeper problems of future life and destiny?

Science, then, can only lead us to the outer edge of the physical universe, and bid us peer into the fathomless abyss beyond for such beams of light as may penetrate its thick darkness. The human soul, cast upon its own resources, is the most helpless thing imaginable. It can only ask, with Tennyson,

"But what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry."

It can no more pierce the veil of its own ignorance, and grasp the pregnant thought of immortality, than the Babel-builders could scale heaven with their earth-based structure. Primitive man could neither *discover* this idea as a truth, nor *invent* it as an imposture. It could have been received only by information conveyed in human language. It was only through revelation, interpreting, that man could "look through nature up to nature's God." Since philosophy and science have arisen, they have been used both to fortify and to destroy this universal belief. In the one case, they found the popular faith stronger than their demonstrations; in the other case, impregnable to their assaults. It is an indestructible element in human consciousness, which no force of sophistry can permanently becloud or darken. It is the hidden complement of this present imperfect existence, giving to the whole career of man a rounded completeness which satisfies his understanding as he seeks to probe the philosophy of being itself. It holds in reserve an "eternal weight of glory," which satisfies the heart overcharged with care and suffering, and relieves the distresses of the burdened soul.



It justifies the ways of God to man by opening up a new chapter in Providence, in which the dark enigmas of present life will find an abundant solution. Finally,

it supplies the only adequate motive to the practice of virtue, the only efficient discipline of social order.

EDWARD C. MERRICK.

## READERS AND READING.

A CELEBRATED writer has said, "Were I to pray for a taste to stand me in every circumstance, it would be a taste for reading." A literary taste, apart from its higher uses, is a blessing. It is enjoyable. The garnered wisdom of the ages is its daily food. The lover of books always has companions. His books are a world to him. He lives with their characters, is quickened by their sentiments, is moved by their principles. When the outer world is a burden to him,—when its ambitions fret, or its cares worry,—he finds refuge in this calmer world of the past. Edwin M. Stanton,—the noblest of all the men who stood in the great struggle through which we came; the foremost man; the cleanest man through and through; the man who, when he had thunder of will, had divinity within him,—at that difficult time when he was compelled to shoulder so much of the nation's troubles, oftentimes oppressed night and day beyond the measure of human endurance,—this great man would retreat into his library, and hold commerce with the poets and noble men in literary life. He always came forth as one who comes from a bath. His soul was washed and refreshed; and we wonder not that he held in his hands those springs which touched every part of our vast land. It is impossible to overrate the comparative dignity as well as enjoyment of a life thus well spent, which has preserved an intellectual feeling amid professional or business ventures, and at last brightens into an evening of intellectual wisdom and calm. And we believe it to be the duty of every

right-minded man to secure time for this personal culture.

It becomes a matter of great importance, therefore, how best to cultivate this intellectual taste or love for literature. How shall we best order our studies? How *read* to the best advantage?

Reading should be *definite*. Desultory study will not do. It is true there have been intellects that have found in desultory reading a mental stimulus which has not only proved a high culture for themselves, but has carried them to heights of intellectual fame. Sir Walter Scott is a notable example. When a youth, he read every thing that came to hand, in the most indiscriminate manner. But nothing can be made of such rare cases for general guidance. An intellect of such capacity as Scott's was, in a measure, independent of common discipline. "Reading is to the mind," said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV, "what your partridges are to my chops." It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; but this nourishment is easily converted into poison. One man may read as much as another, perhaps more; but, by skipping irregularly from one subject to another, may render himself simply a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition. A good many read as Coleridge talked; that is, in a monologue: they begin anywhere, and read around about every thing. Now, this "playing bucket to a pump can't be pleasant." Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing. Thought runs in, and runs through, a clear stream, over "unproductive gravel," on which not even mosses

grow. In the words of Robertson, "It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other."

But the question is often asked, What ought one to read? No rule; the same regimen will not suit all. The general precept of Pliny is all that can be given,— "to read *much*, rather than many things." The idea, here, is that of carefulness and thoughtfulness in all that is read. The Rev. F. W. Robertson hit it when he said, "I always read hard, or not at all; never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution." Miss Martineau often read only a page in an hour. Comte read but few books, but thoroughly digested what he did read. Thoroughness is the idea. A borrowed book is of but little use. You must have the right to turn down the leaf, and underscore the passages, and write an observation on the margin.

No man ought to make out for himself a rigid course of readings. Dr. Johnson sustains us in this advice, and so does Sir Walter Scott. Bulwer says, "Reading without a purpose is mere sauntering." Utilitarian system is as bad in literature as in other things. Read Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" on this point. We once knew a young man in college who came there with a course of reading marked out by some eminent New York divine. Well do we remember the first night we met as Freshmen. When he brought out the long roll, of over seven pages of foolscap, containing the course in full, how we wanted one too! for we had never seen any thing of the kind before. Visions of greatness flashed before us, when we thought to ourselves what a great man all that course crammed into our cranium would make us. Well, the young man read and read and read; and when he graduated, four years after, he was just through with the first heading,—mythology. Poor fellow! we wonder when will he catch up with modern times. When

we think of him, it is always in connection with the ages long gone by. Now, if there is one law more than another in mental development, it is that the young must take their start in thought and in taste from the models of their own time,—the men whose fame has not yet become a tradition, but is ringing in clear and loud notes in the social atmosphere around them. It is unwise to wish to know every thing. People who know every thing, do nothing. One can not read all that comes out; and why be ashamed to confess ignorance of the majority of volumes printed? In social gatherings, often, young ladies love to show their marvelous acquaintance with the literature of the day, by questioning you as to the new works just out, until you blush at your ignorance. "Have you seen Mr. So-and-So's new work? O, it is perfectly splendid! You ought to get it by all means." And, nine cases out of ten, when you come to look at it, it is simply the production of the last softening of some brain. It is all vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by buying every new book, and creating a great library. Large libraries are, for the most part, the idlers of the day. Thomas Carlyle's library, we are told, is characterized by its fewness of books. They have all seen service. None of them parade in holiday dress. They are worn and battered.

How many ministers there are who deplore their small libraries! We once had a chum who grumbled every day about his lack of books. And yet on his shelves were fifty volumes, and among them Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Addison, Barrow, Walter Scott, Herodotus, Wesley, and Irving,—*these alone* enough to shake earth and heaven with, if rightly used. Let a man study his tastes and needs, and then purchase his books accordingly, using to the utmost what he has, and not waste his time longing for more. Above every thing, do n't swallow cyclopedias on every subject. Do n't spend the time on John Ruskin, if you have no artistic appreciation. Confess it,



if you can't get interested in Shakespeare. Talmage says, "There is an amazing amount of lying about Shakespeare."

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect,"

is the compendious advice of our great dramatic poet.

One thought more: books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. They are for nothing but to inspire. One had better never see a book than to be warped by its attractions clean out of his own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. Individuality is the basis of all true culture. He only is a well-made man who has a good determination. Every student must have a style and determination, and be a master in his own specialty. His specialty is his power. The aid we have from others is mechanical, compared with the discoveries of nature in us. Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds. We are too passive in the reception of the thoughts of others. Meek young men grow up in libraries; they are like so many sacks or stomachs; they never think for themselves. Books pin them down. They make them look backward instead of forward. When a thought is wanted, they run with their bucket to somebody else's well. Now, books are not for the scholar to think with; they are for his idle hours. When he can read God directly, the time is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we are to repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the east again, where the dawn is.

Never ought a reader to admire a writer to the extent of degenerating into idolatry of him. And yet some will quote and re-quote from a favorite author, until that author becomes master of soul and mind. This is oppression. The reader is the victim. It is like walking on a marble floor, where nothing will grow. Now, this veneration for certain writers is often the strongest evidence of that writer's deficiency as a model. It is the delight of vulgar talent to dazzle, to blind, and to captivate the beholder. But true genius in a writer seeks to defend us from itself. It will not allow us to be enslaved. It will not impoverish, but will liberate, and add new senses, and improve on our own individuality. Such writers correct the delirium of the animal spirit in us; open up probable avenues of inquiry, and invite us to engage our powers. What is it to be able simply to quote from an author? There is no nourishment to the mind in that: it is only the spelling and the letters that keep the thought in the mind. But, as Dr. M'Clintock used to urge, let the thought be once born into the mind, and then even words and author and all are forgotten in the new life which springs from them.

In conclusion, therefore, in answer to the question, how a man should read to the best advantage, we think, in accordance with the exalted advice of Bacon,—“that every defect of the mind may have a special receipt,”—there must be three different methods: 1. *Style*,—that is, for its cultivation and improvement. 2. *Pursuits*,—that is, for practical knowledge in one's profession, business, or trade. 3. *Deficiencies*,—that is, for strengthening and enlarging the grasp and breadth of one's thoughts.

J. L. SOOY.

## MID WATCH AT SEA.

I PACE the deck in the dead of night,  
 When the moon and starlight fail,  
 And the cordage creaks in the lazy swells,  
 And heavily flaps the sail;  
 On the darkness glimmers the binnacle lamp,  
 With a feeble and lonely spell;  
 No sound but the passing sentry's tramp,  
 Or his measured cry: "All's well."  
 To and fro with accustomed step  
 I walked in the night alone,  
 And I thought of the thousand watches kept,  
 In the years forever flown;  
 Of the friends in whose manly fellowship  
 I labored long ago,  
 Till death relieved their watch on earth,  
 And they went to rest below.  
 I thought of the gallant ones who died  
 When our broadside shook the sea,  
 And sorrow for them subdued the pride  
 Of our cheers of victory;

Or of those who fell in the fevered lands,  
 Or sank in the whelming wave,  
 Whose corpses waste on the barren sands,  
 Or float in a fathomless grave.  
 And the looks revive that were faint and dim  
 In the shadow of the years,  
 And I scan them o'er till my eyelids swim  
 With the strange delight of tears;  
 They people the dark with their pallid brows,  
 As they silently throng around,  
 And the sea its phosphor radiance throws  
 On the faces of the drowned.  
 So many a noble heart is cold  
 That shared my duty then;  
 I have looked full oft in the face of death,  
 But he comes to better men;  
 And let him come in his chosen time,  
 Some friend will think of me;  
 And I shall live in the lonely hours  
 Of his midnight watch at sea.

## SABBATH EVENING.

'T IS holy time. The evening shade  
 Steals with a soft control  
 O'er nature, as a thought of heaven  
 Steals o'er the human soul;  
 And every ray from yonder blue,  
 And every drop of falling dew,  
 Seems to bring down to human woes  
 From heaven a message of repose.  
 O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees,  
 A shadowy group, incline,  
 Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed  
 Around their holy shrine;  
 And o'er them now the night winds blow,  
 So calm and still the music low  
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,  
 Soft echoed on the evening air.  
 The mists, like incense from the earth,  
 Rise to a God beloved,  
 And o'er the waters move, as erst  
 The Holy Spirit moved;

The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,  
 Seem the far notes of seraphim;  
 And all earth's thousand voices raise  
 Their song of worship, love, and praise.  
 The gentle sisterhood of flowers  
 Bend low their lovely eyes,  
 Or gaze through trembling tears of dew  
 Up to the holy skies;  
 And the pure stars come out above,  
 Like sweet and blessed things of love,  
 Bright signals in the ethereal dome  
 To guide the parted spirit home.  
 There is a spirit of blessedness  
 In air and earth and heaven,  
 And nature wears the blessed look  
 Of a young saint forgiven;  
 O, who, at such an hour of love,  
 Can gaze on all around, above,  
 And not kneel down upon the sod  
 With nature's self to worship God!



## ANTIGONE.

TRAGEDY is the characteristic element of Greek poetry. Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides have scarcely a play that does not lead the lives of its chief actors to a sad termination. The "Iliad" is full of tragedy. Hero after hero joins the army of the departed, and the sympathy of the reader alternates between the contending champions.

In many plays the higher elements of tragedy enter. The hero or heroine, after years of toil and suffering, finds all that was undertaken a failure; and the strife of conflicting emotions adds increased bitterness to the eternal separation from the dear light of day.

That these authors intended to write nothing but plays of such dark shading (the popular taste demanding these only), we seriously doubt. We think the reason lies, the rather, in the fact that most of the Greek plays have a nucleus of real life, about which the action centers; and life is full of tragedy. History is little else than a chronicle of the struggles, sufferings, and tears of human hearts. The nation that enjoys continued peace and prosperity has little history, and the individual whose life flows in a gently rippling current leaves little mark upon his age. Opposing rocks cause deep erosions. Water, dashed into foam and spray by falling over mountain declivities, will attract the eyes of generations. Yet this basis of truth does not prevent the development of the characters from being largely fictitious. It has been truly said, "The Greeks were a poetical people, and exercised their talent upon their history and mythology, until it at last reached so great a pitch of corruption as to be more than half the invention of their poets." But instead of the shriveled, shrouded mummies of a past age, the poet gives a living form, with flashing eyes and rounded arm and tinted cheek.

Of these characters, there is none which, in itself and in the fatality of its

surroundings, is more purely tragic than that of the Greek maid Antigone; and none of all those feminine creations is so truly womanly, so unselfishly devoted, so sublimely heroic. The more one studies the character, endeavoring to realize the moral atmosphere of that early age, the more its beauty and greatness impress themselves upon the imagination and understanding. Several of the poets refer to her with but little contradiction as to essentials; but Sophocles develops the character as none other, forming one of the most powerful tragedies ever written. The story, taken with all its connections, is a long one, but to the student of ancient history and poetry it is intensely interesting and suggestive.

The evil Fates, that brought so much suffering and disaster to the lives of certain individuals, who were in no way responsible, early chose the innocent Œdipus for their victim. Laius, King of Thebes, was informed at a certain period of his life, by an oracle, that he would be slain by his son. Believing in the purposes of the gods, and yet determining to thwart their decrees, when an infant son came to bless his household, he seized it at its birth, bored two holes through its feet, inserted a cord, and gave it in secret to a trustworthy servant, to be taken to the mountains of Greece and left to perish. A shepherd found the babe, thus cruelly abandoned, before life was extinct, and took it to the house of Polybus of Corinth; who, having no sons, received the babe with joy, and reared him, keeping from him, with great adroitness, all knowledge that he was other than his own son.

When Œdipus had grown to manhood, at a festival with his companions there arose a slight dispute; and, being heated with wine, one of his friends, forgetting the strict injunctions of the king, twitted him with being a suppositious child of the king. The taunt lingered long after

the effects of the wine had passed away; and, going to the king, he earnestly besought to know if there was any foundation for that statement. The king and queen rejected the words, as a malicious libel, and did every thing to restore his ease of mind. Perhaps this very effort served to keep alive the suspicion; for, some time after, he secretly departed for Delphi, to consult the oracle of Phœbus Apollo, concerning his birth. To his great annoyance, the god would favor him with no direct answer to his questions; but, instead, made revealments of such terrible deeds, that should be committed by him, as to fill his soul with horror; namely, that he should kill his father, marry his mother, and raise up children that should not be welcome to mankind.

Tormented by the fear that he should perform the deeds thus predicted, he determined to fly from his native country, as he supposed, and never again enter its precincts. Accordingly, he journeyed alone to Thebes. At a place where three roads crossed, he was met by a chariot, drawn by young horses, and containing an old man. The charioteer raised his stick, and menacingly demanded that he should turn aside. Regarding this as insolence, *Œdipus* struck the driver in self-defense, refusing to comply. The old man, seeing this insult to his servant, watched his opportunity, and resented it with a heavy blow upon the head of the offender. This was too much for the young blood of the prince, and, striking the old man from his chariot, he slew him and his attendants, one only escaping.

Arriving at Thebes, *Œdipus* found the people mourning with great lamentations, not only on account of the death of their king, but because a celebrated Sphinx had been sent by Juno to afflict them. The Sphinx propounded a riddle, which they must solve before it would retire. Again and again the terrified inhabitants met the monster, thinking they had the answer; and, with every failure, one of their number was seized as penalty, and devoured. At last Creon, brother of the king, who was reigning in his stead, is-

sued a proclamation, that, upon the man who should rid them of the Sphinx, he would bestow the crown and the hand of the queen-dowager. All this was told to *Œdipus*; and he went to hear the riddle. "What animal is that which, having but one voice, goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?" said the Sphinx. "It is," said *Œdipus*, "a man; for, in the morning of his days, he walks on his hands and feet, a helpless infant; in the noon of manhood, he walks erect; and, in the evening of his old age, he would fain lean on a staff." He had guessed the riddle. The Sphinx in despair threw herself from the top of the Acropolis and perished. Greeted with triumphant shouts by the delighted people, he was married to the queen, and acknowledged king. Beloved by the nation almost to idolatry, the years passed by in prosperity, and four children were born to him,—two sons, Eteocles and Polynices; two daughters, Ismene and Antigone.

After a time, another plague rested upon the city. Thousands were dying; and the people turned from the graves of their children, with suppliant branches, to the one who before had saved them. The king needed not this touching demonstration to rouse his sympathy. Already he was suffering with their sufferings, and had dispatched a messenger to Apollo to inquire the cause of this affliction. Creon, the messenger, returned, and gave answer that it was because the murderer of the former king was left to go unpunished. We must pass by in haste the development of the sad truth, which forms the plot of one of Sophocles' most powerful tragedies. Suffice it to say, that *Œdipus*, in great anxiety to save the suffering city, issued the most stringent proclamations for the discovery of the criminal. At last, to his utmost horror and anguish, he finds that the old man he slew by the cross-roads was his father; that his wife is his mother; and that indelible disgrace rests upon his family. Jocasta in her distress hangs herself; and *Œdipus*, frantically seeking



her, in his despair bruises out his eyes, that he may no longer behold the results of his unnatural deeds. He begs for death, pleads that the penalty he himself pronounced upon the guilty one be bestowed upon himself; but he was so beloved by the people that no one would execute his wishes.

For several years he remained as king over the people, until his sorrow had lost something of its poignancy, when new troubles arose. Polynices, the eldest son, became impatient for the throne. He was joined in his conspiracy by Creon and Eteocles; and, against the most earnest entreaties, the old king in his helpless blindness was condemned to be forever thereafter a lonely exile. But there was one being that clung to him in his misery. Antigone turned from the ease and delights of the royal palace, and went forth with her afflicted father, a sharer in his desolation. It is a scene for a painter: the city of Thebes, lying in the fertile Cadmean plains; issuing from one of its massive gates is an old man, bent beneath the weight of his own great sorrows,—crimes in the eyes of men, but wanting in all the elements of guilt,—driven forth by the inexorable cruelty of the children he had begotten. What keeps the stricken heart from breaking? The angel of love that clasps his hand, the delicately reared, royal-hearted Antigone, that dares to say, "He goes not forth alone."

Thus much we have considered a necessary introduction to the character of Antigone, seeing that its lustrous beauty can best be appreciated when surrounded by the dark setting of others' misfortunes.

After some years of pitiful exile, with garments tattered, and bodies soiled by the dust of the wayside, the old man and his gentle comforter and guide find themselves near a city. Wearied with long journeyings, the aged man sinks upon a stone resting-place, and bids his daughter learn whither they have come. Tenderly the maiden does all she can for her father's comfort, and is about to go to the

city sleeping so peacefully amid its green environments, when she sees a man coming toward them, who, without waiting to answer their greetings, bids them hasten from the place where they are sitting, for it had been consecrated to the dread deities of Earth and Darkness, the Eumenides. Some old men approach (which throughout the Greek play form the Chorus), uttering imprecations on the vagrants that dare tread on hallowed ground; but when they see only a blind old man, leaning on the slender form of his daughter, they are touched with pity. They request his name and country, which, for a time, he refuses to give; but, being compelled by their threats, he reveals both, amid their groans of horror. They refuse, without any compunctions, to let him enter the city. And then the sweet-tongued virgin pleads for their compassion:

*"Ant. O strangers, be compassionate at heart!  
If ye must spurn this blind old man,  
When ye have heard confession of his deeds,  
Involuntarily performed, yet O,  
I pray you, strangers, pity me alone,  
Who wretched, in behalf of this my sire,  
Implore you, looking in your eyes  
With eyes not sightless,—implore you  
As a daughter, by those things on earth  
Most dear to you, respect the grief  
Of the unfortunate, led on by powers  
Too great, too swift, from which to flee."*

Œdipus requests to see the king, and sadly moralizes on the vanity of reputation, since Athens, the city renowned for its piety, boasting itself to be the friend of humanity and an asylum for strangers, should thus be terrified by a name.

While some burghers go for the king, Antigone announces, with surprise, the approach of her sister Ismene. The latter greets her father with mingled joy and sadness, saying she had sought him long to bear a message concerning the contention of his two sons; that Polynices, having been thrust from the city by Eteocles, had received aid from abroad, and was now threatening the city of Thebes; and that the oracle had declared that the party which should shelter and give sepulture to the aged Œdipus should always be victorious.

Hence both parties were seeking him. Œdipus, in contrasting his sons' conduct, gives this appreciative tribute to Antigone:

"But one of you, my daughters, from the time  
You left the tender nurture of a child,  
Before your frame had gained a woman's strength,  
Didst choose a cheerless fortune,—wandering  
With me perpetually, an old man's guide  
Full many a time hast thou strayed famishing,  
With feet unsandaled, through the forest wilds,  
And toiled on suffering through many a storm  
And many a scorching sun's heat,  
Holding as of little worth the comforts  
Of a peaceful home, so that you might  
Maintain your father."

The incidents that follow crowd themselves, with artificial haste, into a brief space of time, doubtless for the accommodation of the audience; but this want of art can be easily overlooked in the increased brightness which they unite in throwing upon the central figures of the drama,—the devoted Antigone and her noble afflicted father.

King Theseus makes his appearance, and speaks most kindly to the unfortunate stranger, whose name he had just learned, assuring him protection and a home, and then retires, leaving the men of the Chorus in charge of the old man's comfort. Creon then appears upon the scene. Seeing the object of his search, he comes forward, and, with honeyed, sympathetic words, beseeches Œdipus to come home, especially on account of his daughter Antigone, whose years were being wasted in such a wandering life. The exiled king rejects this proffered friendship with scorn, knowing it to be of a purely selfish character. Creon becomes angry, and taunts him with his former crimes in a most repulsive manner, then orders his men to seize the maidens, hoping thus to oblige the father to follow. Ismene utters no word of remonstrance; but Antigone makes the most vigorous efforts to resist those who would lay hands on her, and piteously appeals to those around her for succor, that her father may not be left in his helpless condition. All is of no avail, and she is borne away. The Greek peasants send for their king, who, when made aware of the state of affairs, sends men in all di-

rections to recover the maidens, and permit no one to pass from the land unchallenged. He retains Creon as prisoner until this shall be accomplished. The maidens are soon brought back; and when the sweet voice of Antigone falls on the ear of the desolate old man, his joy knows no bounds. Ismene, neutral in one case as the other, is silent.

Theseus informs Œdipus that a stranger, throwing himself on the protection of the gods, has come as a suppliant to confer with him; but the injured father, mistrusting the stranger to be his son, refuses him audience. Antigone pleads that he should at least be heard. Polynices, shedding many tears, humbles himself before his father, asking forgiveness for his unkindness, and begs assistance in gaining the usurped throne; promising, when he shall come into its possession, to share it with his father. Œdipus spurns his son as he did his brother, telling him that his repentance is only for gain; and prophesies that he will fall by the hand of Eteocles, and his mighty army shall never see the inside of the city. Polynices, not doubting the words of his father, deploras his fate, and begs his sisters not to forsake him, or permit him to be left without honorable burial. Antigone implores him, with loving words, to go back with his armies into Argos, and not meet the fate just described. But she pleads in vain. Better to die like a brave man than live a coward in the world's esteem!

The suppliant departs, and Jove thunders in the heavens. The old man, knowing his end is near, calls for the king. Theseus arriving, Œdipus, guided by some spiritual influence, ascends a mountain, and, coming to a certain place, embraces his daughters, bidding them remain behind and not seek to find his grave; then, followed only by the king, he ascends still farther; dies,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams;"

is buried by the king, who alone, with those that hold his office after him, is to



know the secret of his resting-place. This death reminds one of the mysterious death of Moses, and seems a fitting termination to a life grand in its woes and blamelessness. Ismene bewails her unhappy lot in being left in an unprotected condition; Antigone mourns for the loss of her beloved father, on whom for years she had bestowed the undivided affection of her heart. Theseus assures them of protection, but they return to their kindred in Thebes.

To make the story consistent with the pages of *Æschylus* (to which we turn for a few moments), a year or two must have elapsed between the death of *Ædipus* and the siege of the city of Thebes by the seven chiefs; in which time the sisters had been kindly received and taken care of by Creon, who, with Eteocles, held sway over their native country,—a short interim of quiet luxury and love to the beautiful Antigone, who became betrothed to the king's most tenderly loved son, Hæmon. But the scorching fires of affliction bring out the true gold of the human heart, and a still severer furnace was being heated for the maiden.

When Polynices was defrauded of his throne, he proceeded to Argos, where he married the daughter of King Adrastus of that country, and, after a time, succeeded in arousing to avenge his wrongs six chieftains, who, besides himself,

"Slew on the black-orbed shield the victim bull,  
And, dipping in the gore their furious hands,  
In solemn oath attest the god of war,  
Bellona, and the carnage-loving power  
Of terror, swear from their base to rend  
The walls of Thebes, and lay their ramparts in  
the dust."

—Potter's "*Æschylus*."

Each chief with a powerful army marched toward the city of seven gates, and cast lots for his position before the gates. Eteocles, finding this mighty array against him, consulted the gods, and roused the warriors to defend their city and their king. Going his rounds, he chanced upon a chorus of virgins, who bewailed the threatening contest in fervent, beautiful language. Their imploring tones aggravated the guilty brother;

and, getting angry at their lamentations, he spurned them in words that reveal a trait of nature not yet quite extinct, but which was certainly ill-becoming a man who could boast of a sister Antigone.

"Wisdom abhors you,  
Nor in misfortune, nor in dear success,  
Be woman my associate. If her power  
Bears sway, her insolence exceeds all bounds;  
But if she fears, woe to that home and city!  
And now, by holding counsel with weak fear,  
You magnify the foe, and turn our men  
To flight, and we be ruined by ourselves.  
This ever will arise from suffering women  
To intermix with men."

—Potter's "*Æschylus*."

Soldiers came, telling him the names of the chieftains that were taking their positions at the several gates, together with the devices wrought on their shields. He is told the shield of his brother contains a double impress,—

"A warrior blazing all in golden arms  
A female form of modest aspect leads,  
Expressing justice, as the inscription reads:  
'Yet once more to his country, and once more  
To his paternal throne, I will restore him.'"

—Potter's "*Æschylus*."

Eteocles placed himself to defend the gate against his brother, though repeatedly urged to the contrary. They engaged in single combat; both were slain, and the city saved without further bloodshed.

On the incidents that follow, Sophocles founded his most celebrated play, "*Antigone*," where the voluntary sacrifice of the sister, upon the shrine of devotion to her dear brother, forms one of the noblest but gloomiest of tragedies, and is portrayed with such an effect that it is said through it alone the author gained political preferment and was raised to be one of the colleagues of Pericles.

Because Polynices had come with arms against his native country, Creon issued a proclamation, that, on penalty of death by stoning, his body should receive no burial. The sisters went out to behold their slain brothers, and bewail their untimely fate. While there, officers of the king arrived, and taking the body of Eteocles, bore it away to make preparations for a state funeral. Antigone looked upon the form of her eldest

brother, unprotected from the blistering rays of the sun, remembering his parting words and her father's prophecy. All misdeeds were forgotten. Why wreak vengeance and indignity on the cold clay? She thought of the spirit doomed to wander a hundred years around the earth, because the body had no sepulture, and her resolution was taken.

Turning to her sister, she repeats the unrighteous decree of the king, and tells her it is their duty to bury their brother, no matter what shall be the consequence. Astonished, Ismene exclaims,

"Can you design to bury him,—a deed  
Forbidden by the State?"

"*Ant.* Yes: for he is  
Through all events my brother. And he is  
Likewise yours, though scarce you wish it now.  
Him I will not betray, nor him desert.

"*Is.* O daring woman! Creon has forbidden!

"*Ant.* He has no right to put a bar  
Between my own and me.

"*Is.* Ah me! consider, sister, how  
In odium and infamy our father lies,  
Having detected his own guilt, and then,  
With self-destroying hand, himself  
Tore out both eyes. His mother and his wife,  
A double title bearing, mars her life  
With the suspended cords. Then these two brothers  
Wretched, slaying each the other, wrought they  
Their mutual death upon the self-same day.  
We two are left alone. Consider how  
Far worse than all we perish, if the law  
We violate, transgressing the decree  
And power of superiors. Farther,  
It does behoove us to reflect that we  
By nature are but women, and can not contend  
Against the men. Since we are ruled  
By those most powerful, why not submit  
To them, nor yield to things more painful?  
I then, indeed, ask those below the earth  
That they forgive me, since I must obey  
Those who in office are above. . . .  
For to attempt those things beyond my power  
Implies no wisdom."

Loyal, politic Ismene! A narrow, moderately selfish, common soul! We can not call her blameworthy, for she did nothing mean, nor wicked. We can not upbraid her for not being equal to the greatness of her opportunities, for she had not the capacity for heroism. Duty was to her the submissive following of a path prescribed by others, not the spiritual discernment of the illuminated cross, that dares to form a path unto itself. She could not understand the grandeur of disobedience to an unright-

eous law for conscience' sake, and could not be a martyr. This Antigone perceives full well, and her large soul, that had hoped a moment for companionship, is above fruitless reproaches. Calmly generous is her reply:

"*Ant.* Neither request nor wish I now thine aid,  
Since so unwillingly would it be given.  
Be thou such character as seemeth good  
To you; but I will bury him. To me  
It were a glorious action, though I die.  
Loving, I may lie down with those I love,  
Since daring I can dare do what is best.  
A longer term have I to please those gone  
Below, than those remaining here;  
For there I dwell forever."

A set of watchers was placed over the dead body to see that no one violated the command of the king. What was their surprise and horror to find, on the next morning, that the hated body had received a partial burial! It had been washed and robed for the tomb, the burial rites had been performed, and the body had been sprinkled with dust. Yet no marks of a wagon, no trace of animal or man, had been left. This mysterious procedure was fearful to them, for they knew their lives must pay the forfeiture. After suffering the tortures of suspense for a while, they cast lots, and sent one of their number to the king, hoping that an honest statement of the facts might lead to greater mercy on his part. Very timidly the messenger came; but when Creon heard what had been done his rage knew no bounds. He told the messenger to hasten from his presence, and unless the true culprit should be found, the lives of all the watchers should pay the penalty. He also commanded that the body should again be exposed.

Not long after this interview, the man returned, bringing the royal maiden Antigone. With manifest relief, he declared her to be the one who had dared to violate the decree of the king; for she had been taken in the act of re-burying the body. Even the messenger, joyful as he was, could not prevent true pathos creeping in his words, as he told how Antigone stood over the body, mourning the futility of her efforts, and then of her perseverance in covering it again with



dust, brought in an urn. Turning to the maiden, Creon exclaimed:

"You! you bending your head downward!

Confess you or deny you having done this thing?

"*Ant.* I both confess I did it, and do not deny the deed.

"*Creon (to the messenger).* Take yourself off, The heavy charge is yours no longer.

(*To Ant.*) Tell me in brief, knew you my proclamation?

"*Ant.* I knew it. It was plain. Why should I not?

"*Creon.* And dared you to transgress my laws?

"*Ant.* It was not Jove who thundered such commands,

Nor justice dwelling with the gods  
Below the earth who made such laws for men.  
I did not think your edict *more* in power,  
That I, a single mortal, should transgress  
The unwritten laws of the unchanging gods;  
For not to-day, nor yesterday, but all  
Eternity they live, and no man knows  
Of their beginning."

The pure, exalted appreciation of the true nature of Deity, though applied in the plural number, can scarcely be equaled in the writings of those ancient heathens. It breathes the true spirit of devotion, and lifts her spirit, for the time being, above the fear of death. The chorus of old men—time-servers as they are—can not but admire the true metal of this speech.

"Stern as the stern father, is the spirit  
Of the daughter, ever unbending to misfortune."

Creon is annoyed more than he can express, and determines to crush the spirit of the haughty child. In the conversation that follows, he endeavors to make apparent, not only to the maiden, but to all others standing near, that it is against all rules of justice to the brother that fell defending the city, to confer the same favors on the rebel that killed him. But Antigone looks deeper. Of what matter are earthly differences when both lie in the tomb? It is not for men to discover the rank of the immortals. There lies a human brother, and the common ties of blood demand the few last rites that shall permit his soul to pass on to the ever-shaded Hades. Allusion being made to his executing the bride-elect of his son, Creon scorns the thought that his son would deem her now a worthy match for him; but Antigone at that

moment, feeling confidence in the love of her betrothed, sighed earnestly:

"O dearest Hæmon, how thy father  
Disallows thee!"

She is sent away for a short respite, and Hæmon comes before his father. We can not forbear giving a part of the conversation that follows, since it shows so much nobility and true affection on the part of the young man, and shows him also to be acquainted with the art of pleading to a consummate degree (reflecting, of course, the ability of Sophocles). He comes before his father with the accustomed blandness and reverence. Creon meets him with the words:

"O son, since thou hast heard the signed decree  
Against thy bride, come you before your sire  
Railing, or are we dear to you, whate'er  
Our action?

"*Hæ.* Father, I am thine;  
Direct thou me aright, and all the good  
Within your counsels I will ever follow.  
No marriage shall be justly deemed as great  
As thine own will, when thou dost guide me well.

"*Creon.* Well said, my son! 'Tis fitting thou  
shouldst feel

That every thing should take its place behind  
The judgment of a father.

Let not, O son, this woman drive away  
Thy senses with enticing charms; for know,  
A bad wife, partner of your bed, will yield  
Chilling embraces. Worse than a grievous ulcer  
In your breast is a false friend. Then spurn  
This virgin as an enemy, and suffer her  
To marry in the shades. For it is proved  
That she alone of all this city acts  
With disobedience. And she must die,  
For to my country I shall not prove false."

He continues expatiating most eloquently concerning the duty of obedience to those in authority, even though their decrees should be unjust; the evils of anarchy, the necessity of preserving discipline; closing his long speech with this overwhelming argument:

"Let all things else occur,  
We must not yield unto a woman. Better far  
Be vanquished by a man than to be called  
Inferior to woman.

"*Hæ.* Father, in man the gods implanted wisdom,  
Highest gift of all that they possessed.  
In me it scarcely may be proper to express,  
Even had I power to make plain,  
That what you have just said, in all things  
Is not right. Long have I been accustomed,  
For your good, to notice every thing that may  
Be said, whether of praise or blame. Your eye  
Will terrify the common citizen

From saying words ill-pleasing to your ear.  
 But I, remaining in the shade, can hear  
 That all the city mourns for this same  
 Virgin. How most undeservingly of all  
 She perishes, the wretchedest of deaths,  
 After most glorious deeds! Because, forsooth,  
 A brother having fallen in the fight  
 She could not leave unburied, to be torn  
 By ravening dogs or carrion birds. Worthy  
 Is she of gaining golden honors, so they say;  
 And silently this hidden feeling makes its way.  
 No possession is more honorable to me,  
 O father, than your own prosperity.  
 It is an ornament of glory to a child  
 To have a father flourishing. . . .  
 Why bear within your mind one only  
 Disposition, thinking that your words alone  
 Are right? Whoever thinks that he alone has wisdom

Or a tongue or soul, when days of trial come,  
 Is always found a boaster, using empty words.  
 Though he be wise, a man is not disgraced  
 To learn of others many things he may not know.  
 'T is better than to strive against the wish  
 Of many. In channels worn by Winter streams  
 The trees that yield preserve their boughs,  
 But those resisting perish with their very roots.

And so, whoever manages  
 A ship, and draws the sail-ropes, yielding none,  
 Is soon upset, and navigates, henceforth,  
 With benches upside down. Then yield  
 From anger, and permit a change. If I,  
 A younger man, dare judge, 't is best to have  
 Great knowledge, but 't is also honorable  
 And wise to learn from those advising well."

Subservient and fawning as is the chorus of old men, this masterly pleading affects them, and they, too, say,

"O King, 't is wise to learn."

But the king is too haughty to brook counsel, even if it is the expression of the entire city, provided that it be contrary to his inclination; and perceiving, through this filial, earnest petition, the deep regard that Hæmon holds for the woman whom he had challenged as a public enemy, he loses his temper, and taunts him with the most cutting accusation which could then be thrown at a man; namely, that he was fighting in alliance with a woman. The son's calm, truthful reply was still more exasperating, since it turned the edge of the weapon back upon himself:

"If you are a woman, my care is for you."

Creon loses all control of his temper, and hurls every epithet possible at his son. Poor Hæmon, finding that his respectful-language only brings upon him

the abuse of his father, answers back in cool contempt, fearing not to express the deepest love for the wronged maiden. The king commands in rage:

"Bring hither the hateful thing that she may die  
 Immediately, in the presence of her bridegroom,  
 Near him and in his sight.

"Hæ. Never, near me at least,  
 Shall she perish. Think not so vain a thing,  
 And you no longer shall behold my face.  
 Wherefore, be mad in company with those  
 Who can abide it."

He rushes from the presence of his father, and the unhappy but unswerving maiden alone receives the fury of the angry king. His only resource is to increase the horror of her death. He commands that she shall be conducted over an untrodden way, and buried alive in the cavern of a rock, with a small portion of food, that shall serve as an excuse for evading the custom of the Greeks never to permit any one to die of starvation. A more humiliating death could not have been proposed, since it was done for the purpose of avoiding the pollution of touching her; thus impressing most cruelly upon herself and her friends that she was disgraced beyond all hope of cleansing.

A spectacle more piteous can hardly be imagined than the march of this generous maiden to her death. No person had ever received at her hand any thing but the most tender, pitying kindness. The law of love had ever ruled her tongue, which could only speak a severe word when it was roused to defend the injured against persecution. She felt in saving her brother from the miserable condition in which, according to their faith, he was left without sepulture, her conduct would be sanctioned by the whole world; and although this thought did not determine her course, it must have assisted her in meeting the penalty threatened. But death in its approach always brings terror and suffering unrealized when it is distant. In those trying moments, we want human hearts to come close to ours, and, by their love and sympathy, help us to meet the change. The more so must this have been true at that



far-off period, when the faith of men beheld so little light in the future. The sun to them was life, the very smile of the great gods. Death was night and shade and darkness, even though it was not annihilation, or separation from the friends held dear on earth. How intensified must have been the suffering when kindred hands deal the fatal blows! Yet stoning to death was ease in comparison to lingering starvation in a lonely cavern. It is only in view of these facts that we can appreciate how crushingly the fact must have come to her heart, that at this hour, with a vast multitude around her, with a heart breaking under the bitterness of its lot, not one soul comes to offer a word of consolation, not one cry of wailing or sorrow is heard over her doom, as, young, innocent, and exceedingly beautiful, she is hurried to a living tomb. But, above all others, Hæmon was absent and silent. We know her nature was affectionate, clinging to the objects it embraced with a deathless attachment. Perils, hardships, hunger, and other privations, the yielding up of a princely home and all the objects that are fascinating to opening womanhood, she had given willingly, cheerfully, that an old father, broken down by the most cruel misfortunes, should not feel an utter desolation. Kind to her sister, and devoted unto death to her dead brother, how correspondingly intense must have been her love for the being of her choice, the noble Hæmon! Yet he had not spoken one word to her since her condemnation. She knew nothing of his masterly plea for her life, neither had heard his manly words of defense and devotion. Nor was she aware that, at the time she was being led to torture, finding it was utterly useless to try to save her in the presence of the king and his followers, he at first meditated letting slip his hold on life, that he might meet his betrothed in the realm of shades; but, thinking there was still hope, he was planning a way for her escape. All this she could not know. His absence seemed to her like shame, disapprobation, and a moral desertion. We

wonder not that, for a moment, the fortitude arising from the consciousness of having tried to save her brother from a dreaded doom forsakes her, and that she moans in dirge-like sentences over the woes that have encompassed her. Yet, with true womanly instincts, the agony of her heart does not break forth in reproaches toward Hæmon. The chorus of old men that are her conductors, on hearing her grief, burst forth, upbraid her with breaking of the laws; mocking her sorrows, and dishonoring their own gray hairs before one who had always paid the greatest reverence to age. The words that follow, in the anguish they express, scarcely have a parallel:

*"Ant.* O, woe is me! To be derided thus!  
Why, by my father's gods, do ye insult me now  
Not dead, but still within your sight? O my  
country!

And, O my countrymen of rich estate!  
O fountains of Dirce, and groves of Thebes!  
I call ye all to witness this, that unlamented  
By my friends I go to the sepulchral dungeon  
And untimely tomb. O, woe is me! who am  
A dweller neither among men nor in the shades,  
The living nor the dead!

Unwept, unwedded, and without a friend,  
I wretched pass along my destined way.  
No longer may I look upon the luminary's sacred eye,  
And no friend mourns my doom."

Creon was near, to see that no perfidy robbed him of his victim, as also to overawe all lamentation on the part of the spectators. On hearing these and other touching utterances, he bids the old men hasten her footsteps, lest her words bring tears from the multitude. This additional insult led to the climax of her woes. Before, the consciousness that her deeds had been right, that the gods approved her course, had been always present. Now, doubt entered, and robbed her of this only consolation. Surely, the gods had forsaken her, and were displeased, or she would not be left thus wretched. Moreover, the last great object for which she was giving her life had proved a failure. The circling vultures watched their spoil, and the hatred of her avengers had torn off the robes of burial. Ay, the gods had gone to the side of her enemies! It was the suffering for righteousness' sake, which Christ so frequently placed

before his disciples, and for which hours he left such tender, beautiful promises. But this tried maiden had no such revelation; and the darkness of despair, harder to strive against than the darkness of the rock-bound sepulcher into which she was placed, settled down upon her soul. The true tragedy is attained. Antigone unbound the girdle from her waist, in the dim light threw it over a rocky projection, and her unbidden soul at once passed into the realm of departed spirits.

Meanwhile, her deliverance was in preparation, though it came too late, except to proclaim to her countrymen her purity and fidelity.

Tiresias, an aged priest, comes to Creon, stating that certain fearful signs from heaven reveal that the gods are displeased. The maiden must be released, and the body of Polynices, torn by the dogs, must be buried. As the king daringly reviles him, the priest says that sorrow, death, and mourning must come upon him to teach him wisdom. At this the chorus become alarmed, since they declare they never knew a prediction of Tiresias to fail. The king's resolution then begins to falter, and, by the advice of the old men, he promises to bury the body and release Antigone.

Hæmon also had not forgotten his betrothed. After the crowd had entirely dispersed, with a band of faithful followers he arrives at the cavern, with sympathy and rescue for the loved one. The stone is moved aside, and a terrible revelation meets his eye. In the anguish of an inconsolable grief, he takes the still

warm body in his arms, and mourns over it as one who can not be comforted.

Creon, true to his word, had gathered the remains of Polynices together and entombed them with care; then proceeding to the cavern of Antigone, he hears, as he nears the opening, the sound of his son's voice in accents of woe. Sinking down with a nameless fear, he sends his servant into the cave. When the facts are told him, he rushes into the cavern. Hæmon, seeing the cause of all his woe, and seizing a two-edged sword, makes a thrust at his father. Missing his aim, he turns the blade upon himself; and, bleeding from a fatal wound, he puts his arm around his injured betrothed, and dies.

The sad news flies rapidly, and coming to the ears of Eurydice the wife and mother, she hears with breaking heart of the death of her only son. Without an exclamation, she enters her house, and bowing by the altar of the gods she bewails her loss; and uttering imprecations on the head of her husband, as murderer of her children, she plunges a knife into her vitals and dies. In the last scene, Creon leans over the body of his son, which, side by side with Antigone, had been carried to his palace. As he bewails his errors, the curtains are pulled aside, and he finds himself in the presence of his dead wife. He sinks down, pleading that his attendants shall take his life; but they only lead him away.

In another article we will compare the character of Antigone with that of Cordelia, whose name has for generations been considered a synonym for filial devotion.

PAMELA HELEN GOODWIN.



## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

## CHAPTER VII.

ON leaving the hospital, I recommenced my work, but in a very indolent way. I had neither as much strength nor as much ardor as heretofore. The long repose I had experienced seemed to have mingled in the very water of my blood. I was, moreover, so well cured of my ambition by the example of the old copyist, that I simply waited in tranquil mood for my daily bread, without caring to know whether it were to be black or white.

It ended by Maurice feeling irritated in spirit at my apathy.

"It is n't worth while to exaggerate matters. Once if the broth proved to be thin, we ate it, like good children, just as it was; but while it is yet to be made, we may as well try to have it rich. After all, we are no longer out at nurse; it is not Providence who prepares and cooks our future for us; each one ought to put his own hand to the work. True wisdom, in a bright young fellow, with his four stout limbs, is, not to live like a paralytic, but to serve himself and others, the best way that he can."

I contested nothing with him; and although my hands continued to perform fine jobs in masonry and rough plastering, my heart was no longer in the work. I could not, even to myself, have told the cause of this. There was nothing repugnant to me in the trade, neither did any other seem more pleasant. It was simply that my courage and emulation were asleep, and some special incentive was required to awaken them.

I accompanied Maurice on a certain day to the residence of one of the most distinguished architects of Paris, for some instruction demanded by the master-mason, under whose dictation I had written for the necessary directions. The master-builder was not in his office, and we were therefore led through several

apartments, in order to rejoin him in the garden. There were every-where to be seen carpets of brilliant hues, furniture with gilded feet, hangings of silk, and curtains of velvet. I opened wide my eyes in astonishment, and walked on the tips of my toes, for fear of dimming the bright flowers under my feet. Maurice slyly looked at me out of the corner of his eyes. "Ah, well! how findest thou thyself, in this case?" he questioned, with a malicious air. "There is enough here to be taken care of and nursed, is there not?" I replied that the house had the appurtenances belonging to a prince.

"Yes: prince of the trowel and square," replied my companion. "Knowest thou that what thou seest here is the honorable portion belonging to honest labor? This architect has in possession three other hotels in Paris, without mentioning a chateau in the province."

I could not reply on the instant. All this opulence excited something of evil in the atmosphere about me. In looking upon so much silk and velvet on every side, my gaze turned on myself at last; I did not know why, but I felt an inward mortification, akin to shame, at being so plainly clad. And this shame had in it a wicked discontent at the same time. I felt disposed to hate the owner of all these riches, for having caused me thus to deplore my poverty. Maurice, who never had any uncomfortable misgivings about himself in any thing, continued to dilate upon the beauties of the house, while I listened with a burning impatience. One could almost have heard the loud palpitations of my heart, and the blood mounted crimson red over my face. My eyes could not cease gazing on the splendor around; and the more I saw, the more envenomed my soul became. My ambition, which had slept for so long a time, was now thoroughly

awakened by envy. We were at last brought to a halt in a distant *salon*, while the domestic went again to seek his master. On a sudden, Maurice pointed out to me a cunning little portrait in a black wooden frame, suspended in the midst of grand pictures richly set and gilt. It represented a workman in his vest, holding a pipe in one hand, and in the other a compass; and in this painting, worth perhaps six francs, there could be seen, also, scantlings for floors, with scattered models of stays, and false supports.

"This is a likeness of the citizen," said the mason to me. "Look well at him."

"He was a workman, then, is it so?" I asked.

"Just like you and me," replied Maurice. "And thou seest this fact does not displease him."

I looked again at the little black wooden frame, then at the luxurious appointments of the dwelling, and my mind tried to measure the transition from one to the other.

"Ah! these sights rumple thy logic," exclaimed the mason, smiling, "and thou art trying to find the ladder which has been firm enough to lead the citizen down here, from his high scaffolding. But not every man is able to serve himself so well, seest thou? In desiring to learn the secret, more than one has failed to have the rounds to his ladder. It needs also the strong wrist and clever skill."

I made the remark, that, above all else, it required good luck; that every one in the world was either happy or miserable; and with this condition, our own exertions counted for just nothing, whether it was success or otherwise.

"For example, Father Maurice," I added, "why have not you a hotel, as well as the one who lives here? Are you less meritorious, or less brave at hard labor? If he has succeeded better than you, is it not foolish to assert that the history of every man is not all a game of hazard?"

Maurice looked at me, with flashing eyes.

"Thou sayst this as if it were for my benefit, when it is of thyself alone that thou art thinking, crack-brain," replied Maurice, maliciously.

"All the same," I answered, a little vexed, however, to be thus struck by my own weapons. "I have not passed for a bungling operative, and I am no more 'green' than any other workman. If to make a millionaire only requires industry and some skill, I ought now to be driving in my carriage."

"Which would be a mode of traveling that would suit thee very well," added my companion, ironically.

"And why not? The world had rather spare its own knees than those of its horses. But have no fear of any such luck coming to me. It is with us in the lower classes as it is in noble families,—every thing for the eldest, nothing for the younger; and we are like the cadets, we of the people."

"It is too true," murmured the master companion, who seemed for the moment lost in pensive thought. "And there is nothing to be said against this order of things. Since it is ordained thus, it is of course just. We must not disarrange the course of the world."

"Only, do you see, it makes my blood boil, when I witness the difference between one and another. From whence comes it that this one, here, dwells in a palace, while others are stowed away in close, dingy pigeon-holes? Why is it not rather you and I who own these carpets, this silk, and this velvet?"

"Because I have earned them all," interrupted some one who entered at the instant, in a brusque tone.

I gave a nervous start. The master-builder stood behind us, clad in embroidered pantaloons, and a morning-robe of dimity brocade. He was a slender, gray-haired man, yet with sufficient height for strength, and having a voice adapted to command.

"Ah! so it seems that thou art a reasoner, *thou*," repeated he, looking at me sharply, with eyes half askance; "thou art jealous of me; thou demandest by



what right this house belongs to me, rather than to thee. Eh, well! thou wilt soon know it. Come."

He made a movement toward an inner door. I hesitated to follow him, and he turned quickly, as if to inquire the cause.

"Art thou afraid?" he demanded, in a tone that made my face redden to the very eyes.

"Let the citizen lead the way," I replied, angered by his manner.

He conducted us to a cabinet, where a long table stretched itself nearly from end to end, covered with cups, pencils, rules, and compass. On the wall hung suspended some water-color diagrams, representing all the different sections of a building. Here and there, on *étagères*, could be seen small models of stairways and other carpenter's work, together with the mariner's needle, graphometers, and other instruments of whose use I was quite ignorant. An immense pasteboard *escritoire*, with suitable compartments, occupied the lower part of the table; and on an office bureau were heaped up memoranda, contracts, and crude plans. The architect made me pause in front of the large table, and showed me a pattern of a building, delineated by the faint colored lines used for charts and maps.

"The contractors desire to narrow the mansion by three meters, but without diminishing the number of rooms; and it is therefore requisite to find a new position for the staircase. Take this card, and make me a rough sketch of the thing."

I looked at the citizen in great surprise, and observed to him that I knew nothing about designing models.

"Then examine for me this memorandum of measurements," he replied, taking down a file of papers from his bureau. "There are in this package three hundred and twelve subjects to be consulted and decided upon."

I answered, that, in my department of work, I had never been trained to discuss prices or verify measurements.

"Thou canst at least tell me," continued the master-builder, "what are the

necessary formalities to be gone through with and fulfilled for the three houses that I am engaged to build? Thou knowest the rule in regard to highways, and also the obligations and the rights of neighbors?"

I interrupted the speaker rudely, by saying that I was no advocate.

"And as thou art not more of a banker," replied the citizen, "thou art no doubt ignorant on what terms he is expected to gather together his payments; what is the least time required for a profitable sale; what interest he ought to derive from his capital, so as best to prevent bankruptcy. As thou art not a contractor, wouldst thou not be much embarrassed to name to me from whence come the best materials for our peculiar merchandise; to suggest to me the most favorable time for purchase and sale; the most economical mode of transportation? As thou art not a mechanician, it is useless for me to ask thee, if the crane which thou seest in the model will give the greatest economy of force. As thou art not a mathematician, thou wilt essay in vain to form a judgment on this new system of bridge-building which I am about to try on the Lower Seine. Finally, as thou knowest nothing which a hundred thousand other companion artisans know well, thou art not equal to them, except in simply wielding the trowel and hammer."

I felt completely disconcerted by this speech, and kept turning my hat about, without replying a word.

"Dost thou now understand why I live in a hotel, whilst thou dwellest under a Mansard?" continued the architect in a loud voice. "It is because I have given myself to labor and painstaking; it is that I have learned by vexatious trouble all that you also ought to know. Is it not by means of studious application and hearty good-will alone that I have become a general, whilst thou remainest still among the conscripts? By what right, therefore, dost thou demand for thyself the same advantages that are possessed by thy superiors? Ought not

society to recompense each one according to the services that he renders to it? If thou wishest to receive the same treatment as myself, do what I have done. Lessen the quantity of thy daily bread, in order to purchase good books; spend the days in work, and the nights in study; keep on the watch for a benefit; and when thou hast proved that nothing can discourage thee, when thou hast learned to know men and things, then, if thou hast still to remain in thy garret, come to me with thy complaints, and I will listen."

The master-builder had become very animated in speaking, and finished by exhibiting a little undue heat. Meanwhile, I could reply nothing; his logic had taken away from me the power of speech.

Maurice, who perceived my embarrassment, tried several times to justify me, and hastened to bring forward the object of our visit. The citizen examined the note I had prepared, asking some light upon it, and then we took our leave. But as I was passing out the door, he called me back.

"Remember what I have said to thee, *my gentleman of caste*," he continued, with good-natured familiarity; "and in place of indulging envy, try to acquire a little honest ambition. Do not waste thy time in grumbling against those who appear to occupy a higher place, but labor, rather, to take hold of the cord which will help thee to join them. If I can ever assist thee, thou hast only to say so, and I will be the first to take up one end of the burden."

I thanked him very briefly, and hastened to go out. When we were fairly in the street, Maurice roared with laughter.

"Ah, well! what a nice humiliation for such a learned man as thou!" cried he. "He was proud at having put you out to sea."

And as he saw that I made a movement of impatience at his speech, he added, amicably:

"Go then! art thou wrathful for such a farce? The citizen only pleaded his own

cause, and it was a just one. But he said truly and well, that although one may not ride in his own carriage, his colors are known. Even a millionaire, you see, can not contract by himself, neither with the compass nor drawing-pen."

"And with what then?" demanded I.

"With his gold-pieces."

I agreed this time in the opinion of the master companion; but in spite of my vexation, the lesson of the architect had struck home. When the indifference that had characterized the last few months was disposed to return upon me, I began to think of the good reasoning which had so much of truth on its side. It had given an incentive to my mind, and it filled me with that inspiration for labor that I experienced in former times.

Convinced of the necessity of apprehending all that was possible in my occupation, I acquired a taste for study. The only difficulty consisted in procuring the necessary means. Although it might cost some mortification to return to the architect, with whom I could not but have left a very unfavorable impression, I decided to recall to his mind his proposition of coming to my aid, when most needed. He received me in a very pleasant way, informed himself fully as to what I desired to do, and then directed me to a measurer whom he employed. This person admitted me gratuitously to an evening class, attended by a number of young men to whom he was teaching the rules of geometry and linear design.

I was at first only remarked for my stupidity and awkwardness. It was necessary to explain twice to me what the others comprehended at the first glance. My hand, accustomed to manipulate hard stone, pierced through the paper, or erased the marks of the crayons. I was not only behind the last scholar, but very far in the rear. Yet, little by little, and by the force of perseverance, the distance lessened, until in good time, albeit slowly, I acquired the knowledge and use of the level.

FROM THE FRENCH.



## RELIC WORSHIP.

RELIC worship has always held a prominent place in the religious life of peoples. The old Greeks preserved the remains of alleged giants and the bones of their fallen heroes in colossal shrines inside of their temples. The skeleton of Orion, which measured thirty-three yards, was exhibited in Crete. Thebes boasted of the bones of Geryon, though the city of Temenospylæ disputed this honor with it. But it was Thebes to which the oracle awarded the possession of Hector's relics. The skeleton of Orontes, the Indian, was exposed by the river, near Antioch, in an earthen coffin eleven yards long. The coffin of Makroseiris, which bore the inscription that he had lived five thousand years, was discovered at Eubœa. According to Pausanias, the Tegeates not only exhibited the tusks and the skin of the Calydonian boar, but Herodotus tells us that they also possessed the bones of Orestes, taken from a coffin seven yards long, and that these relics insured to them the victory over all foes. Nestor brought the remains of Machaon from Troy to Pylos; and those of Theseus were carried home from the island of Skyros to Athens, which worshiped the skeleton of the gigantic Ajax, as Martinea did that of Arkas. The shoulder-bone of Pelops enabled the Danaans to conquer Ilion, which indicates that this palladium must have been more potent than the knee of Ajax. But their ship was cast away on the return journey, and a pestilence which broke out in Elis did not abate until the last talisman had been fished up, and brought back in solemn state. The Israelites preserved the skeletons of the giants Og and Sihon, which had been discovered in iron beds at Bashan; they required, however, as we learn from the Rabbinic legend, the ark of the covenant with the remains of Joseph, for the conquest of Jerusalem. Adam, too, was commonly described as of colossal frame;

his memorial mosque in the valley of Mina, at Mecca, was said to be only the size of his navel: while Eve's tomb at Dschedde was taken to prove that the mountain where she met her husband, after he had been driven from Paradise, hardly reached as high as her hip. Noah's tomb at Sachle, in the Lebanon, which measured over a hundred feet, represented only his stature from the head to the knees.

Many of these legends, like that of the giant St. Christoforo's tooth, preserved in Venice, have, no doubt, been adopted by the early Christians. The mortal remains of St. Christoforo, or Onuphrius, which Henry the Lion brought back from the Crusades, and which are shown in a number of churches, remind the classical scholar of Osiris, whose grave is shown at fifty different places in Egypt.

There is unquestionably something antediluvian about this patriarchal worship. But this Moloch service had other relics; for the remains of the victims offered up to Baal (though children chiefly) used to be preserved in the shrines of the temples. Woe to him who opened them. They were the abode of enchantment, and connected with miracles whose truth no contemporary would question. They became not only charms for individuals, but phylacteries for entire cities; their place was inside of the altar, in the holiest of the holy, and no mortal eye dared to gaze upon them. Like the ark of the covenant, the mere touch was death.

The Christians of the first centuries were strangers to relic worship, even the graves of their saints being in many instances unknown. This is sufficiently evident from the doubts that have been entertained, even in modern times, whether the Virgin Mary lies buried at the foot of Mount Olivet at Jerusalem, or at Ephesus. Toward the close of the fourth century, and therefore long after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the

Patriarch John deposited the remains of Stephen in Zion's Church, the legend says that they had been found at Gaphar Gamala; but as there is no such place in Palestine, the protomartyr's relics must be spurious. In the mean time, the number of martyrs had, however, increased, and though many had been adopted from mythology (like the Perseus of the ancients, who became our St. George, the dragon-slayer), there still remained bones enough of Christian heroes that were thought deserving of worship. If the Spartans could carry home from Thermopylæ the remains of Leonidas forty years after his death, why should not the Christians have equally honored the remains of those who had perished in the battle against paganism? Error, it is true, had also its martyrs, especially in the Donatists, who, though the Church refused to recognize them, gladly died for Christ. Indeed, the bishops were at last forced to forbid their flocks from provoking the pagans, or to denounce themselves, for the sake of earning the crown of martyrdom.

It was in pagan Rome, from the days of Nero down to those of Diocletian, that Christian blood was most profusely shed. Since time immemorial, the priestly Etruscans had buried the dead of the city, and in Rome were also the Catacombs, adjacent to which the Jews set out their own dead. The Christians either did the same, or they appropriated the burial-grounds of the pagans, and formed societies which attended to the disposal of their departed. The puzzolan soil of Rome greatly facilitated the extension of the crypts. Chapels to celebrate the funeral services were built outside of them, love-feasts were held in them, and when Diocletian, the last persecutor, was dead, Pope Marcellus divided the cemeteries into twenty-five parishes.

The Catacombs were abandoned as early as the fourth century, and cemeteries were laid out above ground. The demolition of the chapels and the wanton effacement of the inscriptions were attributed to the Goths. In the sixth cent-

ury, divine service was still held every Sunday under-ground, but in the seventh and eighth centuries the sacred bodies were transferred to the parochial churches. The sepulchers fell into ruin of themselves, though it has been attributed to the irruption of the Longobards. In the ninth century the Catacombs had almost entirely ceased to be frequented. The reason why Pope Paschalis I emptied the graves in 817, and removed twenty-three hundred bodies at once to St. Praxede, was, that the trade in relics had become so highly profitable that the demand began to exceed the supply. Gregory IV, who died in 844, however, distinctly declared to Archbishop Otgar of Mainz, who applied to him for a sacred body, that the martyrs had all been removed from the subterranean vaults, and distributed among the churches of Rome and elsewhere. His successor, Nicholas I, prohibited the Archbishop Taro of Milan to exhibit relics for worship, unless he was sure of the identity of the saint. That this injunction was soon disregarded became sufficiently evident in the eleventh century, when the Abbot of St. Michael, at Verdun, complained of the way in which his countrymen "were imposed upon in these things at Rome."

In the course of time, even all traces of the Catacombs were lost. It was not until May, 1578, that some puzzolan-diggers in the Salaria Nova, two milestones distant from Rome, came across an ancient cemetery, with crypts and cubicules. This accidental discovery induced Bosio, a young student, to devote himself to the exploration of "*Roma Sotterranea*," which he relinquished only after thirty-six years, with a book under this title. Thus were opened the old crypts and galleries; and thence dates a new species of treasure-digging by private speculators, who knew how to turn the remains they discovered to account, and made the business pay. These men cared nothing for the historical fact that the cemeteries of the martyrs had long been emptied of their contents, and that the rest were of no more value to Christianity than the



catacombs of Naples or Paris. To justify this imposition, the most preposterous statements were unblushingly put forth. Not only were the trade-marks of stone-masons construed into representing the form of a cross, but the familiar inscription *D. M.* (*Diis Manibus*) was read to mean "*Divi Martyres*;" and *B. M.* was interpreted "*Beatus Martyr*" instead of "*Bene Merens*." It was on the strength of the letters *B. M.* alone that the Spaniard Boufontes, in his work, "*De los Sanctas del Reyno de Erdena*," 1653, claimed to have discovered no less than three hundred martyrs in Sardinia; twenty of whom he was solicited to give to the city of Piacenza, to which place they were actually taken in solemn state. These relics occasionally began to work miracles already on the way. To such burrowers, the palm scratched on the stone appeared to be indisputable proof of martyrdom. That the palm, a synonym with the phoenix, had been, with the heathen, a symbol of the grave, and that the number of the leaves frequently indicated the years of the dead, was equally unknown. So blind was this devout, though by no means disinterested, zeal, that the domestic utensils which the ancients put into the graves of their dead were mistaken for implements of martyrdom; nor was this belief shaken when "*depositus in pace*," which implies a peaceful death, stood inscribed by the side of the palm.

To reduce the whole thing to a method, the *Congregatio rituum* declared (April 10, 1668) that palms and blood-vials were reliable tests by which the bodies of genuine martyrs could be distinguished from spurious ones; further tests were left to be designated at some subsequent period. Mabillon, the Benedictine, a marvel of ecclesiastical erudition in his day, was the first to dispute the palm with the Romans; and when Muratori also rejected its authority, Pope Benedict XIV thought it politic to decree that "the graves of the martyrs in the Catacombs could only be identified by the blood-vials deposited in them." But as the older writers of

the Church make no mention of blood-vials, Mabillon declined to accept them also as an authoritative test, and especially because their presence in the graves of children appeared to be utterly unaccountable. Cruel as the laws of pagan Rome doubtlessly were, they never inflicted martyrdom on infants. Finding that this blood of alleged martyrs was beginning to be viewed with suspicion, a spurious vial, inscribed "*Sang. Saturnini*," under Gregory XV († 1623), was got up, which only made the matter worse.

Superadded to this, we have the falsification of names, already mooted by Mabillon, "*De Cultu Ignotorum Sanctorum*." Since these new saints generally reposed in obscure graves, it became necessary to baptize them before they were introduced to the world; and the remains were consequently named at random Peter, Paul, John, etc., which caused the greatest confusion. In this way came to be invented not only new saints, but the legends to suit them.

According to the protocol of 1628, the Jesuits dug up only such bodies as legitimized themselves by any one of the three regularly recognized tests,—implements of torture, the palm, or blood-vials. These they shipped off to their foreign missions, until the suspicion, which was first hinted at by Leibnitz, that the contents of the vials were of a vegetable, and not of an animal, nature, had become a certainty. Chemistry has proved that there is not a trace of blood about them; and as the vials are most frequent in the graves which were opened after Constantine's age, the inference is easily drawn.

If the honor of having initiated this critical warfare, and continued it for fourteen years, to the day of his death, belongs to Mabillon, the Benedictine, the credit of having brought it to a triumphant termination belongs to two Belgian Jesuits, Victor de Buck and P. Willaert, his provincial. They showed that, if the vial test was accepted, the bodies of the martyrs would largely outnumber the

Christians who lived in Rome during the first three centuries. The genuineness of countless relics is consequently doubtful. Well may Rome reject modern science, for the chemists De Lattre, of Dieppe, and Girardin, of Rouen, have demonstrated that the component parts of the alleged blood are in many cases neither animal nor vegetable, but mineral. Rarely, indeed, has science so pitilessly forced Rome to concede an ancient fraud. But it was only for a while. In the face of indisputable proof, Pope Pius IX, in a decree of December 10,

1863, declared that, "to avoid scandal among the believers," the blood-colored vials are still to be considered evidence of martyrdom, and that the decree of 1668 shall remain in full force. The scandal consists in honoring truth and confessing an ancient imposition! The Church constitutes itself the champion of traditional fraud! Even men like Blant and De Rossi vainly raised their voices in protest, though the latter is looked up to by the whole civilized world as authority in all that relates to the Catacombs. WALTER P. MORRAS.

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### "CHRIST AND HUMANITY."\*

THIS is the title of a book lately published by Harper & Brothers, and dedicated to Horace Bushnell by the author.

The contents of this book may be divided into two departments. The first contains seven discourses on "Christ and Humanity," with the following titles: "The Divine Humanity of Christ;" "The Son of Man;" "Christ the Root of Humanity;" "The Human Development of Jesus;" "The Image of God;" "The Human Trinity;" and "Man's Place in the Creation." These discourses have been delivered, substantially, during the author's ministry, of some twenty years.

The second general division of the book is styled, "Historical and Critical Review of the Doctrine of Christ's Person." This is divided into two parts,— "Historical Survey," and "The Result of the Survey." The "Survey" contains an elaborate "Introduction," in which general principles are stated; and then follow the various systems of Christology by the "Early Christian Fathers;" the "Christology of the Council of Chalce-

don;" of the "Middle Ages;" of the "Reformation;" and of the "Reformed Churches."

Under "Result of the Historical Survey" are discussed the various causes of the failure of the Church to formulate a correct doctrine of the person of Christ; "The Essential Unity of the Divine and Human in Christ;" "The Divine or Heavenly Humanity of Christ;" and "The Doctrine of the Kenôsis," or self-limitation of the Son in the incarnation.

For the "Historical Survey," the author acknowledges himself indebted to the excellent work of Dr. Dorner on the history of the development of the doctrine of the person of Christ, from which he quotes largely, though differing with Dorner as to Christ's person.

This book contains four hundred and four pages, in large, clear type, and its general mechanism is respectable, and creditable to the publishers. So much for the form of the book; let us take a glance at the character of its thought.

In the judgment of the author of this book, the Christian world has long groped in darkness after a true conception of the character and person of Christ. Eminent fathers, personally and in council combined, have endeavored to solve the

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\* *Christ and Humanity.* A Review, Historical and Critical, of the Doctrine of Christ's Person. By Henry M. Goodwin.



mystery, but in vain. Some have more nearly approximated the truth than others; but, up to the present age, a true system of Christology has eluded the grasp of all. The design of the book, therefore, is to supply the great want of humanity; and fearlessly does our author enter upon, and, in his own confidence, accomplish, the discovery.

In an early part of the work he marks the path he intends to pursue. For, after glancing at what is usually regarded the orthodox doctrine of the person and work of Christ, he says: "As a reaction from this unsatisfactory, and, at best, clumsy, theory of the person of Christ, there is the simpler, and, to some, more satisfying, theory recently revived by a distinguished preacher of our own country,—of one nature in Christ, or the divine soul manifested in a human body."

We suspect, by the "distinguished preacher," he alludes to H. W. Beecher, who has recently written a "Life of Christ," which, neither by his own nor any other branch of the orthodox Church, is regarded as being severely sound in the faith. But, in defining his view of the person of Christ, we shall allow the author to express his own conception. He says:

"This conception, as near as it can be presented in a logical statement, is, the *identity* of the divine and human in the person of Christ, so that it is proper to speak of his nature as the *divine human*, and his humanity as a divine humanity. Christ is not God and man united, each nature retaining its own separate individuality and functions; nor yet a fusion of the two, forming an intermediate or compound nature; but their *identity*, in a person who is both divine and human in all his attributes. The idea of the Scripture is not, that Logos *assumed*, or put on, humanity (except indeed the outward form or body of a man); nor that he united it to himself as a foreign nature; but that he *became* man, without losing his real divinity. The divine in Christ *is* the human, and the human in *him is divine*." (Page 9.)

Such is our author's "logical statement" of his mental "conception" of the person of our Lord. Let us analyze it briefly. And—

*First.* It affirms the identity, sameness, of the divine and human in Christ's person. This identity is not that of the *person*, but of the two natures constituting the *one* person, of Christ. And these two natures, he teaches, consist, or rather subsist, in the same divine essence. Therefore he teaches, that Christ had but one spiritual nature, the divine; but that in this one spiritual nature were all the qualities or properties essential to both divine and human subsistence. A few extracts will show this to be his view of the subject.

"The theoretical objections to the duality of Christ's spiritual nature,—or the doctrine that he had two distinct souls, a divine and a human,—are too obvious to need any thing more than a mere statement of them." (Page 4.) "Christ is called the image of the invisible God; 'the express image of his person.' But there is a reverse side to this great truth, which is greater and more blessed still. Not only is it true that there is in man, as the image of God, something which is truly and properly divine; it is also true that there is in God something which is truly and properly human. There is a humanity in the Deity which is the origin from which our humanity is derived, and in the image of which it is made." (Page 13.)

And still further: "And one truth respecting him (God) is that which is the basis of Christianity and the incarnation; namely, the essential humanity of Deity. . . . Another evidence of this truth is found in the theophanies, or human apparitions of God, made in the Old Testament. What were they? and what do they signify? Being made before the incarnation, they indicate an essential humanity in the very being and nature of God." (Page 15.)

*Second.* His "logical statement" affirms, that "Christ is not God and man united, each nature retaining its own

separate individuality." There can be no reasonable objection to this statement, with the qualifying clauses contained; for, in the person of Christ, the Logos is not a separate individuality, nor is the manhood a separate individual. Properly, personality can not be affirmed of either separately, but of both in their henceforth eternal union. But our author means, that there is not, in the person of Christ, the divine Logos and a human soul and body united; for the greater part of the book is constructed in opposition to this doctrine.

*Third.* "Nor yet a fusion of the two [man and God], forming an intermediate compound nature." This view of the subject we regard as correct; for, in the union of the two natures in the incarnation, there was no mixing or commingling of the substances, as certain chemical substances are combined and indistinguishable; but the divine person of the Son, or the Logos, took up into connection with himself the nature of man, consisting of a perfect body and a reasonable soul, whose existence depends ever upon this act of assumption by the divine Logos; and yet, while distinct, each from the other, as to nature, they are both one in the unity of the person.

*Fourth.* This "logical statement" proceeds: "The idea of Scripture is not, that Logos assumed, or put on, humanity (except indeed the outward form and body of a man)." Here his doctrine is, that the Logos did not put on, or assume, any other part of human nature than the body of a man. And throughout the book he labors to prove this theory; affirming and arguing, that, as in God inheres the human element as well as the divine, there was no need for the assumption of a human soul.

*Fifth.* Hence the closing part of this "logical statement,"—"nor that he united it to himself as a foreign nature, but that he became man without losing his divinity."

"As a foreign nature." He holds that all of human nature, as to the Spirit, or Logos, in Christ was possessed by Christ

from all eternity; hence, when he became incarnate, he assumed, or put on, nothing foreign (except the body), for this nature was common to him through the eternal past.

"But that he became man without losing his real divinity." The mode of the incarnation, according to our author, and the manner in which he accounts for the human infirmities in Christ, is quite ingenious, though novel. As in the Logos inhered both the human and divine natures, so, when the Logos took upon itself the human body, the human elements in the divine essence became prominent, by the laying aside of the divine attributes; for our author declares, that "he who was in the form of God, and who was God, became self-empty of omnipotence and sovereignty, and reduced to the human and subject state, therefore subject to all the conditions and limitations of humanity."

As will be seen, he assumes the position that Christ laid aside all the attributes peculiar to the divine nature, yet retained that nature itself; and illustrates the weakness and ignorance affirmed of Christ's human nature on the ground of the effects of disease, as often seen upon the human mind. So, this "logical statement" reduces the divine Son of God, by reason of the incarnation, to the mental ignorance and weakness of helpless infancy, to grow and develop much after the same manner. It was thus the divine Logos, under human manifestations and conditions, that increased in favor with God and man, that was ignorant of the future judgment, and increased in wisdom. It was this that was sorrowful even unto death, and was the subject of all the suffering endured in the person of Christ. Hence his sufferings were not human sufferings merely, but were the sufferings of the Son of God. "His essential divinity is not abrogated by the incarnation. Deity is not converted into humanity, thereby losing his divine identity; but Christ is God as man, self-empty of his deific form and consciousness, and coming under the laws and limita-



tions—physical, moral, and spiritual—of humanity." (Page 396.)

Such is a general view of the author's conception of the person of Christ; and every part of the book, every argument advanced, is compactly brought together to sustain this conception. The objections of opposers are well anticipated, and a very fair show of reply is presented. Much of the literature on Christology during the ages is brought forward in the chapters on the "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ," including the views of the early fathers, the Church Councils, and the Churches of the Reformation; and in many respects the book is valuable for its originality of thought, the felicity of its style, and the historical references it contains. That it differs from the system of Christology of the Church generally received, it is almost needless to say, from the statements quoted; and yet a few points in conclusion may not be out of place.

1. *His views on the nature of God.* We have seen that he teaches, that whatever there is essential to the *Pneuma*, or spiritual nature of man, has its archetype in God; the only difference being that God is infinite, while man is finite. The objection to this is, that the only distinction between the spiritual in man and the essence of Deity is in degree; that man is so many personalities of God, but in a limited extent. And that this may be his notion, or at least his theory affords ground for this objection, appears from his own language: "Man is not only the creature, but the *child* of God,—made in his image. God is the creator, or former, of our bodies, but he is the father of our spirits; which implies that our souls are descended from him, and partake of the divine nature and life."

2. He holds that man was made in view of the incarnation; for the reason that man is, and must be, in the present life, an imperfect transcript of the true original humanity, as found only in God and in the Logos, as the express image of his person; but that the incarnation was a manifestation of the divine and

perfect human, for the deliverance of the race. The objection to this is, that it puts the incarnation first as the cause of man's creation,—instead of the creation *first*, the fall of man *second*, and, for his redemption, the incarnation *third*, in the order of thought and of fact. It does not affirm, but it looks strongly in the direction of the decree of God, that man should sin and fall, all "to the praise of his glorious grace."

3. He teaches that there was but one real spiritual nature in Christ. True, he speaks of the *psyche* nature in him, as common to him, and to all other men; but this is only a kind of *unconscious sub-spiritual* substance, which he admits is equally present in the bodies of all brutes.

This is contrary to the conception of the person of Christ, as held by the general Church of God now, and from the days of the Councils of Nice and Chalcedon in the past. It deprives us of real brotherhood in Christ, and of a true filial relationship to God. For if Christ be not truly man in conjunction with the divine nature, so that his humanity shall become the property of the divine Son and part of his person, how shall our union with Christ constitute him our brother, or we become the sons of God, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus?" On this hypothesis, we may well exclaim, "Ye have taken away my Lord, and I know not where ye have laid him."

The truth is, this system degrades the doctrine of the incarnation, by uniting the divine Logos to the mere form of a brute nature. We hold, and ever shall, to that more reasonable and Scriptural doctrine,—the two natures of God and man, in one person. By this, Christ, as God, can lay hold upon the eternal throne; and, as man, lay hold of a fallen race; and, blending the interest of both, be the sure "Advocate between God and man," and afford assurance to all who trust in him, that none shall be able to pluck them out of his hand.

4. We have seen that our author teaches, that the divine Logos emptied himself of all his divine attributes; that

he laid aside his deific form. This view we regard as highly objectionable, if, as he teaches, the *form* be made to consist in the attributes of the divine nature. That the apostle says, "He emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant," is very true; but Dr. Whitley, in his notes on the place, has clearly demonstrated, that the *form* was not his attributes, nor the divine nature, but that external and august brightness and glory in which God is said to dwell. We can not conceive a substance to exist without attributes, and especially essential attributes. If the Logos emptied himself of these, then he was neither God nor man. For he could not be God, and yet deprived of the attributes of God, and our author denies that he had a human soul.

But if the Logos could empty himself of his deific form,—the attributes of his deity,—might not the Father do the same, and so of the Holy Spirit? And if the essence of Deity could exist in such a case, it would be without its essential attributes, and so God could cease to exist. Worse still: If an essence be inconceivable without attributes, then might the essence of Deity cease to exist, and so the universe be without either the essence

or attributes of God; and so the essence and attributes of God be blotted from the universe. All, too, on this hypothesis of Christ, as the divine Logos, emptying himself of his deific form.

We are not yet prepared to surrender the grand old doctrine of the person of Christ: "The Son, who is the word of the Father, the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father, took man's nature in the womb of the blessed Virgin; so that two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the godhead and manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for the actual sins of men."

This has endured the crucible of the ages past, and shall for ages yet to come. Down into it the angels inquiringly gazed, without line sufficient to sound its depths. Of it the prophets and apostles spoke and wrote; while, by its virtue, believing humanity has been redeemed in the past, and the Church of God will yet gain the conquest of the world.

W. FITZGERALD.

### AUNT KITTY'S NEW HOUSE.

"ALMOST tired out, Mary?" The words were accompanied by a look of tender solicitude into the weary white face by his side.

"Keep your courage up a little longer," he added, in response to a smile, and the reply that came cheerfully, though through shivering lips:

"No, dear, not quite. There is considerable life left yet."

"Well, another mile or so, and I think we will come to our stopping-place for this night."

And, tucking the buffalo-robe a little

more snugly around the form of his wife, and with an encouraging, "Git up, Kit! Come, now, Mary!" as he cracked the whip-snapper over the necks of the mud-coated ponies, the buggy in which rode brother Sylvester and his wife moved on more rapidly.

Brother Sylvester had calculated rightly. Another half-hour's trotting, which the scent of oats, rest, and shelter stimulated the tired horses to do at a handsome rate, brought our travelers, about dark, to the home of the friends where they expected to spend the night.



A hearty welcome, kindly greetings, warmth, a comfortable supper, and whatever else friendship and hospitality could suggest, was gladly done, to make the weary ones forget their weariness, and enjoy for a few hours the much needed rest.

These were an itinerant Methodist preacher and his wife, who had been riding for several days, cold, drizzly November days, from their field of labor for the past year to a distant part of the State, where most of their relatives resided.

"*Itinerants*," did I say? Well, no; not exactly that, either; for just now they were "superannuates."

Gentle reader, do you know what a superannuate is? Let me tell you.

It is when a Methodist preacher becomes so disabled by sickness or other affliction, that he can not take effective work, and has received permission from his conference to relinquish, for one year, the work of preaching the Gospel, to which he had solemnly promised to devote the health and strength and ability of his life. And do you know, that, to every true-hearted Methodist preacher (would that there were no other kind of hearted!), this necessity laid upon them, even for a time, *not* "to preach the Gospel," is the greatest sorrow of the life?

But brother Sylvester and his wife are meanwhile snugly ensconced in warm blankets. He who "giveth his beloved sleep" had heard the voice of their thanksgiving, and seen the gratitude of their hearts for the mercies of the day and the shelter of the night; and he had given his angels charge concerning them, as, all unconscious of the passing hours, they rested in deep, untroubled sleep.

The next morning, the urgent invitation of their friends to remain, and rest with them during the day, was accepted; and some of the incidents of that day have led me to tell you about how it happened that Aunt Kitty obtained a new house.

"Indeed, sister Sylvester," said Aunt

Kitty, as we were gathered cozily together in the sitting-room, "I certainly would advise you to persuade your husband to go into business, and have some certainty in the future to depend on.

Aunt Kitty was a distant relative of my father, and had been spending some weeks with us. She was wealthy and sociable and kind,—one of the sort of people that seem made to visit with, who are ready to laugh or talk or advise, as the case may be. Then Aunt Kitty, though, as she said herself, "not decidedly religious," was very friendly to the preachers, and took a special interest in their wives. In fact, she used to say, the only reason that, many years ago, she had not married a certain young itinerant, and been a preacher's wife herself, was because she always wanted a house of her own, and was determined to have it. Aunt Kitty was a widow now, and, strange to say, although she had owned and altered and built a good many houses, she had not yet succeeded in getting one that exactly suited her.

"Yes, I certainly would," she went on to say. "You and he have been in this itinerancy long enough. His health has become enfeebled since he had that long spell of fever, and you are almost worn out. Now just settle yourselves. Urge him to get into some business. Build yourselves a nice comfortable home,—I have such a nice plan for a house in my mind now,—and live in it and enjoy yourselves."

Sister Sylvester had a bright look in her eyes, and a little smile seemed flitting over her face, as if some very pleasant thought had been suggested.

Encouraged by the apparently favorable reception of her remarks, Aunt Kitty continued:

"You see, with your husband's energy and ability, it won't take him very long to do that. And how much comfort you would take in having a good house of your own! Not some old log house, nor somebody's old barn, nor some old and patched-up or tumble-down affair, that some stingy stewards think good enough

for a preacher; but a nice, cosy, convenient house, such as I have in my mind," she said, emphatically.

Aunt Kitty liked to help the people she took a fancy to; and I did not know but that she was going to offer to build our friends a house, when we were all a little startled by her asking, abruptly:

"Sister Sylvester, how long have you been married?"

"Fifteen years," was the quiet reply.

"How much of that time have you been in the itinerancy?"

"Every hour of it, until one week ago, or since the session of our annual conference."

"How many appointments has your husband been on during that time?"

"Eight," pleasantly replied sister Sylvester; adding, "You see, my husband had been one year on his first circuit before I came to help him."

"How many times have you moved in all, do you think?"

"Just fourteen times." And putting her hand lightly on Aunt Kitty's, as if she would not be misunderstood, sister Sylvester said, by way of explanation, "That was because, in a new country, there can be so few parsonages, and so few houses, or even parts of houses, unoccupied."

"O dear! O dear!" sighed Aunt Kitty. "How awfully you must have suffered! Have you not felt as if you wanted to die, sometimes?"

"If I ever did, dear Aunt Kitty, I am afraid that I should be too much ashamed of my cowardice and weakness to say much about it. For I have learned," said sister Sylvester, "that praying to die is a very poor preparation to enable us to live, and accomplish the work God assigns to us."

"O my! O my!" again sighed Aunt Kitty. "How you do talk! Tell me one thing more. How did you stand it, when you lost your four little children, who died, they told me, partly from cold, and your want of the things you should have had to make you and them comfortable in your moving from place to

place! You need not mind telling me, you know," she added, kindly.

The two ladies had drawn close together. They were both earnestly interested, and apparently unconscious of being listened to by others. Tears stood in their eyes, heart was answering heart, as sister Sylvester replied, tremulously, but O so sweetly:

"My four precious little ones are not lost, Aunt Kitty, nor separated, although their little graves are many miles apart. I know that they are all together, in my Father's house above, cared for and safe and happy; and that he called them at the best time both for them and us."

"It is well for you, if you can think that," said Aunt Kitty, and the tears were coming streaming down. "But, to me, Reuben and the little boy and girl I buried are in their graves. That is where they seem to me to be. And I tell you, sister Sylvester, it is a cold, dark place to lie in, and I dread to think of it. There is a feeling of horror about it."

I wish I could picture the glow of light and joy which gleamed amid the tears from sister Sylvester's eyes and face, as she said:

"Dear Aunt Kitty, the grave is not the abode of our little ones, who have been redeemed from the curse of the law by the precious blood of Christ. It is not the place where our loved ones stay, who have died in the Lord. It is only the dressing-room of heaven, you know, where the sin-stained, way-worn, wearisome garments of earth are exchanged for the glorious robes of immortality. The poor dust, which sleeps in the grave until the Master is ready to use it again, is very different from the conscious, responsible being who laid it down, to be clothed anew, in vestments white and pure, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

Then, with a glad smile, she went on to say:

"Only think of this wonderful life, with its education and discipline, its long years of training and development, its aspirations and possibilities, all ending



in the grave, after a few short years of almost abortive effort! What a waste it would be! How unlike any other exhibition of the work and utilization of our God! For you know that nothing is lost, nothing is superfluous, nothing without a definite purpose, in all the economy of nature, as we are told by the wise and philosophical of all ages."

Aunt Kitty was wiping away the tears, as she answered: "If I could only see it as you do! But this world is all I seem to see."

"You know," said sister Sylvester, "how earnestly you have been urging me to get a home for myself; now let me tell you about the house that my husband and I are trying to build. When we commenced life together, we both felt the necessity of having a permanent home, and we laid our plans just as wisely as we knew how. After asking for wisdom, we became assured that, in a very few years, the earthly house of our tabernacle *would dissolve*; so we concluded not to be too anxiously concerned about that. And God has wonderfully kept us. Even what seemed to be trials have proved blessings."

"Just tell me," asked Aunt Kitty here, eagerly, "do you believe that you have seen more sorrow and trouble in your life as a preacher's wife, than if you had been rich, and trying to enjoy yourselves?"

"I am sure we have not. I know," replied sister Sylvester, "that it appears as if our lives were one continued well-spring of joy. We have had so much of love and gladness, and so little of sorrow. Our work has been our delight. O, you do n't know what a comfort it is to trust in the Lord!"

"I know it is true, or you would not say it," said Aunt Kitty. "Tell me more about your house. I just feel as if you were going to tell me something that I want so much to know."

"Well, we determined to build upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone," promptly, and with a win-

some smile, replied sister Sylvester. "And, to our great satisfaction, we found that we had a mighty Helper and Burden-bearer, who pledged himself to work with us. And with his help we have been building every day a little. Our house is not finished, Aunt Kitty, but it is growing,—sometimes very slowly, yet I am sure it will be ready for us when we are ready to occupy it. We have tried to build with gold and silver and precious stones; but, every once in a while, we have found that we had on a layer of wood or hay or stubble; and you know they are poor materials to stand the fire. So we have had to take them all away, and just begin again to put on the gold and silver and precious stones, no matter how much they seemed to cost."

"Well, but," said Aunt Kitty, "I do n't exactly understand."

"You remember that we are told, the Word of the Lord, his judgments, and his testimonies are the fine gold of his people, more precious than any thing else. And silver has been the purification of our hearts, through the blessed Spirit, from all deceitfulness of sin. Just here, Aunt Kitty, our house has had much difficulty in progressing," said sister Sylvester. "We have found that God requires truth in the inward parts, where no eye sees but his. Then, the precious stones, with which we have tried to build, have been virtue, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity. And the rubbish, the wood, hay, and stubble, which have had to be so frequently removed, are pride and selfishness and egotism, and doing to be seen of men. *These*, dear Aunt Kitty, we have to watch against, and pray frequently for grace to resist. And now we are looking clearly ahead, and we know, dear Aunt Kitty, 'that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' So, you see, while suffering a little, just now, at the prospect of my husband not being able to preach the Gospel publicly for a time, we are *sure*,

however mysterious his providence may look to us, that the Master makes no mistakes. He is using us, as we are fit to be used, both for our own highest good and the work of his Church. Do you see?"

We all felt that the influence of that morning would never be forgotten. We knew that Aunt Kitty's soul was wonderfully stirred; but none of us imagined with what power sister Sylvester's words had sunk into her heart. For several years, Aunt Kitty had been subject to frequent and very alarming attacks of illness; spasmodic difficulty of the heart, the physicians had said. That evening, after the family had retired, we were aroused by the intelligence that Aunt Kitty was very ill, having one of her worst attacks. Long hours of intense suffering and many paroxysms of pain followed. Toward morning, however, the agony was relieved. Pale and exhausted, Aunt Kitty lay very quietly then. Her hand was clasping sister Sylvester's. She had been lying with closed eyes for a long time; not a word of the usual exclamations of distress had escaped her. But, just as daylight came, opening her closed eyes, from which the tears were bathing her face, and looking at the dear friend by her bedside, she exclaimed:

"My new house! I have just begun, with the help of the Savior, to build it. By his grace, I will build it in truth and righteousness. O, what an awful pile of

selfishness and pride and folly have I been rearing up! I have just been looking at it, as it was consumed into smoke. My life! my life! Nothing built for God! nothing accomplished for any one but self!"

In an hour or two, she fell asleep, and awoke, toward noon, strengthened and refreshed. Brother and sister Sylvester went on their way, his health better, as if the crisp, clear air of Winter had reinvigorated him. And the blessing of the Lord went with them.

Aunt Kitty, in a few days, arose from that sick-bed, an altered woman. She had the thought fixed in her heart, that this life is a capital to be invested for eternity; that using it as God directs, in serving him, it will yield an incalculable interest; using it in sin, whether open wickedness, or in folly and pride, squanders the capital given to be invested,—and ruined, life is failure without hope of retrieval.

For six years Aunt Kitty labored earnestly "to do what she could. Humbly, lovingly, trustfully, she sought to conform her life and heart to the standard of God's Word. How she grew to love it, and how gladly she helped to send it abroad! How she came to value the preaching of the Gospel and the heralds of the cross! I can not tell you all her faithful, prayerful life accomplished. We all felt it, and many were led by it to seek, also, to love and serve the Savior.

MRS. CHAUNCEY HOBART.

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### EVENING PRAYER.

**L**ORD! stay with me from morn to eve,  
For without thee I can not live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I can not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessing from thy boundless store;  
Let every mourner's sleep to-night  
Be like an infant's, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.



## WAITING.

WHEN the crickets chirp in the evening,  
 And the stars flash out in the sky,  
 I sit in my lonely doorway  
 And watch the children go by.  
 I look at their fresh, young faces,  
 And hark to each merry word,  
 For to me, a child's own language  
 Is the sweetest e'er was heard.

And so I sit in my doorway  
 In the hour that I love best,  
 And think, as I see them passing,  
 My child will come with the rest;  
 Think, when I hear the clicking  
 Of the little garden gate,  
 My darling's hand is upon it—  
 O, why has she come so late?

But the days have been slowly weaving  
 Their warp of toil in my life;  
 The weeks have rolled on me their burden  
 Of waiting, and patience, and strife;  
 The flowers that came with the Summer  
 Have finished their errand so sweet,  
 And Autumn is dropping her harvests,  
 Mellow and ripe, at my feet.

And yet my little girl comes not,  
 And I think she has missed her way,  
 And strayed from this cold, dark country,  
 To one of perpetual day;  
 I think that the angels have found her,  
 And, loving her better than we,  
 Have begged the Good Father to keep her  
 Right on, through eternity,  
 Perhaps. But I long to enfold her,  
 To tangle my hand in her hair;  
 To feast my starved mouth on her kisses,  
 To hear her light foot on the stair;  
 I am but a poor selfish mother,  
 And mother-hearts starve, though they  
 know  
 Their children are drinking the nectar  
 From lilies in heaven that blow.  
 Some day, I am sure I shall find her;  
 But the road is so lonesome between,  
 My spirit grows sick and impatient,  
 For a glimpse of the pastures so green;  
 Till then I shall sit in the doorway,  
 In the hour that my heart loves best,  
 And think, when the children pass homeward,  
 My child will come with the rest.

## WHAT THE WINDS SAY.

WHAT do the winds say to us,  
 As they hurry across the plain?  
 Or eddy around the hill-tops,  
 Coming, and going again?  
 What do they say to us ever,  
 As they whisper among the trees?  
 Or murmur so low in the bushes,  
 Stirring the pendent leaves?  
 Hark!—e'en now they are harping  
 Through my half-open door,  
 Breathing their strange, sweet melody,  
 Deepening more and more.  
 What is the message they bear us,  
 Stooping so low as they go,  
 Wafting the laugh of the joyous,  
 Echoing the wails of woe?

This, I believe, is their lesson,  
 Taught alike by all,  
 That He who watcheth the sparrow,  
 Keepeth it lest it fall;  
 Watcheth alike o'er the wind-blasts,  
 Tempering with grace their power;  
 Making them bearers of love-gifts,  
 Multiplied every hour.  
 And so, as they kiss the casement,  
 Or rudely knock at my door,  
 Or lovingly rock the tree-tops,  
 Laughing o'er and o'er,  
 I say, all hail, ye wind-powers!  
 Come to me when you will;  
 You must e'er repeat me the lesson  
 That Providence keepeth me still.

## THE TENTH CENTURY.

THE tenth century must ever be regarded as the darkest period of modern history. When we look, from the midst of our civilization, back to those ages called dark, we rather seem to see some novelist's dream, instead of unvarnished history; some highly colored and fantastically grouped painting of the fifteenth century, rather than the rigidly accurate delineations of the pre-Raphaelite age. But, as our civilization advances, the darkness which shrouds those centuries appears more and more "visible," and we are forced to conclude, however unwillingly, that there has been a time when man dwelt in the deep valleys of degradation; when he has claimed his kinship to the brute creation; when there has been a total eclipse of all progress.

To the student of history this fact is not so strange as might at first appear. The Roman world, overburdened with civilization, fell, and rude barbarians had for generations sported on its ruins. Invasion after invasion had buried what was good in the Roman civilization deep beneath successive layers of blood-stained earth. France, since the division of the empire, had gradually assumed importance as an independent state; but had been so subject to invasions from the North that her boundaries were undefined, and her government a curious combination of monarchy, hierarchy, and feudalism. England had embraced Christianity, it is true, but her soil was overrun, and her people crushed beneath the tumultuous tread of the barbarians of the North.

The tenth century is the critical point of the great struggle between the old conditions of society and the rising intelligence of the people, which engrossed the Middle Ages. Here met the powers of darkness and those of light; and, as at Waterloo, for a long time the victory hung in the scales. The ninth century had been bad enough, and the eleventh showed

a marked improvement, still, in the condition of society. Between them lay the dark tenth century,—so dark that only occasional flashes of lightning give us any insight into its otherwise impenetrable mists.

The state of Europe at this time is terrible to contemplate. The native population was intermingled with barbarians from the Northern forests. France may be taken as a sample of all Europe at this period. Of her it is said, that the Romanized Gauls, effeminated Franks, Goths, and Burgundians, who composed her inhabitants, were unfitted for the duties of either subjects or rulers. "They were too ambitious to obey, and too ignorant to command." Religion had lost its efficacy. Relics took the place of the Scriptures, and prelates rode in command of armies. The Papacy was in its most corrupt days,—and yet Boniface VII and John XII (the pontiffs of this century) were as much masters of the world as even the good Sylvester II.

And yet, in spite of this dark and sullen surface, there were stirring, beneath, the elements of the civilization which we enjoy. The old forms of society were effete; and, although no one might know what to propose as the new order of things, every one knew that it was useless to recur to the systems which had been crippled at Marathon and Plataea, and finally destroyed at Rome. Hence the supineness, the awful calm, of this century.

As in all the revolutions out of which has come our present civilization barbarian influence has been the deciding power, so here. While the civilized world (if it be not mockery to call it so) was wrapped in preternatural stillness, the rude Norsemen were by no means inactive. England was overrun by them, and now France was the object of their forays. Ascending rivers in their light boats, "carrying" around falls, sacking



villages, they made their way into the interior of France, and ensconced themselves in her fairest fields. The influences of religion and language transformed these free lances into feudatories of the crown; and thus a new element was introduced into the French population, which, in the coming centuries, was to leaven the whole mass.

But the distinguishing feature of the tenth century was the first establishment of real feudalism. We are too prone to look on the feudal system as utterly wrong, and not worthy of serious regard as an agent in producing modern civilization; when, in point of fact, its establishment is worthy of our high consideration, as being the first victory won in behalf of social equality since the Christian era.

The death of Charlemagne, in 814, marked the decline of royalty. Indeed, the reign of this great and good monarch had seen a relaxation of the power vested in the throne; and when his immense domain became the fief of Louis the Débonnaire, this power lost all its efficacy, and Germany and France were speedily separated; as, in accordance with nature, they should have been long before. The petty sovereigns who succeeded to the portions of the dismembered empire held their places only by sufferance of the people, and the revolution which was silently working among the latter soon shook to the ground the frail thrones of the former. Hereditary ownership became gradually recognized as the true basis of property-holding; and before long the country was divided among the nobles, about whom instinctively clustered the common people. Thus were formed the innumerable baronial courts all over Europe. These feudal barons were supreme within their own bounds. Their castles, built on commanding eminences, were the home of the baronial family, the headquarters of the small village of dependents about them, and their common defense against the invasions of their predatory neighbors. Within his territory, the baron was king; without

it, he was a peer with scores of others, who met in an assembly at stated times to discuss questions pertaining to the common cause. Independent they were in probably the highest sense of that word, their assemblies being simply deliberative bodies without legislative authority.

The relations of the baronial courts to the throne were, as would naturally be supposed under the circumstances, complimentary rather than otherwise. The king was little else than a baron on a larger scale. Some writers, in their zeal to claim honor for the feudal system, go so far as to argue that the relations existing between the baron and his dependents were only such as prevail between debtor and creditor, governed and governor, the world over. This is, in the main, correct; but it must be admitted, that, although the system under discussion was the discoverer of popular equality, and a long step in advance of previous systems, yet the relations of the barons and their dependents were not widely different from slavery. However this may be, Europe was ruled either by "mailed barons or surpliced priests." Sometimes they played into each other's hands. The middle class was comparatively nowhere, being in the direct employ of either the Church or the nobility. This state of things culminated when, in 987, the barons, tired of the play of royalty, placed the baron of what is now Paris on the throne of France. The Pope quickly added his sanction, and ratified the election of Hugh Capet "King of France in right of his great deeds." This change in the dynasty of France was momentous, and its result was not long in manifesting itself. Capet endeavored to regain the submission of the people,—no easy task, it will be imagined. For nine years he conducted his arduous task, succeeding in no inconsiderable degree, and, dying, secured the election of Robert, called the Wise, to the throne of France.

This was a critical time for civilization. The conflict between the old forms of society and the rising intelligence of the

people took now a favorable turn. In Germany, a movement similar to that in France took place; and Otho, in 962, began the alliance between Upper Italy and the emperors, which now subsists under the house of Austria. The only difference between the French and German movements was, that in Germany the throne was not made hereditary, but was left elective.

England was now seeing her darkest days. The Norsemen pillaged the inhabitants, who applied in vain to their impoverished nobles for succor. Italy and Hungary were suffering, the one from the Saracens, and the other from a Sclavic invasion; and in no part of Europe was there political peace. The popes, sunk deep in degradation and infamy, engaged in the most scandalous intrigues, and the highest offices in the Church were filled by fortunate libertines. In the midst of this corruption at home, the Papal throne demanded, for the first time, universal obedience, as "Bishop of all the world," and "lineal successor to the prince of the apostles." No clearer proof of the besotted condition of the tenth century is needed.

We have now to notice one of those mysterious ways in which Providence moves the world,—a revolution which can admit of no explanation other than the Divine Will moving upon the minds of men. The belief was universal, that, at the end of a thousand years from the birth of Jesus Christ, the world would come to an end. This belief, encour-

aged by the Church and fostered by the nobility, gained tremendous power in the closing years of this awful century. Emperors and kings hastened to receive holy orders; subjects renewed their allegiance to the Church; and every class of society appeared anxious to prepare for the great event which was so firmly expected. Crops were neglected, houses were left unrepaired, "truces of God" were instituted, and, to crown all, Gerbert, a man worthy the highest ecclesiastical dignity, was, in 998, elevated to the Papal throne, under the name of Sylvester II.

To the unprejudiced student of history, nothing is more evident than the hand of God, silently marking out the course of nations, and bringing to pass happiness out of misery, order out of chaos. From the dawn of history, the course of events has tended toward the supremacy of virtue and intelligence. Although, at times, the way has seemed devious, although, as in the century which we have been sketching, the line of advancing humanity has wavered and broken, yet, above the clouds, lower as they might, above the din of battle, has been seen the light of Truth, and the kind finger of Providence, pointing unmistakably forward. As, at the equator, the winds, rushing from opposite directions, meet, and cause a calm, so, in the tenth century, the deadly stillness which brooded over all things betokened but the end of the old, the beginning of the new.

EMORY H. TALBOT.

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### THE PERFECT IMAGE.

IN ancient times there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood; the second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third, of gold and ivory—a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the

citadel of time stands man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory—a miracle of art.—*Hyperion*.



## THE OLD FRENCH POWER IN AMERICA.

I PROPOSE to give an account of the rise and fall of the old French power in America. The study is one which must have a peculiar interest to the student of the earlier portions of American history. The subject itself constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters in the annals of the olden times. It has to do with the politics of two hemispheres; it involves a consideration of the measures of nations which were ever bitterly hostile toward each other, and calls in review the names and characters of men who shaped the destiny of the New World,—names which are as familiar as those of our own times.

The study will reveal also, at the same time, how the foundations of this great republic were laid, and will impress our minds deeply with the great fact, which must never be forgotten, that God is in history, and especially that he is in our history as a nation; that to him we owe our liberties, civil and religious. In the studies of my boyhood, this subject had a far greater charm to the imagination than the tales of the "Arabian Nights," or that fascinating production of Defoe's heated brain, the story of "Robinson Crusoe." It used to be my delight, when very young, to wander along the old trail where Braddock led his army, composed of British regulars and raw Colonial troops, to the slaughter of Monongahela, on their way to attack the French and Indian forces at Fort Duquesne. Many a time have I perched myself on some bald, rocky prominence or grassy knoll, and imagined how strangely the "Red-coats" of King George must have contrasted with the wild mountain scenery, as they marched along over the mere semblance of a road,—cut across the Alleghany Mountains by detachments of their own men,—with the steady tramp of English soldiery, their drums beating, and their colors flaunting in the mountain breezes.

Many a musket-ball and antiquated knee-buckle have I picked up on some of these old fields, where these troops encamped behind the rude fortifications thrown up to serve as a temporary protection against the assaults of a foe more wily than powerful,—the combined French and Indians. I have followed the route taken by the youthful Washington when he first went out to reconnoiter the grounds, and I shall not soon forget my feelings as, on a bright October day, I stood for the first time where the young Virginia colonel built his first stockade, and called it "Necessity," away yonder in the heart of the Alleghanies, which history has since dignified with the name Fort Necessity, and from which he was permitted to retreat with the "honors of war." But I shall have occasion to refer to this at some future time.

From Duquesne northward along the Alleghany River, by "the Kittanning,"—a once noted Indian village, where Captain Jacob, or Jack, dwelt with his band of braves,—to the blue waters of the Shenango; and eastward to Cumberland, on the banks of the Potomac; southward to the head-waters of the Monongahela; and westward along the Ohio,—over all this territory, where transpired much that gave direction to the course of events in the formation of our great nation, I have wandered, as over classic grounds.

The fireside tales of my boyhood were of border life,—tales of Indian battles, and abductions of the whites, instigated, as most of these cruelties were, by the French. Many a time have I read of these tragic scenes, and listened to the recitals of these woeful stories, when but a mere stripling, until it seemed as if I would give life and every thing, could I only strike some revengeful blow.

But I can not pass to my theme proper without a little discursion, which, being prefatory to the main subject, may be longer or shorter. I must beg the

reader's indulgence. My story has a foundation in great facts, and facts are stubborn things. They must not be lost sight of.

The British and French nations each saw in America a prize worth contending for. It needed no very far-seeing wisdom to discern the prospective and inevitable greatness of the New World. Hence came the wars of the last century, known to us as the "French and Indian Wars," the Indian massacres, the distress brought upon the early settlers who came within range of French muskets and Indian tomahawks. It was the pride of the red savages to leap upon the unprotected white settlers, and then return to their lodges in the fastnesses of the wilderness with the scalps of men, women, and children swinging from their belts.

We boast of the greatness of our country, of our wealth, prosperity, civilization, but let us not forget the hard struggles through which our fathers passed. All honor to the memory of the men and women who struck the first blow in converting a wilderness into a garden. These early struggles were the birth-throes which gave the world this great Protestant nation.

Let us go back now, and trace up in brief some of the events which lie at the basis of the history of modern times.

#### ANCIENT DISCOVERY.

Among the sciences, no one has undergone a greater development during the past few generations than that of geography. In ancient times, the figure and size of the earth were not known even by the wisest of men. It is not so now; and the wonder with us, at this day, is, how truth could so long have lain concealed beneath the veil of mystery.

The Jews knew very little of the globe beyond the lands of Palestine and Egypt, and the regions which lie between the Mediterranean, or "great sea," as they called it, and the banks of the Euphrates. They were very greatly surpassed by the Phœnicians, who pressed their voyages to the greatest extent possible in their

day. The Carthaginians, who were descendants of these sea-faring Phœnicians, were something of a maritime people. We are told of two of their explorers, Hanno and Hamilcar, who in their adventures sailed beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. Hanno went as far to the southward as the coast of Guinea, and Hamilcar as far northward as Britain. But Greece and Rome, with their higher civilization and superior prowess, by their conquests and explorations, gave a wider scope to human thought and a broader field to human ambition, and really opened up the world to the study of mankind.

The Roman Empire took in its sweep all Northern Africa. Roman legions held in their powerful grasp every nation from the Rhine to the Caspian Sea. It was the boast of these proud conquerors of the Old World, that the laurels which bedecked the brows of their Cæsars were gathered from every land.

By the ancients, the earth was believed to be a vast plain, surrounded by an ocean of unknown extent. Over this plain rose the high arch of the heavens, which they ignorantly supposed rested on the tops of the highest mountains; while, beneath, were the regions of bliss and woe,—Elysium and Tartarus. The sun, moon, and stars were viewed with superstitious awe, while up to them turned the eyes of many a devout worshiper. These globes were also imagined to rise out of the sea in the morning, and set beneath its briny waters in the evening. And it was commonly reported that they who lived in the far-off western coast could actually hear the hissing noise made by the sun as he plunged his fiery bulk to rest beneath ocean waters at night.

Thus did men live in ignorance of great facts and principles of science through the long and misty ages of the past.

Nothing was then known, to the civilized world, of America. This vast continent, in itself a world, lay hidden from the gaze of man behind Atlantic waves—shall I use a poetic figure, and



say, banked mountain high? The clouds watered it; winds swept over its extended plains; rivers, the mightiest on the globe, rolled their sparkling waters through its valleys. Its dense forests lay in sullen gloom, echoing only to the howl of ferocious beasts, and the war-whoop of the not less ferocious savages, while the rich ores and flashing gems of Columbia lay shimmering in the sun.

It is true, men were here; but, whatever their condition once may have been, when America became known to Europeans these strange people existed only as savage, wandering tribes, without art, science, or civilization,—men but little raised above the wild beasts of the forest.

It is pertinent to inquire, right at this point, Whence came these men? And, up to the present time, no very satisfactory answer has been given. But it is a fact that there was an ancient civilization on this continent which dated away back beyond either history or tradition; a civilization not to lie despised, and whose traces are seen, even to-day, in the tumuli and temple-ruins of the Mississippi Valley, Mexico, Central America, and Peru. Our people go abroad to visit the ruins of a former greatness. Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, and Herculaneum are names which charm us; but is it known that here, on this western continent, are traces of a once wonderful people.

If these archæological remains are a mystery now, they were not less so even at as early a date as when Columbus discovered the New World. It would be foreign to my purpose to give any thing like an elaborate description of these ancient works, and yet they have a curious interest to the student of American history. Take, for instance, the ruins of the city now called by archæologists *Palenque*. They lie there, buried away in the deep forest, where they were forgotten even before the days of Cortez. The Spanish had occupied Mexico more than two hundred years before these ruins became known to Europeans. Nor

do we even yet know their entire extent. They lie hidden beneath vast and dense forest growth, almost entirely out of sight in many places. The largest known building of Palenque is called the "Palace." The ruins of this edifice at its base are two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and one hundred and eighty wide. It faces the east, with fourteen doorways at the sides and eleven at the ends. It was built of hewn stone throughout, and laid in mortar of the best quality. It has four interior courts, one of them seventy by eighty feet in extent. Here are architectural works richly decorated. The piers around the courts are "covered with figures in stucco or plaster, which, where broken, reveals six or more coats or layers, each revealing traces of painting."\* There are also the famous ruins of Copan, which seem older than those of Palenque. Here are seen elaborately carved monoliths; also a great stone wall, in one place ninety feet high, and over six hundred feet in length, built on the river's edge, to support the rear wall of a stupendous edifice,—an edifice whose foundation was as great as St. Peter's at Rome. But I will not enlarge upon this subject. I may only say, that, at some remote period in the past, our country in its southwestern portions had a population which must have been very numerous, and whose cities were as great as ancient Thebes, to which Palenque has been compared. Here, amid the ruins of a former age, how remote no one knows, are obelisks of granite, bearing well-wrought figures in relief. To some of these ancient temples there are entrances through splendid porticoes, a hundred feet in length, adorned with shields and other devices, which indicate a very high degree of civilization, at a period far removed from the present.

A legend of ancient Egypt, told by Plato, spoke of an island called Atlantis, and beyond it a vast region of country. Was not this the land we occupy? That

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\* Baldwin's "Ancient America," p. 106.

island was in the great ocean, subsequently named Atlantic, and was reported to have sunk beneath its waves. It was believed to be larger than Asia and Africa taken together. The story of the Egyptian priests had it, that, nine thousand years before the time of Plato, this island of Atlantis was not only thickly settled, but very powerful. It is more than likely that the remote civilization, traces of which are yet extant in the mounds and temples of the southwest, existed on the "Atlantis" of the ancients. But I must leave this subject, with the confession that I find it difficult to steer my pen away from grounds so enchanting.

Many arguments go to sustain the claim which Iceland makes of having discovered the New World. Her historians assert that her navigators sailed from her bleak shores to Greenland, and thence to Labrador; that they explored the coast of America on the east, and actually established some colonies. Danish writers claim that adventurous Norsemen entered the waters of Rhode Island, and inscribed their names and deeds on the rocks of Taunton River; that they gave the name of Vinland to the southeast coast of New England, and thence directed their ships as far southward as the Carolinas.

However all this may be, I do not come to dispute their claim. One thing is certain: the world has long since awarded to Christopher Columbus the glory of that discovery, and the angel of history has put the chaplet on his brow.

The story of that discovery I need not recount. It is sufficient to remark that it was an auspicious moment in the life of the valorous sailor, and an event of startling magnitude to the whole world, when, on the 7th of October, A. D. 1492, a new continent was given to the world,—new, and yet, as I have shown, not new. America has been discovered twice; it will be discovered the third time, when researches shall be so far made as to tell us just who the mound-builders were,

and who the architects of the temples of Honduras and Yucatan.

#### OUR EXTENT.

It is now my purpose, on my way to the main question, the objective point, to consider our country in several of its aspects,—its vast extent, its boundless resources, its great development. We are all geographers enough to find its position on the map of the world, and historians enough to recount the leading events in its history; and, furthermore, we all take great pride in our name. The traveler abroad says, proudly, "I am an American."

But then our country is longer, broader, and richer than most of us have thought. As we learn mostly by comparison, I propose that we compare ourselves with some other nations of whom we have definite knowledge.

First, let me remark that America embraces the whole continent,—British America, South America, Mexico, West Indies, and, last but not least, the United States. North America alone has an area of about eight million square miles. The distance from Cape Sable, on the Florida coast, to Cape Lisburne, the extreme of Alaska, is nearly five thousand miles. The United States, which occupies the central portion, between the lakes and the great Mexican Gulf, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, gives character to the whole, and is the recognized controlling power of the country known as North America. If we were a military people, ambitious of conquest, we could easily carry our flag over the hemisphere, from Labrador to Mexico, and from Patagonia to Alaska.

Let us then draw the lines, and gauge the dimensions of the great Republic. Our own immediate territory is about three thousand miles long by two thousand wide, embracing not far from four million square miles, with a coast-line of fifteen thousand miles. We get some idea of the extent of our country, when I say that our territory is ten times the size of France and Great Britain united.



Suppose an empire were to be constructed by uniting together France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark; and yet the territory of the United States is three times as large as all of these combined. England, with Wales, Scotland, and Ireland added, is only double the size of New England. England exceeds only a very little in area the State of New York. Virginia, Georgia, Wisconsin, and Michigan are each larger than England. Texas is equal to six Englands. Minnesota is larger than Italy. Kansas exceeds Prussia. Most of our Western States are larger, geographically, than the boasted empires of the Old World. And here is another fact: When the territory of the United States shall have reached a density of population equal to that of either France or England, there will be here over six hundred millions of people. And who can say such a time will never come? What land was ever more suited to meet the wants of humanity? What country on earth was ever so rapidly developed? What region of the globe has greater natural resources than ours? Where are to be found more inducements to seek a "local habitation and a name" than here in America?

Let a traveler start for the California coast by the overland route. He goes from Boston—the place where all things center and start, in the estimation of a *Hubite*—across the State of Massachusetts; thence through Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio,

Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and into Kansas. He sits down at one of her principal cities to rest. He is weary with his long journey; but distance yet stretches out before him; he must rise and push on; for he has only reached the half-way house between the two oceans. There are two places on the American continent which it is quite difficult to find. They are very large places, and their names are familiar to all: the one is "Down East;" the other, "Out West." I have gone to Connecticut, Massachusetts, and away off into Maine, hoping to discover the very spot where the genuine "Down Easter" luxuriates in his native clime; but I have always been informed that the "spot of earth" I sought was one or two hundred miles further on. So I never could overtake it. Then I have turned back to see if I could find "Out West;" but, alas! a like disappointment has awaited me. Reader, go as far as you will, the real "Out West" is always just ahead of you, somewhere from one to five hundred miles toward the setting sun. To overtake it is like an attempt to overtake your shadow.

And so it is the territory of this great Republic, for which the powerful nations of France and England once contested so hotly, is greater than that of the Roman Empire in its proudest day, or that of Alexander the Great; and it has as many charms of scenery, and offers as many fields for study, as any other region on the face of the globe.

J. H. M'CARTY.

## "SENSATION" AMONG THE CLASSICS.

WE are going to use the word "sensation," or "sensationalism," in its modern and latest meaning. Our Dictionary gives three definitions of the word "sensation:" 1. An impression made upon the mind through the medium of the organs of sense; feeling awakened by external objects, or by some change in the internal state of the body; as a *sensation* of heaviness, or of heat, etc. Illustration, by Sir William Hamilton: "Perception is only a special kind of knowledge, and *sensation* a special kind of feeling. . . . Knowledge and feeling, perception and *sensation*, though always coexistent, are always in the inverse ratio of each other." 2. Purely spiritual or psychical affections; agreeable or disagreeable feelings occasioned by objects that are not corporeal or material. 3. A state of excited interest or feeling. Illustration from Brougham: "The *sensation* caused by that work is still remembered by many." The meaning we would make of the word is that now in common use: "Attended by, or fitted to excite, great interest, wonder, or astonishment."

Nowadays we hear of sensational literature, sensational science, sensational theology, sensational eloquence, sensational every thing. A man who does not treat of literature, science, theology, or any thing, in the common, smooth, quiet, every-day manner—who introduces novelties, startling sentiments, and dramatic effects, into his plain work—is said to be a "sensationalist." He "creates a sensation." And this is supposed to be a late invention, by certain wise people. Our forefathers, they try to make us believe, would not put up with such a thing. A mistake, good sir, and good madam—a mistake. Our forefathers were just as fond of sensation as we are. Indeed, we moderns, in almost every respect, are a quiet, sedate, dignified people compared with our forefathers. If some of those *auto-da-fe*, witch-burning,

Inquisition-torturing ancestors of ours could rise from the dust, and walk about among us for a while, they would regard us as excessively tame, stupid, and uninteresting, and hasten back to their dust with no sensation but that of *ennui*.

No: there *are* sensations nowadays; but they are weak indeed in comparison with those of the good old times. And we are not sorry for it. For there were sensations in those elder days some of you sigh for so often, that would make a modern's blood freeze and his hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. We will not recall them to your memory, by repeating them, just now. Our object is to speak a few words about the sensations of classic Greece and Rome in the days when great men lived. And we will not lay down any first-class system of chronology in the arrangement of names and incidents, but speak of them at random as they arise in our memory.

Did you ever hear of Dinocrates? You have heard no doubt of many an *ocrates*—as Isocrates, Socrates, Hippocrates, and such gentlemen—but did you ever hear of Dinocrates? We will e'en imagine that a few of you have not, and therefore presume that we are not introducing an old friend when we introduce this worthy ancient. He was an architect of Macedonia, was Dinocrates, and a very ambitious one, too. To him nothing "in his line" was impossible. In fact, he belonged to what we would call the sensational school of architects. This gentleman made the daring proposition to Alexander to cut Mount Athos in the form of a statue, holding a city in one hand, and in the other a basin, into which all the waters of the mountain should empty themselves. The feasibility of this splendid scheme did not strike Alexander favorably, or he was not daring or rich enough to put it into execution. At all events, Mount Athos stands, just about as it did when Dinocrates astounded the



people of Macedonia by his sensational design. The only change made since then is, the mountain is now called Monte Santo, and is occupied by monasteries and Greek monks, who cultivate olives and vines, and are carpenters, masons, etc., leading an austere life, never permitting a woman to come near them, and living to a great age. It is not easy to tell the size of this mountain. One authority tells us it is about thirty miles in circumference, another one hundred and fifty, and another six! Such is the manner of learned folk! Imagine a modern architect proposing to cut one of our big peaks of the White, the Alleghanies, or the Rocky, into a statue. Well, we have men that *could* do it, if they would, have we not?—look at our tunnels and suspension-bridges—but the scheme would create a noise.

A different sort of sensationalist was Calanus, a celebrated Indian philosopher, who lived in the time of Alexander, and followed that great general in his Indian expedition. He was a sturdy old fellow, aged eighty-three at the time, had never patronized a doctor in his life, and could not endure the thought of being sick. In this expedition, however, old Calanus fell sick, and was so disheartened, that he ordered a funeral pile to be raised, upon which he mounted, to the astonishment of the king and his army. He commanded that the pile should be fired, which was done; and Alexander then asked him if he had any thing to say. "No: I shall meet you again in a short time!" was the response. And so this venerable philosopher expired, in the presence of the whole army. It is said that the old man's dying words were prophetic; for Alexander died, three months after, in Babylon. Imagine a modern philosopher—Emerson or Carlyle, for instance—thus getting rid of his fleshly weaknesses. We have no such sensations in our time.

What a tragedy was that committed by Marius, on account of a dream! It is the sensation of all time. This general dreamed that he could not conquer the

Cimbri, in war, unless he should sacrifice his beloved daughter to the gods. He had faith in his dream. Sweet Calpurnia was offered up; the Cimbri were overthrown by this wonderful soldier, and one hundred and forty thousand of their number slaughtered, and sixty thousand taken prisoners. Marius did nothing by halves. Sensation followed every movement. Such a sacrifice, now, by the mightiest man, for the grandest purpose, would shock the world with horror.

King Cambyzes, son of Cyrus the Great, deserves a passing notice. He had a way of disposing of unjust judges, which, if generally adopted by the moderns, would have a strong effect in purifying the Bench in our larger cities. This Persian monarch was so incensed at the partial decisions of a certain judge in his kingdom that he flayed him alive, and nailed his skin to the judgment-seat, as a memento, for future occupants of the position. The king appointed his own son to succeed the flayed magistrate, and pointing to the *memento*, with warning finger, said, "Remember where you sit." It is presumed that the lesson and warning were not forgotten.

Hippomenes, the Roman archon, was none the less a sensationalist, in his manner of punishing his daughter for some wrong against him. He exposed her to be devoured by horses. A punishment which may be regarded by even hostlers and jockeys as somewhat unique. Though "all flesh is grass" in the eyes of the poet, yet it is well known that horses—modern ones, at all events—do not recognize the statement, practically or poetically. And no modern father would ever think of punishing his daughter, for any possible offense, by exposing her to be devoured by horses, or trampled by them. The ancients were ahead of us in such matters.

Zalmoxis, a slave and disciple of Pythagoras, indulged somewhat broadly in the sensational, in order to gain reputation as an orator in Getæ, where he was born. The classic biographer tells us that he concealed himself three years

in a subterraneous cave, and afterward made his countrymen believe that he was just raised from the dead. This wily plan succeeding, the Getæans flocked to hear him by thousands. The eloquence of a man who has slept three years in the grave must certainly command the enthusiasm of the populace.

Zopyrus, the ancient Persian, too, had lofty sensational conceptions. He knew how to win favor from his enemies. When Darius besieged Babylon, Zopyrus cut off his own ears and nose, and fled to the enemy, telling them that he had received such treatment from his royal master because he had advised him to raise the siege. This new (or old) style of eloquence took so well with the Babylonians that they appointed Zopyrus commander of all their forces—a reward beyond even his highest anticipations. Such forms of sensationalism have not as yet been adopted by our modern orators to replenish their depleted coffers. But it may be from the fact that few, or none, of them are acquainted with Zalmoxis and Zopyrus. Would an orator, deprived of important features of his face, fill our largest temples? We hope not.

Hegetorides, the Thracian, ought not to be slighted in our catalogue of sensationalists. It seems that strange deeds were very pleasant to the ancient populace, and the man who did any singular, out-of-the-way thing was sure to command admiration. Now, in the time of Hegetorides, Thrace was besieged by the Athenians, and there was a law forbidding any one to speak of peace. Hegetorides went to the market-place, with a rope about his neck, and boldly told his countrymen to treat him as they pleased, provided they would save his native city from the calamities which threatened it. This singularly unselfish exhibition of patriotism created the desired sensation. The Thracians were aroused, the law was abrogated, peace was restored; and Hegetorides's offense was pardoned.

Nabis, a tyrant of Sparta, was the sensationalist of his country and age, in

cruelty surpassing all others. After he had employed every possible device of torture in plundering his subjects, he made a statue in resemblance to his wife, clothed in the most magnificent apparel; and whenever any one refused to deliver up his riches to this regal robber, he led forth the statue, and introduced it to the victim in some such manner as follows: "If I have not talents enough to prevail with you, perhaps my beloved Arpega, my wife, can soften your obduracy." The rich dress of the automaton concealed a number of iron spikes, bearded points and prickles, in its bosom, and moved with springs. Being introduced to the victim, the statue embraced him in its arms, and tormented him in the most excruciating manner, till he complied with the demands of the tyrant. This Lacedæmonian scoundrel was at length defeated in battle by Philopœmen at the head of the Achæan League, and assassinated, B. C. 194.

"Sensationalism in science" was not unknown among the ancients, if we may believe all that we read on that subject. Archimedes invented machines that could lift in the air the ships-of-war of his country's enemies, and then dash them down with such violence in the water that they sunk. He also invented burning-glasses, which, placed on the shore in the sunshine, would set ships on fire in the bay before his native city, Syracuse. And were not much of the philosophy and doctrines of Pythagoras, which gave that remarkable philosopher his fame, of a sensational character? His system of the universe, in which he placed the sun in the center, and all the planets moving in elliptical orbits around it, was deemed, in his time, a mere sensation of the philosopher, a chimera; but the inquiries and experiments of later centuries have proved the incontestable truth of his wonderful system.

Of the doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, the Samian philosopher was the first who promulgated it. More strenuously to support this strange theory, he declared he recollected



the different bodies his soul had animated before that of Pythagoras, son of Mnesarchus. He remembered to have been Æthalides, the son of Mercury; to have assisted the Greeks during the Trojan war in the character of Euphorbus; to have been Hermotimus; and afterward a fisherman. These doctrines created as much wonder at that time, coming from Pythagoras, as they would now, should any wise and sensible philosopher utter them, before Englishmen or Americans, as his honest beliefs.

And shall we not speak, in this our article, of Diogenes the Cynic,—the philosopher of Sinope, remarkable for his eccentricities, and singular in his contempt for riches? This sensationalist regarded the snail's mode of life as alone worthy of imitation, and carried his habitation about with him,—walking the streets with a tub over his head, which served him as a house, an umbrella, and a place of repose. This philosopher studied the utmost rudeness of manners and dress, and became so celebrated for his idiosyncrasies, that it is said even Alexander was tempted by curiosity to visit him. "Is there any thing I can do for your gratification?" the hero is reported as having said to the sage. "Only do not stand between me and the sun!" was the gruff reply. This impertinence so pleased the monarch that he turned to his courtiers, and expressed the sentiment that, were he not Alexander, he would wish to be Diogenes. The inhabitants of Sinope raised statues to the memory of Diogenes; but what do we know of him save his singularities? Some "moral sentiments" are extant under his name; but they are thought to be apocryphal.

Ænomaus, a king of Pisa, had a daughter, Hippodamia, who was very handsome, and all the neighboring lords, princes, and potentates of divers degrees, sought her hand in marriage. This queer old monarch, being of a sensational turn of mind, and withal very fond of racing, promised Hippodamia in marriage to him who should outrun him

in a chariot race, on condition that the defeated should suffer death. Thirteen ambitious suitors forfeited their lives for love of the fair maid. But finally comes Pelops, a celebrated prince, son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia. This prince having bribed Myrtilus, the charioteer of Ænomaus, through his perfidy the king's neck was broken in the race, and Pelops easily accomplished the victory, married the king's daughter, and established himself on the throne of Pisa. When Myrtilus claimed the reward of his treachery, Pelops had him tossed headlong into the sea. This distinguished prince received divine honors after death, and was as much revered above all other heroes of Greece as Jupiter was above the gods.

Arbiter Petronius, a favorite of the Emperor Nero, and associate with him in all his pleasures, was accused by Ligellinus, also one of Nero's favorites—but jealous of Petronius—of conspiring against the emperor's life. The accusation being credited, Petronius determined to avoid punishment by a voluntary death. This was performed in a manner altogether sensational, A. D. 66. Petronius ordered his veins to be opened; but not desiring to hasten his departure, he had them closed at intervals, and again opened, that his death might be more remarkable than that of any recorded in history or tradition. In order that his death might be as trifling and voluptuous as his life, he whiled away the time in light conversation, listening to amusing stories and epigrams, and to the singing of love verses, surrounding himself with music and dancing, capriciously setting some of his slaves at liberty, and punishing others with many stripes. In this wanton manner he passed his last hours, till nature could endure no more, and the impious fool expired.

One can not help thinking of the "laughing philosopher" and the "weeping philosopher" as sensationalists. One of these was perpetually laughing, and the other perpetually weeping, at the follies and vices of mankind. These

singular old ninnies were named respectively, the former Democritus and the latter Heraclitus; and a pretty pair, they were, to be sure! The weeping gentleman lived first, and was the topic of considerable gossip in his time. The laughing sensationist lived some two hundred years after the crying one, and acted so ridiculously as to be pronounced insane; which brought forth the sage remark from one of his admirers, that it was not Democritus who was mad, but the rest of mankind. The laughing philosopher laughed at his fellow-men in such a healthy way as to live to the age of one hundred and nine years; and the weeping philosopher, it is currently rumored, was torn to pieces by dogs. Do n't draw a moral.

It would not be right to close our notice of the ancient sensationists, without mentioning the Emperor Heliogabalus, who was invested with the imperial robes at the age of fourteen. This prince raised his horse to the consulship, and compelled his people to pay homage to the god Heliogabalus, which was a large black stone, shaped like a cone. His licentiousness, gluttony, and extravagance were beyond belief. The guests of his table he fed upon the most expensive dishes; and made to them presents

of living animals of the same species with those he served them up to eat. He insisted upon their carrying away the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drank at table; and supplied each with new ones every time they drank. He always had his fish, however distant from the sea, served up in sea-water. The only merit of his dishes was their sensational costliness; as, for example, a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales. The course of life, however, pursued by this prince of madmen, disgusted his subjects, it seems, and he was slain in the eighteenth year of his age, after a reign of nearly four years. His cruelties, it is said, were as conspicuous as his extravagance and licentiousness.

These are but a few samples of classic sensationists. History is rich with them. In every age, from that of the giants to this of invention, the people of the world have desired excitement, and have in all climes found men of genius and ambition to gratify the appetite. If a history of the sensations of the world were written, it would make a very large book, and a readable one, too, as the topic is popular. JAS. PUMMILL.

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### FROM LONDON TO BREMEN.

ON the darkest, drizzliest, dreariest night of the season, X. and I indulged in the luxury of a shilling cab, and took a last, damp look at London.

By the way, what a glorious institution is the London cab! You have only to step out of your door, in any part of the city, and there they are waiting for you,—a dozen to choose from. You sink back in the easy cushions, and look out from the glass front, with no big burly Jehu before you to obstruct the view. His

seat is at the back, high above you; and if it were not for occasional glimpses of the lines, reaching from the top of the cab to the horses' necks, you might think you were without such an appendage as a driver. And all this for sixpence a mile.

But there is one drawback to these cabs. The company have not yet sufficient consideration for the feelings of others to refrain from painting the comfortable little vehicles the brightest possible



yellow, and numbering them with great startling white figures. No sooner do you settle yourself comfortably in your seat, and look out upon the crowd of pedestrians with all the complacency of a "bloated aristocrat," than a glimpse of the vivid coloring of your coach, or of the huge figures, reminds you that you are only an impostor; and you sink back into your former insignificance, conscious that the world knows, as well as you, that you own only a shilling's worth of the conveyance.

These were not our reflections, however, on the evening mentioned. We were on our way to St. Catherine's Dock, where we were to take a German steamer for Bremen. Through one long street after another we drove, and finally, after passing the end of London Bridge, turned into a narrow lane where the warehouses seemed to reach the sky,—really the only tall houses we had seen in London.

The Billingsgate fish-market soon after came in view, or, rather, we drove under the eaves of it; but the interest had departed an hour before, with the fish and the fish people; and nothing remained but a yard full of brick columns, supporting the roof of this famous head-quarter for the fish-mongers of London. The cab rattled on past more high warehouses, until we reached the Tower, that strange combination of old walls and new turrets of every height and proportion, with red-coated sentinels sprinkled judiciously over all the most observable points of the exterior.

But Iron-gate stair is below the Tower; so round it we go, along the bank of the broad old moat, which used to be full of Thames water, they say, but is dry enough now. After driving around three sides of the Tower, we found the Iron-gate stair, but no steamer; that was lying out in the middle of the river, a quarter of a mile below. But here were the boatmen and porters, who had "been here twenty years," of course, and all wore brass-lettered assurances on their caps that they were duly licensed.

We chose a row-boat that was old and

ugly enough to have belonged to "Rogue Riderhood;" but the boatman was a robust young Englishman, and privately requested us to add sixpence to the fare to "buy a little drop o' something" for himself.

Making our way through the perfect jam of every kind of craft, with which the Thames is filled, we at last drew up to the naked side of a dark old hulk which was quietly lying at anchor. But how were we to get on board?

Would they draw us up with a pulley, or let us in at a port-hole? As we gazed in perplexity at the forbidding black wall which rose so high above us, a long flight of stairs was pushed out over the railing of the deck, and, while one end was fastened to the side of the ship, the other was lowered to the water by a rope. Our horror increased at the thought of climbing such a dizzy ladder; but a sailor came down the steps with an armful of iron rods, which he proceeded to set up along the outside of the stairs; while another passed a rope through the holes in the top of the standards, and so made a hand-rail, by the aid of which we ascended to a very delightful little deck.

We were the first on board, and, after depositing our baggage in our state-room, spent the evening in watching the other passengers feel their way up that very scary ladder. First, came a timid little Frenchman, who could speak not a word of German, and not more than two sentences of English. Next, a pompous, white-haired old gentleman and his wife "from Boston," who lived, as we afterward learned, in Vermont. The next arrivals were an elderly London sugar merchant and his wife, who, with their mixture of conceit, ignorance, and kind-heartedness, were the best types of the "common people" of England that I had ever seen, outside of the pages of Dickens and Thackeray. During the course of the evening, I overheard them making earnest inquiries of the Boston-Vermonters with regard to the United States, especially as to whether Ohio and Boston were both included, and, being

satisfied on that point, whether they were both in the same State.

At last, when it had grown too dark to distinguish the black ladder, two men with a dog came stumbling up the steps. They were Englishmen, and must certainly have been born within sound of the bells of "St. Mary le Bow" church, for they exactly filled the idea of a cockney.

This was the last addition to our party, and it seemed to be a valuable one.

Before the new-comers had been five minutes on board, we learned from their conversation that they were experienced travelers, who had literally "seen the world," not even excepting the United States. They spoke as familiarly of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, as of Egypt and the Nile; and mentioned in the same breath the Yosemite Valley, the Holy Land, and the Chinese Empire. They addressed their remarks chiefly to each other, but in a tone which betrayed a philanthropic desire to edify the rest of the passengers. As the conversation continued, and they proceeded to discuss learnedly the different points of interest in Italy and France, I began to wonder if the "Wandering Jew" had been metamorphosed into an Englishman, and there had been enough of him to make two. But a chance remark, which one of them dropped, concerning the opium steamers and Calcutta, solved the problem, to my great satisfaction. They had been in the East-India service, had gone by way of America and China, and returned through Egypt and Palestine.

In the morning, all were on deck at an early hour, to see the shores of the old Thames move by, as our steamer started for the German Ocean. "Old Thames" seemed just the right word; every thing along the banks looked old and ugly until we had passed the last building of the city. After Greenwich, and the white dome of its famous observatory, had faded out of sight, the river commenced growing wider and wider, and the banks lower, with fewer objects of interest. But that made little difference, for we

began to hunt the cabin, to shelter us from the wind and rain, which were now coming in the most disagreeable style.

It is hard to tell where the Thames ends and the ocean begins; but if this was still the Thames, it was, nevertheless, rough enough for the Atlantic; and we soon realized that this was not one of our staid old Atlantic steamers, but something much smaller and more frisky; for it pitched and plunged with three times the violence.

A mistake is a mistake, and is, moreover, a calamity to which any one of us is liable at any moment; and I, for one, when I have made an irretrievable blunder, do not shrink from acknowledging it, especially if I can thus serve as a warning to my fellow-men.

But, as Benjamin Franklin and Hawthorne, and a number of other wise men, have discovered, we never profit by the mistakes of others. "Nobody will use other people's experience, nor has any of his own until it is too late to use it." Yet, at the risk of wasting words, I feel constrained to lift up my voice in solemn warning to those who meditate a voyage on the German Ocean. This is a piece of gratuitous advice, which the Bremen Lloyd Dampfschiffe Co. might sneer at, if they should ever chance to see it, but, after uttering it, I feel myself relieved of a duty which I owed to humanity.

Why we chose to go by way of Bremen, when any other route would have been shorter, more comfortable, and less expensive, is hard to tell. We were seized one morning by a wild fancy that we were staying too long in dear, delightful London, and that we must break away immediately from all its fascinations. We picked up the *Times*, which was lying on our breakfast-table, and our unlucky eyes fell upon the announcement that the *Rhea* would sail for Bremen on the following morning, before day-break,—passengers must come on board this evening. This was our opportunity for tearing ourselves away at once, before we had time to change our minds. The trip would be made in two days, just



time enough for a good rest, after such a siege of fatiguing sight-seeing. Of course, after crossing the Atlantic, we felt proof against seasickness; but how were we to know that there would be a storm for our especial benefit?

Seasickness is a feeling too deep for utterance; I will not attempt to describe it. Suffice it to say, it drove me up-stairs again in less than an hour after the storm began. I made my way over the wet, slippery, uncovered deck to a wooden bench, where I stationed myself.

The stewardess, the sailors, and the captain, all looked pityingly at my woe-begone countenance, and each one tried to make me more comfortable. By the aid of their united efforts, I was soon established on the bench, with three heavy blankets rolled so tightly around me that I could only move with difficulty. Under my feet was a foot cushion, over them the pilot's shaggy overcoat, and over all the rest the kind captain spread his rubber cloak. Add the umbrella, which I tried to keep over my head when I was not employed in holding fast to the railing, and you have a picture for an artist. There I sat and moaned for hours, and the only thing that varied the monotony was the compassionate "*Wie geht's*" of the sailors, as they passed back and forth at their work. After a while, the Englishman came, and, with the most provoking unconsciousness of my presence, tied his dog to the bench, because it kept up such a barking in the cabin. But soon the storm increased; the wind blew my umbrella away; my conscience would not suffer me to keep the captain's rubber cloak any longer, and finally the pilot left the boat, and had to take his overcoat.

I said to myself, "The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death," and, yielding to the situation, again sought refuge in the cabin below.

All that day, I lay on a sofa in the cabin, and listened to the two East-India men relating their brilliant adventures in America. One, at a certain place in California, had asked for a boot-black.

A man came who wore a splendid velvet coat, smoked a fifty-cent cigar, and charged him a dollar for his services. Both had been unmercifully fleeced in sundry parts of our land, according to their own confession, and no American on board was at all disposed to doubt it.

By afternoon of the next day, the storm had disappeared, as if by magic, and every body rushed on deck to get the first glimpse of *Deutsch-land*. At first, the tops of the light-houses were the only indication of a coast; for there is not, in the whole region, a sand-hill ten yards high, to serve as a landmark. Next, came long, low arms of sandy beach, which stretch away for miles on each side, until they finally converge to what looks like the mouth of a bay or river. And such it proved to be, as the boat came nearer.

The entrance to the river is protected by several fortifications, which rise out of the water like high banks of mud, or stand on the shore of the main-land with their numerous outposts sprinkled around them, like a village of green ant-hills. What a pity that the day is past for those artistic stone fortresses with huge black guns peering over their useless sides!

These hummocks of sand and mud, which raise their homely fronts on every available point of land, give not the slightest glimpse of any thing that looks like defense, or even a clever taste for the picturesque. But they tell me that down behind those hummocks lie long rows of the latest castings from Crump's famous steel foundry in Westphalia.

After we found ourselves between the protecting banks of the *Weser*, and were moving quietly past the lazy windmills and low queer farm-houses of Germany, we learned, for the first time, that a ticket to Bremen takes you only to Bremen haven, while Bremen itself is thirty miles away.

The captain explained to us that our boat "drew too much water" to go clear up to the city. I suppose most well-informed people understand that phrase. I do not.

Some were disposed to grumble a little, but I had no complaints to make. I was satisfied with the water, and was ready, with old Gonzalo, to "exchange a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren land." In the fervor of my disgust and rage at Neptune, I would willingly have been cast on the most exposed peak of "Greenland's icy mountains" for the sake of a firm foothold.

Instead of being met by a horrid little steam-tug," as at Liverpool, the boat moved directly up to what looked like a freshly scrubbed white pine floor. We could not believe such a clean, quiet place to be a landing; but when the sailors began to tie up to the pier, we took the captain's word, and looked for our baggage. Our trunks were soon landed, and we found ourselves stepping from the dirty boat to the clean white floor, which proved to be sand instead of pine.

My first sensation on reaching *terra firma* was not of loneliness at finding myself in a foreign country, but only a feeling of thankfulness at being able to renew my acquaintance with mother earth. It was five o'clock in the evening, and the town was one of the most quiet and peaceful I had ever seen. Not a human being in sight, and the houses looked as if they were only put in to complete the picture.

But after we had expressed, to the fullest extent, our admiration for the peacefulness of the place, we began to realize that we were still thirty miles from Bremen. The captain affably gave us all the information he could; namely, that we could go on to Bremen in an hour and a half by rail, or continue our journey the next morning in a boat that would "draw less water."

Staying over night in that little town was not to be thought of for a moment. It was very quiet, to be sure, but quiet was not exactly what we were in search of. We would go by rail,—but where was the depot?

"Just a mile away, on the other side of the town," said the fatherly captain.

Here we all were, in an ornamental

park, with fifteen or twenty trunks, the depot a mile away, and not a porter in sight. The quietness of this village began to pall upon the taste. We would rather have fallen upon a place that was inhabited.

Just at this moment a man appeared, in a blue blouse and a leather belt, with the word "Dienstman" on his cap in startling brass letters. He would take the trunks. But how? Not on his back, surely? No: he would bring another man. After a long half-hour, the man returned, followed by another blue-bloused fellow, with the most curious vehicle that could well be imagined. It was long and high and narrow, and looked more like an enormous coal-bin than a wagon; to this monstrous affair one poor little scrawny horse, that was perhaps one-eighth as large as the wagon, was fastened, by traces of tow string. It was preposterous to think of that one animal drawing such a load of trunks; but the "Dienstmen" insisted that it could be done.

Then such a muss as we all got into!—the captain, the porters, and the passengers,—and what we were all quarreling about I know no more than you.

At this point the London sugar merchant and his wife proved a godsend. Though they had never seen Germany, they were of German parentage, and spoke that language as fluently as English. An especial convenience was, that the gentleman spoke "Low Dutch" and the lady High, so that there was no difficulty in making every one understand. By their aid we succeeded in getting the trunks started; and, from this time forth, it was wonderful to see the respect with which this pair were treated, on account of their having the gift of tongues. The little Frenchman clung to them like a shadow; X and I followed in their wake; behind us dignified Boston and lady; and, strange to say, the two East Indiamen, though possessed of such a varied experience in traveling, were quite content meekly to bring up the rear.



In this order we took up our march to the depot. The captain directed us to a shorter route than the wagon had taken, and, as one half-hour of the time was already gone, we rushed at our utmost speed. Arrived at the depot, we commissioned our linguists to inquire about the train. Committee soon returned, and reported that we were just in time. The train would leave in half an hour, and there was time enough for the custom-house officers to examine our trunks. But, by the way, where *were* the trunks? They were not yet in sight. Ten minutes passed. Then we appointed two committees, one to watch for the trunks and one to keep eyes on the train.

At length one of the gentlemen grew impatient, and started in search of the "Dienstmen." We imagined all sorts of dire calamities that might have befallen our property, but the prevailing opinion seemed to be that those tow-traces had broken. The party within reported that the custom-house officers had closed up, and would examine no more trunks till morning. Hope did not quite forsake us. But at last they rushed out with the information that the train was just moving away. Still no trunks.

After ten or fifteen minutes,—spent by us in sound abuse of the *Rhea*, the steamship company, the captain, and the town,—our baggage came rattling up the road, more briskly than one would have thought possible for such an emaciated horse, while in front marched our Boston friend, puffing from fatigue, and eagerly examining his German phrase-book, in a vain search for expletives to lavish on the stolid-looking drivers.

He had found them in another part of the town, in the act of unloading our trunks at the door of a hotel. How we longed for enough knowledge of German to express our opinion freely, especially when the drivers insisted that they had only obeyed the captain's orders, that he had told them distinctly to stop at that hotel! There was plainly a conspiracy, somewhere, to keep us in that town over night; but whether between

the captain and his native village, or between the drivers and the hotel-keeper, we were unable to decide. At any rate, there was no help for it. We were forced to acknowledge that we were outwitted, and make the best of it.

The only thing remaining to us was to try a German hotel. We had been too much occupied by other matters to have any anticipations on this subject. A friendly looking host stood in the door, and, while thinking what a rest it would be to do nothing, since we could do nothing else, we were ushered into a long room with bare pine floors, a decided odor of tobacco smoke, a dozen or so of little plain wooden tables, adorned here and there with a beer-glass.

We glanced inquiringly at each other and at the host, thinking he was by mistake taking us to the "bar" of the establishment. But we soon learned that this was the only parlor the house boasted, and have since found it to be a correct sample of German hotels. With the exception of a few grand ones in the large cities, they are all of this type; the only difference being that the smoke, the tables, and the beer-glasses increase with the size of the hotel.

Later in the evening, we were forcibly reminded that sleep is indeed the image of death in this country. Each of us was given a bed about the size of the one we expect to occupy when we are laid to rest for the last time, and we were buried—not figuratively speaking—deep down under an enormous load of feathers. Between this load on our bodies and the load on our minds, we had no difficulty in getting rid of "tired nature's sweet restorer" in time to take the morning train for Bremen. Our only further adventure was a loss of temper, when we learned that the rascally captain had landed us in an ornamental park, in the extreme suburbs of the town, where no boat was ever known to land before; while the real landing was close to the depot, where we would have found cabs and porters and bustle in abundance.

MAY ALDEN WARD.

## LOVE AND LABOR.

WE die not all: for our deeds remain  
 To crown with honor, or mar with stain;  
 Through endless sequence of years to come  
 Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.

What though we perish, unknown to fame,  
 Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,  
 Since naught is wasted in heaven or earth,  
 And nothing dies to which God gives birth.

Though life be joyless, and death be cold,  
 And pleasures pall as the world grows old,  
 Yet God has granted our hearts relief,  
 For Love and Labor can conquer grief.

Love sheds a light on the gloomy way,  
 And Labor hurries the weary day:  
 Though death be fearful, and life be hard,  
 Yet Love and Labor shall win reward.

If Love can dry up a single tear,  
 If life-long Labor avail to clear  
 A single web from before the true,  
 Then Love and Labor have won their due.

What though we mourn, we can comfort pain;  
 What if we die, so the truth be plain:  
 A little spark from a high desire  
 Shall kindle others, and grow a fire.

We are not worthy to work the whole;  
 We have no strength which may save a soul;  
 Enough for us if our life begin  
 Successful struggle with grief and sin.

Labor is mortal, and fades away,  
 But Love shall triumph in perfect day;  
 Labor may wither beneath the sod,  
 But Love lives ever, for Love is God.

## IN EXILE.

THE sea at the crag's base brightens,  
 And shivers in waves of gold;  
 And overhead, in its vastness,  
 The fathomless blue is rolled.  
 There comes no wind from the water,  
 There shines no sail on the main,  
 And not a cloudlet to shadow  
 The earth with its fleecy grain.  
 O, give in return for this glory,  
 So passionate, warm, and still,  
 The mist of a Highland valley—  
 The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,  
 Ever and ever the same;  
 Seas of intensest splendor,  
 Airs which smite hot as flame.  
 Birds of imperial plumage,  
 Palms straight as columns of fire,  
 Flutter and glitter around me;  
 But not so my soul's desire.  
 I long for the song of the laverock,  
 The cataract's leap and flash,  
 The sweep of the red deer's antlers,  
 The gleam of the mountain ash.

Only when night's quiescent,  
 And peopled with alien stars,  
 Old faces come to the casement,  
 And peer through the vine-leaved bars.  
 No words! but I guess their fancies;  
 Their dreamings are also mine—  
 Of the land of the cloud and heather—  
 The region of Auld Lang Syne.  
 Again we are treading the mountains,  
 Below us broadens the firth,  
 And billows of light keep rolling  
 Down leagues of empurpled heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics,  
 Stout ship, which shall bear me home;  
 O pass, as a God-sent arrow,  
 Through tempest, darkness, and foam.  
 Bear up through the silent girdle  
 That circles the flying earth,  
 Till there shall blaze on thy compass  
 The loadstar over the North;  
 That the winds of the hills may greet us,  
 That our footsteps again may be  
 In the land of our heart's traditions,  
 And close to the storied sea.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

AMONG other lessons learned by the French in their humiliation, during their disastrous war with the Germans, was the very important one to pay more attention in future to the thorough and thoughtful education of their youth and children. For the former, the famous Guizot wrote a History of France, intended to teach them something besides glory and boasting, and to let them know that their country had made numerous and sad mistakes during its career. And now some of the best poets, romancers, and scholars are turning their attention to the molding and training of the world of childhood. Three men are specially distinguishing themselves in this way,—Macé, Verne, and Stahl. The first has written a charming story of a mouthful of bread, which he traces in simple and attractive language all through the process of digestion and support of the human system. Jules Verne is a genius in imaginary expeditions, while Stahl makes his travels tell a familiar moral. In this way this trio has succeeded in a short time in laying the foundation for a literature of childhood that bids fair to compete with the best of the German school, hitherto unrivaled. They have successfully rounded the double cape of constraint in narration, which would tire the young reader, and the too simple and childish form, which soon cloy and disgusts; and have attained an extremely successful style, which still admirably conveys and comports with scientific information.

These works bid fair to make quite a change in French family life of the better classes, where the children seldom meet with the family circle except at the table, and not even always here; being at all other times given up to their nurses, and, so far

as their education is concerned, allowed to grow for years in a hap-hazard way. Heart and head are now to be molded and guided with more system, that a proper foundation may be laid in the earliest years. The publishing house of Hetzel in Paris is almost entirely devoted to this class of works, and their illustrated magazine for children has lately received the great honor of being crowned by the French Academy. Some of these works seem almost like a revelation in their ingenious and simple manner of conveying scientific information. Architecture is thus taught in the "History of a House," by Viollet le Duc; while Grimord relates the "History of the Plant," with the same success. They converse in a language so wonderfully clear that boys and girls who have not the least familiarity with technical terms may nevertheless acquire a thorough popular knowledge of the subject. And even more than this is gained, for adults read these works with equal interest; for the style of some of them is far more attractive than that of the modern romance. Stahl very justly says that we are all children in the presence of things which we do not understand. Scientific exactness in execution, and perfection in narrative, may turn quite abstruse matters into works of art, especially when supplemented with fine illustrations. The "History of a Fortress" is an outline of military science, given in connection with the history of one of the most famous fortresses of France, from the time of the Roman invasion down to the wars with the Franks; treating not only of the construction of a fort, but of the whole history of weapons of war, of the first application of artillery as a means of defense, and of the wonderful increase of power of all deadly missiles now

sent by the force of powder. The last pages of the book bring the story down even to the capitulation of Paris in the late war, when seven hundred soldiers, of various arms, marched out of its gates. And the whole closes with a moral which is a phenomenon in French historical works: "War secures lasting greatness only to the best educated, the most capable, noble, and worthy. To-day, more than ever, success in war is the result of intelligence, and that which intelligence produces, namely, labor." Every well-wisher of his race may indeed take a pleasure and an interest in this new field of labor for French *savants*, and congratulate the nation at having learned such useful lessons, and struck into such new and desirable paths. And the victory is even now gained; for when works of this nature receive the sanction and the crown of the French Academy, the eyes of the nation will be turned toward them so generally that they will soon become common property.

It is but fair to admit that the King of Dahomey has no very good reputation among African chiefs, but we are quite inclined to believe that, like a good many other rulers, he is better than his fame. He has recently done so cunning a thing to an English scientist that we are forced to give him due credit for it. Said gentleman made a special visit to the coast of Africa with a view of enriching his collection of insects,—a portion of animated nature to which he is devoting his life. The war with the Ashantees drove him into the interior, where he found his hopes of collecting insects not very flattering. And this not because the insects were scarce, for they abound; but rather because his ebony-colored majesty did not care to let his rare visitor go. King Gelele of Dahomey cherishes great love and respect for all white men, with the single exception of traders, whom he keeps at a respectful distance, because perhaps of fear that they may penetrate too deeply into the mysteries of his realm. His prime minister, knowing this weakness of his master, enticed the English scholar to the court of Dahomey, with the assurance that he need not stay more than a week, and would be well treated. But the Englishman was doomed to learn to his sorrow the value of

the promises of an African premier. The king was so delighted at the arrival of a learned white man that he took exclusive possession of him; was so anxious about his health in an African climate that he kept him in close confinement, in which he wanted for no comfort that the land afforded; but which became very burdensome to him, and so much the more so as it extended from one week to the other until his too hospitable host had detained him fully eight months. Now, if during this period he could have pursued his favorite occupation of studying the ways and gathering specimens of the insect world, there would have been at least some compensation; but not the least mention was made of his ruling passion. The king had a more important object in his head than bugs and butterflies. He declared very frankly that missionaries and travelers had spread so many false reports about himself and his kingdom that it was a matter of greater import to him that this celebrated scholar should stay awhile with him, and convince himself with his own eyes regarding the ruling customs of Dahomey, than that he should take away a rich booty of butterflies and insects. So the Englishman had nothing to do but submit to this ingenuous idea of the king, and study the manners of Dahomey. This very wise thing he resolved to do, as he could do nothing else; and thus the world is just now the richer by a book on the Kingdom of Dahomey, by S. Kertchly, the English entomologist. The writer draws no very flattering picture of his hospitable jailer, although he grants that said king in many regards has been basely libeled, and that he is by no means the savage wretch that he is so often depicted. The volume is quite rare and new in its contents, and doubtless more interesting to the world at large than if devoted to bugs and gaudy insects.

THE complications that surround the social institutions in Germany are nowhere more striking to the American than in the matter of marriage, the laws and customs of which are nothing short of a curiosity to us and a tyranny to them. In this regard the entire community seemed to be in the hands of the clergy, Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, as the case might be; and we have



known marriages delayed for years because the parties were of different nationalities or religions, and could not give the satisfactory guarantees regarding the education of the children, and especially their Church relations. In the case of mixed marriages,—that is, Protestants and Catholics,—if allowed at all by the Catholic Church, it was always coupled with the tyrannical proviso that the children must be brought up in the Catholic Church. Then again in the matter of divorce, this Church always claims to be higher than the civil power, and ignores the decrees of the latter, except by special dispensation, to be procured only with great trouble and expense. Therefore the efforts of late in the German Parliament to make marriage primarily and necessarily the matter of the State in all instances, allowing the parties to accept as much from the Church as suited them. This, then, is the famous civil marriage law, now causing so much excitement throughout the land. It proclaims independence of the power of the Church and of the priesthood, and strikes the latter between the very joints of the armor. The law regulates the age required of the parties, and the dependence on the will of parents or guardians, without which, to a certain degree, even now, marriages may not be consummated. The State takes the matter of divorce into its own hands, and makes very stringent laws regarding it, but does not permit the Church to meddle with nor contravene it, as formerly. The new laws have been in operation but a few months, and the results are already very marked. There is an astonishing decrease of applications to the Church to solemnize these sacraments, showing that it was compulsion in a large number of cases that led the people to the Church. This fact leads the clergy to decry the laws, and declare that they ought to be repealed because the people are abandoning the Church in these matters so largely. To which the reply is made in several quarters, that if the clergy wish to secure ecclesiastical marriage, they must do it by love, and not fear. The German clergy of all classes have been the masters, rather than the servants, of their congregations, and have ruled in sternness, rather than by sympathy and attractive power. This is largely the result of the

Church and State system, which places a man above his people and so entirely independent of them, that he is too often induced to consult his own will rather than their good. The result will be a new race of theologians among the rising generation of ministers, who will be likely to be more amiable and Christ-like.

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IN the present struggles of Protestantism in the Catholic countries of Europe, there is no land where the question ought more to interest us than in France. We all know how much the true faith has been persecuted in that land, for who is not familiar with the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the sad history of the expelled Huguenots? The Reformation, which made such rapid progress in Germany, obtained but a weak footing in frivolous and irreligious France, and the Catholic Church remained nearly always sufficiently strong there to crush out all opposition. The result was a very checkered history, of little but persecutions of a greater or less intensity. Sometimes the Protestant Church would be let alone on condition of worshipping secretly, in forests or caves, and again it would be allowed to exist in quiet in certain centers of population where it was specially strong. Not until it was strong enough to hold in some instances a species of balance of power in the State was it regarded by the latter in such measures as the Edict of Nantes. But all through its history, where it was allowed at all, it was rather tolerated than sustained, until the days of the great Revolution, when all the oppressed ones of many generations put in a claim for relief, and the Protestant Church among the rest. The Napoleons found it to their interest to protect it in some measure, and thus it finally obtained recognition and support by the State, as did even the Israelites of France, so that at present it may be said that France sustains three Church creeds. But this is done more with a view to lay claim to equality in the confessions and liberality toward all than from any fixed conviction on the part of the Government or people. The result has been, on the part of the authorities, the support of any Churches that could obtain entrance to the category of Protestant Churches, without caring for any other fact than that

the name. This has led to great degeneration on the part of many congregations that are Protestant Churches in nothing but name, being so liberal in creed as to be nothing more than the most liberal Unitarians among ourselves, denying the divinity of Christ and all the attributes of God most distinctive to the Protestant Church, and especially the Calvinistic branch of France. Just now there is a great effort being made to purify and elevate this Church by purging it of this foreign growth; and the Government is inclined to favor the

orthodox Protestants instead of the advanced liberals, since at a recent synod, the first for centuries, the pure in heart succeeded in establishing a creed in accordance with the Scriptures as the confession of faith of the French Reformed Church. The elections for consistories are hereafter to be made only on subscription to this creed, as the others are considered apostates. But this will nearly wipe out some of the Churches, which now appeal to the Government to let them run their own establishments with their own views, but with State support.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME

—THE annual meeting of the North-western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in Milwaukee during the month of March. A paper on "Our Missions in India," read by Mrs. Steele, showed that the Woman's Missionary Society, in the six years of labor in India since its organization, has sent ten missionaries to that country, has opened day and Sunday-schools, and through our orphanage and medical school at Bareilly, as well as the boarding-schools at other stations, has put its molding hand on many of the daughters of India. "We have found, through these noble girls who have been sent out, the golden key to the long closed zenanas, until the motherhood of that dark land is also being touched by the Gospel of Christ." Mrs. I. R. Hitt, with the title of "Our Missionary Girls," gave brief sketches of the twenty-three young women sent out to India. A resolution was adopted recommending that at all district camp-meetings held the ensuing season, within the bounds of the Branch, a special missionary service be held, and a collection be taken for the benefit of the medical fund. The necessity for such action lies in the fact that Miss Julia Sparr, of Muncie, Indiana, has offered herself for this department of work, and the Branch desires to have her go. From the report of the Corresponding Secretary, read Monday afternoon, it appears that there are five

hundred and fifty auxiliaries and thirteen thousand members in the North-western Branch. The report, however, of the Treasurer, Mrs. Queal, showed a falling off in the receipts of nearly three thousand dollars. Mrs. Hitt, State Secretary for Illinois, Miss Sample for Indiana, Mrs. Steele for Wisconsin, and Miss Rulison for Michigan, reported good, faithful work in all the States. The organization of district associations has been a feature of the work for the past few months, and the most convincing testimony was given of their importance in building up weak societies, organizing new ones, and bringing out the consecrated talent of our women. On Monday evening, a very large and enthusiastic temperance mass-meeting was addressed by Mrs. Marshall, Miss Rulison, and Mrs. Lathrop. On Tuesday morning the election of officers took place, installing Mrs. Governor Beveridge, President; Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. F. Queal, Treasurer. A letter was read from Mexico, urgently asking for support for another teacher.

—Miss Jennie Tinsley, one of the missionaries sent out by the North-west Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to India, has been compelled to take a brief respite from her labors in consequence of an attack of fever. Miss Tinsley is one of the most successful and devoted of the ladies



laboring under the auspices of the Woman's Board in India, and, no doubt, her incessant toil, in conjunction with the climate, has caused a temporary prostration.

—At the annual meeting of the Cincinnati Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Bishop Clark occupied the chair. Bishop Foster pointed out the fact that two-thirds of the Christianity of the world dwelt in the heart of woman; hence it was eminently proper that woman should have a more direct interest in the work of evangelizing the world. The receipts of the Society, including balance on hand from last year, was reported as \$14,633.54; disbursements, \$10,014.44. The method of raising money is, theoretically, to tax every Methodist woman two cents a week, or one dollar a year, to carry on the work. The receipts, though encouragingly large, show that, practically, only about ten thousand of the one hundred thousand women within the limits of the Society pay their tax. During the proceedings of the meeting a draft for \$500 was received from Miss Minerva C. Evans, of Circleville. The Society is also the recipient of a legacy of \$1,000 from a gentleman in Lockland. In this connection it may be stated that Mrs. Horace Wilkins, of Cleveland, has contributed to the cause for three years at the rate of one dollar a day. Mrs. Agnes Johnson, of Zanesville, made a pointed and forcible speech in reference to the medical education of women destined for missionary labor. Mrs. Johnson is herself a physician. Miss Nettie C. Gordon, who is soon to sail for Mexico to begin missionary work there, was introduced to the Society.

—Miss Mason, medical missionary to China, writes: "On the night of November 21st I arrived in Kiukiang; this is my home for years. It is beautifully situated. All around are lovely drives and walks, and away nine miles to the south stretches a line of mountains five thousand feet high. Nature has done much for this land; 'only man is vile.' My heart yearns for these poor, degraded, filthy people. They are anxious and longing for medical aid, and were I to enter practice now, I should very soon have all and more than I could do; but, taking the advice of friends here, I

shall not open a dispensary until I have gained some knowledge of the language. I have several cases every day, but I refuse all that I can. I am longing to help this suffering people, and it seems hard to be bound out from them by an ignorance of their tongue."

—A Ladies' Missionary Aid Society has been formed in connection with the Reformed Episcopal Church.

—Misses Colburn and Burnett, two devoted Christian ladies, who labored last year on the Round Valley Indian Reservation, sailed from San Francisco, April 1, *en route* for Peking, China, as missionaries. They are sent out by the Women's Missionary Union, and will labor in connection with a mission already established, devoting themselves wholly to the work among women and children.

—At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Treasurer, in connection with her monthly report, presented an exhibit of the work of the Society since its organization in October, 1870. At the first annual meeting, held in April, 1871, the Treasurer's report showed the receipts of the Society to have been:

For the previous six months.....	\$5,274 21
For the second year, ending April, 1872....	18,563 31
For the third year, ending April, 1873.....	51,175 50
For the fourth year, ending April, 1874....	60,050 00
For the current year, to February 1, 1875	32,734 27
Total.....	\$167,850 29

—The Woman's Christian Association of Cincinnati is an institution established by the ladies of this city to encourage and assist young women and girls of the industrial classes who are endeavoring to work their own way in the world. A boarding-house is located at No. 100 Broadway, and here girls are offered board and rooms at exceedingly low rates, and afforded all the facilities of a quiet, well-furnished home. One hundred and sixty-two young ladies have boarded at the house during the past year.

—A very interesting and successful mission has been carried on for some years among the Ojibbeway Indians by the Canada Congregational Missionary Society. The principal mission stations are French Bay, on the Saugeen Reserve, Sidney Bay, She-she-gwah-ning, and Spanish River, where

Miss Baylis, of Montreal, has spent four Summers, doing, unassisted, among the Indians and whites of the whole settlement, the work of both teacher and pastor. She has met with great success in her efforts to enlighten the benighted understandings of the people, and the children flock eagerly to her school.

—Eight Chinese women were baptized at the mission building on Washington Street, San Francisco, March 23d.

—The net result of the recent fair in Philadelphia, in aid of the Presbyterian Home for Widows and Single Women, was \$21,000.

—It is well known that the United Presbyterians of this country are sustaining missions in Upper Egypt. In the city of Cairo they have established a boarding and day school for girls.

—Two hundred and seventy garments have been distributed, during the last quarter, to the needy in Cincinnati, by the Ladies Home Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—The Young Women's Christian Association of Boston received the past year \$55,763, including a loan of \$35,000. The amount of \$48,686 has been paid on the Home, and the expense of carrying it on has been \$11,288.

—Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer, of New York, has appropriated \$100,000 for the establishment of "a home for aged and infirm persons of Evangelical Lutheran persuasion." It is contemplated to start the institution in the city of New York, but eventually remove it to some desirable locality in the suburbs, most probably to Astoria, Long Island.

—The Institutional Mission of St. Louis was organized to secure a systematic visitation to the hospitals, asylums, and places of imprisonment in the city and county of St. Louis, for the distribution of reading-matter, and to advance the spiritual interests of the inmates of these institutions.

—In accordance with the suggestions of a letter from Mrs. Horatio Seymour, President of the Woman's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, each of the clergymen of the city of Buffalo

will preach one sermon a year in special support of the aims of that organization.

—Rev. W. H. Boole has issued his Fourth and Fifth Reports (from December 1, 1872, to January 1, 1875) of Work of Faith in connection with the Home for Women, 273 Water Street, New York, and an effort for the salvation of the abandoned classes of New York City. They state that during the two years no want has been felt at the Home, no need left unsupplied, and that during the severe monetary crisis larger supplies were contributed than during the corresponding months of any previous year.

—The Temperance Fair held in Cincinnati during the month of April was a pleasant gathering of kindred spirits. The *Cincinnati Gazette* furnishes us the accompanying commendatory paragraphs of this latest effort of the Crusaders in their great work: "The thoughtful visitor who may have entered Greenwood Hall during the past week, and witnessed the earnestness exhibited by the numerous workers during the day, or studied the character of those who assembled there from night to night, must have been deeply impressed with the fact that he stood in the presence of many who, by their devotion to a sacred cause, had given evidence that, however bright and untroubled may be their own lives, they are not insensible to 'the still, sad music of humanity' which comes to us from the abodes of wretchedness and sorrow. The realization of this fact gives sublime significance to the initial effort now being put forth to unite all the force necessary to promote the temperance work. If, as Emerson says, the characteristic of heroism is its persistency, then the temperance people of Ohio, by their continued and determined effort, despite every discouragement, to suppress the whisky traffic, deserve to be classed among the truly heroic. Notwithstanding the apparent apathy which succeeded the vigorous agitation of the temperance question during the "Crusade," there remains a deep public sentiment in favor of prohibitory legislation, which seems to be steadily increasing, and must, eventually, be respected by those intrusted with legislative and executive power of the State and nation."



## ART NOTES.

## ÆSTHETIC TRAINING IN THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

IN a lecture recently delivered before the Faculty and students of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., on "Art as an Illustrator of Christian Doctrine," Professor C. W. Bennett, of Syracuse University, made use of the following suggestive language:

"For some years I have regarded the curriculum of our theological schools very defective. We dwell largely on Exegesis. This is indispensable, since the 'Word of the Lord' must be our chiefest reliance,—our strong weapon of offense and defense. We study Ecclesiastical History; and we can hardly afford to do less in this department, which gives us an insight into the plan and progressive development of God's government. We give much time to Systematic Theology; for without doctrines the Christian system can have no framework or consistency. We trace the growth and transitions of Christian Dogma, else we can know little of religious tendencies, and shall be unable to judge whether the din of the war around us is only agitation, or the promise of a real progress toward the goal of the restoration of man to the image of God. In Practical Theology, we study the methods of utilizing forces to bring men nearer God, and to perfect our manhood. In this connection, sacred Rhetoric and Oratory are strongly insisted upon in all our schools. All this is indispensable. We would strengthen, rather than curtail, all these departments of theologic study. But has not one department of the man been almost absolutely ignored in our existing theological curriculum? The *æsthetic* faculty has been but very partially stimulated and directed. Art, except as connected with hymnology, is almost totally ignored. Why is this so? Neither fallacious reasoning, nor historic blunders, nor heretical doctrine, nor a low morality, can be tolerated in the alumni of our theological schools. Why, any more, should *æsthetic* contradictions and absurdities? Is it replied, that these last are of little importance? Right here we put in our solemn protest. Could I have the

arrangement of a theological curriculum, music would occupy a prominent place. No preacher should go forth from these schools, bearing the diploma of merit and qualification, without being thoroughly trained in the principles and execution of music. Sacred poetry, wedded to sacred music, has been one chief means of the Methodist Church for inspiring and firing the hearts of the membership. Sister Churches are more fully recognizing and using the power of this combination. But some most dangerous and degrading tendencies are now noticed. Through the general neglect of *æsthetic* training, many of our ministry have been led to introduce into our religious services the veriest doggerel, set to music that has been born of the lowest earthly desire and passion. Again, too often our choirs render words truly expressive of Christian praise and devotion by selections from operas whose sentiment and character are most vulgar and sensual. Right here it is that the preacher with better tastes, whose *æsthetic* nature has been cultured equally with his logical powers, should kindly and sweetly come to the help of his congregation and his Church, to educate them to a better and purer taste.

"Again, I would introduce into our theological curriculum a thorough course of church architecture. The Methodist ministry must necessarily be intimately associated with all enterprises of church and parsonage improvement. In smaller towns and in rural districts, this is indispensable. In many instances the pastor must be consulting architect, decorator, and all. Is it answered, that it is folly for the minister to attempt the direction of such work, and that professional architects should be consulted? Theoretically, there is much force in this reply, but it is, practically, without point. All of any considerable experience must have been convinced that professional architects are usually studying to embody their own whims, rather than seeking special adaptations. Each denomination of Christians has its peculiar methods of work, and each *should* have its church edifice built with respect to this peculiar method. Could each

Church organization consult architects who thoroughly understand its special needs, the case would be otherwise. But as the facts now are, I would have the minister so thoroughly trained in the principles of architecture that he would be able to sit in judgment on plans, afford wise suggestions to his building committee, and guard his people against the foolish, expensive, and unmeaning decoration that is too generally found inside our church edifices. Is it urged, that there is already a dangerous tendency to excess in church architecture? Against just this would I have the educated minister guard. I would have him so trained as to distinguish between chaste beauty and gaudy excess, between real art and unmeaning finery, between instructive decoration and mere glare of coloring. Thus would a vast, useless, expenditure be saved, and the religious education be greatly promoted.

"Nor does the effect of this æsthetic education of the pastor stop with the church edifice. It is seen in the parsonage, and plans there a model Christian home. It puts upon the walls the appropriate paintings and engravings; it tells upon the whole interior decoration; it gives an air of real taste to all which his people may study in his home,—thus are all the homes of his parish insensibly affected, and the taste of his Church surely elevated and purified. It will be seen in his own dress and in that of his family; and they will stand as living and constant protests against those barbaric gewgaws that so wickedly rob the treasury of the Lord."

—The interesting scenery of Colorado is a rich mine for our landscape artists. Mr. Moran's last painting, called "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," brings the far Western mountain peaks, the immense extent of valley and darkness of deep ravines, vividly before us. Art critics say, that in no picture of Rocky Mountain scenery has this translation been done so successfully as by Mr. Moran.

—The mausoleum over which is placed the remarkable life-size figure called the "Pensiero,"—so represented by a warrior clad in armor, seated in a meditative attitude, the head leaning on the hand,—and which has, on each side of the tomb, the famous

statues of Michael Angelo, "Dawn" and "Twilight," has been opened, and the ashes of Lorenzo II and his son Alessandro once more disturbed, after lying three hundred and thirty-nine years. It was found, by the leaning of the statues, that in time they would be destroyed, and it became necessary to make them more secure, and thus save the work of a great master. The ashes were carefully deposited again, and honored only by the great work of art that stands above them.

—A movement is now being made to finish the Shakespeare-Memorial window, to be placed in the old church at Stratford-on-Avon. As it is to be an American memorial, the funds are now called for from cities that have failed to contribute their share. New York has furnished her apportionment, but Boston and Philadelphia are yet delinquent.

—Among the reports of various unusually successful exhibitions of art associations this year, the Academy of Design, in New York City, fails to give perfect satisfaction to those who are interested in the progress of American art. Perhaps artists are too busy preparing for the Exposition at Philadelphia, hoping to carry out the grand idea of making that a new epoch in the art history of our country. We will look forward to that time with great interest, hoping to see the finishing touches, the finer ornaments, that ought now to be made to our great and rough civic edifice. The fine arts can now find opportunity to stand by the side of the industrial arts.

—Household decoration in this country is but lately studied as an art, and that almost entirely in large cities. It is with great pleasure we notice its introduction as a study in some of our schools, and that many young women are already learning its alphabet,—and devoting many an hour, formerly so wearily spent on personal ornamentation, to this most attractive study. Combination of colors in carpets, wall tints, symmetry in the arrangement of rooms, window drapery, pictures, etc., make it easy to distinguish the home of the cultured woman who has exercised her æsthetic taste. The rich, mellow tints take the place of the bright and glaring; nature beams forth in the soft



browns, yellows, and grays of October, enlivened by delicate greens of the lichens and ferns. The velvety mosses and trailing vines take the place of unnatural roses and more unnatural leaves, of impossible size and color. The glaring white of her walls is changed to a neutral tint, and the pictures and frames harmonize with such a background. She becomes a student of nature in her own parlors, and this home decoration is a joy to her household.

—“Songs of Youth,” by Harper and Brothers, is a musical contribution, consisting of forty-two poems, mostly by Miss Mullock, arranged to various kinds of music, appropriate to the sentiment of the poems. It is a delightful book for amateurs, and even very young amateurs. For healthy parlor music, this volume, with its many beautiful melodies, will be highly popular.

—The May number of the *Atlantic* notices *The Portfolio*, an artistic periodical edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, London; G. W. Bouton, New York. Its papers are mostly written by professional artists, and thus the art criticisms are made more catholic and valuable. The volume for 1874 contains some interesting articles about etching; and as the *Portfolio* is the only English periodical illustrated by it, it becomes representative among Englishmen. In this volume are many very interesting etchings of Turner's pictures by French artists. Many celebrated paintings, that can not be nicely engraved, are most admirably rendered by this treatment, and show a wonderful combination of precise drawing and clearness in detail. For quiet mastery of the needle, and perfect freedom of handling, there is nothing better than the superb etching by Waltner, after “Rembrandt's portrait of himself at thirty,” which is the frontispiece of the volume.

—The works of early Christian art can be neither appreciated nor understood without realizing the conditions of public and private life under which they were produced. Those who really care to occupy themselves with this art soon train their eyes to pass over the mere handwriting of its alphabet,—the weakness of the execution, the rendering of the work,—and find a world of life and thought beneath which they alone who have

the heart to read can read. There is no story in the romance of the world's life equal in the intensity of its interest to that of Christianity. It is so even for those who care not for its truth; far more so is it for those who do. That art with which the first Christian solaced himself, embodying his thought in sign and symbol; and by which, as time elapsed, he made his first timid ventures to relieve emotions too full to be contained,—that art has been the treasury into which Christians of all generations, from his time to our own, have cast the precious records of their life and faith. Equal in value as history and poetry, it affords to the antiquarian an inexhaustible resource of interest and information. To the historian, its simple truth and undesigned testimony throws light where often all is dark and silent. To the Christian artist, its course is that of a sacred stream, by which he loves to linger, and watch, in the alternations of ruffled wave and quiet pool, the reflection of those deep traditional sympathies which are his soul's food. It is, for all who care to know and use it, a possession to which all are free, by its records to instruct, by its religion to purify, by its poetry to illustrate and adorn, the mysteries of human life; by the power of its universal language to give expression to that life, and to afford the firmest links ever forged by the hand of man to bind together, in one unbroken line, its past, its present, and its hereafter.—*London Architect*.

—The Italian Minister of Finance has introduced a bill into the Chamber of Deputies providing for the thorough restoration of the old palace of the Doges, at Venice; and he has also asked for an appropriation to defray the expenses of the project.

—The unusual and ready sales of water-color paintings, in New York, London, and Paris, during the past season, show a great advance in appreciation of this kind of painting. The success of the last exhibition in New York, before noted in this work, was beyond that of any previous year. In London, a spirited sale was made in April, and one water-color, by Mr. David Cox, brought the incredible sum of £2,950,—the highest price, it is said, that any water-tint has ever brought before.

## CURRENT HISTORY.

THE prospects of success for either the Carlists or Alfonsists in Spain are not encouraging. Little advantage can be claimed for either above their opponents. During April the Alfonsists were losers; besides, the conflict between the young King and the University of Madrid threatens the dissolution of his present Cabinet. April 8th, Senor Salmeron, Professor of the University, and formerly President of the Ministry, and Professor Azcara, also of the Madrid University, were arrested. The former was sent to Lugo, and the latter to Mirinda. Other arrests are expected. The Government declares its intention of exiling all professors who protest against the recent educational laws, or who resign chairs on account of their promulgation. General Campos entered Ripoll, after a fight in which he lost forty killed and wounded. The loss of the Carlists is unknown. Previous to these arbitrary measures with reference to the University the scale seemed to have turned in favor of Alfonso, as will be seen in the following dispatches of April 3d. Since the issue of General Cabrera's manifesto, two hundred and forty-four officers have left the service of Don Carlos and entered France. Of these, nine were generals. Many others have surrendered to the Alfonsists. The Carlist General Saballs has had an interview with General Campos, at Olot, under a flag of truce. There is reason to believe he will soon give in his adhesion to King Alfonso, and in return his present rank will be recognized by the Government. The Carlists have not entered the province of Santander. The submissions of insurgent officers are daily increasing in numbers. Nearly one hundred have been announced in this province alone within a few days. General MacConnell has given notice of his adhesion to the King. April 12th, the Carlists were defeated at Tolosa, with one hundred killed. 14th, Carlists surprised Fort Aspe, near Santander, and carried off two hundred prisoners and four guns. May 3d, the Carlist Committee received telegrams reporting great victories by Don Carlos's forces, under the command of Saballs, at Breda Lerida

and Santa Colomo. King Alfonso's forces numbered four thousand men. They lost five chief officers at Breda, and three hundred and fifty men at Santa Colomo. Another victory for the Carlists, under the Castills, is reported from Aragon. The Government troops are said to have lost all their artillery and many provisions. The Alfonsist General, Delatre, was killed.

—April 12th, the French Government seized a number of Courbet's pictures, under a decree confiscating his property, to defray the expense of restoring the Vendôme Column.

—April 13th, a diplomatic conference upon the metrical system of weights and measures met at Paris. The Governments of Brazil, United States, Venezuela, and Argentine Republic were represented. It was resolved to establish an International Bureau of Weights and Measures.

—May 3d, Minister Dufaure drew up regulations for the election of a new Senate. The members of that body are to receive the same salary as deputies.

—The *Bulletin Francais* states that the directors of the Channel Bridge Company have just ordered the construction of an arch one thousand metres in length, for the purpose of proving the feasibility of the scheme of M. Boulet, engineer at Bourges, of throwing a bridge across the Straits of Dover. A model of this bridge, consisting of a road for vehicles and for foot passengers, will probably be erected in the Bois de Boulogne or Champ de Mars, at a height of fifteen metres above the ground. The directors maintain that, whereas the tunnel would take eight years and cost at least 25,000,000 f., the bridge could be erected in a few months at an expense of only 600,000 f.

—April 23d, in the British House of Commons, Dr. Kenealy moved that a Royal Commission be appointed to investigate the circumstances attending the Tichborne trials. In a powerful speech in support of his resolution, Dr. Kenealy alluded to the growing dissatisfaction at the results of these trials, and the manner in which they had been



conducted by the Bench. After a spirited discussion, and in the midst of great excitement, the motion was lost, only one member voting for it.

—April 23d, the police authorities of Posen notified all the Ursuline Sisters in that district, who are not natives of Germany, that they must leave the country within two months.

—The German Prince Imperial will go to India, as announced; but his intention of officially visiting King Victor Emmanuel has been abandoned. The *Daily News* says it is informed that he decided not to visit the King at the special request of Prince Bismarck.

—Lord Northbrook, Viceroy to India, has issued a proclamation deposing the Guikwar of Barada, declaring him and his issue precluded from all rights appertaining to the sovereignty of the country, and compelling the Guikwar to select a place for himself and family in British India. The Viceroy says this measure is based, independently of the recent trial of the Guikwar, upon his notorious misconduct, gross misgovernment, and incapacity; furthermore, the restoration of the Guikwar would be detrimental to the interests of Barada. The Viceroy will select a member of another branch of the Guikwar family to reign.

—Oscar II, King of Sweden, proposes a journey to Berlin and St. Petersburg, with a view to an arrangement, in the first place, of the vexed North Sleswick question. The Danish part of this duchy is to be returned to Denmark, after a plebiscite has taken place, according to Paragraph V in the Treaty of Prague, 1866; and a mixed garrison of Danish and Swedish soldiers is to be placed in the strong fortifications on the Island of Alsen, and on the Sundevad, the Sleswick coast opposite the island. It is also reported that the King of Sweden will make an attempt to get Sweden, Norway and Denmark declared singly and jointly neutral, like Belgium and Switzerland, especially with a view to a Russo-Prussian war, which is believed to be unavoidable sooner or later. If King Oscar should succeed in carrying out this programme, he will indeed have created for himself a name in the three Scandinavian kingdoms.

VOL. XXXV.—6\*

—Mr. Choy Awah, of Washington, District of Columbia, a Chinaman, was made a citizen and voter of the United States on the 5th day of November last, thus taking precedence of Mr. Yung Wing, who was recently made a voter at Hartford, and was supposed to be the first native of China who had attained to the full privileges of American citizenship in the Atlantic States.

—The ceremony of unveiling the monument to the memory of the late Emperor Maximilian took place in the city of Trieste, April 3d, in the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, archdukes, ministers, and an immense concourse of people. Great enthusiasm was exhibited, and speeches were made dwelling on the merits of Maximilian, and expressing the attachment of the inhabitants of Trieste to the imperial house. The Emperor, who was deeply moved, cordially thanked the people for their manifestations of loyalty.

—The one-hundredth anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord was celebrated in a magnificent manner, April 19th. This Centennial celebration of the first armed opposition on the part of the Colonies toward England was commenced on the 18th by appropriate services in the old North Church, Boston, and at night by hanging signal lights from its tower; the ride of Paul Revere was also re-enacted. On the 19th, at Concord, the assemblage of people was large, among whom were the President and Cabinet officers, together with the Governors of several of the neighboring States.

—An arrangement has been made between the leaders of the Liberal party in Belgium and Prince Bismarck. The latter, by application of diplomatic pressure, undertakes to bring about the downfall of the clerical ministry; the Liberals, then returning to power, are to make laws to suppress the publication of views unfavorable to the German ecclesiastical policy. The Liberals would introduce compulsory military service and establish new fortifications, consequently the Liberal Belgian papers support the latest demands of the German Cabinet, insisting on the overthrow of the clerical government. This means Prussianizing of Belgium.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

**FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.**—It is a common belief that American schools are very superficial, and European ones very thorough. Here are some random illustrations in the simple matter of geography, which do not sustain that belief. It is the popular author of "Guy Livingstone," who, in his work entitled "Border and Bastile," describes the lights of Philadelphia as "gleaming out on the broad, dark Susquehanna." The brilliant Amelia A. Edwards, in one of her earlier novels, "Hand and Glove," describes one of her characters as "pacing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation." A writer in that well-known periodical, *Once a Week*,—in the number for June 16, 1866,—declares that "Franklin, on his return from France, was elected Governor of the State of Philadelphia, and shortly afterward President of the United States." In a very successful English novel, called "Zoe's Brand," the following paragraph occurs. It gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans: "A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind blown straight from the Wintery regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." In the same novel the mocking-bird is described as "talking in a fluent and parrot-like style." Nor are such mistakes confined to the literature of the country. They crop up not less frequently and amusingly in social intercourse. An American lady, who had brought with her to Europe a child's nurse, black as the ace of spades, was asked by an English lady at the Grand Hotel, from what part of the country the negress had come. On being told from Philadelphia, the *Anglaise* gravely asked if all the people of Philadelphia were of that color? Whereupon our countrywoman replied, "Of course," and retired in good order. And a hospitable New York gentleman, on offering to take a young Englishman out to drive in Central Park, was solemnly requested by him to take him instead "where he could see a prairie and a few

buffaloes." No less a personage than the elder Dumas, describes in his novel of "Le Capitaine Pamphile," the virgin forests of Pennsylvania as infested with boa constrictors of an appalling size. His hero, too, like Mr. Guy Livingstone, "beholds Philadelphia rising like a queen between the blue waters of the Delaware and the green waves of the ocean." In the first manuscript copy of "L'Oncle Sam" received in the United States, the scene of the first act was laid on board of one of the magnificent steamboats that ply between Chicago and New York. Only last Winter the manager of the *Ambigu*, in Paris, on producing a dramatized version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," was reproached by the critics with "not having caused the stage in the first act to be set with tropical plants so as to show the audience at once and unmistakably that the scene was laid in Boston."

**INTELLIGIBLE RECEIPT.**—An old lady out West gives the following recipe for pickling beef: "Take a right smart of beef, put in a power of salt, add a few molasses, a smart chance of saltpetre, a heap of water, and you'll allow you have the tenderest beef you ever worried down your neck."

**A MIXED METAPHOR.**—A Corn-cracker preacher took his text from the Gospel of Haggai, and in the course of his remarks said that all the cisterns in heaven can not wash out sin; nothing will suffice but the brazen serpent erected on the pole of the Gospel."

**LYNCH LAW.**—In Howe's "Historical Collections of Virginia" is the following notice: "Colonel George Lynch, a brother of the founder of Lynchburg, was an officer of the American Revolution. His residence was on the Staunton River, in the southwest part of Campbell County, now the seat of his grandson, Charles Henry Lynch, Esq. At that time the country was very thinly settled, and infested by a lawless band of Tories and desperadoes. The necessity of the case involved desperate measures, and Colonel Lynch, then a leading Whig, apprehended and had them punished without any



superfluous legal ceremony. Hence the origin of the term 'Lynch Law.' At the battle of Guilford Court-house, a regiment of riflemen raised in this part of the State, under command of Colonel Lynch, behaved with much gallantry. The Colonel died soon after the close of the war. Charles Lynch, a Governor of Louisiana, was his son."

This account of Mr. Howe corresponds with the traditions of the Lynch family. It is an interesting fact that Colonel Lynch was a member of the Society of Friends, and a man of great benevolence and humanity. He remained connected with the society until he became a soldier, when he either withdrew or was disowned. Thus the system of jurisprudence, which has been the most brutal in its results, had its origin, as at present designated, in patriotism and the necessity of self-protection, and he from whom it derived a name was a man of humane disposition, and of respectable and conservative surroundings, and had been educated in the tenets of the society which, above all others, taught "On earth peace, good will toward men." R. W. C.

IRVING'S METRICAL PROSE.—Nobody will accuse Irving of courting the muses; but what shall we say of the following lines from his "Knickerbocker's New York," printed as prose? They occur at the beginning of the sixth book.

"The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,  
From golden visions and voluptuous ease;  
Where, in the dulcet 'piping time of peace,'  
He sought sweet solace after all his toils.  
No more in Beauty's siren lap reclined,  
He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows:  
No more entwines with flowers his shining sword,  
Nor through the live-long lazy Summer's day  
Chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals.  
To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute,  
Doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace,  
And clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel;  
O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved,  
Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,  
He rears the beaming casque and nodding plume;  
Grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance,  
Or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed,  
And burns for deeds of glorious chivalry."

POETICAL COINCIDENCES.—Often the same thoughts are expressed alike by various writers, some of whom have unconsciously borrowed from the others, or have been guilty of actual plagiarism. The ancients

are common property, and it is not considered a plagiarism to take from them. There are, however, coincidences of expression which must be referred to original suggestion on the part of the writers, and perhaps some of the following are such:

"The Summer's flower is to the Summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die."

—*Shakespeare, Sonnet 94.*

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—*Gray, Elegy.*

"There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,  
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."

—*Pope, Rape of the Lock.*

"In distant wilds, by human eye unseen,  
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;  
Pure, gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
And waste their music on the savage race."—*Young.*

"And like the desert's lily, bloom to fade."

—*Shenstone, Elegy iv.*

"Nor waste their sweetness on the desert air."

—*Churchill, Gotham.*

"Which else had wasted in the desert air."

—*Lloyd, Ode at Westminster School.*

THE ORTHOGRAPHIC MANIA.—We clip the following from an exchange. It shows how great men have been amused, and had fun with each other over the same idea, now so prevalent:

Many persons have read, at one time or another, a little anecdote about the late Lord Palmerston, which tells how that jovial nobleman once gave eleven of his associates in the cabinet a sentence to spell, and how not one of the eleven got through without blundering. The sentence was, "Is it disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato?" There are here several words easy to misspell; but a correspondent sends to the New York *Evening Post* a sentence, which he says, on the authority of Lord Robert Cecil, was actually given out to a school in Ipswich, by the side of which the Palmerston test became ridiculously simple. It runs thus:

"While hewing yew,  
Hugh lost his ewe,  
And put it in the *Hue and Cry*.  
To name its face's dusky hues  
Was all the effort he could use.  
You brought the ewe back, by and by,  
And only begged the hewer's ewer,  
Your hands to wash in water pure,  
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,  
Should cry, on coming near you, 'ugh!'"

THE FIRST ENGLISH SONG.—The following old English poem is said to have been the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and first discovered in one of the Harleian manuscripts, now in the British Museum:

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

"Sumer is i-comen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu;  
Groweth fed and bloweth med,  
And springeth the wode nu,  
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth, buck verteth;  
Murle sing cuccu:  
Cuccu, cuccu:  
Wel singes thu cuccu;  
Ne swik thow nower nu.  
Sing cuccu nu,  
Sing cuccu."

The following is a modern prose version: Summer is come in. Loudly sing cuckoo! Groweth feed, and bloweth meed, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth (that is, harboreth among the ferns); merrily sing cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing cuckoo, now sing, cuckoo!—*London Musical World*.

GOD AND MAN IN ANGLO-SAXON.—Of their conception of the essence of the divine being, the Anglo-Saxon language affords a singular testimony, for the name of *God* signifies *good*. He was goodness itself, and the Author of all goodness. Yet the idea of denoting the Deity by a term equivalent to abstract and absolute perfection, striking as it may appear, is perhaps less remarkable than the fact that the word *Man*, which they use, as we do, to designate a human being, also signifies *wickedness*; showing how well they were aware that our fallen nature had become identified with sin and corruption.—*Palgrave's History of England*.

MARGINAL READING IN THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—There are certain facts concerning the English version of the Scriptures so well known as scarcely to need mention. These are, first, that words printed in *italics* have no words answering to them in the original; they were supplied by the translators to complete the sense; second, that where the title Lord is printed (in the

Old Testament) in *capital letters* (LORD), the term in the original is JEHOVAH; and, third, that the marginal readings (not references) are of equal authority with the reading in the text, having been the work of the translators.

There is one fact, however, in reference to these marginal readings that has almost vanished from the knowledge of the Church. They are of two kinds; and the difference was noted by the translators by a difference in the reference-marks which they employed. In examining a Bible having marginal readings, issued by the American Bible Society (who very properly retain the old notation), it will be perceived that only two marks are employed, namely, the parallel lines (||) and the cross (†). Where the former mark (||) is employed, the margin gives a mere alternative translation of the original word, which the translators did not think as good as the one placed by them in the text; but where the latter (†) is used, the marginal reading is always the *literal* translation of the original, and the text presents the translators' opinion as to the idea intended to be conveyed by the original. Thus Isaiah xxvi, 4, is printed in the text, "Trust ye in the LORD for ever; for in the LORD JEHOVAH (in JAH JEHOVAH) is †everlasting strength." The margin gives as the literal translation of the phrase rendered in the text "everlasting strength," "*the rock of ages*." It will also be perceived that wherever the cross-mark occurs, the marginal reading is, in the Old Testament, always prefaced with the abbreviation *Heb.* (for *Hebrew*), and in the New Testament with *Gr.* (for *Greek*). In the Book of Daniel, *Chald.* (for *Chaldaic*) also occurs. It will well repay any one to read the Bible with an eye to these marks. The word whose literal translation is thrown into the margin is almost always some figurative expression, the employment of which gives a force and grandeur to the Scripture which does not appear in the text—as in the passage above quoted from Isaiah. How far superior is the expression, "in the Lord Jehovah is the rock of ages," to that which the text presents!

It is to be regretted that many prominent publishers (Bagster, for instance) have given up these distinctive marks, substituting in their place mere numerals.



## SCIENTIFIC.

**FALL OF COSMICAL DUST TO THE EARTH.**—It has been ascertained by Nordenskiöld, of Stockholm, that small quantities of a cosmical dust, foreign to our planet, and containing metallic iron, cobalt, nickel, phosphoric acid, and also a carbonaceous organic matter, fall upon the earth along with snow or rain.

**ATTAR OF ROSES.**—Attar of Roses for European commerce is almost exclusively supplied by a small tract of country in Roumelia, on the southern side of the Balkan Mountains. There has been some question as to what species of rose is chiefly employed, though it is known that the large, dark red damask rose yields a larger per cent of the precious oil than any other. This species, *Rosa Damascena*, is almost unknown in a wild state, and Mr. Baker, of Kew, an accomplished rosarian, regards it as most likely a cultivated variety of *Rosa Gullica*, which spreads in a wild state from France to Kooristan.

**TOBACCO SMOKE AND CARBONIC OXIDE.**—*Dingler's Polytechnic Journal* contains an account of researches made by Dr. Otto Krause, of Annaberg, on tobacco smoke, which he finds contains constantly a considerable quantity of carbonic oxide. The after effects of smoking are said to be principally caused by this poisonous gas, as the smoker never can prevent a part of the smoke from descending to the lungs, and thus the poisoning is unavoidable. The author is of opinion that the after effects are all the more energetic, the more inexperienced the smoker is, and he thus explains the unpleasant results of the first attempt at smoking, which are generally ascribed to nicotine alone.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY IN EGYPT.**—The Khedive of Egypt has recently charged Dr. Schweinfurth with the formation of a geographical society, which, like that of Russia, shall enjoy a *quasi* official character. The society is to direct the exploring expeditions which it is proposed to send to the most remote parts of territory under the sway of Egypt. It will trace out new roads for

commerce, and supply scientific observers with all facilities which will promote the cause of science generally. The Egyptian general staff, presided over as it is by several of the most experienced American officers, will prove a useful auxiliary to the society, and has already furnished the *personnel* for an expedition dispatched for the exploration of Darfur and the countries to the south of it. Dr. Schweinfurth is eminently fitted to fill the position to which he has been assigned, as all must agree who have read his fascinating book, the "Heart of Africa," which shows him an enthusiast in the department of geographical and scientific exploration.

**LOUISE LATEAU—"THE MIRACLE."**—The Royal Academy of Medicine at Brussels has given its opinion on the so-called "miracle," Louise Lateau, who, it is said, by divine assistance abstains from taking food, and has done so for years together. Moreover, this miraculous creature has some wounds in her hands, side, and feet, which are said to be true representations of those of Christ, and which bleed profusely every Friday. Dr. Virchow, the celebrated German anatomist, has made her the subject of a little pamphlet, "Ueber Wunder." The opinion of the Brussels Academy, which is quite in accordance with that of Dr. Virchow, is as follows: "Louise Lateau works and requires heat; every Friday she loses a certain quantity of blood by her wounds. When she breathes she exhales water vapor and carbonic acid; her weight has not decreased since she has been observed, she therefore consumes carbon not supplied by her system. Where does she take this carbon from? Physiology simply replies, 'She eats.' The alleged abstinence from all food of Louise Lateau is contradictory to all physiological laws; it is therefore hardly necessary to prove that this abstinence is an invention. Whoever alleges that Louise Lateau is not subject to physiological laws, must prove it. Until this is done, physiology will denote the miracle to be a deception. Could Louise Lateau be closely observed night and day

by scientific men, the deception would soon come to light. It is no use to talk of miracles, even when eleven doors are shut against deceit, as long as the twelfth is left open."

**DISTILLATION OF CAMPHOR.**—Vice-Consul Allen, in his report of the trade of Tamsuy and Kelung, describes the distillation of the camphor of commerce from *Cinnamomum Camphora* as a most hazardous trade, the distillers having to be constantly on the alert for fear of attack by the aborigines, who are naturally opposed to the continual encroachments into their territory for the purpose of cutting down trees for the extraction of camphor. No young trees are planted in the place of those cut down, nor do the officials take any cognizance of the diminution which is being surely effected in the supply of a valuable commercial article. The stills are described as being of very simple construction, and are built up in a shed in such a manner that they can be moved, as the Chinese advance, into the interior. A long wooden trough, coated with clay and half filled with water, is placed over eight or ten furnaces; on the trough, boards pierced with holes are fitted, and on these boards are placed jars containing the camphor-wood chips, the whole being surmounted by inverted earthenware pots, and the joints made air-tight by filling them up with hemp. When the furnaces are lit, the steam passes through the pierced boards, and, saturating the chips, causes the sublimated camphor to settle in crystals on the inside of the pots, from which it is scraped off and afterward refined. During the Summer months the camphor often loses as much as twenty per cent on its way from the producing districts to the port of shipment.

**THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.**—The French are trying to open a regular trade with Timbuctoo and Soudan *via* Tusalah, the chief city of Touaregs. They have recently conquered the oasis of Goleah, about six hundred miles from the coast. It is from that place that M. Paul Soleillet, the enterprising Sahara explorer, will start for Tusalah, having to march a distance of only nine hundred miles. The colonization of Algeria has recently received a strong impulse from more than ten thousand Alsace-Lorrainers having

settled in the colony. The European population is increasing, not only by a sensible flow of emigration, but by the excess of births over deaths. The colonists, exclusive of the army, now number 250,000, while the native population is not more than 2,250,000. The governor of the three provinces is General Chanzy, who has decided on the institution of three annual fairs to be held in the southern part of each province. Goleah being too far south, a city will be founded for that purpose at about three hundred miles from the coast, in the Eastern province. It is expected that, attracted by these fairs, Arabs and Touaregs of the west will resume the old trade. Another French African settlement is the district south of the Gold Coast, known as Gaboon. The Marquis de Compiegne and M. Marche, who explored this region last year, are shortly to resume their explorations, which were cut short by hostile tribes.

**CAOUTCHOUC FROM BURMAH.**—A new source of caoutchouc reaches us from Burmah, a description of which has been given in a pamphlet published in Rangoon. The plant yielding this caoutchouc is the *Chavannesia esculenta*, a creeper, belonging to the natural order Apocynæ, an order which includes the Borneo rubber-plant, *Urceola elastica*, the African rubber-plants, as well as other genera yielding milky juices. The plant, which is common in the Burmese forests, is said to be cultivated by the natives for the sake of its fruit, which has an agreeable acid taste. It comes into season when tamarinds are not procurable, and finds a ready sale at Rangoon. The milk is said to coagulate more readily than that of *Ficus elastica*, and to be purer, and better for most purposes for which rubber is used, and may perhaps be as easily vulcanized.

**A GIFT FROM THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY.**—The Alaska Commercial Company has presented to the National Museum at Washington eight mummies, from a cave in the Aleutian Islands. They resemble those from Peru, being doubled up with the knees close to the chin, and wrapped in skins. They were formerly hung up in the cave, like hams in a smoke-house; but the loops decaying, they were all found on the floor.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## BORROWING TROUBLE.

MORE than two hundred years ago there lived in Castile a handsome prince and a beautiful princess, who had every thing that a good human heart could have, except trouble. It seemed that this could not come to them. They were young, full of health, and cheerful; they had kind and very wealthy parents,—and, beyond all, they could count friends who had for them a sincere affection, which is a very rare happiness for persons of royal blood. Often the princess would say:

“Ferdinand, what is trouble? How does it feel?”

And Ferdinand replied, “Alas, Isabel, I do not know!”

“Let us ask our parents to give us some,” pursued Isabel; “they never refuse us any thing.”

But the king and queen shuddered at their request.

“No, no, dear children,” they cried. “You do not know what you ask. Pray that these wicked wishes may vanish from your hearts.”

But the prince and princess were not satisfied with this answer. They applied, in secret, to the most powerful courtiers; and, to their great astonishment, met with refusal, accompanied with a laugh, and polite bow. They even had recourse to the court jester.

“Ah, that trouble is a very precious thing,” said the jester. “One can not buy it, and it is not to be had for the asking. But you may borrow it.”

“Good!” cried the delighted pair. “We shall borrow some this moment.”

“But,” added the jester, “if you borrow any, you must pay back in the same coin.”

“Alas!” sighed the prince and princess, “How can we, if we have no trouble which belongs to us?”

“True! That is the trouble,” pronounced the jester, as he stole away.

“What did he intend those words to mean?” said the prince, nearly out of patience; “but we need not trouble ourselves about him,—he is only a fool.”

Then, in despair, the two children went in search of their faithful nurse, who had been in the palace ever since their birth.

“Dear Catharine!” said they, “we have never had any trouble. The priests say it is the common lot of mortals. Have you had yours?”

“O yes, my darlings; I have always had more trouble than I want,” replied the old woman sadly, shaking her head.

“O, O! give us some! give us some, good Catharine!” eagerly exclaimed the prince and princess.

But Catharine lifted her hands in horror, and tottered away, mumbling prayers. Then the prince and princess went down into the garden, and sat upon a mossy seat.

“Nobody will give us what we have asked for,” said Isabel. “It is very cruel.”

“Yes, very cruel,” replied Ferdinand, taking his sister’s hand.

“Our parents never refused us any thing before,” resumed Isabel.

“Never!” answered Ferdinand.

“Nor the courtiers,” added Isabel.

“Nor the courtiers,” echoed Ferdinand.

“Nor our dear old nurse,” said Isabel, with a strange feeling in her eyes.

“Nor our dear nurse.”

“It is wickedness!”

“It is insolence!”

“It is ingratitude!”

“Very great ingratitude!”

“It is cruelty!” finished Isabel, with sobs; “and my eyes are full of tears. How do you feel, Ferdinand?”

“Very badly, Isabel. I think my eyes also are wet with tears.”

Just then the chief gardener came that way. He hastened to them.

“My dear prince and princess!” he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees before them; “you are weeping! O, that these noble and beautiful children can have trouble!”

“Trouble!” echoed Ferdinand and Isabel. “This is trouble, Carlos?”

“Assuredly, I think so,” said Carlos, much puzzled.

Then the prince and princess arose gayly,

clapped their hands, and ran to the palace, as happy as two birds. Their wish was gratified at last.

#### THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'LL master it," said the ax, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface, till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hammer; "I knew you would n't do it; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame, but he curved gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these,—and hard, indeed, is that heart that can resist love.

#### THE POTTERY TREE.

BRAZIL has many wonderful vegetable productions, and not the least wonderful of these is the pottery tree. This tree has a very tall, slender trunk, measuring often a hundred feet from the ground to the lowest branches, while not more than a foot in diameter. The wood is very hard, and contains a great deal of silica,—not so much, however, as the bark,—which is largely employed as a source of silica in the making of pottery. The bark is first burned, and what is left from the burning is pulverized and mixed with clay. With an equal quantity of the two, a very fine quality of ware is made. It is very durable, and will bear almost any amount of heat. The natives employ it for all manner of culinary purposes. When fresh, the bark cuts like soft sandstone; when dry, it is generally brittle, though sometimes hard to break. After being burned, if of good quality, it can not be broken up between the fingers, a pestle and mortar being required to crush it.

#### GLIMPSES OF SUMMER.

SHINE and shower, shower and shine;  
Here comes a bumble-bee ready to dine;  
Where have you been, you indolent rover?  
Now take your fill from the sweet white clover.

Sing and fly, fly and sing,  
Black and white bobolinks on the wing;  
While round and round, now high, now low,  
On airy journeys the swallows go.

Red and sweet, sweet and red,  
Roses on every garden-bed;  
Lilies and thrushes, blossom and song;  
Long are the days, and as glad as long.

Hum and dart, dart and hum,  
Here is the sprite of the Summer come,  
Wandering winged from nook to nook,—  
Rainbowed "hum-bird!" listen, look!

#### THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

THREE little birds in the top of a tree,  
Swinging and singing merrily;  
Singing and swinging in the sun;  
What will they do when the day is done?

All since the morning cool and gray,  
They have sung with the best, the live-long day,—  
Singing and winging their way in the sun;  
What will they do when the singing is done?

Under the broad leaves, cool and green,—  
The blossoms bending with dew between,—  
While the new moon shines in the yellow west,  
The birds will sleep sweet who sang the best.

#### GOD'S CHILD.

OTHER girls have brothers kind,  
Little sisters good and bright,  
Father, mother—never mind,  
God keeps Polly.

Other girls can read and write,  
Say their prayers with perfect wits,  
I can only say at night,  
God keeps Polly.

Other girls have faces fair,  
Eyes to love, and lips to kiss,  
Lovers for their graces rare,—  
God keeps Polly.

Other girls can dance and sing,  
I can only stand and look;  
But the winds are whispering,  
God keeps Polly.

Other girls, when they shall die,  
Will have mourners standing by,  
No one needs for me to cry,—  
God keeps Polly. —*Good Things.*

#### THE RAIN.

FOREVER and ever the low gray sky  
Stoops o'er the sorrowful earth;  
Forever and ever the steady rain  
Falls on bare, bleak hill and barren plain,  
And flashes on roof and window pane,  
And hisses upon the earth.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

MANKIND, like the individual man, has its childhood, its maturity, its old age. The religions of the world have been given to the world in dispensations suited to the waxing age of the race or nation to whom the dispensation was given. The patriarchal dispensation came to men in the period of childhood. The mind of the Chinese has never yet got beyond the parent worship of the infantile ages. Great movements of mind have taken place in different ages; movements of which individuals were the exponents rather than the creators. Confucius did not create Confucianism, neither did Sakya-Muni create Buddhism. The four great religions of the world, like the race itself, are of Asiatic origin, and each in its turn represented a movement of world-mind, which prepared the way for the success of the prophets, who were the heralds and mouth-pieces of the incoming faith. The Oriental world made a grand leap in the days of Abraham from idolatry to Judaism, and a grander in the transition from Judaism to Christianity. The idolatrous Arabs of the early Christian centuries made a grand stride upward when, under the guidance of the hero-prophet, they embraced Monotheism. God conducted the Jews from gross idolatries to a pure and simple-rited Christianity through a sea of symbols and centuries of apprenticeship to ceremonies and rituals. It has been a question with many pious minds whether the lower races should not be similarly elevated by gorgeous object-teaching to the simple, unadorned plainness of intellectual Christianity. Sir John Bowring thought that the Chinese should be Christianized by passing through Romanism; and there are not wanting men, who, like Winwood Reade, insist that Western Asia and Africa are in the true route to Christianity by passing through Mohammedanism. We have not time nor space to show, in answer to these advocates, that Christianity, in the days of Paul, took the abominable heathen of Southern Europe, without any intervening Judaism, and elevated them, at a few strides, from the most

degrading and disgusting vices, and the profoundest depths of ignorance and sin, and made saints out of the worst kind of sinners, whose religion, as is apt to be the case on such a low intellectual plane, was ahead of their morals, and who, while sincere and earnest and fervent in spirit, had to be constantly warned against relapsing into adultery and fornication and uncleanness, and lying and profanity and theft and other vices from which they had been reclaimed. Since Carlyle made Mohammed his hero-prophet, there has been no end of effort put forth by writers and lecturers to prove that Mohammedanism was doing a good work for the Asiatic and African races. Barth, Livingstone, Wilson, and other explorers and writers on Africa, have no patience with its hollowness, its want of reforming power, and its atrocious brutalities; but Emanuel Deutsch, in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1869, entitled "Islam," shows the close kinship between Judaism and Mohammedanism, and R. Bosworth Smith, in four lectures delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1874, aims to do justice to Mohammed's character, and to exhibit what has been good in Mohammed's influence on the world. These lectures are booked for public use and reference in a substantial volume, called *Mohammed and Mohammedanism* (Harper & Brothers, New York.) The author is not merely tolerant toward Islamism, he believes in a unity which rests in the belief that the children of a common Father may worship him under different names. However much we may dissent from the opinions of the author, his volume is worthy of careful perusal. (Robert Clarke & Co.)

CHRIST'S Life has been written again, not by a hostile Strauss or friendly Neander, not by a sentimental Rénan or a rhetorical Beecher, but by Daniel Wise, D. D., in a style "simple without being juvenile," and adorned with eighty-three illustrations. We have no patience with foot-notes. They may have appropriate place in new, corrected,

and edited editions, but in the original draft of a work they should be wrought into the text. Foot-notes in books and quarterly and magazine articles give the appearance of great learning and research, but to our mind are often suggestive of slovenliness and want of time and care in the original composition. Some texts are printed with express design for comment and annotation, but, in a flow of narrative or reasoning, frequent interruption by the fine printed colloquist at the foot of the page is, like the versification and chapterization of the Bible, destructive to sense and continuity, impertinent and intrusive. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

"EUREKA" is the *nom de plume* of a writer on the very absorbing, not to say universally popular subject, Christian unity. The title of his book is *Ecce Unitas*. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.) It will be read with the interest that naturally attaches to the subject, though the author, like every sectarian, from the Romanist to the hard-shell Baptist, finds union in *exclusion*, rather than *inclusion*. His first proposition cuts off all Roman Catholics and High Churchmen, and his last, submersionists of almost every hue, leaving the true Church to be composed of "the children of God, 'by faith in Christ Jesus;'" (how known, but by the Methodist test, "witness of the Spirit?") The Romanist denies "the right of private judgment," and all denominations sit in judgment upon this same right of private judgment; while the submersionist says "baptism (meaning thereby submersion), like all God's commands, is essential to salvation," and consequently to Church fellowship.

THE venerable John S. C. Abbott still wields a vigorous pen, proving that the septuagenarians are not all laid aside yet. His latest work is a continuation of "American Pioneers and Patriots," *The Adventures of Chevalier De La Salle*, (Dodd & Mead), explorations of the prairies, forests, lakes and rivers of the New World, and interviews with savages two hundred years ago. A book for boys worth cart-loads of romance. This fearless adventurer passed over thousands of miles in birch-bark canoes.

The author, old as he is, is rhetorical as a school-boy, and indulges in such sophomorical romance as the "fathomless(?) depths" of the Mississippi, in which the body of De Soto found burial! "the rush and roar of the incoming billows(?) of the terrible Missouri, the most tremendous(?) river on the globe!" Our recollections of the Missouri are rather the surface of a muddy lake than of the "maniacal fury" of "rushing, boiling, turbid waters!" Several spirited etchings illustrate the volume. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

REV. WILLIAM B. ORVIS cuts the Gordian knot which many are essaying to untie, and finds the golden secret of Church unity in the total abolition of all external rites and ceremonies. The high-sounding title of his book is *Ritualism Dethroned and the True Church Found*, a plea for Christian liberty, Christian union, and the higher Christian life. The book is dogmatic, largely historical, and worth the reading of sermon-makers, who want to see all sides of a subject. Its author appears to be a Quaker Congregationalist. Its publisher is Henry Longstreth, 738 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

SARAH TYTLER has rendered good service to schools and students of music, as well as to the owners of small and select libraries, by compressing, from the Imperial Dictionary and other sources, the lives of sixty of the most prominent musical masters into a volume of some four hundred pages, titled *Musical Composers and their Works*, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and sold at the moderate price of two dollars. The authoress had no need to "apologize for the disproportionate length of the sketches of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn." Next to Handel, they were peers in the musical realm. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

ONE of the most interesting books sent to our table this month is the *Reminiscences of Macready*, the great English tragedian. The first part of the volume is autobiographic, the latter part journalistic. No man ever did more to purify the drama and to create a taste for the works of the immortal Shakespeare. Macready combined, in his person, most singular extremes. He was a fine classical scholar, though not extensively



learned, a great reader, and a judicious critic, possessed of an imperious manner and ungovernable temper, yet self-reproachful and contrite whenever passion got the mastery and rioted for the moment in violent outbreak. He was, withal, an exceedingly religious man, emphasizing with an imprecation, now and then, some special meanness in humanity, and yet conducting prayers with great fervency and regularity in his family, signaling birthdays and special occasions with pious reflections, and even prefacing his theatrical engagements with devout prayers to Almighty God for success in his undertakings. It is evident that one-half the world does not understand the religion of the other half. Macready's patient labor to acquire his profession, and his unremitting effort to perfect himself in it to the latest period of life, are, or might be, a model for pulpit neophytes. Mrs. Siddons's advice to Macready in youth was, "study—study—study;" and his own pet phrase in later life was, "energy—energy—energy." Pity it is that, as a player once said to a preacher, in reply to the inquiry why the stage was so much more effective than the pulpit, "actors treat fictions as though they were realities; while preachers often present realities as though they were fictions." Macready never consorted with the common herd of actors, indeed, rather despised them as a class, deprecated the temptations to which young females were exposed in the green-room, dreaded the idea of his children becoming players, and in their earlier years, never took them to the theater. His efforts in behalf of the legitimate drama were only temporarily and partially successful. Somehow or other, the stage obstinately refuses to be either elevated or purified. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

JOHN WESLEY seems likely to have full justice done to his labors and memory. The incomparable biography of Southey is supplemented by the exhaustive volumes of Tyerman, and Tyerman himself is righted where he is wrong by the masterly critique of Rigg. It is long since we have been so deeply interested in a work as we were from beginning to end in *The Living Wesley*, as

he was in his youth and in his prime, by James H. Rigg, D. D., with an Introduction by Dr. John F. Hurst, President of the Drew. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) It seems a pity that Dr. Rigg did not have the opportunity to write the life of Wesley and a history of Methodism. He was anticipated in his design by Stevens and Tyerman. His criticisms upon Tyerman are fair, impartial, and most happy, while he sets forth many points of Wesley's life and character in a new light. His topics are, Wesley, the Collegian at Oxford; Wesley and his Relations to Women; Wesley's Ritualism and Mysticism, his Evangelical Conversion; Wesley, the Preacher; Wesley, the Scholar and Thinker. He handles each of these themes with the strong judgment of an acute reasoner, and the reverent love of a disciple and admirer.

BEFORE us lies the third volume of Alexander William Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, its origin, and an account of its progress, down to the death of Lord Raglan (June 28th, 1855). Those who have read the first two of Mr. Kinglake's interesting volumes will welcome the appearance of the third, which contains an account of the battle of Inkerman. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The leading event of the years 1853-4-5 was the war of the Crimea, the alliance of English, French, and Turks, against the Russians. The 14th of September, 1854, twenty-five thousand English, twenty-five thousand French, and eight thousand Turks, landed in the Crimea. Six days after followed the bloody battle of the Alma; a month later came the battle of Balaklava, with its "famous charge of the light brigade;" and then, November 5th, the slaughterous battle of Inkerman.

THE doings of the noted American evangelists in England are not only chronicled in the dailies of both hemispheres, but congenial friends and admirers have hastened to make a permanent record of their labors in book form. Messrs. John Hall, D. D., of New York, and George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, have edited, and Messrs. Dodd & Mead, of New York, have published, in a handsome duodecimo of four hundred and fifty pages, prefaced with likenesses of the

workers, "*The American Evangelists*, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, in Great Britain and Ireland." Their modes are peculiar. Mr. Sankey sings and Mr. Moody exhorts, and the whole thing would wear, to us, an air of greater originality, if the Methodists had not been doing the same thing and practicing similar methods for a hundred and fifty years. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *Boys and Girls in Biology*, or simple studies in the lower forms of life, based upon the latest lectures of Professor Huxley, and published by his permission, by Sarah Hackett Stevenson, illustrated. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) A beautiful volume, full of interesting studies, but one that will find more readers with adults than with the class for whom it was prepared. Children can be interested with experiments, something ocular, but they will rarely read about them. *Love Enthroned*; another treatise on sanctification, by one of its ablest advocates

and promoters as well as one of its most consistent exemplifiers, Daniel Steele, D. D. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *God's Word through Preaching*, the Lyman-Beecher lectures before the theological department of Yale College (fourth series), by John Hall, D. D. The Appendix is interesting, consisting in the lecturer's answers to various questions proposed to him, in writing, by members of the class. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *The Young Outlaw*; or, Adrift in the Streets, by Horatio Alger, Jr. (Loring, publisher, Boston.) *Conquering and to Conquer*; by the author of the "Schönberg Cotta Family." (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus*, edited by Basil Gildersleeve, a nice little book, thoroughly annotated, for use in schools and colleges. (Harper & Brothers, N. York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.—Musical festivals are an old institution in Europe; they are becoming tolerably common in this country. It is singular that they cling to provincial capitals rather than to great commercial Babels, Leipsic rather than Berlin in Germany, Birmingham rather than London in England, Boston rather than New York on this side of the Atlantic. That held in Cincinnati, in May last, was a grand achievement. We Christians have to thank heaven for the concert-room. Handel struggled with operas and opera-troupes with only moderate success for forty years, when he found immortality in his grand religious oratorios, heard by millions, who never would have followed him into the theater. Jenny Lind renounced the opera and took to the concert-room, to the delight of thousands who would never have heard her as the Daughter of the Regiment, or as Alice, or Agatha. Then we have to thank Julien, and Gillmore, and lastly and chiefly, Theodore Thomas, for putting unexceptionable music,

vocal and instrumental, before the Christian public, such as the most rigid Puritan or pietist can not find fault with. Thomas's work is educative. He despises charlatanry and clap-trap, and brings before the public only the best works of the greatest masters. This is pleasing to those who have education and discrimination, and they sit humbly and admiringly at the feet of the mighty masters of the lyre, and their capable interpreters. To other classes this is not so agreeable. There are those who have no musical faculty, who can not, as one said to us lately, "distinguish *do* from a handsaw," and to whom music is an unintelligible language, or an unbearable jargon, who join with the old bear, Dean Swift, in his famous sneer at "Handel, with his parcel of fiddlers."

There are others, and their name in this new country is legion, who have the musical instinct, but are wholly uneducated, who, from sheer—we will not say ignorance, for that seems to convey an idea of disgrace and reproach, but from sheer non-knowledge,



can not appreciate any thing beyond a song or a ballad, a plain psalm, or a strain of negro minstrelsy. Such complain of "operatic screeching." Such persons are always in quest of a "tune," a simple melody of a few dozen notes, unembarrassed by harmonies, and frequently repeated, that ruts itself into the mind, and becomes agreeable by association and familiar acquaintance.

Such persons remind us of the anecdote of Kendall's band, which went from Boston into some rural village in Massachusetts, and, in their gay traveling wagon, played some symphony or concerto to give the rustics a taste of classic strains from some of the old masters. When the grand *finale* was reached, and the pleased performers took their horns from their lips and asked, "How do you like that?" "O, very well," said the novices in brass and reeds—"well enough in its way—but can't you give us a *tune*? can't you give us Yankee Doodle, Old Hundred, or Hail Columby?"

Since the days of Palestrina, contemporary with the Lutheran Reformation, music has been a new revelation. It has made wonderful strides since the days of Bach and Handel, within the last one hundred and fifty years. Sister arts—poetry, architecture, sculpture, and painting—have burst upon the world, and reached and in their earliest ages received at the hands of their earliest masters—perfection that has never been excelled by later ages. Homer and Job, the oldest of poets, were also the greatest. The sculpture and architecture of Greece have never been rivaled. Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo are inimitable. It is an open question whether music reached its highest perfection in Bach and Handel. Certainly, all subsequent composers, so far, have bowed to these first geniuses.

But the world likes novelty, and prefers the fresh and new, though feeble, to that which is old and mighty. Handel, Haydn, and Mozart are disappearing from our programmes, and Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Wagner, and Liszt are the reigning favorites of the hour.

Sustained melody, song-ody, like those of indigenous peoples, or like those composed by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Rossini, simple and familiar, that every body knows and every body can learn, seem to be dis-

carded in modern orchestral symphonies, and composers task themselves to produce harmonic and melodic effects, snatches of melody, varied infinitely throughout the wonderful range afforded by wind and stringed and pulsatile instruments; and this may be sensible and legitimate. There are no "tunes" in nature. Go stand out of doors under the open sky, and listen to the voices around you, the hum of insects, the chirp and whistle, the caw and coo of the birds, the trickle and rush and patter and roar of waters, the rustle of grass and leaves, the steady thunder of the cataract, the crescendo and diminuendo of ocean's tremendous diapason, and the sudden burst and crash of thunder; all is melody, all is harmony, all is soothing to the spirits, or filling them with ideas of the tragic and sublime; and yet there is no tune, no concatenated harmony, no mathematical intervals or skillfully constructed melodic relations. All this is the work of man, the creator, the inventor, the combiner of nature's wealth of material for the gratification of his lofty sensés and the higher elevation of his wonderful soul.

Perhaps there is nothing in the whole range of invented art like the modern orchestra. The organ, grand in its own way, can not rival it. The melodeon, a box of jew's-harps, reeds without pipes, is flat, and limited in its range of effects; the piano, whose clattering wires are a tinkling impertinence as an accompaniment to the voice, is confined, in effects, to soft and loud, as its name implies. But the orchestra, with its interminable variety of effects, can imitate and suggest every thing in nature—the roll of thunder, the tossing of waves, the singing of birds, the clash of battle, the songs of angels, and the wails and howls of tragedy and despair.

Music, like oratory, can not be described. Each must be heard to be appreciated. At this distance from the Cincinnati Festival it would serve no purpose to try to put into language the wonderful effects produced upon immense auditories by Wagner's "Lohengrin," Beethoven's Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, Mendelssohn's ever-favorite oratorio of "Elijah," Bach's "Magnificat," Schubert's Symphony, and Liszt's "Prometheus." Certainly such music was never before heard west of the Alleghany Mount-

ains, and but seldom on this side of the Atlantic. One fact was distinctly noticeable, and that was the insignificance of individual singers, though artists of the first class, in the presence of such an overwhelming chorus and such a powerful orchestra. Whitney is unrivaled in this country or in England as the prophet in "Elijah;" but the oratorio needs soloists with powers sparsely bestowed, voices like those of Parepa, Madame Rudersdorff in her prime, Sims Reeves, Simpson, and a few other gifted performers.

For four days Cincinnati wore her gayest holiday attire. The "glorious fourth" does not blaze more flaringly, and the Centennial of '76 will have difficulty in surpassing the floral and flag display. Cincinnati Festivals are under judicious economical financial arrangements,—the cool head and planning brain of Colonel Nichols and his associates, who manage to come out square, and not to incur such disaster and loss as fell in the train of the big Boston Jubilees—to our mind as big musical, as they were financial, failures. There is a limit to sound and hearing, and the Exposition Hall is all too large for the highest gratification of those who would enjoy the best effects of music. The orchestra was splendidly housed at the Festival, but it split the chorus in two, and prevented the grand effects producible only by massing voices. We hope the suggestion will be heeded of bringing Mr. Thomas here next Winter to play and sing with the Harmonic Society in smaller compass and more compact quarters, where those who are fortunate enough to secure seats may enjoy their privilege to the best advantage. These jubilees and festivals are evidently unwieldy affairs, that even the imperturbable and somewhat obstinate Thomas can not perfectly control and manage to advantage.

**PORTRAIT OF BISHOP MERRILL.**—Stephen Mason Merrill, whose portrait graces this number of our magazine, was born in Jefferson County, Ohio, September 8, 1825. A large portion of his childhood and youth was spent in the vicinity of Hillsboro and Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio. He was converted in boyhood, and attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the age of nineteen, he was licensed to

preach, and delivered his first sermon in Greenfield. In 1846 he was admitted into the Ohio Conference, and appointed on the Monroe Circuit. His life, as a pastor, has been spent wholly in Ohio and Kentucky. In 1868, he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, in which office he served four years, when he was elevated to the episcopacy.

In person, Bishop Merrill is tall, compactly built, black-bearded, dark-skinned, with a keen black eye, of a dignified deportment, and a sedate countenance. Yet there is a streak of humor in his composition, and he is not slow to laugh at a joke. He is a good preacher, full of solid argument and sound words, little given to rhetorical figures, and seldom indulging in imaginative flights, but still interesting as well as instructive to the thoughtful hearer. His cast of mind leads him rather to the elaboration of doctrinal points than to the practical enforcement of them. In controversial theology, he is at home, and as a debater, he has few superiors.

Bishop Merrill has been a close student, and, though without the advantages of a scholastic training, he is a fair scholar, and understands enough of the original tongues in which the Scriptures were written not to be confounded by a show of superior scholarship in an adversary. As an administrator of discipline, he will most likely be cautious; and, while not arbitrary, will not be in haste to resort to doubtful expedients. Dr. Merrill's episcopal record is yet largely to make, but from what we know of the *man*, we can safely trust the *bishop*.

YANKEE INGENUITY is endless. It found an able exponent in Dr. Pierce of the *Zion's Herald*, at the New England Conference, who harnessed an able and eloquent missionary sermon to the text, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here."

LIQUOR-VENDERS appear to have found an apologist for their nefarious trade in Rev. T. K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York, who is roundly taken to task for his inconsistent consistency (so Beecherish and Emersonish) by Rev. Dr. A. C. George.

THE ADIRONDACKS! Those who can not visit them may solace themselves by studying the beautiful picture presented by our artists in the present number of the REPOSITORY.















THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1875.

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## THE DUTCH, OR AMPHIBIOUS INDUSTRY.

WHILE of other countries it can be said that the people have made the nation or the civilization, of Holland it can be said that the people have made the country itself, land and all. The original materials for the construction of Holland consisted almost entirely of sand that had been thrown up by the ocean, and of mud that had been carried down by the Rhine and Meuse, which there find their way to the sea. This sand and mud the Dutch have industriously collected, and, in many cases, fished up from great depths, or else transported from great distances, and put within barriers, and, by various other processes, secured. Having carried on this business for hundreds of years, they have at last built for themselves a respectable country, and are still continuing the process, in hope of accomplishing something more. Such being the origin of Holland, and such the energy of the people which have produced it, the country and the people, in their aquatic industry, furnish many features of interest which make them, perhaps, the most remarkable in Europe.

The land, being of such human construction, is required to be surrounded by dikes, or great embankments, to keep out the water. These dikes extend along the whole ocean side, and largely also along the rivers and internal lakes and seas. They are generally thirty or forty feet high, and one hundred feet thick,

and sometimes may be seen in several rows, one behind another, like the successive ramparts of a fortified town, and sometimes rising, one above another, like the graduated terraces of a French garden. They are constructed with great difficulty and cost, owing to the sandiness or marshiness of the soil, which often makes it impossible to get a firm foundation for them. The Dutch generally sink down great piles, or trunks of trees, for their base, or else lay immense beds of granite or mason-work beneath the waves; after which the superstructure is built up, often of the same materials, but more commonly of stakes, brush, straw, clay, and mud, which are filled in together, to make it water-proof, and heaped up to make it high enough and strong enough to resist the violence and pressure of the ocean. These great walls, which run around and interlace, as a network, all Holland, are still being daily built upon or restored, as they have been in all ages, necessarily engaging a great part of the industry of the people.

The land of Holland lies, for the most part, lower than the ocean. As you stand upon the dikes, the country has the appearance of a great bed, or basin, that has been scooped out. It looks like one great hollow, whence, indeed, the name of Holland, or Hollow Land. The great ocean rolls off and apparently rolls up on the one hand, and the land

descends on the other; so that you can not help thinking that the land ought to be where the ocean is, and the ocean ought to cover the land. On approaching the water, you go up, instead of down; so that to "go up to sea" is a common expression among the Dutch. As you stand on the land, behind the dikes, you hear the ocean roaring above you, and you keenly appreciate the fact, that were those artificial barriers but for a moment removed, the ocean would rush in and overflow the whole country, filling what seems to be its natural bed. In the interior of Holland, likewise, the land is in many places lower than the bottoms of the rivers which flow through it, so that the Rhine and the Meuse are actually carried on elevated aqueducts through the country. Every thing, in short, shows nature there reversed. The ocean is higher than the land; the rivers, higher than their natural banks; "the keels of the ships float above the chimneys of the houses; and the frog, croaking from among the bull-rushes, looks down upon the swallow on the house-top."

Not unfrequently the dikes break, or the tides of the ocean rise above them; as when the waters of the North Sea, driven by a severe north-west wind, rush southward into the British Channel, and, as the Straits of Dover are not wide enough to let them pass, are rolled back upon the coast of Holland, rising in extraordinary tides and bearing heavily against the dikes. This is a time of apprehension and danger to the Dutch. Their sentinels, who are kept always on guard against their great enemy, the ocean, give the signal, when the bells throughout Holland are rung, and the people hurry to the defense and rescue of their land. They spring to the dikes, and proceed to strengthen them and build them higher; and, for a while, as the tide rises, it is a race between the ocean and the Dutch. Time and again have the Dutch triumphed, and as often saved their country. Occasionally, however, the ocean has been too powerful or

too quick for them; when, breaking through or rising over the dikes, it has overflowed the greater part of Holland. There have been some thirty-two of these floods in history, any one of which would rival that of Noah or of Deucalion. At these times the Dutch spring to their boats and rafts, or rush to the high places on their eastern borders, where nature has built them an occasional Ararat; and from there they see their country, cities, and homes, sink out of sight. In one of these overflowings, fifteen hundred and sixty dwellings were submerged; in another, in 1287, the Zuyder Zee was formed, when eighty thousand people perished in its bed. In the flood of 1570, one hundred thousand people were destroyed, and a countless number of towns and villages. This, in fact, has been the history of Holland,—flood after flood, and destruction after destruction, until periodical desolation has become the custom of the country.

And yet, these little drawbacks have never discouraged the Dutch. They have always gone to work and patiently scooped out the ocean, and gone on with their business as before; for they who had been able to collect this land from the ocean, in the first place, have known how to drive back the ocean as often as he has come on shore to claim his own.

The following verses, by Andrew Marvel, are highly expressive of the amphibious industry of the Dutch, and of the misfortunes with which their country has to contend:

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,  
As but the offscouring of the British sand,  
And so much earth as was contributed  
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;  
Or what, by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell  
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell;  
This indigested vomit of the sea  
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

Glad, then, as miners, who have found the ore,  
They, with mad labor, fished the land to shore;  
And dived as desperately for each piece  
Of earth as if't had been of ambergris;  
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,  
Less than what building swallows bear away,  
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,  
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.



How did they rivet with gigantic piles,  
Through the center their new-catched miles!  
And to the stake a struggling country bound,  
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;  
Building their watery Babel far more high  
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,  
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;  
As if on purpose it on land had come  
To show them what 's their *mare liberum*,  
A daily deluge over them does boil;  
The earth and water play at level coil.  
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,  
And sat not as a meat, but as a guest;  
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw  
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau;  
Or, as they over the new level ranged,  
For pickled herring pickled herring changed.  
Nature it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,  
Would throw their land away at duck and drake."

The country is exposed also to danger from internal inundations, arising from the stopping up of the rivers by the ice in the Spring thaws. For, as all the ice of the Rhine and Meuse must necessarily pass the Dutch streams, if it happens that these streams are still frozen when the ice of the Upper or Southern Rhine gets loose (which is a thing oftentimes very liable to occur, since the Rhine comes from a warmer to a colder clime), the ice, getting stopped in its northward flow, forms itself into a solid dam, heaping up in icebergs above its surface, so as to arrest the passage of the water, which, as it rises, must necessarily overflow the dikes behind it. "In 1799, when the very existence of a large part of Holland was threatened by an inundation from this source, more formidable perhaps than any on record, the Rhine rose at Nymegen seven feet in one hour; and when the accumulated waters at last broke the ice dam, they hurried down icebergs so tall as to conceal the houses of Nymegen from the view of those on the opposite bank. At the moment of the ice-burst, the river was filled with ice to the bottom, which, as it scraped along, carried off the gravel with it. So extensive and numerous were the dike ruptures, that a large part of Holland, on both banks of the Rhine and Waal, was laid under water; the icebergs crossed the *polders*, or meadow-lands, sweeping away houses built upon the dikes, and

the loss of life, of men and cattle, was incalculable."

The Dutch, however, have at length arrived at such perfection in the construction of the dikes, and in otherwise managing the ocean and the rivers, that, by continued diligence, they can avoid future disasters. The last great flood was in 1855. The arms of one of the Dutch provinces is a lion swimming, with the motto, *Luctor et emergo*,—"I strive, and I keep above water,"—which aptly expresses the precarious situation and industry of the whole Dutch people.

Much of the land of Holland consists of seas, lakes, and marshes, which the Dutch have dried up. These industrious people, not content with fishing the dirt out of the water, have expelled the water itself, and settled in its place. Some of these seas and lakes had formerly been very dangerous. In humble imitation of the ocean, they used to overflow the Dutchmen's land, drowning men and villages by the thousands, so that they had to be surrounded by dikes, scarcely less formidable than those of the ocean, and constantly to be watched. The manner of drying up these seas is as follows: The Dutch surround them with canals, and then build wind-mills on their banks, with which the water is pumped out into the canals. They next convey the water, through these canals, to the dikes on the border, where it is pumped out, by other windmills, into the ocean; or where, when the ocean is at low tide, they open the flood-gates and spill it out *en masse*. They next sow the bed of the former sea or lake with grass-seed, and for a few years the new-acquired land supports great herds of cattle; after which, potatoes may be raised, and soon all other crops. The Dutch are now talking of drying up the Zuyder Zee, as they have already dried up the Lake of Haarlem.

Another source from which the Dutch recruit their land, is the sand-banks and shoals of the ocean. They go out into the ocean and hunt for shallow places; and when they find such, they drive back the water off them, and fill up the land

until they get it about on a level with the surface of the water. They then build dikes around it, and secure it as they before did their own shores. After they have, like the industrious coral, thus constructed an island in the ocean, the next question is, how to connect it with the continent. They generally proceed at once to fill up the channel separating it from the main-land, driving back the water in all directions, and gradually getting something like *terra firma*. In this way they have almost disposed of all those shoals and shallows which used to be so dangerous to navigation along the coast of Holland.

Another way by which they increase their land is to catch the sand which, on a windy day, is blown in great clouds along this coast. I saw this operation at Scheveningen, about two miles from the Hague. It was on a warm and windy day, and the sand was drifting about in all directions, like snow in Winter, filling the air so thickly that one could not see ten feet before him, and heaping up in great banks or dunes at different places. Formerly, this sand used to extend for many miles inward, being blown over the whole country, and settling sometimes several feet deep on the soil, destroying the crops, and rendering the land unfit for cultivation. It was the source of a great evil, which only the Dutch knew how to overcome. These industrious people, however, not to be outwitted by any thing, have set about to turn this to their advantage. I, accordingly, saw them, on this day, running around through the drifts with handfuls of hay or grass, which they stuck in the new-formed heaps, thereby preventing them from blowing away and extending inward, and also, at the same time, compelling the sand to heap up thereafter on the ocean side. Great banks are, accordingly, now heaped up daily close to the ocean; so that the land is gradually extending out, and filling what used to be the bed of the ocean. Moreover, these bits of hay and grass will soon rot, and thereby contribute to

fertilize the new-caught land, which is at once sown with certain kinds of grass which will grow upon sand, and planted with trees, whose roots, sinking and interlacing in the fickle soil, serve to hold it together. It only requires a few years until this is fit for all manner of crops. The Dutch, I may add, make further use of the new-blown sand by catching it in their dikes, by which means the dikes are more easily constructed than if all the dirt had to be raised by human hand. The lines of the dikes, accordingly, are gradually extending ocean-ward; so that no sooner does one become untrustworthy than it can be dispensed with, owing to a new one being formed on the advanced ground. Thus the land and the ramparts of Holland are being gradually pushed out into the ocean in the direction of England; and the Dutch facetiously boast that they will yet join their land with that of Great Britain. Thus the Dutch have made and defended their land, and are still making and defending it, being in a continual contest with the water.

But their land is still half water, after they have made and rescued it from the water. As you look over it, from one of the great church steeples of Holland, you hardly know whether to call it a sea full of islands, or a land full of seas and streams. The whole is interlaced with canals, and spotted with lakes and ponds, which invariably make up the Dutch landscape. This water, however, is all under control, and is not any more than the Dutchmen need, so fond are they of water. The interminable lines of canals serve for communication between the towns and villages, all of which are connected by as many canals as ours are by railroads and turnpikes. The canal-boat is the most common mode of conveyance, whether for goods or passengers. They may be seen floating over the country in all directions, the land being fairly alive with them. The canals serve, also, for fortifications, being made to flow around almost every town and village. They serve, too, for



fences, dividing one man's land from another's, and one field from another, flowing in ditches in every conceivable direction. In this they do great service, as in much of the land large herds of cattle and sheep are constantly kept, and need to be separated. But their chief use is for washing; for, as the Dutch are much given to cleaning, as I shall presently describe, it is very desirable that every family have a canal flowing by the door. These canals supply, also, a large number of parks and gardens, both public and private, with lakes, and fill a great number of skating-rinks and fish-ponds. For, as if they had not enough water in general, every Dutchman must have a puddle of his own. The whole Rhine is divided off into canals, portioned out into little streams, running in all directions; so that, in flowing through Holland, it is no longer a great river, but is lost in the Dutch ditches, ponds, puddles, and streams, that are made to wash cow-stables or scrub streets. Not a particle of it finds its way to the sea except in the shape of a canal or ditch, which at one point or another is let out by a flood-gate, when the tide is low, or else pumped out by windmills over the dikes. Such a treatment does this noble river receive on getting into the Dutchman's country. The canals of Holland may be seen to special advantage in a Dutch town, where they run through almost every street. More business is carried on in a Dutch town in boats than in wagons. Sometimes there is nothing but the canal, which forms the entire street, the houses on both sides rising directly up out of the water; although more generally there are fine quays on each side, planted with trees, the canals flowing through the middle of the street, and taking up about half of the space. The Dutch towns have, accordingly, all somewhat the appearance of Venice. Amsterdam is divided by its numerous canals into ninety-five islands, which are connected by no less than three hundred bridges. The water in the Dutch canals,

whether in town or country, is almost motionless, the movement of the current being barely perceptible. This gives rise to much stagnation and foul air; so that the Dutch stinks are as great as their floods. This can not but be very unhealthy, although it seems to agree with the Dutch, and not to be particularly offensive to them, they being of a froggish disposition and inured to swamps. They keep themselves very busy, however, in clearing out these canals, and one can not look far along any of them but he will see somebody in a boat, fishing up the mud from the bottom. At some places they have machines by which the water is artificially set in motion and made to flow; so that, after the Dutch do make streams, they must push the water through them. One of the machines for this purpose is constructed under the Exchange of Amsterdam.

Owing to the sandiness of the soil, and of the much water in the land of Holland, the houses can not be built upon the ground. To get a solid foundation, the Dutch drive down piles, or the trunks of trees, into the ground, on which they place the houses. These are driven down by steam, like those which are sunk in the Mississippi River, or in Western sloughs, to build railroad bridges upon. The State-house of Amsterdam alone stands on thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-five of these piles. The Dutch have sunk almost the entire forests of Norway under their houses, and a great part of their enormous industrial fleet is now engaged in carrying wood and stone for their under-ground foundations. Of course, in going through the streets of a Dutch town, one does not notice the piles, as they are sunk out of sight,—the houses appearing as if resting on the ground, like other houses. When, however, a house is being removed, or an excavation takes place, one can see the under-ground forest showing itself; the appearance of the soil beneath Amsterdam or Rotterdam being like that of an endless scaffolding or frame-work of timbers. This fact has

given rise to the witticism of Erasmus,—“I have seen a city whose inhabitants, like crows, live on the tops of trees.”

The Dutch, who have known how to master the sand and the water, have also taken possession of the wind. “Not a breath is allowed to pass without paying toll by turning a windmill as it were.” This is, accordingly, a land of windmills, no less than of floods and dikes and canals and piles. Windmills are never out of sight, and sometimes hundreds of them may be seen at once. They are used in Holland for every purpose for which steam is ordinarily used, and not, as in other European countries, merely for grinding. They saw the Dutchman’s timber, crush his rape-seed for oil, grind snuff, beat hemp, etc.; although their principal use is for raising water. In this the Dutch have most ingeniously set the wind to counteracting the water, yoking one element against another, and mastering nature by nature herself. As you walk along the dikes, you may often see the windmills in rows, one row behind another, as regular as the planted avenues of trees; and also one row above another, rising in terraces, sometimes of four and five successive rows, up the dikes, by which the water is successively raised to different heights. Some of these windmills are constructed on a gigantic scale, and often finely ornamented, rising at times as high as a church steeple, and extending their broad arms to the length of one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet. It is not uncommon for a family or two to live in one of them. The great painter Rembrandt was born in a Dutch windmill.

One of the greatest peculiarities of the Dutch is their cleanliness, or, rather, their love for cleaning. This has become even a passion with them, and is carried to the same extreme as religious observances are in some countries,—as fasting in Italy, or keeping the Sabbath in Scotland and New England. It is due, I think, partially, to their great industry, and particularly to their special love for

working in water. A Dutchman is always washing or scrubbing something. They keep their houses so clean that you will look in vain for a particle of dust or spot of any kind. The doors, sills, and other wood-work are kept freshly painted, and the walls are as white as new-fallen snow. On entering a Dutch house, you see the cleanliness before you see any thing else. In nearly every house there is one room, a *sanctum sanctorum* of cleanliness, which nobody is allowed to enter except the woman of the house, who goes in once a week to clean it; at which time she gives every article of furniture a thorough overhauling, scrubs the floor, washes the windows, polishes the door-knobs, dusts the curtains, and then religiously shuts it up till the next cleaning-day. Every Saturday morning, the Dutch women wash their houses on the outside, scrubbing them from pavement to chimney. Any point that is too high for broom or ladder they reach by a forcing-pump. Out of nearly every window may be seen a woman, stretching herself half-way out, perhaps, with brush and cloth, reaching after some fancied dirt spot, or dashing a pail of water at it. It is understood at this time that the town is given up to cleaning, and the passers-by on the pavement below have no right to complain if they get a shower of water and suds over their heads. The spiders have been driven entirely out of Holland, or left in disgust; and I do not think I ever saw a fly anywhere in the country. No swallows are allowed to dirty up their houses or stables, and, strange to say, one sees no birds about whatever, except the omnipresent storks, which are allowed, by special favor, to build their nests in the chimney-tops, owing to a particular veneration which the Dutch have for this bird, likely because it is a water-fowl, or, rather, a water and land fowl; or, like the Dutch themselves, an amphibious swamp animal. As you go through a Dutch town, the most common sight is the women washing in the canals. On both sides, from one end of the street to



the other, they may be seen, at all times of the day, washing every thing, from a baby's stocking to a table-cloth; and when they have nothing else to wash, they wash out their brooms and brushes and tubs and themselves. Sometimes the whole canal has the appearance of flowing with soap-suds. The Dutch have learned the art of washing, and every thing connected with it, so well, that other countries often send their linens there to be washed and bleached, especially the large manufactories. The meadows outside of a Dutch town are fairly white with washed articles stretched over them.

The Dutch town of Broeck, about four miles from Amsterdam, is the cleanest in the world. It has not until lately allowed a horse or wagon to enter it. No stranger is admitted into any of the houses, but must put up in the cheese-factories or cow-stables, which, however, are kept as clean as the dwelling-houses. In fact, the cow-stable is a common reception-room in Holland. It often occupies part of the same building as the family; and, before entering it, a servant will meet you at the door with a wet cloth, on which you are required to wipe your feet before proceeding farther. The members of the family never enter their house with their shoes, but take them off at the door, and put on slippers, or else enter in their stockings. There is a place somewhere in Holland where it is said the people dare not even enter the town with their shoes on, but must take them off at the gate. It is common, about Broeck and other places of North Holland, to paint the trunks and lower branches of the trees, to prevent them from catching the dust. They do not even allow the cows' tails to hang down, but, for the sake of cleanliness, train them to grow up. If you enter a Dutch cow-stable, you will commonly see the tails of all the cows tied to a ring in the roof. The sheep's tails they commonly cut off, and sometimes they even shave the stumps.

I might add, that, with all the Dutch washing and cleaning, the country is,

nevertheless, the dirtiest in the world. It is perhaps this natural dirtiness that has disposed them to so much cleaning, just as they meet every difficulty of nature, by trying to overcome it. The canals are half mud, the water rarely extending more than half-way to the bottom; and even at the surface, it is so thickly mixed with mud that it can hardly flow. If the streets of a Dutch town were left two days without cleaning, the mud would cover your ankles. In walking anywhere in the country, you get your shoes full of sand, and your eyes full of dust. Hence it is necessary that a warfare against dirt should be prosecuted as briskly as against water; and so they clean with the same earnestness that they build dikes or drain swamps.

Another peculiarity of the Dutch is their fondness for shipping, owing of course to their great love of water. Just as, at home, they can not be said to live on land, but to be permanently on board the ocean; so, as if they had not enough water at home, they go out in the distant seas, living in ships, like rats, and preying on the goods of all nations. Far more than any other people are they given up to commerce. For a long time they were the only nation who had any connection with Japan, and other Eastern countries, since which, however, they have been instrumental in opening up to the rest of the world. Their ships now sail from every port, whether civilized or savage, and bring to Rotterdam and Amsterdam every conceivable article of food or curiosity which the tropics or the Indies produce. As you walk along the streets of their cities, and see the curious wares spread before the shops, you hardly know whether you are in China, or on the banks of the Zuyder Zee. They have, moreover, besides their foreign commerce, their colonies in all parts of the earth,—Madagascar, Java, Guinea, etc.,—and they keep up as close a connection with these as with their own provinces at home. They delight especially in the islands of the ocean, which they have taken possession of in every zone. There

they can expatiate in their true element, sailing about from island to island, and from sea to sea, as at home they sail about from town to town, and from puddle to puddle, in their canal-boats. The Dutch, as is well known, have colonized more countries than any other people, including not only those which they at present possess as colonies, but the best part of every other nation's possessions; as, Australia, or "New Zealand;" and New York, or "New Holland."

The Dutch, who are the bravest of all people, and, as is generally the case with brave people, are the least disposed to fight, are decidedly aquatic in their methods of warfare. They will do any thing for peace; but, when war becomes inevitable, they will do every thing for victory. When the country is invaded, they are accustomed to cut the dikes and overflow the land, drowning their towns and villages, and, with them, their enemy; calling down, like Samson, destruction on themselves and their foes by the same desperate measure. They drown their country to save it, believing that, as they gained it originally from the ocean, they can do so again. Thus the

ocean, which in time of peace is their most dreaded enemy, becomes in war their most powerfully ally. With this means of defense, no nation in the world can conquer the Dutch. They sit in their low marshes, as secure as the Swiss in their high Alpine fastnesses. When Louis XIV was marching victoriously through Europe, and all nations were throwing open their gates to him, the Dutch opened to him their flood-gates. As late as 1830, when the French contemplated an invasion of Holland, the Dutch had every thing ready to flood the country at a moment's notice; so that it became the policy of the French then, and remains the policy of Europe now, to let the Dutch alone.

The exceeding great loss of life and property in the event of such a flooding of their country is incalculable. Half the nation is reduced to beggary, and years are required to drive back the ocean and get their land in a fit state for cultivation again. Yet the Dutch have never hesitated to resort to this last sad necessity, when other means have failed to save their country.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

## ALL ABOUT THE RING OF RINGS.

HAVING answered satisfactorily our little Maud's query,—“Where did you get my beautiful ring, papa?”—Aggie, the eldest of our circle, put the inquiry, “Who made the first ring, papa?” As this was a poser, I fell to work upon the subject, and have gleaned information regarding the “ring of rings,” which I propose, through the indulgence of the conductors of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, to lay before its fair and numerous readers.

It is said, by trustworthy authority, that Tubal Cain fashioned the first ring, and, not knowing what to do with it when he

had made it, consulted Adam on the matter, and, by his advice, gave the ring to his son, that he might espouse a wife with it. Some, however, doubt if the ancient Hebrews used marriage rings, although the words of the Jewish betrothal service—“Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel”—almost assert that they did. An old writer says the ancient Jews acknowledged the planet Jupiter to be a star having favorable influences, and it was customary among them for a newly married man to give his bride a ring with the planet's name



engraved upon it, so that she might be delivered of all her children under Jupiter's benign auspices. But it does not seem as if the wedding-ring was an Israelitish institution, as it is never alluded to in Holy Writ as such, or mentioned by the Talmudists. Still, the nuns of St. Anne, at Rome, believe themselves blessed in possessing the marriage ring of their saint, the mother of the Virgin,—a rudely made silver ring,—and, according to monkish legends, Joseph and Mary were married with a ring, onyx and amethyst. This ring was found in 996, and given by a Jerusalem jeweler to a lapidary living at Elusium, who, from lack of faith, set no value upon the *felic* until a miracle opened his eyes to its genuineness. He presented it to a Church, where it worked wonderful cures upon ailing believers. In 1473 some sacrilegious rascal robbed the Church of its treasure.

Wheatley, in his book on the Common Prayer, calls the ring a usable pledge of man's fidelity, "which, by the First Common Prayer Book of King Edward VI, was accompanied with other tokens of sponage in gold and silver." This lets us into the meaning and design of the ring, and intimates it to be the remains of an ancient custom, whereby it was usual for the man to purchase the woman, laying down for the price of her a certain sum of money, or else performing certain articles or conditions which the father of the damsel would accept as an equivalent. This was accounted by the Romans the firmest kind of marriage they had. Pliny tells us it was customary to send an iron ring without any stone in it, by way of present to a woman on her betrothal,—a fashion which sprung out of another Roman custom, the giving of a ring as earnest, on the conclusion of a bargain. The Roman bride, at her actual marriage, usually received a ring bearing the figure of a key upon it, in token that henceforth she would be charged with the keys of her husband's house; and sometimes the keys themselves were handed over to her at the same time.

When an Anglo-Saxon bachelor and maiden were betrothed, they exchanged presents, and the gentleman gave his lady love a solemn kiss as he placed a ring upon her right hand, to remain there until he himself transferred it to her left hand, when the second and final ceremonial took place. In later times, wedding-rings were hallowed before being put to their proper use, by sprinkling with holy water, and the offering of a special prayer for the benefit of the wearer. When the bridegroom spoke the words endowing his bride with all his worldly goods, he put the ring upon her thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" then upon her forefinger, saying, "In the name of the Son;" next upon her middle finger, "In the name of the Holy Ghost;" finally placing the ring upon the woman's fourth finger, as he said, "Amen," and there he left it. Several reasons have been advanced for the selection of the fourth finger. One is, that it is supposed a particular vessel, nerve, or artery confers from the heart a more cordial relation with the fourth finger of the left hand. The fourth finger, being the last to succumb to the gout, in ancient times, was known among physicians as the healing finger, and always used by them in stirring their mixtures, in the belief that nothing harmful to health could come in contact with it without its immediately making a sort of telegraphic communication of the fact to the heart of the stirrer. The thumb and first two fingers being reserved as symbols of the Blessed Trinity, the reservation left the fourth finger the first available as ring-finger, to those who disbelieve in any physical connection between the fourth and the supposed seat of love. The fourth finger is guarded on either side by its fellows, and is the only finger on the hand that can not be extended without either of them following its movements. It is the least active finger of the least used hand, upon which the ring may be always in sight and yet subjected to the least wear.

Although the ring was always placed

upon the fourth finger in church, it was not always allowed to remain there. English ladies were wont, at one time, to transfer the golden fether to their thumbs,—a custom perhaps originated by some high-born bride, whose finger was so small the ring would not stay on it. At Stamford Court, Worcestershire, may be seen the portraits of five ladies of the Salway family, who lived in the days of Queen Bess, all of whom carry their wedding-rings upon their thumbs.

Butler thus bears witness to the practice:

"Other were for abolishing  
That tool of matrimony, a ring,  
With which the unsanctified bridegroom  
Is married only to a thumb."

And according to the *British Apollo*, the brides of George I's time used to remove the ring from its proper abiding-place to the thumb as soon as the ceremony was over. The married ladies of old times did not always carry the mark of their matronhood about with them; for, according to a translation of the French version of the story of Patient Grissel, she is made to say to her hard-hearted lord, when departing from his house, in the scantiest of costumes: "Your jewels are in the wardrobe, and even the ring with which you married me, withal, in the chamber." Tertullian, despite of Pliny's testimony, was inclined to believe that the Romans used gold wedding-rings, as more symbolical of the generous, sincere, and long-lasting affection that ought to exist between man and wife. Swinburne says it is of no moment of what metal the ring is made, the form being round and without end, importing that the love of those it unites shall circulate and flow continually. But a thirteenth century bishop advances excellent reasons why the ring of rings should be of gold. He tells us, that "one Protheus made a ring of iron, with an adamant inclosed therein, as a pledge of love: because as iron subdueth all things, so doth love conquer all things, since nothing is more violent than its ardor; and, as adamant can not be broken, so love can not

be overcome, for love is strong as death." In course of time, golden rings set with gems were substituted for the adamantine ones of baser metal, "because,"—the worthy bishop explains—"as gold excelleth all other metals, so doth love excel all other blessings; and as gold is set off by gems, so is conjugal love set off by other virtues." How could that bishop have reconciled himself to a celibate profession?

Dr. Albert G. Mackey, Past General Grand High Priest, S. G. C., to whom we are indebted for some of the above facts, says: "Many people believe that a marriage can not be legally performed with a ring of any material save gold; and it is customary, even to this day, in some parts of Ireland, to hire a gold ring for the occasion, and return it when the pair are safely bound. Marriages, however, have been celebrated with nothing better than a brass curtain ring; and stories are told of the church key being pressed into service." The editor of *Notes and Queries* relates a strange tale of a bridegroom's readiness, when he discovered he had left the all-important circlet behind him. The young daughter of a certain widow, as young daughters are apt to do, bestowed her affections upon a gentleman whose merits the widow could not appreciate. Knowing, probably from experience, what headstrong creatures love-smitten young folks are, the old lady kept strict watch and ward over the misguided maiden; but, as might have been expected, one old head is no match for two young hearts. One day the widow awoke to the fact that she wanted a new pair of shoes, and set off with her daughter to the shoemaker's. Seizing the opportunity, when mamma was sitting with one shoe off and one shoe on, the damsel slipped out of the shop, and hied her to the church; where, by a wonderful coincidence, she found a clergyman, his clerk, and a young gentleman with a license in his pocket. All went well until it was necessary to produce the ring, when, to every one's dismay, it was not forth-coming. The bridegroom, how-



ever, was not daunted by such a trifle; he pulled off a glove, whipped out his penknife, cut a ring of *leather*, placed it upon the lady's finger, and had the supreme felicity of being hailed a married man, just as the indignant widow burst into the church, too breathless to give vent to her anger.

A Jewish bridegroom could not have resorted to such an expedient; for, according to Jewish laws, it is necessary that the ring should be of a certain value, certified by the officiating rabbi. It must also be the absolute property of the bridegroom, and not obtained either upon credit or by gift. No Jewish wedding-rings are known to be in existence of an earlier date than the sixteenth century. "There are two Jewish marriage-rings in the South Kensington Museum," says Dr. Mackey; "one is a broad gold band, enriched with bosses in filigree; the other, of gold enamel, with an inscription running round the broad margin in raised enamel letters, and having fixed upon one side a turret with triangular angles and movable vanes." The late Lord Loundesborough possessed a Hebrew ring, of richly enameled gold, decorated with beautiful filigree work; and, attached by a hinge to the collet, in place of a setting, was a small ridged capsule, like the gable roof of a house, and inside the ring two Hebrew words were inscribed. Most Jewish rings bear a sentiment more or less appropriate; a favorite one being, "Joy be with you."

Mottoes, or posies, were generally inscribed upon the flat inner side of wedding-rings in the sixteenth century. The ring with which Henry VIII wedded Anne of Cleves bore the significantly appropriate prayer: "God send me well to keep!"

What could be more admirably adapted for a man inclined to embrace matrimony upon the principle of limited liability, and chary of undertaking to love and cherish a wife who might prove all worser and no better, than the couplet:

"As true to thee  
As thou to me."

But, in frankness, even this is surpassed by Bishop Thomas's motto for his fourth wife's ring:

"If I survive  
I'll make them five."

Within the last year or two, posy wedding-rings have reappeared. A more modern form of motto-ring is that wherein the words are formed by the initial letters of the stones arranged around the hoop; and, for wedding "keepers," the gems are made to spell out the bridegroom's Christian name.

Another and older kind of wedding-ring was the gimmel ring, in vogue when the ceremony of marriage was preceded by that of betrothal. The gimmel was a double or triple ring, formed by two or three links turning upon a pivot. At the betrothal, the parties concerned broke the ring asunder, each retaining a link, to serve as a reminder of the engagement until they ratified it at the altar, when the parts were reunited, and served for the marriage ring. These rings were usually ornamented with a pair of clasped hands inclosing a heart, a device in such favor that it was transferred to the ordinary wedding-ring. The fisher population of the Claddagh, in finding their own rings, reverse the rule obtaining every-where else. When Lord Milton took unto himself a wife, the ring with which he wedded her was in its way unique, for he had, with his own hands, fashioned it from a nugget found by him in British Columbia, while staying at the diggings there, after overcoming the dangers of the north-west passage by land.

Lost wedding-rings have sometimes been strangely recovered. In a recent number of Mackey's *National Freemason* is the following:

"A matron of East Lulworth lost her ring one day; two years afterward, she was peeling some potatoes, brought from a field half a mile distant from her cottage, and, upon dividing a double one, came upon the lost matrimonial circlet. A Mrs. Montjoy, of Brechin, when feeding a calf, let it suck her fingers, and, on withdrawing her hand, discovered, to

her dismay, that her wedding-ring and "keeper" had both disappeared. Believing the calf was the innocent thief, she refused to part with it; and, after keeping the animal for three years, had it slaughtered, and, sure enough, the long absent rings were found in its intestines, as clean and bright as when their owner last saw them on her finger. A wealthy German farmer living near Nordanhaven employed himself one day, in 1871, in making flour-balls for his cattle; when he had finished his work, he found his hand minus his wedding-ring, bearing his wife's name, it being the German custom for bride and bridegroom to exchange rings. Soon afterward, the farmer sold seven bullocks, which the purchaser shipped to England on board the *Adler*, cattle steamer, on the 26th of October. Two days afterward, an English smack, the *Mary Ann*, of Colchester, picked up at sea the still warm carcass of a bullock,

which was opened by the crew to obtain some fat wherewith to grease the rigging. Inside the animal they found a gold ring, inscribed with a woman's name and the date 1869. Captain Tye reported the circumstance as soon as he arrived in port, and handed the ring over to an official, who sent it up to London. The authorities set to work to trace its ownership, and found that the only ship reporting the loss of a beast, that could have passed the *Mary Ann*, was the steamer *Adler*, from which a bullock, supposed to be dead, had been thrown overboard on the 28th of October. Meanwhile, the *Shipping Gazette*, recording the finding of the ring, had reached Nordanhaven, and one of its readers there recognized the name inscribed upon it; communications were opened with the farmer, and in due time he and his wife rejoiced over the recovery of the pledge they thought lost forever." G. B. GRIFFITH.

### ELIZABETH CARTER.

WE are now hearing the last of the saying, that woman can not master the more recondite branches of learning. That former vantage point of opposition to woman students is being slowly abandoned, and the question now raised is of the value of such dearly won acquirement. In confronting this latter objection to the higher education of women, we find ourselves encroaching on grounds disputed among various educational systems. Education, we are told, is not merely to equip the mind for advances in a single direction, but to so expand all the mental powers that each faculty may dwell in harmony with the rest. To accomplish this is the ideal of all culture; but so seldom is it reached that we often envy the equilibrium in the intellects of the illiterate; in whom, though no single department of the mind be fully unfolded, yet all preserve with each

other that natural poise which tends to a prudent and steady conduct of the judgment in the narrow sphere in which it is called to act. Education is thought also to diminish happiness; as was the opinion of Epicurus when he wrote to Pythocles, "My dear boy, avoid all sorts of education." We are always praising what Locke calls "large, sound, round-about sense," in contrast to fastidious niceties of culture; and when the vagaries of bookish people are compared with the homely plainness of ignorance, we decry the student's whims, thinking,

"Rarus enim sensus communis in illa  
Fortuna."

It is advanced, therefore, that these acknowledged defects of education, in general, apply with increased force to the culture of women, because of the divergence of the intellectual traits of the sexes.



Woman's mind, encompassed by sentiment, affection, and nicer taste, seems to give forth a milder or golden radiance; while the masculine thought, by lack of the softer qualities, has rather a steel-bright brilliancy, evinced in clearness of eyesight, close observance of fact, and persistence in action. "The feminine attributes of the Greek mind," says Mr. Grote, "their religious and poetical vein, here appear in disproportionate relief as compared with their masculine capacities,—with those powers of acting, organizing, judging, and speculating, which will be revealed in the forth-coming volumes." We are told too, that to man books are essential as a counterpoise to his innate tendencies to materialism, but that woman is by nature partaker of those finer tastes which men must draw from intercourse with literature. And, surely, this is true in individual instances, and we recognize the delicate compliment uttered by Steele, when he sums up a lady's perfection in the saying, "To have loved her was a liberal education." The pith of the question thus seems to be, Does education make woman unfeminine? and will she be inclined, as a student, to turn aside into devious paths of knowledge, rather than to continue to be under the sway of a steady judgment? Will a wise content in the present mark her aspirations? or will the added sense of importance impel her to the pursuit of vague and impracticable schemes, under the all-potent name of reform? Some answer these queries by abundant citation of authoritative opinions; but, as names entitled to equal respect are to be found on either side, we can hardly hope to gain the reader's assent by the meagre preponderance of followers which one view may possess over the other. Might we not take a single example from the ranks of woman students, and, observing the influences bearing on her mind, profitably trace the growth of her character through its successive stages? Such an opportunity is presented to us in the life of Elizabeth Carter.

Beneath the shadow of Canterbury cathedral, in the seclusion of that silent town, dwelt Dr. Nicholas Carter, Rector of the Church of England, an accurate scholar, a rather severe, hard-headed divine, who boasted that his sermons were void of vain allurements, but penetrated the sluggish minds of his congregation by incisive power of pure reason alone. A solid university man, firm in his old, staid habits, entertaining a pious dread of the new, whether in the Church or the world, whose simple demeanor and unaffected fervor show him to have been one of those grand Doric pillars of the Anglican Church! In December, 1717, his daughter Elizabeth was born, whom he faithfully nurtured in all things becoming to the important station of the eldest daughter of a clergyman. Besides acquiring the domestic arts of the needle, and mastering the Catechism, Elizabeth was instructed in the lore of the kitchen, and, doubtless, early became skilled in the cooking of a hotchpotch, and other housewifery excellences of the time. She was, too, a frequent inmate of her father's study; and while the divine was busy preparing refutations of the heresies of France, or exposing Popish plots, Elizabeth was conning her Latin exercise, and between times was furtively peering into the somber folios, and puzzling herself, in childish awe, at the quaint, old engravings and illuminated headings which adorned the frontispiece of ponderous editions of the classics. Long before she could carry one of these bulky tomes, she pored over its sharply cut type, and perhaps tremblingly asked her father for explanations. Before long she could read Cicero, as yet slowly; and she felt new and strange attractions to go farther, and decipher these unfamiliar characters that appeared so frequently in the notes. Thus she learned Greek, and with it came Italian, French, Spanish, and German. How demurely our little pedant would come tripping into the cathedral, and with what half-shy vanities she translated moldering inscriptions on the tombs, and looked

reverently upward toward the saints who smiled lovingly from the dimly magnificent windows! Besides scholastic studies there was other and miscellaneous literature to be eagerly devoured. The *Gentleman's Magazine* was a monthly messenger from the great world without, a periodical which might well claim to surpass all others in variety, if in nothing else. Within this compendium were gathered speeches in Parliament, essays of other papers, gossip of the town, news of the Continent, and, lastly, sundry pages devoted to rhymes of all grades and upon all conceivable topics. Here might be found extracts from the newly published "Essay on Man," followed by lines to Mr. Pope, by his young admirers, odes to Sir Robert Walpole, lines to a pet dog, enigmas, and other unclassified effusions. Long had Elizabeth regarded this department as an arcana of sacred mysteries, and often fatigued herself in sagacious guesses as to the symbolism of some heavily versed riddle. One day, in July, 1734, while Elizabeth was yet sixteen, she found a rare wonder in the opening columns of the new magazine:

"Be it known to all men by these presents," such was the rather judicial language, "that the sum of £50 will be given to the person who shall make the best poem (Latin or English) on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; namely, all the said subjects jointly, and not any single one independent of the rest." The unnamed donor of this prize was alluded to in fitting terms, and though, from the subjects chosen, we should nowadays imagine him to harbor some decided grudge against the reading public, he was no doubt looked at by the rhymers of the time in the light of a munificent Mæcenas. What a determined scribbling must have followed! How were Dryden's "Virgil," and "Paradise Lost," ransacked by eager young enthusiasts, who thought this prize a Jacob's ladder, leading up to fame! Some of this ferment in young heads set Elizabeth's pen in motion, and in the November number appeared

her first attempt,—a profound riddle on "Fire." What a fine contempt she felt for Melissa and Belinda, who wrote odes to lap-dogs! How learned our young lady of sixteen begins!—

"Coeval with the world, I lay concealed,  
Till my existence prying man revealed."

And, farther on—

"What sage Pythagoras of old maintained,  
That souls departed still new bodies gained,  
So I by change of habitation live,  
And, transmigrating, a new face receive."

Henceforth Miss Carter resolved to devote herself to more important pursuits than riddle-making; and though, shortly, the *Gentleman's Magazine* contained a melting ode, over the signature of "Silvius," addressing her as,—

"Ingenious nymph, in mystic numbers skilled,"

the nymph persisted in an obdurate silence.

Gradually came the surprise,—not riddles nor verses, but a comely volume,—a translation of Algarotti's *Newtonismo per le Dame*, or *Astronomy for Ladies*, by Elizabeth Carter. What *would* Belinda and Melissa say to that? After this came more riddles; some English, occasionally in Latin, and a few extra tough ones in Greek; also odes on various lofty and sublime themes. The English and Latin tongues were laid under contribution to express Eliza's excellences, in the overwhelming praise that followed. One young gentleman composed a high-flown Latin ode "To Eliza, Plucking Laurels from Pope's Garden." No doubt, Miss Carter was sincerely happy over these little tributes. Perhaps our young lady of twenty would read and re-read that learned effusion, and may be detected some faint fragrance of the Sabine farm in the dedicatory line,—

"Ad Elisam Popi horto lauros carpentem."

Her graceful response to these attentions, and the light spray of riddles that she continued to dash off, did not prevent her from more serious studies. Her great work, the translation of Epictetus, shortly appeared. Thus was the event



marked by the muses of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

"Philosophy must, too, thy skill confess,  
And Newton shines clad in a softer dress;  
Ev'n boasting Gallia views with great surprise  
A new Dacier in British climates rise."

Among the causes which united in the success of this work, is the admirable judgment she displayed in selecting her author. Epictetus, as transcribed by Arrian, is a singularly attractive writer in his plain garb, and differs from other Greek authors in that it is the matter, not the expression, we are called on to observe. Having neither niceties of style nor quibbles on words, his direct and forcible manner was exactly suited to the genius of the British nation, who felt the strength of his lucid common sense. Literal prose translations were at that time comparatively rare. Men whose reverence for the classics rendered them too self-distrustful to venture on original composition, or whose tastes closely followed ancient models, have produced splendid paraphrases, at the expense of fidelity to the original. Chapman, Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope gave us grand poems, but left their masters untranslated, as before. Those who were contented to render literal prose versions were for the most part ignorant, who managed to feel their way by scanty knowledge of French; a representative of which class Fielding has introduced in "Amelia," among the queer assemblage of the debtor's prison. How different was the "Epictetus!" The translator's zeal for the cogent exhortation of the great Stoic appeared on every page. She curbed the impulse to amplify or polish, and gave to the reader language, which, while she admitted it to be "crabbed," and excused its seeming "uncouthness," was at all events accurate. This very rugged, sturdy quality was just what was then lacking in the favorite books. The artificial smoothness of Pope, to which the followers of Ambrose Philips added an absurd sentimentality, was beginning to enervate the manly language of writers of every class. "The

unequal measure of the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,'" said Goldsmith, "hurts our English ear;" and that same fastidious organ was closed to the prose of Bunyan and Defoe.

It was to such readers that our "Epictetus" came, gaunt and homely; but so appropriate were the words to the idea that scholars were taken with the novelty, they scarce knew why. Nor was the approval of contemporaries its only success. For more than a century it retained its pre-eminence, as the only translation of the great expositor of the doctrine of the Portico. These two volumes, now grown dingy by age, suggest much to the most casual reader who chances to turn over their begrimed pages. As we enter on the extended and laborious Preface, bristling with Greek and backed by accumulating foot-notes, we have to confess the display of learning is rather more obtrusive than is meet in a translation. But we can form only a poor notion, at the best, of the incidents and standards connected with such a task. We have now our pocket Leipsic texts, and go about such labor as straightforwardly as need be. Texts were as accessible then as now, but in what a mask of husk! Editors accumulated dropsical folios, where, besides the original came, first, an elaborate dedication to the royal or noble patron, and then came preface, equally wearisome (did an editor feel a proper spirit of research, straightway he added here all the prefaces of former editions); and at last came the long-deferred text, a few lines to a page, followed by oceans of notes, from minute variations in MSS., to pompous disquisitions on the moral virtues. It is a maxim of Rochefoucault, that man must consider himself the center of gravity, and attract all things to self. So the critic had then a belief that this center was his author, and thither was his entire stock of knowledge, from every source, it mattered not how slender was the thread of connection, remorselessly drawn. Among these works of learned dullness, the commentators on Epictetus,

from Simplicius downward, had ever held a high place.

Naturally, writers who had accumulated such masses of lore became strangely sensitive about their gleanings, and combated in most truculent manner whatever rival dissented from their views. It is, perhaps, humiliating to confess that after the mollifying influence of trade had supplanted the roughness of feudalism, its lawlessness lingered among the schools. Erasmus tells how he was clubbed by controversial foes; Addison relates how syllogisms gave place to blows, in Logic Lane at Oxford; and when rivals were too far asunder to admit of bodily arguments, they brandished toward one another, with the same fierceness, the dry bones of Greek learning. Sir William Temple, having hazarded an opinion on a disputed point, was assailed so roughly by Bentley that the aged diplomatist retired in astonishment at the rudeness of men of letters.

Miss Carter made no attempt to castigate others by severe notes, and even, with unheard of candor, sometimes acknowledged her inability to comprehend her author's meaning. But courtesy and discretion could not alone give success. That she was the best Greek scholar of the time in England rests not merely on the statement of her friend Dr. Johnson; her learning is not found wanting when measured by German research of a later day. Mr. Higginson, recently, translating Epictetus, acknowledges that he follows the version of Miss Carter, and, alluding to the German translator, says, "I have rarely seen a point disputed between her and Schweighäuser without siding with her at last." Miss Carter's work was largely impressed by the extreme religious excitement of the time. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1740 published the "Last Thoughts" of Voltaire, as well as exaggerated accounts of the labors of Whitefield and the Wesleys. The translation of Epictetus having been undertaken "to promote the cause of Christianity," the reader is constantly invited in the notes to keep the supe-

riority of St. Paul's ethics in mind, rather than ascribe temporary merit to the severe faith of Zeno.

Though Miss Carter published a small volume of poems, she remained content to rest her reputation on the "Epictetus." She did not, however, withdraw her attention from letters. From her correspondence, maintained during her life, we are afforded a view of her unremitting diligence as a student, as well as a closer inspection of the peculiar cast of her mind. Though the character of the learned scholar is never once merged in that of the chatty correspondent, the flowers of learning are interwoven without conceit, and help diversify the tame narrative of life in an English country town. We should better enjoy her references to the "lurid pencil" of Tacitus, the "crabbed and disagreeable" Suetonius, the "pure and amiable" Addison, did not the editor of her letters thrust in his opinion on these points. If ever a slip of the pen betrays her into an error in quoting, a note is inserted, informing the reader that Miss Carter was an accomplished scholar, and mildly apologizing for her negligence. It is, however, these very slips, and the absence of restraint, which make her letters readable. One notices a rather frequent reference to her health,—excusable between two intimate elderly ladies,—but otherwise a light stoicism sits gracefully on her sentiments. What we like best are the traces of the unspoiled, frank nature of an English gentlewoman, of like prejudices and foibles with her neighbors. Never overlooking her own failings, she even passes to the other extreme, and confesses to "a strange, foolish, infantine fondness for life," saying, too, that she is "apt to be pleased, and play herself asleep with trifles;" another time she declares that, were it not for home influences, she had been "a Stoic, a metaphysician, and a wit." To this playful jest, the editor, with great gravity, calls the reader to compare the well-known confession of Socrates.

These letters were usually written on



returning from some long walk, in which it seems she took great delight; and, in the observance of the clouds and forecasting of the weather, she reminds one of Charlotte Brontë. Always dreading writings that were not exactly evangelical, she speaks deprecatingly of the French style, so "tricked out in plumes and *clinquant*," and unsparingly condemns "the infernal composition" of Voltaire; while Rousseau, she felt always sure, had gone mad. Occasionally her caution in this direction becomes amusing, as when she gravely announces Pascal to have been a man "of very respectable character," but she determined never to read the "Pensées" from their dangerous tendencies. Sometimes the woman and student became a little mixed; as when she asks her friend to bring with her the copy of "Spenser," and to be sure and not forget "the receipt for preserving oranges." In like manner, she aptly compares systematic study of Quintilian to reading a cookery book in course. She deemed orange-colored stockings, worn by a gentleman at a party, as "a positive depravity;" and in another letter she cuts short a learned sentence, desiring to be informed as to the proper fashion of a gown, and whether there should be "any plaits in the back."

Among the peculiarities of her reading was her aversion to critical authors. Aristotle and Longinus she would never look at, and said she believed "nobody that ever read so many Greek and Latin writers ever read so little of what others have said about them." Never confining her attention to classics, she kept familiar with modern thinkers, sometimes drudging through Puffendorf, or delighting in the voyages of Captain Cook. The secret of her intense application to books, without being carried from her individuality, is in the remark, that she tried to "keep her imagination and her common sense in separate apartments, that they might not usurp each other's rights." The illusion produced by seeing a Greek type could not mislead her sober judgment, whose firm English instincts re-

belled against "the usurped authority of the classics." "The light and delicate turn of the Grecian genius, and the cool correctness of the Roman writers, do not seem capable of those vast and terrific powers that fill and awe the imagination in the productions of the Gothic muse." Familiar as she was with English at its living source, we can easily imagine how distasteful must have appeared the pedantic affectations among writers of her time. "O dear! O dear!" she exclaims, losing all patience, "how the tricks and twistings of style, in some instances of modern writation, do perplex and confound my poor simple head!"

Besides indicating her opinions, casual remarks in these letters act as side-lights on contemporary events. To one inquiring of her, in 1773, about German books, she mentions only Haller and Gessner, and says she has heard Gellert's works mentioned with high approval. German scholars of to-day might think this list pitifully meagre, and yet here were all that were eminent. Haller admitted, in 1748, that all his merit as a poet was due to his acquaintance with English writers. Gellert,—the "Saxon La Fontaine," as he was called, from his fables,—was always undervalued, until Goethe afterward praised him in the "Wahrheit und Dichtung;" while Gessner, from his love of nature and dislike of society, reminds one much of Wordsworth. In fact, all the reading world were beginning to ask, as did Frederick once of Gellert, "Why have we no good German writers?" It is possible that during the ten years that followed Miss Carter may have read the new school of literature, as about this time Schiller's genius was appearing at Manheim; since in 1784 she writes, more cautiously, "Some of the German books of fiction are exquisitely well written; but I should think them very dangerous reading for young people, from a singular art, which they have, of sanctifying the passions."

Not content with one reading of Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," she thought it necessary to read it again;

and she regarded Erskine's first great speech "as one of the noblest pieces of eloquence that ever was composed by any orator, in any time, age, or country." Frederick, as an author, was to her *très médiocre*; as a king, she thought him "little different from other destroyers, other tyrants, and other profligates." She regarded Edinburgh as "licentious and dissipated to an extravagant pitch," and always considered her old cathedral at Canterbury as surpassing all the churches and temples of ancient times. Once she undertook an adventurous trip to see York Minster, but came home declaring it too wide for her taste. Just like English travelers in this country when contrasting Canada and the United States, her brother writes that the Hanoverians appear the happiest (because once governed as an English province), "but that the subjects of the King of Prussia appear to be most wretched."

Of course, she sympathized with General Gage in 1775, suffering in "that wretched country;" and she pleasantly alludes to the ragged Provincials as resembling Falstaff's regiment. By and by the English became aware of the real state of things in America, and then Miss Carter sagely remarks, that "every reader of history must be convinced that colonies are always, after a certain time, destructive to the mother country whenever there is a contest, and that, when they wish for independence, the truest policy is at once to give up the point." When afterward England did give up the point, she wrote commiseratingly of "the poor deluded people who have made so sad an exchange." We may learn the value of English judgments on America in the letters written immediately after peace was declared. A colonel of a returned regiment, being asked by Miss Carter if the Americans could unite under one government, told his listeners that "the thirteen provinces were as totally different, in character and manners, from one another, as each of them was from the Japanese." From the outline already given, we need not quote from

her letters to get Miss Carter's views on the French Revolution. It was not so much the bloodshed that horrified her, for that was not new, but she could never conceive of that shocking levity of mind, which, during the very evenings of the September massacre, crowded the Parisian theaters.

Thus Miss Carter passed her time, reading and writing, enjoying the society of a few close friends, and dearly loving her little nephews (who called her by the rather suspicious pet name of Aunt Tartar), modestly content with her annuity of a hundred pounds. She lived to a serene old age, losing not an atom of time, because she knew its value. Rising, in Winter and Summer, at five in the morning, she pursued her favorite studies to the last. Without possessing a strong constitution, her regularity of study and exercise enabled her to retain her faculties to her death, in 1806, in her eighty-ninth year. Her life was wholly wanting in the romantic events which are inclined to hold the attention. Though, as the friend of Johnson and Burke, she might have been welcomed in brilliant society, evening found her intently bent before the scholar's lamp. Unlike Zeno, who delivered his lectures unmoved in his garden while the cruelty of the thirty tyrants ravaged Athens, she never allowed her fondness for books to make her indifferent to events happening in her own time. Nor did she suffer herself to be unduly disturbed by the projects of an age far more visionary and exciting than ours. The serenity of her life stands in marked contrast with the fevered pursuits of other learned ladies, whose thoughts are perpetually, to use Cicero's phrase, haunted by *aliquid immensum infinitumque*. Her accomplishments, more solid than showy, have given to her small portion of fame an enduring quality, as an example of those rarer virtues which, Addison says,

"Shun the day, and lie concealed  
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life."

HARRINGTON PUTNAM.



## THE SPIRITS AND SIMON BUTTERBY.

NIGHT was coming on,—a Winter's night, early in its approach, and shutting in city and people. The day, bright and brief, seemed to begrudge the progress of its dark competitor; and as the two blended in contest, they cast over all an indefinable, mysterious glamour. Buildings, ordinary enough in day-time, changed to palaces and castles. White-washed walls became marble structures, and dirty alleys turned to romantic walks for lovers. But night slowly conquered, and along came that destroyer of twilight romance, the lamp-lighter, to change our palaces and castles back into the practical commonplace.

But Mr. Simon Butterby, sitting in his little grocery, on a back street, was not thinking of romance,—not on that evening. With his slight, dapper figure cocked back on a chair against the counter, his spectacles pulled up on his forehead, and the rim of gray hair bristling around the bald spot on his head, Mr. Butterby was engaged in profound meditation. But not on romance: that formed no part of his nature. He was an every-day, money-making man, and he "had no time for such nonsense;" neither did he believe in ghosts. In fact, he liked to tell people that he did n't believe in ghosts, and that he considered them, and the new spiritualistic phenomena, a grand humbug.

Mr. Butterby's neighbor, however, a certain Mr. Weaver, was a spiritualist; and he often dropped in of an evening to smoke a friendly pipe, and argue about the "sperits." On this particular evening, Mr. Weaver had called, and had related to Mr. Butterby the wonderful manifestations that had taken place at his, Weaver's, house the night before; how his deceased mother-in-law had made a sociable visit, and had kicked over the table, broken the clock, stolen the silver spoons, and in other divers ways had shown her love to the surviving

friends. Of course, such indisputable evidence ought to have satisfied any reasonable mind; but Mr. Butterby's, perhaps, was not reasonable; at any rate, he denied being convinced. And when Mr. Weaver exhibited a bruised forehead, where the good old lady had hit him with a candlestick, thrown from the mantel-piece, even then Mr. Butterby shook his head.

"'Tain't no use talkin', Weaver," he said; "if them sperits *is* sperits (and I allow they ain't), what's the good on 'em? That's what I want to know,—what's the good on 'em? They kick up Ned, break your furniture,—and your head, too, for the matter o' that,—an' what good does it do?"

"Why, it's kind o' consolin'," responded Mr. Weaver, wiping his sore forehead carefully with a huge bandana. "Ye see, Butterby, 'cordin' to the old Bible superstition, when our friends die that's the end on 'em, giner'ly speakin', so far as this world goes. But the new religion has knocked all that higher'n a kite. It says when folks die they kind o' step out of themselves, an' stay 'round jist as lively as ever,—only more so."

"Throwin' brass candlesticks at their son-in-laws, and the like o' that, Is'pose?" queried Mr. Butterby.

"Not always, Butterby, not always. Some of the sperits has tantrums, like when they was livin', an' jist go to smashin' things; an' others are as quiet as can be, an' tell your fortin', tell where things that's got stole is hid, and are real consolin'. Now, take the old woman,—my late mother-in-law, I mean,"—Mr. Weaver paused, and gazed anxiously about the room, as if his tongue-slip might produce unpleasant results,— "take her, for instance; she used to have the tantrums. Now, last night when I heard the raps, and the table went over, I says to my wife, says I, 'Polly, that's your mother!' an' then smash went the

clock on to the floor. 'I guess you're right, Thomas,' says Polly. Jist at that up flew the candlestick, and hit me smack on the forehead; an' says I, 'Polly, I'll make an affidavit that's your mother!' and"—here Mr. Weaver placed his hand solemnly on the counter—"Butterby, I jist *know* 't was her."

"How?"

"By her throwin' that 'ere candlestick. 'T was jist as nat'ral as life for her to do it, though she's been dead these ten years. She was real good-hearted, too, when she was livin'; but when she got the tantrums—look out!"

No reply was made to this, and the two worthies puffed away in silence for some time, Mr. Butterby evidently struggling with some severe mental problem. At length he took the pipe from his mouth, breathed out the smoke with a mind-made-up air, and said:

"Weaver, I do n't believe there's a bit more sperits about all that than there is about you an' me. I think it's 'lectricity that does it."

"'Lectricity? Fudge!" sniffed Mr. Weaver, in indignant surprise. "How d' ye make that out?"

"Easy enough. Ye see 't ain't nat'ral for our friends that's dead and gone to be comin' back playin' such tricks, an' that's what makes me think it's nothin' but 'lectricity. There's three kinds that we know about now,—lightnin' 'lectricity, telegraph 'lectricity, and the 'lectricity the doctors use; and I s'pose this is only a new kind, that we do n't know about yet. More 'n likely the big scholars will tell us all about it in a year or two, and will invent a kind of—a—a speritual lightnin'-rod, as it were, to keep it off."

At this point, I am sorry to say, the conversation was abruptly broken off by a small head peeping in at the door, and a small voice calling, "Pop, come home to supper!" an invitation which Mr. Weaver felt obliged to accept. He had time, however, to mention a "sé'ance" to be held the next evening at the house of a prominent medium, and to request the attendance of Mr. Butterby. Mr.

Butterby said he "should be only too proud." Then Mr. Weaver went away, leaving the little grocer as we find him at the opening of this story,—in profound meditation. And what about? Well, though he hated to confess it, even to himself, he was pondering the statements made to him by Mr. Weaver. Those statements were indeed surprising; and, notwithstanding his arguments against them, and his efforts to give the mystery a scientific explanation, yet he was in no pleasant frame of mind. What if, he thought, the theory of Mr. Weaver were the true one, after all? What if the spir-its did, really, interview people through the medium of table-tippings, the breaking of clocks, and the hurling of brass candlesticks? At the thought of this last, Mr. Butterby shuddered, and placed his hand involuntarily to the bald spot on his head. It might be true; he did n't know; but he hoped it was n't.

"It's jist all nonsense, the whole on 't!" he muttered, desperately. "It's 'lectricity that does it all, an' I won't b'lieve it's nothin' else!"

Nevertheless, he could n't help the feeling of dread that came over him; and the dark, gloomy store, lighted only by a single lamp, did seem very lonesome. He got up from his chair, walked to the door, and looked out into the street. That seemed deserted too, and he turned to re-enter his store. Just then he caught sight of a number of articles, show-goods, placed outside in the morning, and he concluded to remove them inside. He had made several trips in this undertaking, when he was startled by a sudden discovery. A fine, plump turkey, that had been lying in plain view all day, had mysteriously disappeared. But where? Of course, it had been stolen, and within a few minutes too, for Mr. Butterby was one who kept a watchful eye.

"Well, if that do n't beat me!" he exclaimed, pausing with an armful of brooms, and looking up and down the street. "Some one's took that 'ere not more 'n ten minutes ago, 'cause I seen it through the window. Guess I'll take



in this ham next, or they'll be after that."

He hastened to the back part of the store, deposited his brooms, and then returned for the ham. It was there yet, a small one, lying on the same board so lately occupied by the turkey, and Mr. Butterby turned aside for a moment to gather up a few other articles. Then he reached for the ham; but his hand fell back, powerless, to his side. *The ham was gone.*

"Sam Hill!" That was all Mr. Butterby was able to say, and he said it with startling emphasis. He stood, rooted to the spot with frightened astonishment, his hair bristling, and a cold sweat breaking out all over him. "Sam Hill!" he ejaculated again; then he rushed into the store, seized a lamp, and rushed out again. With trembling hands he placed his spectacles on his nose, picked up the board from which the ham had disappeared, and examined it with the utmost care. He looked at it, first on one side, then on the other, as if he thought the missing article had become microscopic, and had fallen into some minute crevice. But the ham was nowhere to be found.

"It's the sperits!" murmured Mr. Butterby, shaking his head mournfully. "Weaver was right, after all; an' the sperits have jist made me a visit, 'cause I said they was nothin' but 'lectricity!"

His heart and step were both heavy then; and he slowly went back into the store, closed the door, and sat down solemnly by the stove. All his beautiful theories about electricity and science had disappeared, and no one entertained a greater respect for the "spirits" than did Mr. Butterby at that moment. Electricity did n't steal hams and turkeys, of that he was sure; but, for that matter, what did the "spirits" want with them, either? May be they took them out of spite, because of his disrespectful words. May be Weaver's mother-in-law (he trembled at the thought) had taken this occasion to prove her identity; and, if so, what might not she do next? The shelves, only too full, might be emptied

at any moment; and their contents—stone jugs, crockery, packages of starch, and cans of cove-oysters—might come flying at his head like so many bees. He could make no defense; he was alone; and the first comer would probably find him, a mangled corpse, covered over by a mountain of his own groceries. Appalling thought!

Yes, it was appalling, and the possibility overcame Mr. Butterby almost as much as a reality. Fortunately, his reflections were broken by a heavy step on the back stairway, and the appearance of a portly figure, to wit: Mrs. Butterby.

"Supper's ready, Simon," she said, advancing toward the stove. "Come up as quick as ye can, and—Why! Sakes alive! What's the matter? Ye look like ye'd seen a ghost!"

"That's jist it, Malindy," gasped Mr. Butterby; "it's the sperits!"

"Mercy, now! Sperits! how?" was the astonished query.

"Why, they took a turkey first, an' then they took a ham,—right afore my eyes, an' I a lookin' at 'em. I jist know 't was Weaver's mother-in-law too."

"Well, really! Weaver's mother-in-law! She's been dead this long time; how could she? What d'ye mean?"

"It's her sperit, I mean!" And then Mr. Butterby related what Mr. Weaver had told him, his own skepticism and subsequent experience.

"Did I ever! I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Butterby; wringing her plump hands in an ecstasy of bewilderment. "An' you're sure 't was the sperits?"

"Sure on 't? I wish I was n't! Who else could 'a' took 'em?"

Mrs. Butterby could give no satisfactory answer, but she suggested a cup of tea as "very comfortin';" and after closing the store, the worthy couple passed up the stairs.

And, the meanwhile, during the "materializing," or spiritualizing (I do n't know which to call it), of the ham and turkey aforesaid, another and a different scene had been taking place up-stairs. The up-stairs part of the building was

the home, or dwelling-place, of the Butterby family. It seems, during the previous day, those two very small and enterprising youths, Masters Thomas and George Butterby, had been engaged in the heroic effort of "seeing who could hold his head under the pump the longest," while the other pumped. The result of this heroism had been an attack of croup for Tom, and a sore throat for George. And it furthermore resulted in a plentiful anointing of goose-oil, an application of flannels, and a sentence of imprisonment within doors during the next day,—all by maternal command.

But it was the imprisonment that disagreed with these adventurous young gentlemen. Croup and goose-oil were as nothing to that, and you might throw in the flannels besides. However, they passed the day very decorously, when their mother was present; but when "the shades of eve came slowly down," and Mrs. Butterby was called to the back part of the house to attend to domestic duties, then their genius exerted itself. Cold as it was, they forthwith opened a front window, and began to take object lessons.

Several boys, on the opposite side of the street, first attracted their attention; and when these went away, they considered the passers-by of a larger growth. Small lumps of coal, dexterously dropped upon hats and bonnets, afforded much amusement for a time,—tall silk hats having the preference, "'cause the coal bounces so," as Master George remarked. But after a while the street became deserted, and some other pastime had to be sought. And then it was that Tom, fumbling among the useful articles contained in his pocket, discovered a fishing-line. It was a strong one, and with a strong hook attached.

"Ho! I know! let's play fishin' a little while!" he exclaimed. Then he lowered his line from the window, and began to jerk it about at intervals, with the pretense of having caught something.

Now, it is probable the boys would have soon tired of this; but suddenly, in

one of his jerks, Tom felt a weight on his line.

"My! I have got something, sure!" he said, drawing in the cord.

A moment's anxious waiting followed, and, when the "catch" appeared above the sill, the boys sank back, surprised, on the carpet.

"Now see what you've done!" said George, reprovingly. "You've hooked somebody's chicken, an' jist pulled his head off, and all his feathers out, getting him up."

But Tommy, after getting over his astonishment a little, seemed to view the matter as a profitable piece of business.

"Well, do n't you ever tell, Georgie," he said; "do n't you ever tell. We'll fish some more, an' may be we'll catch a whole chicken-coop next."

And fish they did. They let down the line, and jerked it about industriously, but for some time without result. Finally, Tom felt his hook catch again, and again he pulled in the line.

"It's a whopper!"—putting forth all his strength,—"I can hardly lift it."

George caught hold of the line then, and with their united effort the new venture came in sight.

"Why, that's no chicken!" said George; "it's a ham!"

Tommy looked at it a moment, but he made no reply. A faint suspicion came over him that all was not right, and thrusting his head from the window, he looked down. He saw his father below, apparently searching for something, and his suspicions were verified.

"O dear! dear!" he exclaimed, drawing in his head. "Georgie, we've just hooked 'em from papa; they b'long in the store!"

This discovery was indeed startling, and the boys looked at each other with wide-open eyes. They had suddenly lost all desire for fishing, their proceedings would bring condign punishment if found out; and what should they do with their plunder? After a brief whisper they pushed the ham and turkey under the lounge for the time, softly closed the



window, and then sat down solemnly by the stove. At the same moment, and just as solemnly, did Mr. Butterby sit down by the stove in the store below. And when the quartet, parents and children, met at supper, the solemnity was in no wise diminished; but not a word was said about the ham and turkey! Tom and George did n't understand that.

The morning found the family more cheerful—and a night's sleep does cheer one wonderfully, sometimes.

"By the way, Simon," said Mrs. Butterby, as she poured out the coffee at breakfast, "there's a donation party at the minister's to-night."

"I know it," responded Simon; "an' I meant to have sent over a ham, or a couple of chickens, but now—"

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs. Butterby, placing her finger to her lip and looking toward the children. She wished them not to know of the mystery. Mr. Butterby understood.

"Well, bake a nice cake, and send that over," he said.

Master Tommy's sharp ears, however, had caught his father's words, and with them an idea. After breakfast he beckoned George to come out with him into the front room.

"I know what to do with them things," he said, pointing to the lounge.

"What?"

"Why, papa said he meant to send a ham, or some chickens, to the minister; an' we'll jist take these. The minister will think papa sent 'em."

This brilliant proposal was at once accepted, and the boys prepared to carry it out. But it took careful management. They watched their mother during the day, and, when unobserved, smuggled the ham and turkey down into the back yard. Then, when evening came, they secured one of their father's baskets, placed the articles in it, and tugged and lugged until they deposited it on the minister's door-step. This accomplished, Tommy pulled the bell, and without waiting for answer, the two scampered away home.

"Got rid on 'em real easy," said Tom, as they entered the house.

But their father could not get over his trouble so easily. He felt like a haunted man all day, and it was a relief when evening arrived, and with it his friend Weaver. To him he unbosomed himself.

"An' I jist thought it was your mother-in-law that did it, Weaver," he said, in conclusion. "What d' ye think?"

"More 'n likely!" responded Mr. Weaver, shaking his head mournfully. "Your speakin' disrespectful like give her the tantrums, I s'pose; an' her spiritoal tantrums is as bad, if not wuss, than when she was livin'. But hurry up, Simon; time we was gettin' to that mejum's."

Mr. Butterby had not forgotten the "séance;" he was anxious to go; and, leaving the store with Mrs. Butterby, the two gentlemen set out.

They found but two before them at the medium's house,—a pale young man with pale, watery eyes, and a fat old gentleman looking as expressive as a wooden soldier. Others of the same sort came presently, and then the "great medium" made her appearance.

"She's a trans-mejum, and the sperits talk through her lips," Mr. Weaver explained in a whisper.

Mr. Butterby did not quite understand; he held his peace, however, and watched proceedings. It took some time for the "spirits" to get into working order; but after a while the medium's eyes began to roll, her frame to shiver, and finally she sank down in a paroxysm on the floor.

"Gracious!" said Mr. Butterby, forgetting where he was, and speaking excitedly, "jist look at that woman! she's got a fit. How long's she had 'em?"

A dead silence followed this speech, and Mr. Weaver fairly groaned.

"Fits!" came in sepulchral tones from the lips of the medium. "Wretched mortal, what dost thou here?"

Mr. Butterby perceived he had made a mistake. "I beg pardon, marm; I did n't mean nothin'," he said, humbly.

The apology was accepted; and then

came numerous questions from persons present, and answers from supposed spirits. After a time, Mr. Butterby thought his opportunity had come.

"Is Weaver's mother-in-law here?" he asked, anxiously; "'cause, if she is, I'd like to know what she did with that 'ere ham and turkey. Not that I care about 'em, but I do n't want any more o' sich."

"Mortal," said the medium, throwing herself into a letter G, "what meanest thou by these absurd questions? Away, thou skeptic!"

"Weaver, that 's your mother-in-law, sartain!" exclaimed Mr. Butterby, in a loud whisper. "An' she 's got a tantrum too!"

If that respected lady had a "tantrum," it certainly was catching. The whole company caught it, and a buzz of indignation ran around, against the audacious Butterby. Vain were his protestations; they would not hear them, and nothing but his immediate departure would suffice. He was not allowed to go, however, until he subscribed for the *Banner of Night*, and had given two dollars to the medium, as a sort of peace-offering. He did so cheerfully, being glad to get away from such uncanny people.

The next morning Mr. Butterby was attending to his store as usual, when the minister came in.

"Good morning, brother Butterby, I have brought back your basket, and I am much obliged to you. But why did n't you come in last night?"

"I had to go to another place," replied Mr. Butterby, somewhat confused. "But you did n't have any basket o' mine."

"O yes, I did; the one you sent the ham and turkey in, you know."

"Ham and turkey!" A look of terror came over the speaker's face. "I did n't send none."

"Why, that's strange," replied the minister, looking perplexed. "This is your basket, is n't it? It has your card attached to the handle."

Mr. Butterby's hand trembled as he took the article. It certainly was his property.

"Well," resumed the minister, "last evening, a little after dark, some one rang my door-bell. I went out and found this basket on the step, and in it a very fine ham and turkey. I supposed, of course, you sent them."

"I did n't," replied Mr. Butterby; "but I know who did."

"Who?"

"The sperits," was the very solemn answer.

The minister began to laugh.

"I do n't think it's nothin' to laugh at," said his parishioner, a little ruffled. "It's jist dreadful!"

Then the story of "mysterious disappearance" had to be told again. The minister listened; but, instead of being profoundly impressed, as Mr. Butterby had expected, he only laughed so much the more.

"Well, well, brother Butterby," he said, as he saw that gentleman's face growing very red, "you must pardon me for laughing, but, really, I could n't help it. No doubt, there is a mystery about all this, but I do n't believe the spirits had any thing to do with it. May be, now, your own boys—"

The minister paused; for, like a flash, a gleam of intelligence came over Mr. Butterby's face, and he turned toward the stove. The two boys were sitting, with unusual quiet, behind it.

"Thomas! George!" he exclaimed, "do you know any thing about this 'ere business?"

There was no need to answer; the look of guilt did that, before they had time to speak.

"I—I—guess so," stammered Master Tommy. And then and there followed a tearful confession.

And there, too, ended the whole mystery. The terror of Weaver's mother-in-law disappeared at once from Mr. Butterby's horizon; and the evening found him calm and assured, and ready to meet Mr. Weaver. Mr. Weaver, of course, was surprised at the change, but he also was ready to argue; and argue they did until bed-time.



"I tell ye, Weaver," said Mr. Butterby, as they parted at the door, "'t ain't nothin' but 'lectricity; an' when 't ain't that, depend on 't, it's a fishin'-line, or some

other humbug! Anyhow, sperits or no sperits, what 's the good on 'em? That 's what I want to know,—what 's the good on 'em?"      ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

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## THE WOMEN OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE discussion of the true status of women, in the resolution of the great social problem of the day, has led many inquiring minds to the investigation of the power and influence of women in earlier civilizations; and thus a great deal of new light has been thrown on this matter, in a way that will enable us to obtain a better comprehension of the gradual development of the question.

A very Nestor in this path of investigation is the famous Professor of Latin Poetry in the College de France, of Paris, who has given to the world recently some very rich labors in this line, which are well worthy of condensation and repetition, not only for the benefit of the moderns as such, but for the different shades of civilization in the various nationalities. The crowning work of Gaston Bossier, on the education of women in ancient Rome, and their position in domestic, public, and social life, has made him a prominent candidate for the much coveted seat in the French Academy left vacant by the death of Jules Janin; and before these lines reach our readers, the inspirer of them may wear the laurel wreath, dearer to the literary men of France than the highest civic honors. In the meanwhile, we will follow the substance of our author's reasoning, as laid down in his claim to be counted among the forty French "Immortals."

The demands of the ancient Romans on the fathers of households were earnest and severe. The matrons were to manage the home, and, with the fathers, share the rule of the house. A serious mind and resolute character were necessary for these tasks, and these were the qual-

ities most highly prized in Roman women. To all women of free birth, Plautus assigns these attributes, and speaks only of beauty, grace, and passion, when treating of the slaves. In consequence of these views, the education of young girls was calculated to develop the qualities of the former, matrons, and not slaves. The daughters of the wealthy were taught by the same teachers as their brothers, studied the same books, and read the same Greek and Latin poets. The girls of the lower classes were sent to the same public schools in the forum as the boys; and thus the Romans had their mixed schools as have we. They were very careful, with both boys and girls, in regard to their instruction in the arts which were conducive of serious habits. Dancing, singing, and instrumental music were not regarded with favor: they were the accomplishments of slaves, whose business it was to pander to the sensual desires of their owners. Scipio closed a number of schools devoted to these arts, when he came into power.

Such an education was, of course, calculated to give to the men of the earlier period a serious, energetic, and self-denying character, which we now admire; and the common instruction of both sexes resulted in giving to women the same knowledge and peculiarities of character as to the men. While to-day we too often regard weakness and indecision as charms of women, the Romans prized strength and determination of character. If man educates woman for himself, it is quite natural that he should appreciate, above all things, gentleness and grace, as those qualities

which will make her most agreeable for those who are to live with her. But if woman is to be educated for her own interest, we should make her capable of playing an active part in life, and give her an opportunity to acquire those means which will enable her to do so successfully.

But there came a period in Rome when this stern ideal was endangered. When the manners became more elegant, and culture more of a social kind, greater claims were made on the matrons; and this new life forced them finally, to their great disadvantage, to take refuge in the system of the Greeks. These lived but little in their homes, regarding them only as places where they should sleep and eat, and seeking all else outside. The time which they spent in their homes they regarded as the most tiresome of their daily life, and, when they could, they would hasten to flee from them. In proportion as the Romans learned the manners and the literature of the Greeks, they degenerated; and the female slaves of Rome often presented greater attractions to their lords than the wives to their husbands.

This led the Roman women to endeavor to combine the severe with the gay, that they might be companions as well as mere matrons; and they began to acquire those arts and accomplishments that would make them attractive. They learned to dance and sing, cultivated a taste for art and literature, and, by graceful manners and more prepossessing natures, robbed their slave rivals of their most dangerous weapons. But toward the close of the republic they were far less strict. The number of the better educated and intelligent women greatly increased. Plutarch relates of Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, that she was well read, played the lyre, understood geometry, and successfully led a philosophical conversation; and with this, she was able to guard against pedantry, which was the fault of so many of this class.

It is probable that Cornelia concealed

much of her knowledge that she might not awaken the old prejudice against learned women. Clodia disregarded public opinion, and not only loved the best poets, but even made verses herself, and invited young people to her house to hear them read. In spite of the loud complaints of those who saw with grief this degeneration from the ancient manners, Roman society remained quite inclined to free itself from this earlier austerity. And this tendency was greatly accelerated by the fall of the republic. When order was restored after this catastrophe, public opinion had undergone a complete change. Augustus seemed greatly to desire a return to the manners of a former period; but it was not possible to restore the earlier principles.

From this period onward, it was nothing unusual to see persons of the best society learning to play on musical instruments, to dance, and write poetry. Horace praises the fine voice of the lovely wife of Mæcenas; and Pliny relates that his own wife took the greatest interest in his literary fame, and read his books again and again, so that she nearly knew them by heart; and his verses she set to music, and sang with the accompaniment of the guitar. History relates that, during the entire period of the empire, women were less subjected to old prejudices, went more into society, and made an effort to appear there to advantage. But there were still those who lamented this; and a shade of dissatisfaction can be perceived in Tacitus, when he says of Livia, that she is more desirous of pleasing than would have been proper in women of an earlier epoch.

However paradoxical it may appear, this revolution in manners had greatly assisted in preserving that which remained of family life in Rome. When we consider the manners of the Roman women under the empire, we should not forget to take into account that by cultivating these previously forbidden arts, and endeavoring to become more worldly and attractive, they lessened the dangers



of the husband,—of allowing a separation between their love and their respect, their duty and their pleasure,—by making their homes more attractive, and alluring them to them; and thus raised, in some measure, a barrier to the inroads of the dissolute Greek manners.

But little is said of the religion of the Roman women, because, in the strict sense, they possessed none. They had no dogmas and no religious books; their worship consisted of a series of ceremonies, which custom gradually taught, and of prayers that they did not even need to learn, because they were repeated by them from the intonation of the priests. And no special study was needed to learn the wonderful myths of their gods; because they formed a sort of poetic story, that the child heard as soon as it could understand them. They were its first pleasures, related by the mother or the nurse. Their eyes scarcely saw the light before they beheld the monuments, pictures, and statues, representing the principal incidents and personages in these stories; the walls of the temples and of public and private buildings were covered with them. Thus the admiration of art and the study of Homer and Virgil made them acquainted with their gods; but of religion, in the strict sense of the word, they were destitute.

But although the young girls were not instructed in their religion, it, nevertheless, held a large place in their lives; for the women of Rome had more religious needs than the men. The latter studied Greek philosophy, and in it often received impressions hostile to the religious teaching of their childhood, by giving them a natural explanation for these marvelous tales. And though some few noted women also studied philosophy, the mass of the female sex clung with undivided zeal to their religion. And however incredulous the men might choose to be for themselves, they were perfectly willing that their wives should believe in the gods and honor them. It was the duty of a woman who respected herself to observe the sacrifices, prayers,

and other offices demanded by their myths. She was expected to visit the temple at stated periods, and strictly perform all religious duties.

The ideal qualities of a Roman matron were reserve, seriousness, respect for parents, obedience to her husband, and fear of the gods; and the highest praise bestowed upon her, and most complimentary inscription on her tomb, was this intelligent fear of the gods without superstition. In the national religion, the Roman woman took her place beside the man. The old family custom of the Romans made the religion of the house by no means the exclusive privilege of the husband as head of the household. The wife shared the task of praying to the gods; the son brought the utensils for the sacrifice; and the daughter fed the fire on the hearth,—the sacred symbol of the family, that was never allowed to go out. And the same institutions were found in the state, which simply represented the family on a large scale. The most of the priests, especially those of earlier origin, were assisted in their functions by their wives.

The important office performed by the young girls, in the family service, was confided, in public worship, to the vestal virgins, who were chosen from patrician families for a service of thirty years, and who took the oath of chastity, the violation of which was punished by death. In the ancient ceremonies the position of the woman was thus equal to that of man; and although the latter, as everywhere ~~inclined~~, in later years, to arrogate to himself the best part, woman was never entirely excluded from the priestly offices. From some temples, as that of Hercules, she was excluded; but, then, there were others that were so exclusively hers that not even the pictures of men were to be visible during the performance of the ceremonies.

The wrongs of which Roman women had to complain lay rather in their civil rights than in their religion; the latter protected them, and made great efforts to secure to them their rights, and especially

in the solemnity of marriage. Before the nuptial day, the betrothed joined in a common religious sacrifice; and, the day after marriage, the bride offered a sacrifice in the house of her husband, in order thus solemnly to take possession of her own hearth, and secure friendly reception from the tutelary gods of the new family. The religious consecration with which the ceremony of marriage was surrounded was intended to give it a solemn character, and secure for it a safeguard from frivolous divorce. Religion did all that it could to make marriage indissoluble. In the earliest period, it regarded unfounded divorce as sacrilege, and punished it with death. The absolute religious marriage, that certain priests were obliged to contract, could not be broken without great difficulty.

In the same way, their religion regarded second marriage with such disfavor that women who were married for the second time could not become priestesses, nor enjoy the privilege of worshiping at the temple of certain chaste goddesses. Thus the Roman religion did all in its power to sanctify marriage, and prevent it from sinking into a legal concubinage; although even this did not prevent many divorces, in the first century of the empire.

And religion performed another material service to the women of Rome, in protecting them from the austere seclusion to which other, and especially Oriental, nations condemned the female sex. While public opinion retained women within the precincts of their home, their religion secured to them festal days, on which it was their duty to pray in the temples, and thus they had opportunities of appearing in public with which no fault could possibly be found. These assemblies, which broke up the monotony of life, were anticipated with impatience; and the women of the upper classes gradually acquired the habit of appearing at them with a large female retinue; and, in their garments, vehicles, and sacrificial utensils, they displayed great luxury.

Religion thus aided women to mingle

in public life, and led them to honor as priestesses of Venus, Juno, and Ceres. It is, therefore, no more than natural that they valued it, and were grateful for it, as was universally the case. One circumstance alone gave rise to the supposition that they were not loyal to it, and this was the readiness with which they accepted new divinities. But this abandonment of an ancient for a newer worship was, rather, an indication of the need that they felt within them for something more than they possessed. One mode of veneration led them to another as soon as they found their glow for the older form subsiding; and thus, while seeking elsewhere, they neglected their ancient gods. From the temple of Isis, they went to that of Juno or Minerva, and finally to that of Diana. This commingling of faiths, which they accepted without scruples, lasted till the day when the same devotion that had led them to the temples of the Egyptian and Grecian gods caused them to sink at the foot of the Christian's Cross. But they had now to deal with a religion which permitted no other beside it, and forced them to choose between the new faith and that of their family and youth. If they did not hesitate in their choice, it was because their early religion had no lasting hold on them, and they felt the need of something more reliable.

The question of the education and religion of the women is closely connected with the important one of their rights, and to-day these may all be comprised in what we call the "Woman Question." It is generally acknowledged that the legal position of women in Rome was not a favorable one; indeed, it is generally considered worse than it really was. The opinion is prevalent, that they were not treated much better than slaves, and that nothing less than a religious and social revolution would effect their deliverance. But these views are cherished by those who consider nothing but the stern laws regarding women. Livy says: "Our forefathers forbid women to undertake even



any private affair without male advice or assistance, desiring that they should ever be under the hand of a father, brother, or husband."

This bears the appearance of legal slavery, in which they would have our sympathy; but experience teaches us that the practice was by no means so stern as the theory. In the ordinary life of the Romans, the woman had practically a very different position from that which the law allowed her. She was surrounded with honors and responsibilities, esteemed by her husband, and revered by the children and slaves of the household as their mistress. The apparent slave, who in law could control nothing, and was held in a never-ending state of minority, was in reality almost the co-equal companion of the husband. She occupied the seat beside him in the "atrium," the center of a Roman household and the common hall in which the family assembled and met visiting friends, or received strangers. Here, by the hearth, was the altar of the lares and penates,—the household gods; here was preserved every thing that was sacred and valuable in the house; and all these treasures were under the protection and care of the woman and wife. As did the head of the family, so did she here offer sacrifices, and from here controlled the domestic labor of the slaves and the education of the children, who remained for a long time under her guardian care and authority. And, finally, she shared with her husband the administration of their property and the rule of the house.

As soon as the bride stepped into the house of her husband, she shared his rights,—a fact expressed by an old and sacred formula which it was customary for her to repeat on crossing the threshold: "Where thou art the master, I am the mistress." And thus, in fact, she became the mistress of all over which he also ruled, and there was no period in Roman history where the wife was fully a slave. The ancient poets spoke with great deference of the "majesty" of the father in the household; but they also

spoke of the "sacredness" of the matron. It may even be affirmed that the manner in which ancient authors alluded to the legal inequality of the wife was in no way unfavorable to her.

The Roman foresaw that, in the struggle for influence between man and wife, the latter would come off victorious; he seemed to feel in advance his weakness, and sought his protection in stern laws; but the historian betrays to us the fact that all these precautionary measures availed him nothing, and she soon conquered, within the house, what legislation from without had deprived her of. But very soon there came a period when she was not satisfied to gain the victory in the house merely. As a reward for their fidelity to the republic, women were awarded the right, after death, of being publicly buried and eulogized. At the funeral of a distinguished woman, the procession went to the forum, where the nearest relative of the deceased ascended the platform, and delivered the eulogy of her origin and her virtues. Even at the time of Cato, their bitterest enemy, women enjoyed this privilege; and in the progress of history, they gained still greater claims and influence.

At the period of the republic, they were no strangers to the opinions of the people and the decrees of the senate, though their interest was partially hidden; but under the empire, they no longer took pains to conceal the interest which they took in the management of public matters. However jealous was Augustus of his prerogatives, he, nevertheless, consented to share them with Livia. He discussed with her all important affairs, and permitted her to share the honors which were shown to him. Claudius was completely ruled by the women, and permitted nothing to be done in his realm without their consent. The historian Tacitus describes, as something startling, that, on the day when the prisoner Caractacus was led in triumph to Rome, Agrippina sat on a throne not far from her husband, and, like him, was surrounded with soldiers and eagles; and

that the vanquished enemy was forced to present to her the same homage as to her lord. Tacitus remarks that this spectacle was a great innovation, and very hostile to the spirit of the forefathers; and adds, that Agrippina was not satisfied with being simply the consort of the emperor, but desired also to be considered as his companion in authority.

But such claims soon became so common as to excite no surprise. Under the Antonines, the empresses received the name of "Mothers of the Camp and the Legions;" to which at a later period was added, "Mothers of the Senate and the Nation." And these titles were not mere flatteries, for it frequently occurred that the empresses ruled the nation, in the name of their husbands or sons, according to their own judgment. This example from the court was soon imitated elsewhere. The ladies of the influential classes of this period dealt quite openly in political intrigues, with a peculiar acuteness and perseverance. As they could get no positions for themselves, they entered the lists for their friends; and it soon became quite the fashion for a man to rise through the influence of his female friends. And this influence, great at Rome, became even greater in the provinces, where the women were no longer under the eye of the emperor and the men whom they feared.

There was scarcely any measure of importance in the province in which the wife of the governor had not a hand in the game. All intriguers applied to her; she took part in all matters, even those of the army, and acquired thereby frequently such influence that it sometimes happened that officers and soldiers combined to raise a statue to the wife of their commander. We see from this that Roman women were very far removed from a condition of slavery, although this independence and power which they enjoyed was the result of tolerance and custom, rather than of settled principles. The philosophers and law-makers taught no such doctrines. The Roman philos-

ophers were, in truth, quite severe in regard to the women. Cicero quotes with satisfaction a passage of Plato, in which the latter regrets the loose manners of the times, when the slaves refuse to obey their masters, and the wives aspire to be the equals of their husbands.

But while legislator and philosopher joined hands to keep women in the deepest dependence, custom and public opinion were operating to emancipate them. And perhaps the principal cause of this fact may be found in the high opinion which the Romans entertained of the marriage relation. For them it was the melting into one another of two lives; and such a process could only be perfect when between them every thing existed in common. The noble Portia said to Brutus: "When I married thee, it was not simply as concubine, to share thy bed and board, but in order to have a portion of all the good and evil that might befall thee."

This mutual share in the joys and sorrows of life could not but introduce into the family the principle of equality, which became so strong that it finally gained the victory over the prejudices of the world, the theories of philosophers, and the statutes of the code. It is instructive and interesting to notice, in the Roman code, by what skillful maneuvers one barrier after another was broken down in the civil law, and the equality between man and wife was established. Emperor Antoninus abolished the law which condemned to death the women for unfaithfulness to the marriage vow, while it granted immunity to the men, and in place of it established for the crime equal punishment for both. And from this test principle for civilized nations, we may infer a crowd of other enactments calculated to elevate and protect women. And thus we draw to a close, only for want of space, the study of one of the most interesting investigations into the status of woman among the ancient Romans which now enriches modern criticism.

WM. WELLS.



## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MY life now passed very tranquilly, between the work of the lime-yard and study of the class. From time to time, I went over to see the mother, at Lonjumeau, or Genevieve brought me word of her. For some months the strength of the blind woman had perceptibly declined; she was scarcely able to leave her easy-chair, and her ideas were no longer so positive and clear. Maurice was struck with the change, as well as myself.

"The thread is entangled on the distaff," he said to me, with his usual bluntness. "The reel has nearly come to the end of its skein."

I put back his sinister prediction with a kind of anger.

"What! what!" replied the master companion. "Is it that thou thinkest the thing is more pleasant to me than to you? But the event happeneth to all men, and it must always be looked calmly in the face. Behold now what a beautiful advance step it has been, gently to close the eyes, that she might not perceive the evil when it comes. We may love each other as fondly as may be, my poor brother, yet, one day or another, we shall have to say farewell, and separate for ever. So much the better for those who are called first away."

"And why do you thus bring forward, before the time, these cruel separations?" demanded I.

"Why?" continued Maurice. "So as not to be taken unawares, my little one; to strengthen the heart, and sustain the man, when the fatal moment arrives. In life, thou seest, there is no use in playing 'hide and seek' with truth. A truly brave man never acts the falsehood, neither with himself nor others. Besides," added he with emotion, "the thought of death brings with it always health. For the one who departs, or for the one who witnesses this last farewell,

we crave a good remembrance, which you wish the one, and remains as a blessing with the other; and we, who abide still on earth, are made better by this souvenir. Now that thou art forewarned, I'll engage, thou wilt occupy thyself more than ever with thoughts of Madeleine, and wilt labor to bring to thy mother a clear and beautiful evening, after so troubled and sad a day."

Maurice's reasons were right. His premonitions of the event to come made my visits much more frequent to the farm, and recalled more constantly my duty. On each trip, I carried to my mother some small gift, that I knew to be fitted to her taste; and she always thanked me with an embrace, such as she had never given me in our younger life. Perhaps, feeling within herself that life was stealing away from her, she took more strongly to her heart those whom she was so soon to leave.

"Thou wishest me to thank the good God for being old and blind," she would say to me, for each tender care that I bestowed on her.

Then she took to talking of her youth, of the first years of her marriage, of my infancy. She recalled affectionately all I had said and done since my birth. It was for her the history of a world. Genevieve listened as attentively as if she were recounting the life of Napoleon. Always active, always singing, the girl brought light and joy wherever she came. The blind woman scolded her without stint, but in a tone which seemed to say, Well, I have nothing else to do; yet when we were alone, she would repeat, over and over again, "She is a young girl that belongs to our good Lord!"

Genevieve, who sometimes heard her, never seemed to hear, and, as for the grumbling, she left the good woman to do as much of it as pleased her.

Nevertheless, at my last visit Genevieve seemed very much disquieted.

"The Mother Madeline is not well," she said to me, at the moment of leaving.

"Alas! my God! I have seen it well and long," replied I. "But she pretends not to suffer, and refuses to see a doctor."

"She has perhaps reason," said the young girl. "That would only make the thing more sad."

We exchanged a sigh over the trouble, and I parted from her with a broken heart.

On the third day from this, I was at work on a new building, standing on the highest scaffolding, when I heard my name called, and, looking below, my blood stagnated in my veins. It was Genevieve.

"How is the mother?" I cried to her.

"Bad," replied she, in an altered voice.

In an instant I had descended, and was by her side.

"She wishes to see you," continued Genevieve, hurriedly. "Come right away. The doctor says the case is pressing."

We left immediately; but never had the route seemed so long to me. It appeared that the horses traveled with less speed, and that the driver stopped by the way oftener than usual. I longed to know just the state of the old mother, yet I dared not interrogate Genevieve. We at length reached Lonjumeau, and I took the road to the farm, running nearly the whole way. Mother Rivion was not in the field, according to her custom, and I soon perceived her standing in the half-open door, as if in the attitude of anxious waiting for some one, which seemed to me a bad sign. She cried out on seeing me, and I gazed at her with an earnest look, that was well understood; for she hastened to say:

"Come in; she is asking for you."

I found the mother as feeble as it was possible; nevertheless, she recognized, and stretched out her two hands toward me. I can not express what passed at that moment within me; but when I saw

her thus, the leaden color of her features, the languishing eye, the lips trembling with the stroke of death, the remembrance of all that she had done for me, there ran through my spirit a sudden light and anguish. The idea that I was about to lose her, without ever having before more than half realized so much goodness, struck me like a knife. I uttered a loud cry, and threw myself in her arms.

"Come, come, Pierre, my son, do not give way to so much grief," she said in a feeble voice. "I die content, since I have thee once more."

I felt that it was necessary for me to master my sorrow, and I seated myself near the bed, trying to give her some hopes of recovery. But she would not listen to me.

"No, no; let us not lose time in deceiving ourselves," she repeated, with a voice becoming more and more faint. "I wish to speak of my last wishes. Call Genevieve."

The young girl approached, and the invalid handed to her the keys of her wardrobe, asking her to bring the several articles which she designated. There was a watch which had belonged to my father, and gold ear-rings that she had worn at her marriage, a small silver goblet, and a few other trifles, in trinkets and apparel. She told us to spread them out on the bed before her, and calling, one after another, the persons who lived in the house, presented each one with some small gift. The Mother Rivion had the silver goblet, she gave me the watch, and wished Genevieve to retain the ear ornaments. She selected, finally, the dress in which she wished to be robed after death, told how and where she desired to be buried, and asked that there should be a high head-stone placed at the grave by myself.

We listened mournfully, striving with great effort to restrain our tears, and promising to do all she required. Just then the priest arrived. My heart was too full. I went out to weep, alone in a quiet spot, behind the mansion.



I must have remained there a long time; for, when I re-entered the house, it was nearly dark, and the priest was no longer there. I heard Genevieve's voice as she answered some questions of my mother's. At the first word, I was aware that the question related to myself. The dying woman who had been distressing herself at the thought of leaving me alone in the world, now evidently communicated to the young girl some last wish, which the latter seemed to be gently resisting.

"Pierre Henri has too much wisdom, and too good a heart, not to know for himself what he ought to do," said Genevieve, in troubled voice.

"But, then, why do you not wish to marry him?" demanded the invalid.

"I have not said that, Mother Madeleine," replied the girl.

"Let me speak to him, then."

"No," replied she, quickly; "to-day he could refuse you nothing, and later he might repent it. He ought not to decide such a solemn thing for your sake alone, nor for mine, good mother. He has a right to choose according to his own taste, and his own free will. . . . Whatever he may do, you know well that I shall always be ready to serve him."

"O Christ, save us!" murmured my mother, in a plaintive voice. "I waited still for this one joy on earth."

"And you shall have it, if it depends only on me," cried I, coming up to her bedside. "No persons need ever fear that I should repent it; for your choice, mother, is my choice."

This was the manner of my betrothal to Genevieve, and I can say with truth, that it proved to be the last and best blessing from her who brought me into the world.

My mother died the next day, at the hour of noon, clasping my hand and that of Genevieve between her own. May God recompense her for all she suffered here, and make amends for that which I was not able to render her! A mother is too large a creditor for her children ever to repay what they owe her, here below.

#### CHAPTER IX.

My marriage with Genevieve ended the term of my studies. Until then I had labored to become capable of sustaining such a position. But once at the head of a family, I employed myself in making constant drains upon my efficient resources. For him who has heretofore lived without order, and by hard work, this entrance into the systematic quiet of housekeeping is a great joy and a great incentive. The idea that one does not now endure labor and weariness for himself alone fills the heart with renewed courage. We recall the chill, sluggish days when we so much needed such companionship, and, now that we know that there will henceforth be two of us, we knot together more firmly than ever the cords that uphold our platform, and add an extra stanchion for greater security.

Since the first day of our marriage, I have had many cares, and some black humors. More than once as the heavy burdens of the family weighed down upon me, I have felt that the braces drew too tight over the shoulders. But, on recovering my better nature, and healthier sense, I have always found marriage to be a holy and blissful thing, the best defense against evil strokes of every description, and, in a word, the only true strength of reasonable men. Yet it is absolutely necessary that we know well how to make choice in this matter of union. Before calling another to share with us our most sacred and inner life, who ought to become as one's living shadow, it is well to view the object with the head as carefully as we have with the heart; to assure ourself that the one who is ever to abide near us, at the hearth-stone of home, will be to us as a second conscience in all respects, and not a tempter.

If, in associating a person in our temporary business affairs, we hesitate, for fear that he will take our money and our credit, without any return, how much more imperative is it that we step cautiously when it is to be a union for the whole term of our mortal existence, and

with one who may perchance take away our repose and our honor!

It is true, the women who thus turn traitors against us are few in number. Nearly all bring to the household at least as much of uprightness, of good conduct, and of self-sacrifice, as the husband. They may, perhaps, exhibit more of minor faults, but they have much less of vice. It is very rare to find them hardened in sin. Still, when this does occur, they are not seldom made thus by our own fault.

Those who are in station above us, living in an easy opulence, which has come to them by inheritance, or whose industry has won it without too much painful exertion, do not know all the trials that beset the brave wife of a laborious operative. Not only is it the careful economy necessary for the daily food of our table, but she is the guardian, also, of our hopeful determination and honesty. What temptations might assail and enter within the dwelling if she was not there to close the door against them! what unsightly ideas, which dare not have birth, because her innocent glance pierces even to our innermost mind! The embarrassment we experience in avowing wicked intention often compels us to remain honest. Indeed, it is not so easy as one might imagine to confess one to another his or her wickedness, and make an agreement to walk together in a dark, bad way. Where such hardihood is really found to exist, the strength and force of the two are never equal. There is always one who suffers disquiet, who lags behind; and this is oftenest the woman. Habit, well-attended to, ever inclines to a straight line, and guides to safety.

As for myself, I had dealt a most fortunate hand, finding in Genevieve all that I had hoped, and more. Such as I had seen her on our first day of meeting, such did I find her after marriage; such has she always remained. I confided to her all my plans, I recounted to her all my business engagements; and she ever gave me profitable counsel without seeming to dictate.

In my view, the greatest joy of domestic

life lies in this perfect confidence, which makes one heart, one purse, one interest. Let there come sadness or anger or hope to the dwelling, ready to overwhelm or elate, there will at least be one to bear it, or rejoice over it, with you, and that with a true heart. No longer need you allow the little streams of discomfort, that oft-times course their way through the spirit, to increase silently within yourself, until at length they form a deep reservoir that, sooner or later, wears away the defenses. That which comes to us each day, in the common course of life, glides by our path, in consequence of this truth and sympathy, as a stream, hitherto so brimful as if ready to overflow its bounds, subsides into quiet; and in this same manner the soul finds its true level.

Since my marriage I had followed the example of Maurice, and launched my ingenuity into small architectural experiments, which proved successful. Yet, like all others similarly plunged into speculation, I was often compelled for the sake of work to submit to a fall in prices, and to execute my plans with small resources.

The immediate result was also less in the pecuniary returns than in the certain advantage which insures reputation. I had not accumulated much, but I began to be well-known; and it was not long before I found myself engaged in a great number of trade affairs. My exactitude and activity inspired confidence, and, in default of capital, I obtained credit. In securing this, it was requisite to have the true spirit and sure hand in every thing, to execute rapidly, effectively, and always to arrive at the appointed hour, under penalty of being supplanted. The task was hard, but being well-defined, it worked right. The returns and payments were so many steps on the ladder in the way of compensation; and I hoped that my efforts would end by helping me to smooth off a little the too harsh angles. Once master of a sufficient sum for contingencies, all else would come of itself. Yet it seemed, for a time, as if we were obliged to mount to the roof without a



ladder, and wait there until we could fabricate one, round by round.

Robert came quite often to see us, and more than once I could perceive the little savings, destined by Genevieve for some rare pleasure-party, or article for her toilet, passed almost invariably from the drawer of the aunt into the pocket of the nephew. I did not complain of it, because it was easier for me, after all, to sacrifice a small amount of money than to afflict the excellent creature. She made up these little prodigalities by so much labor, frugality, and economy, that I always preserved the air of seeing nothing that she did not wish me to observe. In doing this, I sought rather my own repose than her advantage; and if I had exercised more common sense, I should soon have understood that my duty was to enlighten her as to her own. Because the weakness of those who dwell by our side is a very small thing, and is no constraint upon us, it is not necessary that we shut our eyes to it. On the contrary, it is better to take heed to it, to guard against and cure the evil, if possible.

I had left home for Bourgoigne, where I was called to study a work which the contractors wished to be calculated in as short a time as possible. My absence was to continue for about twelve days. Genevieve remained alone with our boy, Marcel, who was now three years old. I have, consequently, only learned through my wife what happened then, and which I am now about to relate.

The day following my departure, Robert came to see Genevieve. He appeared restless and much cast down. To all questions put to him, he replied only in curt monosyllables, or by sighs. She kept him to dinner, but he ate nothing, and continued to grow more and more gloomy. Distressed to see him thus, she pressed him for the reasons. He then said that life was distasteful to him, that he hated it, and some day or other he would throw it away like a pair of old, useless shoes. Genevieve, much affected, tried by every means to soothe his discouragement. But the more she said,

the stronger he grew in his resolve, until he made her understand that there was no other part left for him to play. His aunt urged him to explain, but he continued in that obstinate, stubborn silence, peculiar to the guilty, who do not wish to confess their sins. Fearful and distressed, she went to the cradle to place within it the little Marcel, who had been sleeping in her arms, and returned in haste to Robert's side, determined to draw from him his secret.

She found him sitting with his elbows on his knees, his head buried in his hands, like one in despair. Genevieve said every thing to him that her affection could invent. She spoke to him of his dead father, of the promise she had made to replace him in the boy's life, as far as she was able. She named, one after another, all the faults which she supposed might have overcome him, and begged him to answer, either by a single word, or even sign. But Robert merely shook his head. Finally, out of patience, she broke off from interrogating, when her nephew roughly addressed himself to her, by saying if he had not a hundred louis-d'or on the next day, he was lost. Genevieve made a start backward, as much aghast as if he had demanded from her the crown of France.

"A hundred louis, boy!" repeated she; "and who dost thou wish should present them to thee? Why hast thou need of them? What dost thou intend to do with them?"

"I owe them," replied Robert.

And as his aunt regarded him with an air of doubt, he set himself to unfold to her all his irregularities for three years past. He had about him letters from creditors, bills of non-acceptance, and even some assignments on stamped paper. But in the same measure that he tried to explain to Genevieve, did her indignation against him increase, until she felt nearly all pity for the renegade melting away.

"Ah, my lad, since you are able to disburse such a sum, you probably see

how you are to earn it," she said, resolutely. "That which I hold in my table there belongs to myself, and is waiting for nothing, only you shall not have the first piece of it. Ah! we have reason now to say that God loves us better than we love ourselves. When he recalled my poor brother, I accused him in my heart; now I see how we ought to thank him, for he is spared this sorrow and this shame."

"Yes," interrupted Robert, with a kind of desperate audacity, "more of shame than you can believe; for I have not yet told all."

"And what remains, then, to say, poor unfortunate?" cried Genevieve.

Her nephew had risen, and gazed at her with a pallid face, and manner like one insane.

"Eh, well," said he, showing the papers of creditors; "it is necessary to pay all that, under pain of going to prison,—and I have paid it."

"You? How?"

"With a note."

She looked at him fixedly, without comprehending.

"What note?" she inquired.

"A note signed with the name of your husband."

"What dost thou say, miserable one? a counterfeit?"

He lowered his head; Genevieve clasped her hands, uttering a cry of anguish. Both remained a moment without speaking. Suddenly the aunt rose, took Robert by the shoulders, and shook him excitedly.

"Thou hast lied to me," cried she. "Thou dost not owe this hundred louis; thou hast acted a falsehood; and thou wishest thus to draw from me money."

The young man lifted his head, and reddened to the very brow.

"Ah! I have lied, have I?" stammered he; "well, then, it is good; let us speak no more about it." He took his hat, and went out precipitately.

Genevieve suffered him to depart; but she passed a terrible night. She trembled at every noise, believing some one came to inform her of the arrest or death of

Robert. She accused herself of cruelty. Twice she took down her shawl to run to her nephew's lodgings; and twice a doubt that she could not explain prevented her. On the morrow, part of the day passed in the same manner. At length, toward the close of the afternoon, an unknown person, of coarse exterior, presented himself with three notes, signed with my name. They were the forgeries of which Robert had spoken. When she saw them, Genevieve turned very pale,—so pallid, indeed, that the stranger, who called himself M. Dumans, felt obliged to inform her what they were. But the poor woman retained her tight hold on the papers, which trembled in her hand, and could not reply. M. Dumans elevated his eyebrows. At length, not knowing what to say, she asked from whom he held these valuations.

"You can see for yourself," replied the unknown person, showing, on the reverse side, the signature of three or four indorsers.

"And Monsieur has need—immediately—of the money?" said my wife, more and more agitated.

"Parbleu!" replied he, "I have on the morrow two payments to make, and I have depended on my own returns. People told me that your husband was good for the amount; I hope, in the name of the devil, it is true, and that I have not been deceived."

In speaking thus, he gave a keen, sinister glance at Genevieve, from his two wicked eyes, which sent all the color once more from her face, and threw the poor lady into a violent fit of weeping.

"Hein!" cried M. Dumans, "tears! bah! Is that all you expect to give to me? You are not, then, solvent? You have not the hundred louis? Ah, thousand thunders! I am ruined!"

He rose up, uttering so many curses and menaces against me that my poor wife, frightened at his wrath, confessed all. At the announcement that the notes were forgeries, M. Dumans made a bound forward.

"Then I have been sold," cried he;



"and by whom? You knew the falsehood. You yourself were interested in it. You have not declared the whole fraud. I think you had better let me know it, or I will denounce you; I will pursue you; I will have you condemned as an accomplice."

Genevieve was about to reply, when the door opened rudely, and Robert stood before them. At the cry which escaped from my wife, M. Dumans turned toward the young man, and the latter, seeing the papers in Genevieve's hands, fell on his knees.

There occurred then such a scene as Genevieve has never been able to describe, because, whenever she has made the attempt, sobs and tears have choked her voice. All that I can fully make out is, that, after many tears and entreaties, seeing the man holding the notes had resolved to arrest Robert, and the latter, who, clinging to the window, threatened to dash himself down into the court below, her heart failed her. She ran to the secretary, which served for a money chest, took from it three hundred and fifty francs, which constituted all my reserve funds; and offered them for the bills. The creditor seemed at first to hesitate; but on the observation that Robert was without resources, and that, in refusing this settlement, he would probably lose all, the exchange was made, under the signature of each, and M. Dumans left the house.

After having hurriedly thanked his aunt, Robert followed him.

There was in this latter's tone of speaking, and in his manner, a change so sudden, that it struck Genevieve as something singular. Being alone, and recovered from her first excitement, she turned over in her mind all that had taken place; and the more she reflected, the more mysterious it seemed. Particularly, the actions and words of Robert left a doubt. She could not say what the suspicion really was, but felt that there was deception somewhere. She hoped all would be made clear at Robert's next visit. Two days passed by

without his appearing. Genevieve, whose anxiety constantly increased, at last confided Marcel to a kind neighbor, and hastened to seek her nephew in the Street Poirée. On reaching the fifth story of the lodging, on the landing-place of the small chamber which he occupied, she saw the door open, and a man of evil aspect came out, carrying a bundle. As much as he was altered by his change of dress, as also wearing a much heavier beard, she yet was able to recognize in this person M. Dumans.

The latter, taking advantage of her first start of surprise, which kept her for an instant silent, passed rapidly by her, and descended the stairway. Genevieve opened Robert's door. There was no one within the apartment; but the drawers of the furniture were in confusion, the closets open and empty. A few worn-out articles of dress were scattered about the floor, and this was all. Astonished at such unusual disorder, she re-descended, to the porter's room, where she asked for some explanation of the change.

The porter knew nothing, and had seen nothing amiss. All he could say was, that Robert had come in the night before, with the man who had crossed her on the staircase; that both seemed to be in fine spirits, and amused themselves by throwing down silver pieces, and laughing to hear them ring on the stone hearth. Genevieve could no longer doubt. The scene with the forged notes was a farce, agreed upon between Robert and his pretended creditor. They had reckoned on her fright, on her weakness. She had been made the victim of a rascality, of which the son of her only brother was the inventor. This thought went through her heart like the sharp stroke of a knife. She wished to smother it. She waited for Robert until the evening, and then again the next day. Mortification, anger, anxiety, tormented her in turn.

When I returned, she had lost, for five days, both sleep and appetite. I found her greatly changed, and, in terror, inquired if she were ill.

"Worse than that—much worse," she answered in a stifled voice.

And without waiting for my questions, as if she had need of sympathy to console her broken spirit, she related to me, in half-uttered, disconnected phrases, all that passed since I had last taken my departure.

When she reached that part concerning the three hundred and fifty francs given to Robert, I interrupted her by a terror-stricken cry. I believe I only half comprehended her words, and I rushed wildly toward the secretary. This hiding-place rendered up to me only the empty money sack. . . . My throat grew parched, my knees gave way, I had to support myself against the wall. Genevieve gazed at me with startled, wide-open eyes, her hands hanging listless, her lips trembling and dry, like one in a fever. In seeing her thus, my anger turned to heart-felt pity, and I said, very gently:

"Thou hast given him the silver, then. . . . I can not, therefore, pay what I owe. . . . In this, all is comprehended. . . . We are lost."

In fact, I had three bills of exchange which became due on the next day; and the sum placed in reserve was intended to pay them on presentation. Its disappearance set at naught all my calculations, and, worse than all, was destructive to my credit. I tried to make Genevieve understand the matter, by giving her an honest estimate of the situation. The poor creature felt so cast down and wretched that I tried to conceal my own torment. This beneficent intention gave me a kind of content, and raised somewhat my spirits. In exhibiting courage under our troubles, for the sake and love of Genevieve, I acquired it, little by little, for myself. I was still young, in good health, I had committed no wrong, and I felt that I had full strength to begin the world anew. The most important thing for the immediate present was honorably to fulfill my engagements. I spoke of it to Genevieve, calmly, tenderly, as an honest man should. I said nothing that

was dispiriting, but that it would be necessary, for a time, to give up all the small luxuries of our housekeeping, only retaining that part which was indispensable, and to accept life once more as poor laborers. She only replied by weeping, and pressing my hand in hers. When I had finished speaking,—

"Ah! thou art even better than I thought," she said to me. "I only ask one thing of the good Lord: it is, that he will let me live long enough to repay thy goodness."

God has listened to her prayer, and she has fulfilled her promise faithfully; for what she called my goodness has been paid back in true content and happiness, both interest and principal.

That same evening, I hastened to the dwellings of other chief architects, and relinquished to them certain contracts I had taken for a small sum of money paid down to me on the spot; and they also took my materials. In the mean time, Genevieve had brought merchants to the house, and sold to them the best of our household goods. These sources, united, gathered a sum sufficient for my present want; and thus my notes were paid to the last farthing.

But the breakdown was very perceptible. People knew that I had returned to the regiment of hodmen, and they consequently withdrew from me that consideration which had heretofore been so readily accorded. I presented myself in vain for commissions or contracts; none wished to make advances of capital to me, nor give me long credit. They witnessed my ruin, without taking any heed of my probity. As a last misfortune, Maurice was absent. Want began to press; it compelled me to take up again the trowel as a day-laborer.

Meanwhile, Robert did not make his appearance. In spite of all the past, Genevieve still recalled him with an unchanging affection, and I could see that she was often grieved and sad at hearing nothing from him. Two months had gone by, and I tried to forget the nephew, when a sergeant of the city presented



himself one day in my small kennel of a shop. Happily I was quite alone.

He showed me a scrap of paper having on it my name and address, but nearly effaced and illegible. It had been found on the person of a man who had been assassinated. A little anxious and troubled, I followed the sergeant to the Morgue; and there I recognized the body of Robert. The cord, with its heavy stone attached, by which he had been dragged to the river, was still about the neck of the poor lad. His accomplices in sin had wished to profit themselves alone in their vile gains, and thus, as it so often happens, one crime had been punished by new and worse ones.

Genevieve knew nothing of this until a long time after. Even to this day, the murderers have never been discovered. Perhaps they have had similar judgment meted out to them by other wicked hands; for, in the evil, as in the good, it is very rare that men do not reap what they sow. As for ourselves, the remembrance of the miserable nephew, who had cast his Satanic devices into the midst of so much domestic happiness, soon lost itself in our more rude experiences. The evil days approached when we were to be forced, according to the adage of friend Maurice, to buffet the storm without a cloak and without an umbrella to cover us.

FROM THE FRENCH.

## HE KNOWS.

I KNOW not what may befall me,  
 God spreads a mist before mine eyes;  
 At every step on my onward path  
 He maketh new scenes to rise;  
 And every joy he sends me  
 Comes with a sudden and strange surprise.  
 I see not a step before me  
 As I tread in another year;  
 But the past is still in God's keeping,  
 The future his mercy will clear;  
 And what looks dark in the distance  
 May brighten as it grows near.  
 It may be, the bitter future  
 Is less bitter than I think;  
 The Lord may sweeten the waters  
 Before I come to drink;  
 Or, if Marah must be Marah,  
 He will stand himself by the brink.  
 It may be, he is keeping,  
 For the coming of my feet,  
 Some gift of such rare blessedness,

Some joy so strangely sweet;  
 But my lips will only tremble  
 The thanks they can not speak.  
 O blessed, happy ignorance,  
 'Tis better not now to know;  
 It keeps me so still in the tender arms  
 That will not let me go;  
 It hushes my soul to rest  
 On the bosom that loves me so.  
 And so I go on not knowing,—  
 I would not if I might;  
 I'd rather walk in the dark with God,  
 Than go alone in the light;  
 I'd rather walk with him by faith  
 Than go alone by sight.  
 My heart shrinks back from the trials  
 The future may disclose.  
 But I never had a sorrow  
 But what the dear Lord chose;  
 So I force back the coming tears,  
 With the whispered word, He knows.

## THE CINCINNATI MAY FESTIVAL AND ITS EFFECTS.

ANOTHER great wave of musical enthusiasm has come to a crest and burst over our city, and scattered its æsthetic spray over the whole West. Now that it is all past, and we have time again to catch our breath, let us look about us, and discover, if we can, what tinted shells it has left on the shore.

The Cincinnati Biennial Musical Festival is an American institution. The orchestra is German; the music three-fourths German, and the other fourth exotic; scarcely half the singers were native-born; but, despite all this, it is thoroughly American, for nothing but that attenuated and intensified form of Anglo-Saxon called the Yankee could ever have supplied the nerve-force needed to carry on such a mammoth affair. The hall in Leipsic known as the "Gewandhaus" (the most classical musical hall in Europe) will hold but a few hundred listeners, while our Cincinnati Exposition Hall, on the climax night, was packed with eight thousand.

The American name carries a stigma of money-loving greed very offensive to an artistic spirit; but while this greed is, perhaps, too truly characteristic of us as a people, there is not only excuse for it, but almost necessity. A vast tract of country, rich in every product, sharing the climates of the world; with broad foundations of granite, iron, and coal; with springs of spontaneous oil; with veins of gold and silver; a surface ready to give luxuriant growth to every form of seed; a navigable network of lakes and rivers,—all these advantages appeal strongly, not only to the cupidity, but to the enterprise, of a nation; and almost call forth a mechanical æsthetics, an art of the useful. The American epic is the steam-engine; its most life-like drama, the telegraph; its most familiar lyric, the patent reaper, the sewing-machine, and the gas-jet. It is in these things that our sense of the beautiful finds easiest ex-

pression; but we are not by any means lacking in the latent power of artistic creation. We have already an illustrious band of sculptors and painters, a choir of vigorous and melodious poets, and scores of so-called musical composers, who pour forth profusely—not exactly music, but a sonorous something which bears a glittering resemblance to it; being as paste to the real diamond.

America has been for years the Eldorado of all the *virtuosi*. Since the time of Jenny Lind and Mario, the visits of Europe's rare singers have been more and more frequent, their triumphs still more and more dazzling, up to Nilsson's one hundred thousand dollars in a single season. Ole Bull has literally scraped up several fortunes; and Rubinstein, though coming with that most abstract of instruments, the piano, went back with forty-three thousand dollars in gold.

Artists of American birth are, every year, becoming less a rarity, and there is scarcely a country where the itinerating concert troupe is such a lucrative institution. In the department of great orchestral and choral work, we are hardly equal to England or Germany; not so much, however, by reason of a lack of quality as of quantity. England, with all her choral celebrity, may be able to muster vaster armies of singers, but can scarcely give finer work than the Handel and Haydn Societies of Boston; while Thomas's orchestra will scarcely find anywhere a superior.

We have long been familiar with that Teutonic hybrid of music and beer known as the Saengerfest; but the Anglo-American festival began with the great Peace Jubilee in Boston, in 1869. Since then, various attempts have been made in all the great cities of the country, but none to be compared with those in Cincinnati, either in respect to the severe loftiness of their programme, or the fineness of their execution.



We seem to have almost a prerogative for sudden growth. Whatever seed we plant springs at once into complete flower.

In 1870, Theodore Thomas, with a corps of forty performers, visited Cincinnati; and the newspapers profanely announced that Mr. Thomas had come to town with something like forty fiddlers, much in the same spirit as it was said, in regard to Rubinstein, "Old Rube will pound ivory to-night at Pike's Opera-house." At the first visit, the orchestra made scarcely money enough to float away from the city without scraping bottom; but in three years the same orchestra was the nucleus of a forty-thousand-dollar festival, which was carried through with immense *éclat*, and an outburst of spread-eagle enthusiasm, which it was refreshing to see for once diverted from the demagogue to the artist.

The second Festival shows a marked improvement over the first, in the severe purity of its programmes. In the first, there was a considerable sprinkling, especially in the matinées, of rather light music; the best, indeed, of its class, but that is saying little. Among others, for instance, there was a trivial overture from Auber, which a well-meaning shower of rain upon the roof rendered inaudible, almost throughout. But the seven programmes last May showed but one weak spot, a waltz by Strauss; not one of those sparkling, intoxicating embodiments of the most refined sensuousness, heightened to the very borders of intellectuality (like the "Beautiful Blue Danube," or the "Artist's Life"), but it was the "Devil's Darning-needle,"—a whimsical title, surely. And the music, quite as meaningless as its name, contains scarcely a figure of enough importance to catch the ear, and hardly a single succession of chords with a tinge of harmonic beauty; the whole sounding as if it had been scribbled off between sleep and waking.

The evening concerts presented a series of noble works, of elaborate and extended form, and imbued with a profoundly artistic earnestness of spirit. The first

was Brahms' "Hymn of Triumph," Beethoven's A major Symphony, and extensive extracts from Wagner's "Lohengrin." The second night, the entire oratorio of "Elijah" was given; the third night, Bach's "Magnificat in D," and Beethoven's Ninth, or D minor, Symphony; while, on the last evening, we heard Schubert's Slavic Symphony, selections from Wagner's "Wahlkyre," and Liszt's "Prometheus."

Here is certainly a tempting field for the critic, each a specimen work. We have seven great masters represented, each in his very best manner,—Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Liszt, Schubert, and Wagner.

The "Triumph Hymn" of Brahms, written to celebrate German unification, is a majestic choral composition, in three parts, set to a sublime text from the nineteenth chapter of Revelation. The emotional texture throughout is joy, rapture, ecstasy; and this sustained at such an extreme pitch of elation, and to such a length, as to become almost painful. A condor may be able to live two miles above the tops of the Andes, but a good many other birds would find the air a little thin, and a trifle chilly; even a very well brought up nightingale would much prefer a comfortable perch in some earth-rooted tree, where it might descant *ad libitum*, with the consoling consciousness of the ground not far below. We confess that a good many smaller and more melodious compositions have been far more satisfying and agreeable to us. It is not the elevation we object to, but the dryness. The choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is fairly dizzy with elevation, both literally and metaphorically, both in sound and in sentiment; all of Handel's great choruses also are elevated to a celestial pitch, and all their motives are expanded and radiated along the lines of strictest counterpoint; and yet they are every-where overlaid with euphonious sweetness, which relieves any intrinsic harshness which they might contain; but the choruses of Brahms are severe without sweetness,

lofty without grace; they are deficient in clear melodious invention; as they pour in through the ear, they overwhelm the soul like an ocean current, powerful indeed, but brackish and ill-tasting. All this is increased by the use of the double chorus, which makes the music necessarily so fettered and complex that it often seems like an effort, not so much to be ear-charming and soul-expanding, as to be as noisy and confused as possible without resolving itself into absolute chaos. By all this we would not imply that the "Hymn of Triumph" is utterly void of beauty; on the contrary, it has many noble passages, here and there some interesting instrumentation, and a great many massive chords that quite subdue one for the moment; but the general lack of melodious outline is a serious defect. The confusion perhaps was increased by a certain jostling and inequality between the orchestra and chorus; and a second hearing might amend our judgment of the work.

After this followed Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and we have seldom been more ravished by music than by the admirable rendering of this great masterpiece, which we heard on the first night of the Festival. The Seventh Symphony completes Beethoven's second great period, reaching from 1803 to 1813, ten of his most prolific and original years, and from which issued five of the nine great symphonies. It was first produced in Vienna in 1813, for the benefit of the Austrian soldiers who had been wounded in the wars with Napoleon; and was performed by a unique orchestra, almost every player in which became afterward celebrated in his art. No less a man than Meyerbeer officiated at the drum, which, it is said, was the only instrument heard by Beethoven throughout the entire performance.

The emotional basis of this Symphony, like that of the "Triumph Hymn," is joy; but it is unfolded from beginning to end with the greatest melodic distinctness and masterly logic of form. It is divided, according to the law of classic

symphony, in four parts, or movements; but the first has an introduction of sufficient length and individual character to be called a separate movement. The theme of the first principal movement is rural, almost rustic, in rhythm, and throughout there prevails a vigorous galloping figure, which gives to the whole a delightful mixture of the majestic and the rollicking.

Only once in the whole course of the Symphony does a shadow of grief fall across the broad bars of sunshine. In the first, third, and fourth movements, we see festivity, gala-day splendor, tumultuous but refined gayety; in the second movement, we see the deaf and lonely Beethoven, standing somewhat aloof from the crowd, gazing wistfully, and with passionate regret, at the passing panorama of happy mortals, whom he can not join, though he would gladly be a part of the jostling throng. This allegretto is one of the most heavenly pieces of sound which is ever heard in the atmosphere of our world. It is made almost entirely, both melody and accompaniment, of two little groups; the first containing two, the second three, notes. Each figure is in itself as simple as a child's elementary exercise; but such is the power of Beethovenian genius that these trifling designs are built up by such combination and such succession that they construct a most enchanting emotion-picture. This lovely movement breathes over our hearts like a soft wind of the night floating toward us out of the mysterious darkness, that folds around us, with magical caress, delicate wings, that have been dipped in the cups of a hundred flowers; its breath is moist and balmy, and it lisps in our ears with syllables half articulate; it brings us the sigh of the dreaming trees, and the rustle of flowery bushes; it speaks with mystery yet calmness; it speaks of sadness, but a sadness half mixed with joy,—a sadness which hath foundation, which comes from and leads to God. The melodies in this movement are very simple and plain, but exquisitely tender and touching. There is every-where to be heard,—now above, now below; now



in theme, now in accompaniment,—a continuance of the original figure, with such incessant reiteration as, heard alone, would be insufferably monotonous; but, coming in connection with the other parts, it heightens the effect of brooding and dwelling upon sorrow, to a degree that gives one the heart-ache. Beethoven's melancholy is profound and all-pervading, but it is never weak; it has always a solid center of will, a manly soul, about which to twine. The third movement scherzo and the fourth finale take up the mood of the first, and carry it on with unflagging rapture to the very end, frequently mounting to the verge of intoxication.

On Wednesday evening, Mendelssohn's great oratorio "Elijah" was given complete. This noble piece of religious music was composed for the Triennial Festival held at Birmingham, England, and was produced there for the first time in 1846, under the baton of the great Felix himself. The work is written in imitation of the Handelian method, though perhaps not quite so severe, yet certainly not lacking in strong contrapuntal structure. Mendelssohn, with all his amazing and precocious talent, is rather an elegant and learned elaborator than an original genius. His method and style are derived—as is evident in every chorus he has written, and as he himself expressly declares—from a severe, reverential, almost religious, study of those great kings in the realm of strict form, Handel and especially Bach. He has avowed his belief (when making strictures on Beethoven's Ninth Symphony), that there is no such thing as originality or advancement in art; and, while we have much to thank him for in the way of pure ideal enjoyment, we must own that he is, in a large measure, the proof and illustration of his own theory. Exquisite elegance of phrase, faultless transparency of method, charming grace of outline; continuous undulating melodies, perpetually climbing and twisting, turning and curling, in every direction over the harmonic framework, like flowering vines on a lattice,

thin pure chords, that melt into each other by such insensible degrees, such faultless logic of sequence, that they seem like the neighboring tints of one rainbow; and exalted, refined, pure sentiment, that fans the spirit into a glassy serenity, like the zephyr of the Summer night,—all this we find in Mendelssohn. The mad enthusiasm of his partisans we can scarcely sympathize with, but we do confess to deriving some of our purest draughts of tone-pleasure from his ideal well of music undefiled.

"Elijah" is longer, more pretentious, more scientific, than his youthful oratorio "St. Paul," but is hardly so general a favorite; for Mendelssohn reversed the usual law, and wrote his best works early. The Prophet himself occupies, of course, a large part of the work, and delivers many recitations and arias. Some of the choruses also are winged with a lofty devotional spirit; the lamentation of the people over the drought is full of wild alarm and sickening terror; the scene between the Prophet and the Shunammite is instinct with dramatic life; the solo of the Prophet in the wilderness is full of the deepest pathos; but the contralto solo, "O rest in the Lord," is perhaps the most exquisite of its many beauties. Its opening measures, and indeed its prevailing emotional substance (tenderness mixed with sadness, and built upon strength), are suggestive of Glück's famous "Che Faro;" but Mendelssohn has worked it out in a thoroughly characteristic manner, and made of it one of the most penetrating and soul-subduing embodiments of divine consolation to be found in the whole range of musical literature. The chords constantly shift and dissolve, but this with such evenness and smoothness that they give the soul the sense of being supported on every side; while the benign contralto, set in its mildest yet fullest register, "draws out the linked sweetness" of many a delicious interval.

The great Festival was closed with one of Liszt's elaborate pieces of realistic music, the symphony cantata "Prometheus." This idea of large instrumental

and vocal combination was first struck out by Beethoven in his last symphony, and followed by Mendelssohn in his "Hymn of Praise." Liszt's work is sadly deficient in melody, but rich in original effects.

A very noticeable feature of the Festival was the vast amount of Wagner's music presented. There were selections from all his operas, and they were well chosen to illustrate the author, but we confess they left a very mixed impression

upon us. Beauties there are, great beauties; uglinesses there are, great uglinesses: but we can not discuss the music of the future now. We will only say we felt like the man in the Turkish bath, hurried up and down through an insane gamut, from icy silence to scalding noise; and as that man was willing to wait for the jack-plane, we should have been glad to have had Wagner get his powder magazine ready, and blow us to atoms with one shock. JOHN S. VAN CLEVE, A. M.

## CATHEDRALS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

### BASILICAS.

**D**URING the first two or three centuries of its existence, the Christian Church had little need of architecture. The persecuted and scattered sect deemed themselves fortunate if they might secure a quiet corner in some gloomy Catacomb, where they could carry on their worship unmolested by Roman hate and intolerance. In the dark bosom of the earth, they celebrated their simple rites, and waited in hope and patience for the dawn of a brighter day. On the narrow walls of the chapels in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, near Rome, may still be seen traces of religious symbols painted by these early Christians. Instead of pillars and altars, and the gorgeous pageantry of the later Church, they were surrounded by rudely hewn passages and these rough emblems of their faith.

But the day so long looked for came at last. The great Constantine himself became a convert to Christianity. Instead of persecution came protection. The hunted and scattered Church emerged from their gloomy retreat under the ground, to bask in the sunshine of imperial favor. They looked about them for buildings in which they might more fittingly perform the ceremonies of the Christian ritual, and they found the basil-

icas of ancient Rome. The basilica of the Romans was, primarily, a hall of justice; but, in addition to this use, it served as a market-place, an exchange, and a place of meeting for business men generally. At one end was a raised platform and a chair for the prætor or judge; the rest of the space was free to the people. At the time of Constantine, there were a score of these structures in Rome. Admirably fitted, as they were, for the purposes of Christian worship, it needed only the imperial decree to substitute the altar for the chair of justice, the presbyters for the assessors, the priest for the prætor, and the cross for the Roman banners. The heathen court was transformed into a Christian Church. Most of these structures have crumbled into dust, but the ruins of two or three—notably the one near the Coliseum—are still well enough preserved to afford an indication of their original size and plan. And the form thus adopted by chance, became with some alterations, the basis of all Christian architecture. Even the name of basilica, in connection with church edifices, has been retained in Italy to the present day.

The development of the forms of Christian worship from the simple rites



of the Catacombs to the gorgeous ceremonies of St. Peter's, a few centuries later, would form an interesting study. It is somewhat remarkable that the early Christians had no specific directions, either from the Head of the Church or from the apostles, in regard to the form of public services which they should follow. Protestants of a later day have drawn from this the inference that the worship which Christ taught was less for the ear and the eye than for the heart. And such seems to have been the belief and the practice of the early fathers of the Church. But as the hierarchy of Rome grew strong and rich, they began to repudiate these simple forms of early days, and to substitute the pomp and ceremony of Egypt. The separation of the congregation into clergy and laity was made complete. The former secluded to themselves the apse (or choir), and behind the railing of that sacred inclosure the profane multitude was not permitted to pass. The faithful were recompensed, however, by being permitted to witness the sacred mysteries of the faith, performed by the higher order of the clergy; to gaze upon a spectacle gorgeous with purple and gold, and to hear the Gospels and Epistles read from the pulpits which flanked the choir. As the ceremonies thus grew in magnificence and importance, the architecture of the basilicas was modified, and rendered more imposing. The side entrances were lengthened out so as to give to the building the form of a Greek or Latin cross, thus forming the two transepts of the modern cathedral, and separating the choir from the nave. A crypt was formed below the high altar, and in it were placed the bones of the martyr or saint in whose honor the church was named. A baptistery was added; and the development went on, until it culminated in great churches, like those which now form the chief objects of interest to the traveler in Catholic countries.

#### THE RENAISSANCE.

Such is a brief outline of the history

of Christian architecture from the fourth to the fourteenth centuries. During this period of a thousand years, over thirty basilicas were erected in Rome. But the progress of taste was steadily downward. An attempt, which was made about the tenth century, to break loose from the old Roman forms and inaugurate a new style of architecture, produced some wretched innovations. But at length there was a reawakening of true art, as well as of literature and science, generally, throughout Europe. The darkness and stupor of the Middle Ages gave place, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, to great mental activity. The revival in architecture manifested itself, in the North and West, in the extraordinary rise of the Gothic art, the beautiful models of which were described in a recent article, in this magazine, on the "Gothic Cathedrals."

In Italy the revival was very rapid and complete. The wonderful cathedral at Pisa, which will be treated of further on, was one of its first fruits. But the Italians showed a preference for the round arch over the pointed form, and, consequently, Gothic architecture never took decided root below the Alps. The Renaissance, therefore, as it has come to be called, marks a distinct epoch of the history of architecture, and especially that which relates to ecclesiastical building. It began with merely copying the Roman moldings and ornaments on existing forms; but went on developing until, in some cases,—as notably the Madeleine church, in Paris,—an exact reproduction of the old classic structures has been reached. The spirit which animated this period of reawakened life may be understood from the decree of the city of Florence, which commanded the rebuilding of her cathedral. Listen! She says: "As it is the highest prudence of a people of great origin to proceed in their affairs in such a manner that their works will bear witness to their wisdom and magnanimity, it is decreed that Arnolfo, the master architect of our city, shall make models for the repair of Santa Maria, with the

greatest and most prodigal magnificence, and in such a way that the industry and the wisdom of man will not invent, nor ever be able to undertake, any thing that may be greater or more beautiful."

#### ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

This was the condition of things in Italy when, in 1506, Julius II commanded Bramante to reconstruct the ancient basilica of St. Peter, the principal temple of the Christian religion, which was threatening to sink into ruin. The history of this famous structure, which in vastness exceeds any stone building in the world, is a long one. Bramante, and the ambitious old Pope, his master, only lived to see the designs prepared and the foundation laid. Then followed a series of poets and painters and amateur architects, who were successively placed in charge, and carried forward the great work of construction. The first was Raphael, "the divine youth," who was appointed to succeed Bramante in 1513. But the task was little suited to his abilities. Discussions arose as to the best plans to pursue, and, while popes and their advisers were disputing, Raphael died.

Then came Peruzzi, who abandoned the nave designed by Bramante, and returned to the Greek cross. (And here it may be stated that the controversy over the Greek as against the Latin cross, in the construction of St. Peter's, has lasted through four centuries, and, though settled long since as a matter of fact, is still fresh as a matter of argument to-day.) But Peruzzi also died, in 1536, without having accomplished much. Sangallo followed next. He restudied the whole design, and made a model of his idea on a large scale. In front of the Greek cross, he added an immense *pronaos*, four hundred and fifty feet in width, and was about going on with other absurdities, when, in 1546, he also died.

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and not only was nothing finished, but nothing very definite seemed to have been decided upon. It was then that Michael

Angelo, already more than seventy years of age, was induced by the Pope to undertake the task. He determined to restrict it to the Greek cross, and for seventeen years worked with a giant energy, that every-where left traces of his genius and skill. As the "Last Judgment" was his greatest effort in painting, and his "Moses" the masterpiece of modern sculpture, so the dome of St. Peter's will stand forever as his crowning work in architecture. When he died, in 1564, there remained unfinished the eastern portico, the double spherical vault, and the cupola of the dome.

But in spite of the shades of Michael Angelo and Bramante, the building was finally turned into a Latin cross, early in the seventeenth century, by one Carlo Maderno, and the noble dome was nearly consigned to oblivion. In 1661, Bernini added the piazza,—a circular order of columns inclosing the fountains and the open space in front.

And such is the architectural history of St. Peter's, the "largest and most magnificent temple ever reared by Christians in honor of their religion; and only prevented from being the most beautiful by the inherent vices of the school in which it was designed." All that wealth could purchase or authority command was, for a century and a half, laid under contribution in its erection. The cost of the building had long ago reached one hundred millions of dollars, raised throughout the whole Catholic world, by all the arts known to popery.

But with all its vast outlay of money, and with all the illustrious architects, sculptors, and painters, who have employed their talents upon it, St. Peter's has not a single defender among the architectural critics of Europe. Its chief claims for attention lie in its immense size, its gorgeous details, and its historical and ecclesiastical importance. It is difficult to gain an impressive idea of its vast dimensions even when standing beneath its vaults. Visitors invariably confess to a feeling of disappointment when they look upon it for the first time.



Approaching it from the east, a mere glimpse is caught of the summit of the great dome, which vainly tries to overcome the disadvantages of its position, in the center of an immense flat roof, and appear majestic and imposing.

Passing up the broad steps, and entering through a small section of the vast portal, the visitor has before him the nave of the basilica. He is struck, not so much with the vastness of the church, as with the insignificant size of the people, who appear to be walking about the altar, far down in the perspective. It is difficult to realize that the Corinthian columns which separate the aisles are ninety feet high, and thirty feet in thickness; that the acanthus leaves which surmount them are seven feet in length; that the sculptured figures of apostles that fill the niches in the pier arches are twenty feet tall; that the pen which the apostle Matthew holds in his hand is actually six feet long; and that the *bal-dacchino* over the altar is nearly as high as Niagara.

The uniform vastness of these details gives to the building a greatly diminished appearance. Yet there is a simplicity and grandeur about the great nave, which is one hundred and fifty-three feet in height under the arch, that in some part makes up for the artistic defects of the building. The nature of these defects may perhaps be best understood from the following quotation from the eminent English critic, Ferguson:

"From whatever point of view we regard it, the study of St. Peter's is one of the saddest, but, at the same time, one of the most instructive examples, in the whole history of architecture. It is sad to think the world's greatest opportunity should have been thrown away, because the building happened to be undertaken at a time when architecture was in a state of transition, and when painters and amateurs were allowed to try experiments in an art of which they had not acquired the simplest rudiments. Had such an opportunity fallen to the lot of the ancient Egyptians, its dimen-

sions would have secured it a greater sublimity than is found even at Karnac. Had it been intrusted to any dozen master masons in the Middle Ages,—to men, it may be, who could neither read nor write,—they would have produced a building with which it would have been difficult to find fault; but here all the talent, all the wealth of the world have been lavished, only to produce a building whose defects are apparent to every eye, and which challenges our admiration principally from its size and the richness of its ornamentation. The result has been a building which pretends to be classical, but which is essentially Gothic."

The exterior length of St. Peter's is seven hundred and twelve feet; that of the transept, five hundred feet. The width of the great nave is eighty-eight feet. The vault begins to spring at one hundred and eleven feet above the soil, and from this to the highest point there is a distance of seventy-one feet. The length of the vestibule is two hundred and thirty-three feet. The summit of the cupola is four hundred and thirty-one feet above the ground. The surface covered by the whole building is two hundred and sixteen thousand square feet. Mark Twain, whose veracity as an historian is beyond question, relates that ten thousand troops went to St. Peter's once to hear mass. Their commanding officer came afterward, and, not finding them, supposed they had not yet arrived. But they were in the church, nevertheless,—they were in one of the arms of the transept.

Charles Dickens once visited St. Peter's, and has left us his impressions. Though not so good a judge of art as of human character, he expresses himself without reserve; and his description of the interior presents a life-like picture before the reader. He says:

"The first burst of the interior, in all its expansive majesty and glory, is a sensation never to be forgotten." However, he had been "infinitely more affected in many English cathedrals, when the or-

gan was playing; and in many English country churches, when the congregations were singing. I had a much greater sense of mystery and wonder in the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice. . . .

"On Sunday the Pope assisted in the performance of high mass at St. Peter's. The effect of the cathedral on my mind, on that second visit, was exactly what it was at first, and what it remains, after many visits. It is not religiously impressive or affecting. It is an immense edifice with no one point for the mind to rest upon; and it tires itself with wandering round and round. The very purpose of the place is not expressed in any thing you see there, unless you examine the details. It might be a Pantheon or a senate-house, or a great architectural trophy, having no other object than an architectural triumph. There is a black statue of St. Peter, to be sure, which is constantly having its great toe kissed by good Catholics. . . . But this does not heighten the effect of the temple as a work of art.

"A large space behind the altar was fitted up with boxes shaped like those at the Italian Opera in England, but in their decoration much more gaudy. In the center of the kind of theater thus railed off was a canopied dais, with the Pope's chair upon it. The pavement was covered with a carpet of the brightest green; and, what with this green and the intolerable reds and crimsons, and gold borders of the hangings, the whole concern looked like a stupendous *bonbon*. . . . All about the green carpet, there was a slowly moving crowd of people: talking to each other; staring at the Pope through eyeglasses; defrauding each other, in moments of partial curiosity, out of precarious seats on the bases of the pillars, and grinning hideously at the ladies. The singers were in a crib of wire-work (like a large meat-safe or bird-cage), in one corner, and sang most atrociously. Dotted here and there were little knots of friars, in their coarse gowns and peaked hoods, making a strange contrast to the gaudy ecclesiastics of

higher degree. Some of these had muddy sandals and umbrellas, and stained garments, having trudged in from the country. The faces of the greater part were as coarse and heavy as their dress; their dogged, stupid, monotonous stare at all the glory and splendor having something in it half miserable, half ridiculous. Upon the green carpet itself, and gathered around the altar, was a perfect army of cardinals and priests, in red, gold, purple, white, and fine linen. In the midst of all these, and stealthy Jesuits creeping in and out, and the extreme restlessness of the youth of England, who were perpetually wandering about, some few steady persons in black cassocks, who had knelt down with their faces to the wall, and were poring over their missals, became, unintentionally, a sort of humane man-traps; and with their own devout legs, tripped up other people's by the dozen. . . . At a certain period of the ceremony, each (ecclesiastic) carried his candle up to the Pope, laid it across his two knees to be blessed; took it back again, and filed off. This was done in a very attenuated procession, and occupied a long time; not because it takes long to bless a candle, through and through, but because there were so many candles to be blessed. At last they were all blessed; and then they were all lighted; and then the Pope was taken up, chair and all, and carried round the church."

#### ST. PAUL'S, IN LONDON.

The second great Renaissance cathedral which, in architectural importance, if not in point of size, is a rival to St. Peter's, is St. Paul's, in London. As the former is the main center and source of the Catholic, so is the latter the chief temple of the Protestant religion. The history of the three Christian churches dedicated to St. Paul, in London, extends through more than a thousand years. It is a somewhat singular fact, that the cathedral, which, in some form or other, has existed on the same site since the seventh century, has had a



constant struggle for escape from destruction by fire. Five times it has been either wholly or partially destroyed by this enemy, and twice the fire came from heaven.

The first cathedral, which was erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, on the site of a Roman temple dedicated to Diana, lasted for five centuries, and was destroyed by the fire which devastated London in William the Conqueror's time. The next church, which was begun in 1087, remained standing until the Great Fire, in 1666. It was begun in the old Norman style, but, by constant additions and modifications, grew at length into a magnificent Gothic structure, larger and more imposing than the beautiful Gothic models which still remain at Litchfield and Lincoln. An architectural description of this historical edifice does not come within the purpose of this article. Some of the odd facts and customs connected with it, however, are so interesting as to deserve mention. Following the Reformation, the cathedral seems to have undergone a period of extraordinary desecration. The ferment of men's minds, caused by that great religious event, overthrew the feeling of sanctity for a building which had so long been devoted to the Catholic form of worship.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, St. Paul's became the recognized resort of wits and gallants; a rendezvous for the transaction of business; a gossip-shop for men of fashion; a place for gathering and exchanging news; and, if Evelyn is to be believed, actually a horse-market. The chapels were used for stores and lumber; the vaults, for carpenters' shops and wine-cellars; and bakers baked their bread and pies in ovens excavated in the buttresses. Houses were built against the outer walls. Rope-dancing feats were performed upon the battlements before King Edward VI. At one time, during the rule of Cromwell, it was even in danger of being sold to the Jews, and converted into a synagogue. About this time, if we are to believe the diaries and books of the day,

"Banks's horse," a remarkable animal, trained by his master to perform various tricks, actually climbed St. Paul's steeple. How he performed this surprising feat does not appear, but it is alluded to by Middleton in his "*Blacke Booke*," 1604; by Rowley, in his "*Search for Money*," 1600, and by other contemporary writers.

In 1444, this cathedral had another attack of its old enemy, fire. The story is quaintly told by one of its historians. He says:

"The 1st of February in the year 1444, the steeple of St. Paul's was fired by lightning, in the midst of the shaft, or spire, both on the west side and on the south; but by the labor of many well-disposed people, the same was, to appearance, quenched by vinegar; so that all men withdrew them to their houses, praising God; but, between eight and nine of the clock, in the same night, the fire burst out again, more fervently than before, and did much hurt to the lead and timber, till, by the great labor of the mayor and people, that came thither, it was thoroughly quenched."

The next serious attack by fire was in 1666, when the whole edifice was destroyed, together with half of London. Pepys, in his diary, tells the story briefly: "Paul's is burned and all Cheapside." On Friday, September 7th, he was "up by five o'clock, and, blessed be God! found all safe, and by the water to Paul's wharf. Walked there, and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roof fallen, and the body of the Quire fallen into St. Faith's."

The work of rebuilding was begun almost immediately. It was intrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, then in the height of his fame as an architect. He was instructed to prepare "a plan handsome and noble," which he proceeded to do, and presented his model to the King, by whom it was approved. But the clergy made objections; and Wren drew another plan, of which King Charles also expressed his admiration. It was this second design, with some alterations,

which was carried out in the cathedral as it now stands. Other complete designs were also made by Wren, the original models of which are to be seen in the Kensington and British Museums. These were drawn "merely for discourse's sake, to find out what might satisfy the world;" and "observing that the generality were for grandeur, he endeavored to gratify the taste of the Connoisseurs and Criticks with something coloss and beautiful, conformable to the best stile of the Greek and Roman architecture."

A commission of six solemn old fossils, lords, deans, and archbishops, was appointed by the King to thwart and distract the architect; and so well did they succeed that the remainder of his life was a constant struggle with opposition. The first quarrel was about the iron fence surrounding the church yard. Wren wanted wrought iron, and the commissioners declared for cast iron. Another great dispute was over the matter of the balustrade which crowns the upper cornices. Wren declared that it was contrary to his design, and to the principles of architecture; but his objections were disregarded, and the balustrade added. After a few more quarrels, and in the year 1718, he was dismissed, and a favorite of the King put in the place. The favorite was William Benson, who has been immortalized by Pope's lines in the "Dunciad." The great architect died five years later, in retirement and disgrace. Benson was ignominiously expelled from his office after a year's service. But the dismissal of Wren came too late to work any serious injury to the building. His plan was already embodied in imperishable stone. The cathedral was practically completed; and the century and a half that have elapsed since have only demonstrated more clearly the wisdom and genius of its builder.

It is a difficult and well-nigh impossible task to describe a great building like St. Paul's so as to bring it like a picture before the eye. Fortunately, most of those who have not looked upon the cathedral itself are familiar with its noble propor-

tions by means of photographs and cuts. Its form is that of a long or Latin cross. Its extreme length is five hundred feet; and breadth, across the transepts, two hundred and fifty feet. The width of the nave is one hundred and eighteen feet. The distance from the street to the top of the cross which surmounts the dome is three hundred and sixty-five feet. The church is built, externally, in two stories; the lower order being Corinthian; and that of the upper, Composite. The west front has a magnificent portico, consisting of two orders of fluted columns, and surmounted on each side by a steeple, or campanile tower. These towers are surrounded by Corinthian columns. In the pediment of the portico is sculptured in bas-relief a scene representing the conversion of St. Paul. On the apex of the pediment is a colossal statue of St. Paul; and on the two corners, figures of the apostles Peter and James. The transepts terminate, on the south and north, in semicircular porticoes, over which are statues of angels and apostles.

The most magnificent feature of the church is the dome. From almost any quarter of London, it may be seen, lifting its noble form far above the soot-be-grimed buildings which surround it. Twenty feet above the roof of the church is a circular range of thirty-two beautiful marble columns, of the Corinthian order. Higher up is a gallery adorned with a balustrade. Then comes the lead roof of the dome, from the center of which rises a lantern, also adorned with Corinthian columns, the whole being terminated by a gilt ball and cross. It is the proper thing for tourists to spend half a day climbing into this ball, where they can write their names with the thousands who have gone before, and obtain a commanding view of London and parts adjacent. The method adopted by Wren for supporting the dome is one of which no other example exists except in India. The principle is the counteraction of the outward thrust by the suspension of an inward falling weight. In other words, the mass of masonry is so formed



that its weight acts inward and keeps the whole in equilibrium. In this dome is the famous Whispering Gallery. It was the design of the architect that the interior of the dome should be adorned with mosaics, after the manner of the basilican churches at Rome; but, like the other plans for the adornment of the interior, it was never carried out. Indeed, it is still a matter of dispute, whether, beyond this mosaic in the dome, Wren designed to leave the cathedral in its naked coldness, or to introduce decorations by means of color. A project is now on foot, however, and a quarter of a million dollars have been raised for the more complete adornment of the interior. Already stained glass has been introduced in the windows, though under the protest of many of the best architectural critics of England. The total cost of the edifice has thus far reached a sum equal to about ten millions of dollars.

It would be interesting to trace the similarities and the differences that exist between these two great Renaissance churches, St. Peter's and St. Paul's, but the limits of the present article forbid an extended comparison. If we consider them with reference to their comparative size and cost, St. Paul's appears like a small affair. St. Peter's covers an area of two hundred and sixteen thousand square feet; St. Paul's eighty-four thousand three hundred and ten. The former is therefore nearly three times the size of its English rival. St. Paul's is even smaller than the great Gothic cathedrals at Milan, Cologne, and Florence. And yet so well are its architectural points managed, and its unity of design is so apparent, that the impression left upon the mind of the visitor is, that it is scarcely

inferior to St. Peter's in size. A congregation of five thousand persons—as many as can be reached by one speaker's voice—is frequently gathered on Sunday afternoons to listen to the lectures of Canon Liddon, and the whole audience is covered by the great vault of the dome. The Pantheon at Rome is not higher than it is broad; the dome of St. Peter's is in height more than twice and one-third its width; while that of St. Paul's is less in height than twice its width, and bears a greater proportion to the rest of the building. Thus an appearance of much greater size is given to the whole, and, whether we view it from without or within, an impression of amplitude and loftiness is left upon the mind.

St. Paul's is unquestionably a truer work of art than St. Peter's. It was designed and built by one man. St. Peter's had many architects, good, bad, and indifferent, and the work of construction lasted through five generations. In St. Paul's, the beholder is at once impressed with the feeling that he is looking upon a religious structure, adapted to the uses of Christian worship. In St. Peter's, he needs the constant reminder of the gorgeous altar, the sculptured saints, and the priestly attendants, to avoid the impression that it is a great state-house, a pantheon, or a temple. But while all Englishmen are proud of St. Paul's, as a great architectural triumph, and all Protestants regard it as the noblest structure dedicated to their form of worship, St. Peter's has a far deeper meaning to the Catholic world. It is the center of allegiance and the fountain of faith to Roman believers in every part of the globe.

T. A. H. BROWN.

## THE MOTHER AND THE ANGEL.

"I WANT my child," the mother said, as  
 through  
 The deep sweet air of purple-breathing  
 morn  
 She rose, 'mid clouds of most celestial hue,  
 By the soft strength of angels' wings up-  
 borne.

Then he who bore her to her heavenly rest  
 Drew back the hands that hid her weeping  
 eyes,  
 And said: "I can not alter the request  
 Of Him whose glory lights the earth and  
 skies.

"For ere I came, and, as I paused again,  
 To hear his omnipresent words, he said,  
 'Take thou the root, but let the bud remain,  
 To perfect into blossom in its stead.'

"And so I bear thee, that in our sweet land  
 You may be one of our immortal kind,  
 With not one task but to reach forth thy hand  
 And guide the footsteps of thy child be-  
 hind."

He ceased, and winging reach'd those realms  
 on high,  
 Whose luster we half see through stars  
 below,  
 And all the light that fills our earthly sky  
 Is but a shadow to its mighty glow.

Now whether that the mother in this light  
 Stood yearning for her treasure in our  
 hands,  
 Or whether God saw fitting, in his might,  
 To reunite again the broken bands,

We know not; but when night had come at  
 last,

And wore to clasp the first embrace of day,  
 An angel entered, though the door was fast,  
 And all unseen took what we held away.

One took the mother from all earthly claim,  
 From out the bounds of life and all its  
 harms;

But still I think 't was God himself that  
 came

And took the child and laid it in her arms.

## THE PRAYER OF A DYING SUFFERER.

I COME to thee, blest Jesus,  
 I who have little faith;  
 I clasp thy hand to hold me  
 Through all the pain of death.  
 When heart and flesh are failing,  
 O Savior, fail me not;  
 No evil thing can hurt me,  
 If not by thee forgot.  
 As to repentant Mary,  
 As to the dying thief,  
 To me, repentant, dying,  
 Speak pardon and relief.  
 Through the sharp hour of parting,  
 While doubts and fears increase,  
 Into the grave's dark shadow  
 Bid thou me go in peace.  
 Entering the unknown region  
 Of the strange spirit-land,  
 Guide thou my timid footsteps,  
 Hold thou my trembling hand.

O let the heavens opening  
 Not dazzling angels show,  
 But my departed dear ones,  
 Whom best I love and know.

And do thou, O my Savior!  
 Thine earthly likeness wear,  
 That as the "Man of sorrows"  
 I first may see thee there;  
 And at thy blest feet kneeling,  
 As oft I've longed to kneel,  
 To thee, with grief acquainted,  
 All my sad case reveal.

If thou dost say "Forgiven,"  
 If thou forbid'st to weep,  
 If thou thyself dost promise  
 Those I now leave to keep;  
 I too of the glad angels  
 May join the happy song,  
 Nor downcast and a stranger  
 Fear their too joyous throng.



## MÄNNEDORF.

DURING a lengthened sojourn in Switzerland, many rumors came to me of a strange place, a religious center, where both physical and spiritual healing were reported to be wrought. In a land where rationalism and infidelity are on the increase, already controlling nearly all the Continental Governments, and, through these, laying their icy hands on both Church and school, any true Christian life and Christian effort are worthy of a pilgrimage. And so I came to Männedorf. It is a charming little hamlet, retaining its genuine Swiss character, one of many that adorn the fertile shores of the beautiful Lake of Zurich. It is about an hour's sail from the latter city, and thus is removed from the common route of travel, and from the town influences that surround Zurich. The unpretending village is embowered among vineyards, and commands a pretty and extensive view of lake, hills, and distant snow-clad mountains. But the life and attraction of Männedorf is the so-called "Anstalt." To it multitudes wend their way, mostly from the humble walks of life, but, more or less, from all classes. The institution is difficult to describe. It has a peculiarity of its own, different from any thing I have seen. It may be said to consist of asylum, hospital, prayer-house, and religious home, all in one. And the ills of both body and mind are treated only through the agency of prayer and the laying on of hands, with anointing, after the Scriptural method.

The institution was founded by, or, rather, grew up under the ministrations of, Dorothea Trudel,—a household name in hundreds of Swiss homes to-day. A native of the village, a humble worker in flowers, she early gave her heart to Christ. At the age of thirty-seven, several of her workers fell sick. The sickness defied the physicians' skill. And as Dorothea was driven to importunate prayer in their behalf, as she tells us, the

well-known passage from the Epistle of James flashed upon her mind. Might not prayer now avail for the sick? She put it to the test; kneeling by the bedside of the sick, they recovered; and the thought became the settled conviction of her life. Sickness broke out in the village. The prayers of Dorothea again prevailed, in many instances. It was noised abroad. Many of the sick from the surrounding neighborhood were brought to her. Meanwhile, she continued her accustomed manual labor, and resisted every importunity to relinquish her calling, and open her house as a cure. As the sick were carried to her door, and no other shelter was opened for them, she at last opened her own doors. The house was speedily filled, and the one home grew to three. And her days and nights were given to the care of the inmates. This is the simple story of the origin of the "Anstalt." For eleven years, Dorothea gave her whole time and strength to this self-denying work, and, on the 5th of September, 1862, "prayed herself into death," at the age of forty-eight. But her mantle has fallen upon a like-minded successor. Samuel Zeller, when a youth, was brought to Christ, and also, as is claimed, healed of a physical disease by the House-mother of the Anstalt, and became heir to the inheritance and the works of the departed one. He is a son of the well-known and much honored Christian worker who established the Orphanage at Bingen, on the Rhine, still carried on by another son, and is brother-in-law of the venerable Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem. During the past twelve years, since the death of its founder, the institution has been conducted in the same spirit, and with ever increasing prosperity; but not without opposition. In the life-time of Dorothea, through the influence of a neighboring physician, the town council of Zurich was persuaded to interfere. An

order was issued by the Government, directing the suppression of the institution. But, on appeal to the highest court, the judgment of the lower was unanimously repealed, and the Christian worker permitted to continue in her old way. There are to-day much derision and ridicule on the part of freethinkers, and a want of sympathy and doubt by many of evangelical faith. But the people continue to come; not only from Germany and Switzerland, but from Russia, Holland, Great Britain, and many other lands. Winter and Summer, it is filled to overflowing; and multitudes are rejected who make application. Not only are the Homes of the Anstalt occupied, but the houses of the villagers are thrown open. While I write, there are thirty-two of diseased mind, some of them in barred rooms, several with divers diseases of the body, and many others seeking religious light and religious peace. From one to two hundred are in usual attendance; and as boarders can only remain two months, there is a constant succession of visitors. All eat at one common table. The fare is simple, but abundant, and there is the mere nominal price of two dollars per week. The poor, however, are received without money and without price. None are turned away. The institution has been conducted from the beginning on the principle of believing prayer. No bills are presented; one pays when and if he chooses. There is no appeal, direct or indirect, for money. Not even a yearly report is given to the world. And yet the institution is never out of funds. It never knows want, either for the daily expenses or for additional improvements. To the ancient and very primitive house has recently been added a very commodious chapel; and it is a principle not to incur indebtedness. The chief peculiarity of the Home is its religious tone. God is acknowledged every-where and above all. Faith in him is supreme. There is a daily morning religious service, in which a true Gospel sermon finds place; and a season of prayer at night, at which

woman is permitted to take part; and the remaining hours are given by the House-father to religious conversation and prayer with those who come to him, or in evangelistic work in the neighborhood. Five mission stations are supplied by him, and an orphan asylum in a neighboring village is also under his control. He is not only evangelical, but deeply spiritual. His preaching is pre-eminently incisive and convincing. Though not having made the university studies for the pulpit, he is evidently richly endowed of God for his work. Said the highest dignitary of the Lutheran Church, after hearing him: "Where the Holy Spirit speaks with so much power, we can do no other than obey his teaching; critical analysis is out of the question."

By the earnest and indefatigable labors of Herr Zeller, great numbers have been led to put their trust in Christ. There are witnesses here to-day, and many in distant localities, to the saving power of faith experienced at Männedorf. In regard to physical results, it is more difficult to speak; not because there is not abundant material, but for fear of being misapprehended. There are many letters before me, in which the writers claim to have been healed of divers bodily maladies while at the Anstalt. Upon the trial referred to above, hundreds of authenticated cases of this character were adduced. The evidence of skilled physicians was to the same purport. The testimony of Prälet von Kapff, of Stuttgart; Dr. Tholuck, of Halle; and other eminent persons who had made careful examination, was of a kindred nature. They declare that wonderful works of God are performed at Männedorf, and that those in charge are worthy of all credence. There are guests in the institution, while I write, who affirm that they have here been healed of physical disease. And several of the twenty-seven nurses and servants of the Anstalt have remained to serve through gratitude for the same bodily good received. And it is worthy of remark that all this number, like those



at the head of the work, receive no compensation whatever. It is a labor of love as well as of faith. Willing hands are found for the entire service. I have spoken with one who has thus served for seventeen years, another for eighteen years, and all seem not only contented, but exceedingly cheerful. If they are laboring under a delusion, it is a very happy delusion, and one that abides. No power is claimed for man. The glory is entirely given to God. Prayer takes the place of medicine, "a direct means and a simpler way." It also may fail; it is not professed to heal all. The answer may not be immediate. No virtue is attached to the anointing with oil or to the laying on of hands. They are simply retained after the Scriptural warrant. And it is affirmed that persons may be, and in many cases have been, healed without coming to the sacred place at all. Requests for prayers, both for body and soul, are sent in from all directions. I

have noticed the fact, not only in Switzerland, but in Southern Germany, that very many of the most devout as well as most learned sympathize with these wonder-workings of our own day. And in many localities the same method is practiced in a private way. In connection with this history, I have only related what has come within my observation and knowledge from an examination on the spot. The reader can form his own conclusions. One thing is certain: there is sincerity of purpose in this work. The Christian character of all concerned is above reproach. The self-forgetfulness and ceaseless, exhaustive labor I have never seen surpassed. It is a significant fact, that, among a people where there is such rampant infidelity, there should be such a naked looking unto God. And Männedorf is a phenomenon in the religious world well worthy the study of the Christian traveler.

GIDEON DRAPER.

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## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A FOREIGNER might ask why the fair city of Penn should be chosen for the commemoration of the one-hundredth birthday of our nation, rather than the capital of the country, or our largest city, or old historic Boston, that cherishes with jealous care the cradle of liberty? Reply would be easy. Philadelphia was the scene of the Declaration of our Independence of Great Britain; it was the national capital until the year 1800; numerous memorable events of the Revolution took place within its precincts; in a word, one hundred years ago it was "the heart of the nation."

The attempt of Great Britain, in 1765, to obtain a revenue from the American Colonies by the famous Stamp Act, which required all writings of legal value to be executed on stamped paper, bought of

agents of the British Government, aroused strong opposition in Philadelphia. The shop-keepers agreed not to import British goods while the act was in force; and the people determined to abstain from mutton, that there might be more wool for domestic manufacture; and to lessen, not only the expenses of living, but also those of funerals. The act was printed, and hawked about the streets of the city, as the "Folly of England and the Ruin of America." The day before the act was to go into force, the newspaper of the leading printer of Philadelphia appeared in deep mourning, with representations of skulls, cross-bones, spades, and pick-axes, and the announcement that the paper was expiring, but in hope of a resurrection to life again. When the commission for stamp-master and the stamps

arrived, the flags were hung half-mast, all the bells were muffled, and, though the stamp-master's house was guarded and armed by his friends, he was compelled to resign the office.

Great Britain finally abolished all taxes upon the Colonies, except a tax of three pence a pound on tea. But the Americans would not concede the principle that they could be taxed without their own consent. In December, 1773, a couple of the odious tea-ships sailed up the Delaware to Gloucester Point, where they were stopped by a committee from eight thousand persons assembled in the State-house yard. The committee allowed the captain of one of the ships, the *Polly*, to go to Philadelphia, that he might see for himself the sentiments of the people, and then decide whether to land the tea, or return with it to England. He concluded to re-cross the ocean. About a year later, another tea-ship, bound for Philadelphia, landed at Greenwich, on the coast of New Jersey. Here her cargo was discharged, and stored in the cellar of a house. Soon afterward, fifty men, disguised as Indians, took the chests from the cellar, piled them in a neighboring field, and there made a grand bonfire of them.

In a busy part of Philadelphia stands a quaint looking two-story building, of dingy hue, with a short steeple, called Carpenter's Hall. It was built of imported bricks, each alternate one glazed, for the hall of meeting for the house-carpenters of Philadelphia. In this hall, on the 5th of September, 1774, met the first Continental Congress, to confer and act in regard to the grievances the Colonies were suffering from the mother country. Patrick Henry joined Washington at Mount Vernon in time for the two to make the journey to Philadelphia on horseback together; and it was the musical, ringing voice of Patrick Henry that "gave the first impulse to the ball of our Revolution." When a spirited discussion arose in the assembly about the mode of voting, he scouted the very thought of sectional distinctions and interests,

declaring, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Before the session was over, Congress adopted a Declaration of Colonial Rights; and an American Association was formed, pledging its members to have no commercial intercourse with Great Britain, to abstain from tea and from the slave-trade. This association met with great favor from the people at large, and in every province thousands eagerly affixed their names to it. The room where the Congress of 1774 met comprises the whole of the first-floor of Carpenters' Hall, and still contains the old desk, and high chairs, used by that assembly; and among the decorations on its venerable walls are letters written by Washington, Patrick Henry, and other Revolutionary heroes. On the 5th of last September, the one-hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the first Continental Congress was celebrated in this old hall.

Not far from Carpenters' Hall stands a still more interesting building,—the old State-house. It was built about 1729, for the annual sessions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which hitherto were held in private houses. It was in the State-house yard that John Adams was walking when he first suggested Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American army; and from Philadelphia Washington set out in June, 1775, to enter upon the duties of that office. A bell for the steeple of the State-house was imported from England in 1753. It cracked on its first trial, and was recast in Philadelphia, when near the top was prophetically inscribed: "Leviticus xxv, 10: Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." In the hall, beneath this bell, on the 4th of July, 1776, delegates from the thirteen Colonies unanimously adopted the Declaration of Independence. They came to the decision at two o'clock P. M.; and, then, a boy, stationed to give the signal, cried out, "Ring! ring!" and the old man who had been anxiously waiting at his post in the belfry, since the hour Congress met in the morning, set the iron tongue in vig-



orous motion; and for hours the bell's deep tones rang out their joyous peals,—the first bell in the country to proclaim liberty throughout the land. The people in the streets answered by cannon peals, bonfires, and illuminations. A journal of the time says, under date of 8th of July, 1776:

"At twelve o'clock to-day, the Committees of Safety and Inspection, of Philadelphia, went in procession to the State-house, where the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America was read to a very large number of the inhabitants of the city and country, and was received with great applause and heart-felt satisfaction. And in the evening our late King's coat-of-arms was brought from the hall in the State-house, where the said King's courts were formerly held, and burned, amidst the acclamations of a crowd of spectators."

In Independence Hall, both Washington and Lafayette, on different days, had a grateful, joyous reception by Congress: after the defeat of Cornwallis, which secured the independence of the country; and it was made the audience hall for Lafayette, when, in 1824, he revisited the United States as the nation's guest. Liberty Bell was removed to a place of safety before the British took possession of Philadelphia. Its last ringing was in honor of a visit from Henry Clay to the city; and now, ancient and cracked, it holds a conspicuous place among the historic relics in Independence Hall, which is daily open to visitors.

The British held Philadelphia from September, 1777, to June, 1778, and during this interval the Colonists did their utmost to vex and harass them. In January, 1777, some kegs filled with gunpowder, that would explode upon rubbing against an object, were sent from Bordentown down the river, to destroy the British ships. It happened that, the very night they were dispatched, the ships were drawn up on to the docks to protect them from ice, and so the kegs failed of their object. The kegs themselves were not visible, but the buoys that floated

them could be seen, and the crew of a barge attempting to take one up, it exploded, killing four of the men, and wounding the others. This explosion set the whole city in commotion. Horsemen dashed about in wild confusion; horns, trumpets, and drums sounded to arms. Some people said the kegs were filled with armed rebels, and that they had seen their bayonets sticking out; and, for twenty-four hours, every stick or chip seen in the river was fired at. This incident of the war was commemorated by Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, in a facetious poem of two-and-twenty stanzas, called "The Battle of the Kegs."

Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, contains a very attractive relic of the Revolution in the spacious stone mansion called the Old Chew House, after its owner in Colonial days. The noted battle of Germantown took place on the 4th of October, 1777, when the British seized and occupied this house as a fortress, and a fierce conflict raged around it. The house was so much injured by the battle that four or five carpenters were employed all one Winter in repairing it. The doors were completely riddled by musket-balls, and the house still shows mementos of the disastrous day. The British made the State-house a hospital for the Americans wounded in this battle; and while they occupied the city, the State-house yard was used as a park for the British artillery.

When the British approached Philadelphia, Mrs. Bache, Dr. Franklin's only daughter, who was living in her father's house in the city, left it to take refuge with friends in the country, and Major André occupied it. Mrs. Bache was a woman of extraordinary beauty, and one of the foremost members of the association of Philadelphia women for the relief of needy soldiers. Women of all classes aided in this work of charity and patriotism,—from Phillis, the colored woman, who gave her shillings and pence, to the Marchioness de Lafayette, who contributed, through her husband, one hundred

guineas in specie. The Marquis de Chastellux, who was in Philadelphia at this time, wrote of a visit to Mrs. Bache:

"She conducted us into a room filled with work, lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor of network edging, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was the name of the married or unmarried lady who made it; and they amounted to twenty-two hundred."

Old Christ Church (Episcopal), in Philadelphia, is the very structure in which Washington and Franklin, and officers of the Continental army, worshiped; and a portion of the pew which Washington occupied here is preserved now in Independence Hall. The steeple has thirteen holes, made to represent the thirteen original States. In 1777, it was struck by lightning, and the crown that surmounted it was melted down. After the war of Independence, a miter replaced the crown. The grave-yard of Christ Church is in another part of the city. In its north-west corner, shaded in Summer by a fine elm-tree, are seen the graves of Dr. Franklin, his wife, and their daughter, covered by plain flat stones, simply inscribed. The stone over the grave of the parents, which was made according to Dr. Franklin's own explicit directions, appears to have suffered at the hands of relic-hunters. In 1858, a small portion of the high wall around the cemetery was removed, and an iron railing substituted, that visitors might see these graves without entering the inclosure.

Lydia Darrah, another Philadelphia woman, merits grateful mention. Her humble home, on South Second Street, with its quaint gallery, from which Whitefield used to preach, kept its place until recent years, and was called Loxley's House, after one of its old owners. A spacious clothing-house now covers its

site, and bears on the front side, in large gilt letters, the name of "Loxley Hall." While the enemy held the city, the British adjutant-general chose to have his quarters at the home of the Darrahs, who were Quakers. One evening, Lydia discovered that the British were intending to surprise the Americans at White Marsh, by an attack the next night. At day-break she told her husband that she must go to Frankfort to procure flour; and having obtained a pass from the British to leave the city, though it was a cold December morning and the ground was covered with snow, she walked five miles, to the mills, where she left her bag, and then pressed on to give the Americans warning of the purposed attack. Fortunately, on the way to White Marsh, she met an American officer, to whom she confided her secret; and, this done, the brave woman returned to the mills, shouldered her heavy bag, and retraced her steps homeward. At night she anxiously watched the British as they marched out of the city, and again as they filed in. Nor was it long before the adjutant-general, coming again to her house, said to her in private:

"I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have given the information of our intended attack to General Washington. On arriving near his encampment, we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms, and so prepared at every point to receive us, that we have been compelled to march back without injuring our enemy, like a parcel of fools."

In May, 1778, one of the greatest pageants ever witnessed in this country was exhibited in Philadelphia. It is known as the *Meschianza*, and was, as the name implies, a tilt and tournament, or mock fight of old chivalry, with other entertainments. It was given by British officers to Sir William Howe, on the occasion of his quitting his command to return to England. There were young ladies dressed in Turkish habits, with the favors intended for their knights in their turbans; there were Knights of the Blended Rose,



habited in white and red silk, mounted on richly caparisoned steeds; and black knights, or Knights of the Burning Mountain; there were heralds and trumpeters, flourishes of music, and a display of fireworks, beginning with a bouquet of rockets. The ball-room and supper-room were most elaborately and splendidly ornamented. The unfortunate Major André took a prominent part in preparing the decorations for the entertainment, and, figuring as one of the Knights of the Blended Rose, he was the charm of the evening. Some time afterward, he mentioned, in a letter to a lady, that his work in preparation for this occasion had made a complete milliner of him, and he would be happy to serve her in that capacity. "This splendid pageant blazed out in *one* short night. Next day the enchantment was dissolved; and in exactly one month, all these knights and the whole army chose to make their march from the city of Philadelphia."

Cornwallis surrendered on the 19th of October, 1781; and one of Washington's aids-de-camp rode with all possible speed to announce the event to the President of the Continental Congress. The messenger entered the city at midnight, and knocked so vehemently at the door of

the President's house, that a dutiful watchman was inclined to arrest him. But the joyous tidings were soon divulged, and then the city watchmen, as they went their rounds, cried out upon the clear midnight air, "After twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!" rousing the inhabitants from their beds, and filling the streets with eager seekers for details of the great news. At the dawn of day, the faithful old State-house bell pealed forth the same triumphant story.

The design of our national flag was already settled. The *Pennsylvania Journal*, of September 3, 1777, contained the announcement: "Congress, this day, resolved that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

"Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through our battle-fields' thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;  
While, through the sounding sky,  
Loud rings the nation's cry,—  
Union and Liberty!—one evermore!"

MARY GRANGER CHASE.

## THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

REINAUD, a French writer, says: "By the Seven Sleepers are commonly understood seven Christians of the third century of our era, who were put to death for their faith in Jesus Christ. The event happened at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, in the reign of the Emperor Decius. More than two centuries after, toward the year 479 of our era, their bodies having been found in a cavern where they had been inclosed, they were taken out, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful."

This ancient legend, in speaking of their death, used the common expression, "they had fallen asleep in the Lord." The superstitious thence took occasion to say these holy martyrs were not dead; that they had been hid in the cavern, where they had fallen asleep; and that they at last awoke, to the great astonishment of the spectators. Such is the origin of the Seven Sleepers.

At Ephesus, we are assured, "the spot is still shown where this pretended miracle took place. As a dog had accompanied

these seven martyrs into their retreat, he has been made to share the celebrity of his masters, and is fabled to have remained standing all the time they slept, without eating or drinking; being wholly occupied with guarding their persons."

"The Persians," we are told, "celebrate annually the Feast of the Seven Sleepers, and their names are regarded as powerful talismans against the decrees of fate. Their dog, also, has not been forgotten; and, to recompense him for his zeal, he has been intrusted with the care of letters, missives, and correspondences, and admitted to paradise, with the ram which Abraham sacrificed in the place of his son, with the ass of Balaam, with the ass upon which our Lord entered Jerusalem upon the day of palms, and with the mare upon which Mohammed mounted miraculously to heaven."

Another account of the Seven Sleepers is thus given: "According to a very widely diffused legend of early Christianity, seven noble youths of Ephesus, in the time of Decian persecutions, having fled to a certain cavern for refuge, and having been pursued, discovered, and walled in for a cruel death, were made to fall asleep, and in that state were miraculously kept for almost two centuries. Their names are traditionally said to have been Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Denis, John, Serapion, and Constantine. The Church has consecrated the 27th of June to their memory."

The Koran also relates the tale of the Seven Sleepers,—deriving it probably from the same sources as the Christian legend,—and declares, "out of respect to these holy men, the sun altered his course twice a day, that he might shine into their cavern."

In "Myths of the Middle Ages," there is a picturesque one given of those who form the subject of this article. It is by Jacques de Voragine, and taken from his "*Legenda Aurea*." Like others, he informs us,—“The Seven Sleepers were natives of Ephesus. The Emperor Decius, who persecuted the Christians, having come to Ephesus, ordered the erec-

tion of temples in the city, that all might come and sacrifice before him; and he commanded that the Christians should be sought out and given their choice, either to worship the idols, or to die. So great was the consternation in the city, that the friend denounced the friend, the father the son, and the son his own father.

"Now, there were at Ephesus seven Christians, Maximian, Malchus, Marcion, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine, by name. These refused to sacrifice to the idols, and remained in their houses, praying and fasting. They were accused before Decius, and they confessed themselves to be Christians. However, the emperor gave them a little time to consider what line they would adopt. They took advantage of this reprieve to dispense their goods among the poor; and they then retired, all seven, to Mount Celion, where they determined to conceal themselves.

"One of their number, Malchus, in the disguise of a physician, went to the town to obtain victuals. Decius, who had been absent from Ephesus for a little while, returned and gave orders for the seven to be sought. Malchus, having escaped from the town, fled, full of fear, to his comrades, and told them of the emperor's fury. They were much alarmed; and Malchus handed them the loaves he had bought, bidding them eat, that, fortified by the food, they might have courage in the time of trial. They ate, and then, as they sat weeping, and speaking to one another, by the will of God they fell asleep.

"The pagans sought every-where, but could not find them, and Decius was greatly irritated at their escape. He had their parents brought before him, and threatened them with death if they did not reveal the place of concealment; but they could only answer that the seven young men had distributed their goods to the poor, and that they were quite ignorant as to their whereabouts.

"Decius, thinking it possible that they might be hidden in a cavern, blocked



up the mouth with stones, that they might perish of hunger.

"Three hundred and sixty years passed, and in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius, there broke forth a heresy, denying the resurrection of the dead. Now, it happened that an Ephesian was building a stable on the side of Mount Celion, and, finding a pile of stones handy, he took them for his edifice, and thus opened the mouth of the cave. Then the Seven Sleepers awoke, and it was to them as if they had slept but a single night. They began to ask Malchus what decision Decius had given concerning them.

" 'He is going to hunt us down so as to force us to sacrifice to the idols,' was his reply. 'God knows,' replied Maximian, 'we shall never do that.'

"Then exhorting his companions, he urged Malchus to go back to the town to buy some more bread, and at the same time to obtain information. Malchus took five coins and left the cavern. On seeing the stones, he was filled with astonishment; however, he went on toward the city: but what his bewilderment, on approaching the gate, to see over it a cross! He went to another gate, and there he beheld the same sacred sign; and so he observed it over each gate of the city. He then entered Ephesus, rubbing his eyes, and walked to a baker's shop.

"He heard people using our Lord's name, and he was the more perplexed. 'Yesterday no one dared to pronounce the name of Jesus, and now it is in every one's lips. Wonderful! I can hardly believe myself in Ephesus.' He asked a passer-by the name of the city, and, on being told it was Ephesus, he was thunderstruck.

"Now he entered a baker's shop, and laid down his money. The baker, examining the coin, inquired whether he had found a treasure, and began to whisper to some others in the shop. The youth, thinking that he was discovered, and that they were about to conduct him to the emperor, implored them to let him

alone, offering to leave loaves and money, if he might only be suffered to escape. But the shop-man, seizing him, said, 'Whoever you are, you have found a treasure; show us where it is, that we may share it with you; and then we will hide you.'

"Malchus was too frightened to answer. So they put a rope around his neck, and drew him through the streets into the market-place. The news soon spread that the young man had discovered a great treasure, and there was presently a vast crowd around him. He stoutly protested his innocence. No one recognized him, and his eyes, ranging over the faces which surrounded him, could not see one which he had known, or which was in the slightest degree familiar to him.

"St. Martin, the bishop, and Antipater, the governor, having heard of the excitement, ordered the young man to be brought before them, along with the baker.

"The bishop and the governor asked him where he had found the treasure, and he replied that he had found none, but that the few coins were from his own purse. He was next asked whence he came. He replied that he was a native of Ephesus, 'if this be Ephesus.'

" 'Send for your relations,—your parents, if they live here,' ordered the governor.

" 'They live here, certainly,' replied the youth, and he mentioned their names. No such names were known in town. Then the governor exclaimed: 'How dare you say this money belonged to your parents, when it dates back three hundred and seventy-seven years, and is as old as the beginning of the reign of Decius, and is utterly unlike our modern coinage? Do you think to impose upon the old men and sages of Ephesus? Believe me, I shall make you suffer the severities of the law, unless you show me the exact spot where you made the discovery.'

" 'I implore you,' cried Malchus, 'in the name of God, answer me a few questions,

and then I will answer yours. Where is the Emperor Decius gone to?"

"'My son,' answered the bishop, 'there is no emperor of that name; he who was thus called died long ago.'

"'All I hear perplexes me more and more,' replied Malchus. 'Follow me and I will show you my comrades, who fled with me into a cave of Mount Celion only yesterday, to escape the cruelty of Decius. I will lead you to them.'

"The bishop turned to the governor. 'The hand of God is here,' he said. Then they followed, and a great crowd after them. Malchus entered first into the cavern to his companions, and the bishop after him. And there they saw the martyrs, seated in the cave, with their faces fresh and blooming as roses; so all fell down and glorified God.

"The bishop and the governor sent notice to Theodosius, and he hurried to Ephesus. All the inhabitants met him, and conducted him to the cavern. As soon as the saints beheld the emperor, their faces shone like the sun, and the emperor gave thanks unto God, and embraced them, and said: 'I see you as though I saw the Savior restore Lazarus.'

"'Believe us!' replied Maximian, 'for the faith's sake; God has resuscitated us before the great resurrection-day, in order that you may believe firmly in the resurrection of the dead. For as the child is in its mother's womb, living and not suffering, so have we lived, without suffering, fast asleep.'

"Having thus spoken, they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker. The emperor, rising, bent over them and embraced them, weeping. He gave orders for golden reliquaries to be made; but that night they appeared to him in a dream, and said that hitherto they had slept in the earth, and that in the earth they desired to sleep on till God should receive them again."

Such is the beautiful story of the Seven Sleepers. It seems to have traveled to us from the East. Jacobus Seragiensis, a Mesopotamian bishop, in the fifth or sixth century, is said to have been the first to introduce it to Europe. Dionysius of Antioch—ninth century—told the story in Syrian; and Photius of Constantinople reproduced it, with the remark that Mohammed had adopted it into the Koran. Metaphrastus alludes to it as well. In the tenth century, Eutychius inserted it in his *Annals of Arabia*; it is found in the Coptic and the Maronite books; and several early historians, as Paulus Diaconus, Nicephorus, etc., have inscribed it in their works.

It would seem, from all these recorded facts, that some wonderful event, more than a mere myth or legend, must have occurred to certain followers of Christ. But what was real, or what exaggerated, and superstitiously added to from time to time, no one at the present day can fully determine. Each must form his own opinion as to the verity of "The Seven Sleepers." GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

### A HARVEST HYMN.

GREAT God! our heart-felt thanks to thee!

We feel thy presence every-where!  
And pray that we may ever be  
Thus objects of thy guardian care.

We sow'd! by thee our work was seen,  
And blessed; and instantly went forth  
Thy mandate; and in living green  
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

We toiled! and thou didst note our toil;  
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,  
Till ripen'd on the teeming soil  
The fragrant grass and golden grain.

And now we reap! and O, our God!  
From this, the unbounded floor,  
We send our song of thanks abroad,  
And pray thee bless our hoarded store!

W. D. GALLAGHER.



## "OUR AGE."

"THE age," "our age,"—how often are these phrases repeated in newspapers, in conversation, in pulpit, on the lecture rostrum, and at the bar! We are treated to essays, dissertations, and sermons, on "the characteristics of the age," "the wants of the age," "the defects of the age," the grandeur and glory of the present as "the age of discovery," "the age of invention," "the age of freedom," "the age of progress." Ages are named also from their results. If these are severe, detrimental, oppressive, the period of their occurrence is, fitly enough, described as an "iron age." If they are grateful, glorious, concordant with human happiness and advance, the age is happily denominated "golden." Our own age takes names from its achievements, material, moral, social. It is the age of steam, magnetism, railroads, electro-telegraphs; of antislavery, moral reform, and temperance associations; of liberty of thought, act, person, and expression. While the character of the age is the subject of much grave, as well as of much flippant, talk and discussion, it is doubtful whether any man living knows its real character and tendencies. It may well be doubted whether any age ever knew itself. Self is a difficult object to contemplate. The eye sees things external to itself, but can not see itself. Consciousness is the eye of the mind, its sole point of contact with, its sole source of information about, things external. Sensations and perceptions exist only when the soul is conscious of that existence. Yet consciousness teaches us little about soul by direct introspection. It is by reflection, comparison, contrast,—physiological, psychological, phrenological,—that metaphysicians analyze mind, and tell us what little they know about its so-called faculties. It is matter of daily observation, that men of varied and profound knowledge in other matters show great ignorance of self.

Men pride themselves upon powers and attainments which every body else knows they do not possess; glory in virtues which they do not exercise, and ignore the existence of faults and vices which are palpable to all the world besides. Ages are like men in this regard. Ages, like men, might well prefer the prayer of the Ayrshire plowman,—

"O, wad some power the giftie gi'e us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

and cheer themselves with the consoling reflection,

"It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion."

Like the bonnie Scotch lassie, the age tosses its head with pride, vain of its gauze and feathers, and does not see the vermin crawling on its furbelows.

This inability to see self is at the foundation of all comedy and caricature. Imagination paints an individual to himself as doing the sublime, when, to all the world besides, he is enacting the ridiculous. Twenty years ago, the strong-minded sex sought to aid the charms of nature with an ornament called a "bustle." For the information of the present generation, it may be needful to state that the bustle was a mammoth "chignon" promontory, situated in about the same geographical position as the modern Grecian bend. On a sunny afternoon of those by-gone days, the leading belle of a fashionable metropolis was sailing along its most crowded promenade, in full dress, the cynosure of all eyes; fancying, as noisy crowds parted right and left, and suspended business and conversation to stare at her, that she was creating a "stunning" sensation. She was. The huge bustle she sported had burst! and was strewing in her wake a long trail of sawdust and bran. A sight of self would quench vanity and cure pretension. Madam Smirk is short and thickset, and waddles like a duck in her gait; yet she

fancies that she towers like Minerva, and treads with the grace of Venus and the majesty of Juno. George IV, when Prince of Wales, and getting fat, was offended at the intimation of Beau Brummel, a fellow *roué*, that he was no longer an Apollo in form. The Empress Eugénie never put on a new dress till it had first been fitted to a lay figure of her own form and size, and wheeled into her royal presence for inspection and criticism. It is pity that there are no lay figures for exhibiting mind and character. What a boon it would be, if a preacher could form one of his own audience, see his own gestures, and listen to his own declamation! How grateful to the politician could he see himself with the eyes of his constituents! How much more correctly and certainly could we depict our age, looking back upon it from the middle of the twentieth century! Such a view would abate some laudation, and allay some conceit. Correctly as we may, impartially as we can, let us look at the age from our unadvantageous stand-point. Whatever the age is, it is the legitimate offspring of its predecessor. According to the law of inherited tendencies, its every characteristic has its roots in the past. Its virtues and vices show their paternity. Its highest mechanical contrivances are only an expansion of those that suggested themselves to man in the infancy of his being. Paddles propel the magnificent ocean steamer; paddles propelled the rudest and earliest canoe. The spinning-jenny is only a multiplication of the single patriarchal spindle. The latest and most improved cast-iron plow retains traces of likeness to its rudest wooden progenitors. The elements of machinery,—leverage, gravity, elasticity, and wheel work,—have been in use from the earliest times. The democracy of the hour is a legitimate outcome from the systems,—patriarchal, oligarchal, and monarchical,—that extend backward to the dawn of time. The moral and social atmosphere, like the air above us, is full of germs, sown by the Creator's hand, or scattered from the parent growth

of former cycles, that float free until they find congenial lodgment, when they spring into life in some familiar or new or long-forgotten form of being.

"The lost arts" is not a barren topic for discussion. The oldest poems, Homer and Job, hoary as the centuries, have never been reproduced. Michael Angelo reached the grandeur, but never rivalled the grace, of the ancient sculptors. Demosthenes and Cicero are the world's unattainable models in oratory. Unable to eclipse the Pantheon, Buonarrotti did what the ancients might have smiled at as a piece of charlatanism,—he determined to erect a Pantheon in mid air; and the dome of St. Peter's rises, like the arch of the sky, four hundred feet above the awe-struck spectator. The rude systems of ancient musical notation are forgotten, yet Jubal and David and the celebrated Greek modes made Pergolese and Handel and Mendelssohn possible. The magnificent passion music of Sebastian Bach was born of the melodies of the pandean pipes and the cithara. Arts grow like men, reach their stature, decline and die. Signal was the age in which epic poetry culminated in the production of the "Iliad." Thenceforth no more epics. Virgil, Tasso, Milton, are only far-off imitators and reproducers of the great masters of epic story and song. Grand was the age that produced pyramids. Thenceforth no more mountain mausoleums of proud and oppressive royalty. Grand were the ages that marshaled the Crusades, that created Gothic cathedrals, those psalms in stone, petrifactions of the choicest stems and culms and flowers of the vegetable kingdom. A new cathedral is as impossible as a new Niagara. The art that turned the heroes of Greece and the gods of Olympus into marble, and that made the scenes and characters of the Bible live in hewn stone, is but feebly represented in our day. The mosaics of St. Peter's and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel are the glory of another age. The "Transfiguration," the "Last Supper," and the "Last Judgment," though faded now, and blackened



and corroded by time, are the last of their kind. The age and the beliefs that made such men, and their patrons, the magnificent Medici, possible, has passed away, never to be recalled. In another century, photography—having achieved color as well as form—may render painting superfluous.

After all the grand and glorious achievements of past ages, is there any thing left for our own age to accomplish? Will it not fall altogether stale and flat and unprofitable? No more pyramids; no Cheops, with forty to sixty centuries looking grandly down from its calm summit. No Apelles, nor Guido, nor Titian, nor Tintoretto. No tender Mozart, nor sparkling Haydn, nor weird Beethoven,—only a doubtful Wagner. No royal magnificence like that of Solomon and Cræsus; no field of cloth of gold; no magnificent Leo X, or profuse Cardinal Wolsey.

The achievements of our age are of a different character. It has had its battle-fields, but they were not those of gorgeous Persia, restless Greece, or rapacious Rome. They were not for plunder, or sway, or territorial acquisition. They were to vindicate right, establish justice, and destroy oppression. Bunker Hill is as classic as Marathon; and Gettysburg has thrown Marengo and Austerlitz into the shade. In the victories and humiliations of the Crimean struggle were sown the seeds of future liberty. Sadowa and the needle-gun gave a new impulse to liberalism on the Continent of Europe. Italy is free, France humbled, Germany united.

The age has had its revolutions. They have been rather slow upheavals than catastrophic convulsions. Two struggles have been going on for centuries,—that between peoples and their rulers, and that between civil and ecclesiastical powers. Democratic ideas are in the ascendant. Kings, nobles, and ecclesiastics are at a discount. Successive revolutions have entirely changed the relations that existed, down to two centuries ago, between the governing and the governed. The leaven mingled with the

social elements by the French and American patriots and philosophers of the last century is working powerful fermentations in all civil constitutions at the present hour. It has upheaved Prussia and Italy and Austria, Spain, Portugal, France, England, Mexico, Cuba, and the South American States. The masses of Great Britain gain upon the privileged classes in their chronic struggle for ascendancy. Spain, alternating between Republicanism and monarchical and priestly toils, still holds the knife at the throat of writhing Cuba, threatening to sever her jugular vein, if she will not wear peaceably the chains of superannuated oppression.

The conflict between priests and sovereigns is not less interesting than the conflict between peoples and sovereigns. Of all earth's religions, the Papacy alone lays claim to temporal sovereignty. The iron Hildebrand, the inexorable Gregory VII, old and withered, yet despotic as fate, and the young, stalwart, vigorous Henry IV, were the fitting representatives, in the eleventh century, of the fierce struggle that was to culminate in later ages. The fight continues. The Popery of the day is an effeminate Mariolatry and a blind Jesuitism. The total disseverance of the Church from the State, in the recent Roman Œcumenical Council, was no more than was to be expected from the tendencies of the times. With the collapse of Napoleon came the collapse of temporal Popery. In Europe it will become a heap of relics and infallible rags. It is a singular fact that the last hope of this superannuated despotism lies to-day in free England and free America. In these republics, Popery, dying in its old dominions, is multiplying converts, and setting in motion every machinery, civil, social, political, and monetary, to undermine the Bible and common-schools, the foundation and palladium of modern liberty. Absolutism has its adherents and supporters, as well as liberalism. It is doubtless the tendency of humanity to vibrate, pendulum-like, from one to the other, as the evils inherent in either system become

prominent in its actual workings. From centuries of experience in their evils, their oppressiveness and hollowness, the states of the Old World are tired of monarchs and nobles and ecclesiastics, monopolies of thought, wealth, privilege, and show; so, as children tire of one bauble and take up another, it is entirely consistent with human nature that democrats should weary of free speech, free thought and action, equality and simplicity, and sigh and labor and vote for their opposites. Tired of religionizing on their own hook, multitudes of English and Americans resort to Rome and resolve their entire mental and moral being into one single passive element,—faith in the priest as the embodiment of God.

As a Wall-street broker, for a consideration, takes charge of a business in which you are little versed, and conducts it to your advantage; so the Romish Church, also for a consideration, takes charge of your spiritual affairs, your doctrines, your conscience, your moral character. The Romish priest is a spiritual broker, who, for carnal cash, religionizes in your stead and in your behalf, saves you from sin, delivers you from purgatory, and unbars for you the gates of St. Peter's patrimony.

Submissive Protestants who adore authority, lazy Protestants who dread the labor of investigation, childish Protestants who idolize show and dress, sensuous worship and imposing pageantry, are doing what they can to perpetuate the rule of Rome, and to re-enact in this country the atrocities of the Inquisition, and to revive the barbarities of the dark ages. The work will be half done when the Bible is closed to the common people, and when the common-school system shall have been blotted out. The latest system of tactics is to embroil, if possible, the Catholic and Protestant laities, and so to reproduce the religious wars of the Middle Ages. Protestants should be aware of these tactics, and not allow themselves to be placed in a position of antagonism to their Roman Catholic fel-

low-citizens. Catholicism is the religion of God and Christ and the Bible, and, in so far as we are Christians at all, we are all Catholics. The idea should be seized and firmly maintained, that Catholicism is not the prerogative of Rome alone; it is the venerable family name of the true Church of God. Our various denominational names are merely given names. We should call ourselves Methodist Catholic, Presbyterian Catholic, Baptist Catholic, Episcopal Catholic. It is not to the Church catholic that we object, but to those features of it that are distinctively Roman, and Romanism as modified by nationalities. The Celt, the Teuton, the Latin, the Oriental, has each a phase of Romanism peculiar to itself, and varying with the strength of national intelligence or race-superstition. Ultramontane Romanism, its purely Latin type, is, next to the Celtic, its most degraded type,—the type that indorses Pius IX's dogma of the "immaculate conception," and that lately moved heaven and earth to secure the suicidal declaration of the Pope's personal infallibility.

In civil polity, the tendency of the times is to the abolition of monarchies and privileged rules, the absorption of small states in the larger, and the administration of government on the plan of state confederation. The little principalities of Germany are merged in Prussia. Italy, excepting the mere patch covered by the Vatican, and governed by his Holiness, is a unit in government; and could we penetrate to the middle of the twentieth century with our prophetic vision, it would not surprise us to see the various states of Europe, each with its own internal government, like that of the State of New York, peculiar to itself, and independent of every other, and yet all bound together by a federal constitution, with federal representatives, a federal head, and a general capital, located at St. Petersburg, London, Paris, or Berlin; and the Pope of Rome, deprived of every vestige of temporal rule, reduced to the status,—his proper, and only proper, status,—of a simple bishop or patriarch



of his own Church. By that time it is to be hoped that broad Church principles as well as broad state principles will unify the Christian world; and that, while the Greek Catholic, the Roman Catholic, the Episcopal Catholic, the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist Catholic, manages each its own system of doctrine and practice,—just as states now manage their own internal affairs,—all these great brotherhoods of the Catholic Church will be bound together by a common system of general government, whose constitution shall be the Word of God, and whose head-center shall be no other than the eternal Son of God. Toward this millennium, the ecclesiastical world is slowly but surely tending. If we read the age aright, it is yearning after a deeper spirituality and a broader catholicity than has ever been seen before. The people are every-where liberalizing, and the views and wishes of the people are seconded by broad-minded statesmen and ecclesiastics.

It is an old maxim and a familiar, "*Quem deus vult perdere, priusquam dementat*"—whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. As the insane pressure of the sale of indulgences goaded the people of Europe to the Lutheran Reformation, so the insane pressure of dogmas revolting to common sense is pressing the Catholic world to-day to revolt from its Jesuit head. An era of liberality is dawning. Persecution for mere opinion has passed away with all who heir the benevolence of Jesus and the spirituality of Paul. Rome alone presents to the world a scheme of faith and practice, and says, "Believe this, or be damned." St. Peter proclaimed a truth which his pretended successors ignore, "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." The stream of divine mercy, purchased by Christ's blood, has but a single conduit in the Pope of Rome. He claims to be the sole door of entrance into the kingdom of heaven; he is the single coupling-pin by which the car of human destiny is wedded to the loco-

motive salvation. The keys of paradise and hell are in the hands of an Italian monk! An old man in petticoats, and a three-story night-cap, is God Almighty's sole vicegerent in this populous world of ours! "*Credat Judæus Apella!*"

Above all the ages that have preceded it, the present is an age of experiment,—experiment in physics, in politics, in social statics, and dynamics. The briefest possible summary of the doings of physicists, their researches in chemistry, light, heat, electricity, and the nature and properties of bodies, would consume our space. The explorations of the astronomer and the microscopist have opened up endless vistas into infinite space on the one hand, and into infinite minutiae on the other. Chemical analysis reveals to us the constitution of bodies in immediate contact with us; and spectrum analysis shows that the sun and far-off stars are composed of similar elements. The up-turned edges of the leaves of the stone book acquaint us with the history, in fossil hieroglyphics, of the remote ages of the past. The cloud-palace of the mysterious thunder-king has been visited, and his gloomy majesty divested of the terrors that flashed from his ancient throne. The naturalist knows that insignificant polypiferae of the warm seas are the architects of the stony framework of new continents; and that the deep caverns of ocean are being floored with calcareous deposits, the cemeteries of myriad myriads of shell-animalcules,—the limestone of future ages. The grand effort of the scientific mind of the age is to resolve complexities into simplicities; to reduce remote sciences to common first principles; to unify, and trace to a common origin, philosophies, language, governments, species of plants and animals. The fire, air, earth, and water, constituents of the world of the ancients, have been resolved into the few primitive elements that compose the world of to-day. It is astonishing to find that four, out of some sixty chemical simples,—namely, oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen,—form the great bulk

of all the matter with which we are acquainted. Every successive set of experiments goes to suggest the intimate relation, if not the absolute unity and positive identity, of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity; and when we discover that heat, instead of being a substance or an agent, is simply a mode of motion, we are well-nigh ready for the principle of Dr. Büchner, that "matter and force" are the sole elements of the universe. Imagination becomes forthwith Darwinian, and we are disposed to trace the animal and vegetable kingdoms to the fewest possible prototypes. We are inclined to refer all plants and animals to a common protoplasm, and even to find life itself in the activities of physical forces. We are ready for Moleschott's startling axioms,—“without matter, no force; without force, no matter;” “without phosphorus, no thought.” Yet here we touch bottom. We arrive at the utmost limits of investigation. The life-principle eludes us still. What is force? What is matter? What is life? We are knocking against the very walls of the prison-house of human knowledge. The physiological materialists of the age show us the work and the working, but the workman is as invisible as ever.

The bold, bald deism of the last century is the undoubted parent of the mild rationalism of this. The theologico-metaphysics of the German schools have brought forth a materialistic progeny, on the principles of opposites; the positivism of Comte has become the “homogeneous from the heterogenous” of Herbert Spencer. As men smile at the vagaries, eccentricities, and absurdities of each other, so do the ages. As men fancy themselves wiser than their fathers, so do the successive centuries believe themselves wiser than their predecessors. Nothing is more instructive than the life and death of philosophical systems. As the shelves of the Patent-office are stored with the models of curious inventions, so the archives of the past reveal a thousand beautiful and plausible systems of

belief and speculation, each in its turn designed to teach us the true nature of things, the true nature of man, mind, God.

What has become of the philosophies of Bacon and Locke, and the systems of Des Cartes and Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel? What has become of the positivism of Auguste Comte, and what of the various lesser lights in the domain of philosophy and metaphysics? School after school has risen and declined. Philosophy after philosophy has flourished awhile and died. Each new system has thrust its predecessor off the stage, and claimed to be *the* philosophy, only in its turn to be set aside and supplanted by something new. Germany has completed the circuit. Commencing in faith and theology, it has passed through every stage of metaphysical speculation and rationalistic belief,—through Strauss, Feuerbach, Max Stiner, and Bruno Baur,—and landed in the physical atheism of Büchner, Moleschott, and Schopenhauer. In England, the great physicists Huxley and Tyndall are hand and glove with the great skeptical historian and metaphysicist, David Hume. Beliefs and unbeliefs move in cycles. The only difference appears to be in ellipticity of orbit. Planets and comets alike follow tracks that return into themselves—either at regular or irregular intervals. Faiths and skepticisms do the same, whether they move in regular circles, or wheel in ellipses more or less elongated. The transiency of human systems should make us exceedingly modest. The philosophies of the twentieth century will obliterate those of the nineteenth, as those of our day have rejected, and treated with contempt and scorn, their predecessors.

It is a question for future times to settle, of what advantage to the age is all the noisy mechanism of the age, all this immense brain-product of ingenious substitutes for hand service and human labor? Of what use is it to humanity that America, with a population of thirty-five or forty millions, has a steam power that



does the work of a hundred and thirty millions? or that Great Britain, with about the same population, does, with steam, the work of four hundred millions? Of what advantage is this tremendous overproduction in all departments of human industry, this flood of articles of consumption, this feverish competition in all departments of trade, this rolling up of fortunes by the million, this universal disposition to live by speculation in place of legitimate production, this eternal motion of populations, this ever-increasing thirst for gossip and sensation, this fever to hear and see every thing that is going on in the wide world, without staying to inquire whether it is worth the seeing or hearing? Like the spies of France, reporters dog every man's footsteps; and if he be absent-minded, he can learn from the newspaper men where he slept and where he dined; and if, as sometimes happens, he forgets his own name, reporters' note-books will supply the lack.

Another age will test the value of the social changes taking place in this. Democracy is yet an experiment. Future times alone can tell whether it is destined to be a grand success, or a disgraceful failure. Future generations alone can tell what is to become of the grand experiment of the fusion of the races,—one of the fixed facts of the day upon this new continent. Some of the tendencies of the times are plainly discernible. In so far as the present promises to affect the future, the great problem of actual life is, to see that posterity inherits nothing evil at our hands. Next to the care of self, and, indeed, intimately connected with the care of self, it is the duty of each individual to care for his posterity. All legislation looks to future good, as well as present well-being. Irresponsible power, ignorance, superstition, have been the world's bane in former centuries. The shadows of gigantic wrongs, of superannuated despotisms, still loom darkly out of the past. These wrongs, though departed, have left their progeny. Pope and Pagan still gnash their teeth at

passers-by. In place of these, new ages have brought and are bringing new styles of wrong. Some of these our age is redeeming. It is wiping out slavery. The Cuban rebellion, through Spaniards on the one hand and insurgents on the other, promises to end the abomination of slavery on this continent. Its days are numbered all over the globe.

The next age may see women at the polls, in halls of legislation, in the presidential chair; claiming her right to command armies, to man ships, to hoist sails, get up steam, weigh anchors, and handle spars and ropes; while her less ambitious male "affinity" may be left to fry the sausages, skim the milk-pans, stir the hominy, bake, stew, iron, and wash, rock the baby to sleep, and receive calls in the parlor. Lord of the purse, or rather Lady President of the household treasury, she may not be obliged, like a boy under age, to go to a capricious guardian for every penny she spends, or to account for every shilling that slips off in self-gratification. She can run up her own bills, and settle her own accounts for livery drives and dress goods. If another woman presumes to tamper with her husband's affections, she can shoot her and escape the gallows under the plea of insanity. If any milliner presents her with a bill of nineteen hundred dollars for eight or ten dresses every three months, and writes her an insulting letter because she presumes to question its items, she need n't refer it to lawyers,—who often decide cases as *Æsop's* monkey did the cats' cheese, by devouring it all before the eyes of the client litigants,—she can call out her adversary, cowhide her, or settle the matter still more amicably with rifles, small swords, or revolvers or pistols, at ten paces. The board fences of the next century may be placarded with flaming hand-bills of grand rowing-matches, grand ball matches, grand boxing matches, between all England's Boadicea and all America's Amazonians. The other side of the picture we can not here discuss.

EDITOR.

## MY HEART.

I HEARD, in darkness, on my bed,  
 The beating of my heart  
 To servant feet and regnant head,  
 A common life impart;  
 By the liquid cords, in every thread  
 Unbroken as they start.  
 Night, with her power to silence day,  
 Filled up my lonely room;  
 Quenching all motion else; *that* lay  
 Beyond her passing doom,  
 Where, in his shed, the workman gay  
 Went on, despite the gloom.  
 I listened, and I knew the sound,  
 And the trade that he was plying;  
 For backwards, forwards, bound and bound,  
 'T was a shuttle, flying, flying;  
 Weaving ever life's garment round,  
 Till the weft go out with sighing.  
 I said, "O, mystic thing, that goest  
 On working in the dark,  
 As hidden in thy chamber lowest,  
 As in the light the lark!  
 All wondrous things to me thou showest,  
 Who none thyself dost mark.  
 For by this garment woven of thee,  
 Thou fillest me with light;  
 With earth and sky thou clothest me,  
 Form, distance, color, height;  
 A globed glory spouting free  
 Around my lonely night.

And when thy busy labors fail,  
 And thy shuttle moveless lies,  
 The world falls from me, like a veil  
 From before a lady's eyes;  
 Or, all night read, a finished tale,  
 That in the morning dies.

But not for this didst thou unroll  
 The mountains, fields, and seas,  
 A mighty, wonder-painted scroll,  
 Like the Patmos mysteries,  
 Thou mediator 'twixt my soul  
 And higher things than these.

In holy ephod clothing me,  
 Thou makest me a seer;  
 Of all the mighty things I see  
 The inner powers appear;  
 And the indwelling Deity  
 Speaks in my hidden ear.

Yet though thus high thy mission is,  
 And thought to thinking brings,  
 Thy web is but the chrysalis  
 Round Psyche's folded wings,  
 Adorning them with loveliness  
 Of its inwoven things.

O joy, when thou shalt cease to beat!  
 If God's heart still beat on,  
 Weaving a garment nobler-meet,  
 To clothe a twice-born son,  
 With forms and colors following fleet,  
 Thy last frail thread outrun."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## THE FIRST LESSON.

[SEE STEEL ENGRAVING.]

IS it so hard to learn,  
 This simple A. B. C?  
 And yet no teacher grave and stern  
 Is "grandmother" to thee.  
 She teaches with a smile,  
 The tender smile of age;  
 And lures thee, with her pleasant wile,  
 Along the open page.  
 Thy days are scarce begun;  
 But in the coming years

Life's higher wisdom must be won  
 Through weariness and tears.  
 Through errors not a few,  
 Through sorrows sharp and sore,  
 Thy soul shall reach God's knowledge true,  
 And rest forever more.  
 He will thy teacher be  
 Till lesson-days are past;  
 From strength to strength he leadeth thee  
 To know himself at last.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

WE have previously alluded to a very vigorous association in Berlin known as the Lette-Union, named after one of the most philanthropic men of that capital, who is thus remembered by his countrymen after he has gone to his reward. Its main object is the amelioration of the condition of the female sex of all classes; and, during the past year, its success in all directions has been very marked. According to its recent annual report, it seems to leave no interest of the sex disregarded, and is astonishing the nation by the breadth of its influence. The crown-princess, who is lady-protectress, and who takes an active personal interest in all its affairs, threw the weight of her influence into a Bazar which netted for the association some \$15,000, which is a large sum for such an enterprise in Germany. The Union is incorporated, and can therefore receive gifts and bequests, and one of the latter has recently fallen to it to the amount of \$20,000. The interest of the invested capital is to be employed in securing scholarships to worthy individuals in the various institutions under the patronage or control of the Union; and according to the will of the testatrix, this is, quite curiously, only to be granted to the daughters of nobles, and military or civil officers. This is a very intelligible provision in Berlin, where the officers of civil service and the army are very poorly paid, and where even the nobles sometimes have a hard time to keep the wolf from the door. They are now preparing the lower story of their edifice as a hall for the exhibition and sale of all sorts of feminine handiwork, whereby they may help worthy individuals to gain access to the public. This enterprise will bear the name of "Victoria Bazar." The establishment has a commercial and industrial school, which held an

examination some time ago, before a numerous audience of interested friends. The result was so favorable that every one of the candidates received acceptable places. The present course in the commercial school for book-keeping has twenty-seven pupils, and the number in all the industrial branches is over four hundred. One hundred and fifty are learning to be tailoresses, sixty are engaged in embroidering, forty-five in drawing, seventy in fancy work, sixty in machine sewing, twenty in cutting out linen, and nine in artificial-flower making. The latter branch is taught not only as a means for profitable employment, but also with a view to afford young girls the opportunity of providing themselves with an expensive article of nearly all toilets, at a great saving of expense. This enterprise stands so well with the authorities that the Minister of Commerce granted it a donation of two hundred dollars. Instruction is also imparted in the art of telegraphing, in which there were ninety pupils last year, all of whom found positions. Then there is the "Victoria Retreat," which is a home for single women, a boarding-house, and restaurant, especially patronized by those who are temporarily out of employment. This is annually helped by a grand entertainment in the Opera-house, in which the most distinguished people of the city co-operate,—on a recent occasion, the emperor and crown-princess were among the company. This "Victoria Retreat" has a loan and sick fund for the aid of those in temporary misfortune. And again, there is an intelligence office, through which hundreds annually receive employment, and which is much esteemed by employers, because of the reliability of recommendations. The "machine fund" is a sort of savings-bank to help young women to provide

themselves with sewing-machines; nearly three hundred were thus obtained last year, half of which are now fully paid for. And thus we might allude to other interests of cognate character; but it is enough to say that nothing is neglected that can conduce to the welfare of young girls and poor women who need to earn their support, and the moral influence of so beneficent an enterprise is as good as is its material aid and support. And a very useful feature is the good example given to other cities, which are founding institutions on this model, and learning from it the value of a little encouragement to struggling women.

THE "miracle-humbug" in Belgium, of the girl known as Louise Lateau, is still causing a great deal of discussion, because it holds its own in spite of the offers of the faculty to investigate the matter and strip it of its mystery. Belgium is a strange compound of intelligence and superstition. It is one of the brightest and most industrious little countries in all Europe, and the seat of a great deal of political liberalism and even radicalism; and still it is so completely in the hands of the priests that the State, or at least the rural element of it, is virtually possessed by them. They have made a great deal of capital of this girl, who eats nothing but the sacred wafer, not enough to keep a bird alive, and on Fridays bleeds from wounds in the hands, as if made by the spikes that nailed our Savior to the cross; and then she periodically goes into a trance which lasts so long that no human being could live through it all without supernatural help; and this the priests declare she has. The doctors are now taking up the matter as if ashamed of their countrymen, and claim that the police authorities ought to take charge of the swindle, and give them a chance to expose it. One of the principal physicians of Belgium recently read a report on the case at a session of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Brussels, in which he says: "The truth about this mysterious affair must be brought to the light; the Church must either have its pretended miracle unmolested, or it must, as soon as possible, cut itself loose from a very suspicious case. The medical faculty claims the right to be an unbelieving Thomas, and insists on putting

its hands into the wounds, and seeing with its own eyes, rather than through the glasses of a coterie of old women." It seems that a commission was formed which was evidently in the interest of the girl and the priests, though pretending not to be; they make so equivocal a report that nobody draws any satisfaction from it. They declare the wounds in the hands and the ecstatic state to be real, and try to explain them by physiological reasoning: they are the result of nervous disease. She gives off animal heat without having any thing to produce it, and she loses blood from her hands every Friday, with nothing to support this drain on her system. She exhales carbonic acid without consuming carbon, and without losing flesh, therefore without exhausting her own organism. Where does it come from? Her abstention from food contradicts the laws of physiology and nature, especially in view of the fact that chemical ingredients are exhaled from her body; she is either a great miracle or a great swindle—without the least doubt the latter; but for over a year those having her in charge have succeeded in deluding the simple with their story, which is capital for the priests.

THE condition and needs of women seem to be receiving a more intelligent and sensible attention from Swiss scholars and savans than from any other class of thinkers in Europe. We recently alluded to a work on the capacity of women for medical study, by a professor of Zurich, who was fully in accord with their activity in that field; and now we notice another work by a physician of Berne, treating of the general capacity of the female sex for the exercise of certain professions for which they are not generally considered adapted. The author shows that he has thought and read much regarding his subject, and exhibits a rare skill in arranging his matter and presenting his case; and he takes quite an independent position, seldom siding with either extremely radical party in the strife. The physical and intellectual nature of woman is very different, in his opinion, from that of man, and evidently destine her to be the helpmeet, and not the rival, of the sterner sex. Woman stands not below man, but beside him, in order to supplement him, and make him stronger, and



whatever interferes with this natural relation can only result to the disadvantage of both. The Doctor is a decided opponent of a radical and thoughtless emancipation of woman, and does not believe her calculated to fill the chairs of universities or sit on the judicial bench; nor would he make her a priest, a politician, or a lawyer. Her sphere is the domestic fireside as wife and mother, and where she has these duties, she can be expected to do little else. But he acknowledges the force of circumstances, and grants that in the social compact there are and ever must be many noble women who are not called to these high functions, and to these he would give occupations adapted to bring into play their natural tendencies and powers. A large field of profitable endeavor is opened to them in the profession of teaching, especially for young children in the popular Kindergartens, and the higher instruction of children and youth, and especially in benevolent institutions of all kinds intended to alleviate sufferings and misfortunes of the race. He then enlarges on the field of employment outside of this line, where women may, with propriety and advantage, labor; but acknowledges, finally, that there are radical evils to be cured in the respective relations of the sexes in this matter of support, to which he is not equal, and which can only be settled after long experience, guided by a generous disposition on the part of men to grant to women a fair opportunity in the strife. He thinks the question will only finally be settled when the majority of men become wiser and better, and are more ready to use their influence and example to that end. Women are quite inclined to shape their ways according to the opinion of men; if the men were not so material and narrow-minded, woman would not be so vain and shallow; but men seek to please women, and these have the key to the situation in the early education of the race.

THE attraction of last Winter, at the University of Vienna, was a course of lectures on modern literature to the ladies of the capital by an Italian professor, who took occasion to tell them some very plain truths, although many of them were dames of the highest rank. One of his lectures treated of the relations of intelligent women to the

modern novel, in which he told some very plain and emphatic truths. He condemned in very severe terms the love-sick romance of the day, and insisted that it was doing a fearful work in unbalancing the female mind of the period, and leading it to look at least indulgently on many things which should receive only its scorn and contempt. The sharpest points of his lecture were directed against the inflated bombast of the modern French novel, which he characterized as the most unnatural and disgusting school of demoralization and vice that now curses society. He finally reached the apex of his argument by terming it the "High-school of Prostitution," with such impassioned fire and zeal that many a lady present hung down her head on feeling that she had foolishly, and unwittingly almost, been taking lessons in these very text-books of vice. The professor was blamed for using such plain language without sugaring the pill that he was endeavoring to administer; but the majority of the community and of the ladies present acknowledged that his wrath was just and righteous, and that they would accept his reproof meekly.

ONE of the most beautiful Summer resorts of Southern Germany is the famous Spa of Baden-Baden. For many years it was the rendezvous, however, of all the French gamblers of the *haut ton*, so that no respectable person could be supposed to find any other pleasure there than that of a hasty visit to its beauties and then a hasty retreat. A few years ago the German Government withdrew its concessions from the gamblers and bid them be off, at which decree many thought that Baden-Baden was ruined. But we are gratified to know that it has turned out very differently. The disappearance of the gamblers has made room for refined and intelligent people, and it has now become the resort, even in Winter, of many who would enjoy its remarkable hot springs. The climate is mild, it is sheltered from the winds by a mountain-range crowned by romantic ruins, and every effort is made to render it attractive to invalids and people of elegant leisure. On the 1st of January, in mid-winter, there were no less than seven hundred guests there from all parts of the world, who found an endless source of amusement

in the grand saloon opened as a general rendezvous for promenade, visiting, and gossip, and where there was a daily afternoon and evening concert by one of the finest orchestras in the country. And then there

is a reading-room containing about one hundred foreign journals from all the principal centers of Christendom, besides a course of scientific lectures by the first scholars of the land. So much for routing the gamblers.

## WOMAN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THROUGH the columns of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "Mary" proposes that the ladies, now that they have ceased praying at saloons, should visit the proprietors of large retail stores, and induce them to grant their women employes the privilege of sitting awhile during the day, when not waiting on customers. On this point, a prominent Philadelphia physician writes as follows: "The custom is selfish, cruel, and useless—selfish on the part of the proprietor requiring the women to stand all the time, whether serving customers or not, and this merely that they may appear to be always on the alert to wait on those who call. To stand from seven or eight o'clock in the morning to six, eight, or ten o'clock at night—as is the custom at certain stores—with a short time at midday for dinner, would weary any man. But to exact such service from girls and women! Their physical powers are, it is well known, much weaker than those of men; at any rate, by their anatomical and physiological peculiarities, they are entirely unfit for bearing this especially severe toil; namely, standing all day long. My professional brethren, who practice largely among women, are constantly witnessing the terrible consequences of this most cruel 'rule of the establishment.'"

—Under the head of religious tactics, the *California Christian Advocate* itemizes thus: Last week the ladies gave a neck-tie sociable in one of the churches. Another Church has given an apron festival. Next we shall doubtless have a pants entertainment, or some other social stratagem, equally æsthetic. There is a world of ingenuity made available in building up the Lord's kingdom! "The secular press, *apropos* of the

festival season, furnishes additional examples of these somewhat questionable means of carrying on Churches. They report kissing fairs in Iowa, ten cents a kiss; mush and milk and paper festivals; a walking-match festival among the colored people, where the prize of a fine cake is awarded to the lady and gentleman who are the most graceful in their movements; a dramatical entertainment, followed by supper and dancing, in the Ashland-avenue Church, Chicago; and last, but not least, a Church in Dexter, Maine, which gives a chromo to every new convert. Taking into consideration the amount of time and money expended in preparation, the jealousies oftentimes engendered, and the mental and physical wear and tear of the managers of such entertainments, it is surprising that American ladies have not long ere this discovered that in holding festivals of any kind, for every dollar gained, there has been a corresponding loss. An instance in point is that of a great charity ball given in New York during the past Winter, at which, by careful estimate, the aggregate value of the dresses worn was \$2,435,267. The net proceeds for charity were about eight per cent of the cost of the dresses, which means that the persons attending spent about ninety-two cents on themselves and gave eight cents to the poor.

—It is said that American ladies are known abroad by two distinguishing traits—their ill-health and their extravagant devotion to dress. This extravagance, and the fact (if it be a fact), "that every woman is at heart a smuggler," recently led to the incarceration of Madame Juvin, a Paris dress-maker, for smuggling into New York five trunks filled with costly dresses and



dress goods, lingerie, and articles of men's wearing apparel. The property was confiscated and sold at auction, and Madame's customers were allowed to bid off their dresses without competition. The dress-maker was fined and confined, but those who connived at and encouraged the fraud were not even accorded the privilege of giving their names to an inquisitive public, so tender-hearted was the court.

—A Washington correspondent says: "Just think of the numerous costumes required by women in position, who must live open to the public gaze and criticism year after year! Let me enumerate the various dresses worn last week by Mrs. Fish, as an illustration. Monday she was out in elegantly embroidered calling costume of plum-colored silk; Tuesday she chaperoned her daughter to Miss Woodhull's charming lunch, in a dress of rich black silk; Wednesday she received her callers in a navy-blue silk, piped with turquoise blue, with point-lace collarette and sleeves, and diamonds for ornament; Wednesday evening, at the bachelors' German, she wore a regal black velvet; Thursday evening, at the Ross-Ray party, in wine-colored satin; Friday evening, at her own reception, a pale green satin, trimmed with exquisitely fine flounces of black thread lace. In striking contrast to such strict obedience to the requirements of fashionable society, we place the heroism of a Rhode Island girl who refused to accept the position of valedictorian at her recent graduation, because she would not afford the expense of such a dress as she would be expected to wear; saying that she needed books and other helps to further culture, and preferred those to fine attire.

—The school committee of Fall River, Massachusetts, recommend that the senior class in the high-school appear in American calico on the day of graduation, instead of in the customary costly dresses.

—The Illinois Farmers' Association has passed resolutions approving of the plain, neat, and unostentatious attire of Governor Beveridge and wife at a recent reception.

—To affect shabbiness, as it is said of the Marquis of Lorne, or to practice incongruity, as in the case of a couple who were married recently in Rutland, Vermont, the

groom in blue overalls, with sleeves rolled up; the bride fresh from the wash-tub, with no preparation but the dropping of her rolled-up skirt and sleeves; or to save money by adopting a school uniform, as at a certain normal-school, in order to have "eighteen more ruffles on the graduating dresses," is as much to be reprehended as an undue devotion to the latest Parisian styles.

—The remains of Gerritt Smith were placed by his family in a plain black walnut case, utterly devoid of ornament, in contrariety to the fashion of expending large sums of money in the purchase of the most expensive flowers of the season.

—Some malicious penny-a-liner has started the report that, "A woman suffrage meeting out West recently adjourned without transacting any business. Somebody let down a live rat through the sky-light." We commend the annexed paragraphs to the attention of said reporter. Pluck is not entirely wanting in the present generation of women. "A citizen of Indianapolis having lost at faro three hundred dollars, belonging to his employers, his wife took a pistol, went to the winner, and made him give back the money." "In Nevada, recently, a woman knocked down seven men, one after another, who had entered her house for the purpose of robbery. The robbery was indefinitely postponed." "A couple of young Americans, with plug hats and canes, made a public exhibition of their poor judgment by following two pretty German girls through the streets of Indianapolis, on a recent evening, offering insulting remarks. One of the girls suddenly turned on the largest of the ruffians, and knocked him into the gutter by a well-directed blow. The fellows turned and ignominiously fled."

—The wife of a fisherman in Scarborough, Maine, has supported herself and two little children by digging clams during the Winter. Her husband, in October last, dug a load of clams and set out for Portland. He sold his load and ordered his groceries, when he was arrested on an execution for debt. He was told he might ship on board of a vessel bound for South America, and give an order for his wages, or he must go to jail; and he shipped.

— At the Convention of the New York Christian Woman's State Temperance League held in Brooklyn during the month of February, Mrs. Johnson said that over two thousand of the saloons of that city had been visited by the ladies during the past year. She also spoke of a tour she had made through several of the Eastern States. She was unable to picture the misery resulting from intemperance which she had witnessed. Liquor was sold not only by the rum-seller, but also by those trading under the respectable names of druggist and grocer. At the conclusion of Mrs. Johnson's address, Mrs. Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, President of the Woman's National Temperance Union, spoke. She commenced by saying that two hundred grave-diggers every day were digging the graves of those who died from the effects of liquor. She said that it was her privilege during the last ten days to bear a memorial to Congress. It took a very large trunk to carry it, and it contained between one hundred thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand signatures. Senator Morton, of Indiana, took charge of the ponderous document, and when it was carried into the Senate Chamber and laid on his desk, it attracted universal attention. It looked like a full-grown sheep, tied with blue ribbons, ready to be offered, a sacrifice for sin, on the altar of the country. A speech was being delivered on Louisiana affairs, but after a little delay the noble Senator from Indiana stopped the speaker and called the attention of the Chair to the memorial, and asked that it now be read. Immediately there was a hush, a quiet that could almost be felt; and all eyes were fixed on the ponderous document as the page carried it to the clerk's desk. The clerk, as if in compliment to the ladies, read the memorial in a loud, clear voice. Senator Morton, after consulting with other senators, asked that it might be referred to the Finance Committee. A murmur of applause followed the page as, struggling with his heavy burden, he carried it out into the committee room. She went before the Committee the next day to give her views. The members were very grave and dignified, but she spoke very plainly. She told them that the women of the land held the balance of power; that the boys were what their mothers made them; that

they were going to mold the men who, in the future, would do the voting and make the laws; and that in a few years no one would be allowed to come under the dome of the Capitol unless pledged to temperance. Mrs. Wittenmyer said that some lady of Washington, who was present, told the Committee that more than one-half of the inmates of the poor-house of their District were there on account of intemperance, and that nineteen-twentieths of the divorce cases were traceable to the same cause. Mrs. Wittenmyer concluded by saying, that she thought public men were beginning to understand that the women were in earnest, and that God had chosen women for this great work because they had suffered most.

— The Woman's State Christian Temperance Union of Michigan held a session in Detroit a short time since.

— It is pleasant to be able to record that public men are beginning to understand not only that women are in earnest in this great work, but that it is their duty to assist their country-women by example as well as by precept. Hence we give place to the following items:

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany states that President Grant has entirely dispensed with liquor in the White House, thus setting the example to society at the Capital to omit wines, etc., at social entertainments.

The Rev. Dr. Buckingham relates of his brother, the late Senator from Connecticut, that no man upon his staff, when he was Governor of that State, ever touched intoxicating liquor, and that at a dinner given by him to the President and Cabinet, wine was not allowed upon the table.

Governor Beveridge, of Illinois, being a strict Church member, has tabooed dancing at his receptions; and Mrs. Beveridge is said to be prominently interested in the project of the ladies to inaugurate the woman's temperance movement at the State capital.

The new Governor of Missouri and his wife are members of the Baptist Church, and carry their religious principles and practices into public life. At the Inaugural reception recently, wines and spirituous liquors were banished; nor was there any dancing.



## ART NOTES.

THE passing years are demonstrating the exceeding richness of the soil of Italy and the adjacent islands in art remains. The earnest work of the archæologist is tabulating these results of the excavations on the centers of old civilizations, and making them to illustrate, more and more clearly, the character and advancement of the people. "The Metopis of Selinus," by Otto Bendorff," and "Studies of the Mural Painting of the Campania," by Wolfgang Helbig, are two works of intense interest to the art archæologist. The first is the description of the remains of eight temples on the old site of Selinus, in the south-western portion of Sicily. This town, founded in 628 B. C., was remarkable for its commercial prosperity, and rivaled the richest cities of Greece in art and splendor. Destroyed by the Carthaginians, in 249 B. C., it never recovered its influence; and the magnificent temples have remained to our own day almost utterly neglected, and almost unknown. The illustrations accompanying the description of these remains seem to direct our thoughts to a period at least two hundred years before the time of Phidias; hence they are invaluable as aids in writing up the history of early Grecian art. Every thing pertaining to these remains points to a period even prior to the first development of the Doric style. The other book treats of the peculiar examples of painting known as the Campanian or Pompeian. The author proves that this, for the most part, is not an original style of art, but Hellenistic in origin and character. He also clearly points out the characteristic differences between ancient and modern landscape painting. Aerial perspective is just that in which the modern far surpasses the ancient landscape painting. The ancient painting is sharp and stiff in outline; the modern is dim, vague, and the distance melts away insensibly into haziness and mystery. Hence modern art excels in tenderness and sympathy; and the modern methods enable the painter to treat a multitude of subjects of the realistic order in a style that is attractive, and even the low and the vulgar may be robbed of much of

their repulsiveness by the judicious tempering of colors.

— We notice that a new and enlarged edition of the "Monuments of Art" ("Denkmäler der Kunst") is now issued, under the direction of Drs. Lübke and Lützow, of Berlin. Some thirty sheets of illustrations have been added to the former edition. Of these sheets, most are occupied with ancient Assyrian art, and with the paintings of modern artists. The plates are more than equal to the first edition; and every thing argues a conscientious and careful re-editing. The value of such a work for the private student of art, as well as for the lecturer in his room, is incalculable. Engraving is far better for these purposes than photographs, however carefully taken, since ground-plans and sections of buildings, especially, are not very successfully handled by means of the photographic art. We can not but thank the editors and publishers for enriching a work that has hitherto stood so deservedly high.

— The fourth edition of Kugler's "Handbook of Painting," revised and remodeled from latest researches, by Lady Eastlake, contains much that is new and valuable. Many judgments expressed in the earlier editions have been modified by further research, and we can not too highly commend the care and conscientiousness of much of Lady Eastlake's work. The following corrected view of Raphael and his work may illustrate the changes which have been introduced into this last edition: "There is no need to depreciate other painters in order to exalt Raphael. The character of his pencil, its versatility and its purity, are sufficient signs of his marvelous endowments. No master has left so many works of the highest rank in art; no other, so little that is defective or unattractive. He represents a purity and refinement of feeling and form unattained before and unequalled since, and in the combination of which with power of hand and grasp of mind he stands alone. Yet Raphael may be said not to have been so new in his qualities as so perfect. He was

therefore not a master who could be successfully imitated. He possessed those evenly balanced and exquisite qualities which admit not of the more, and vanish with the less. Just what he deepest felt and best executed in his *chefs-d'œuvre* delights us: nothing stronger, nothing weaker. He stood exactly on that eminence which leads downward, on either hand, to insipidity or exaggeration. His refinement became weakness in some of his followers; his strength, coarseness in others: so that among some of the most attractive mannerists may be quoted several who attempted to walk in his steps. As compared with his great predecessors, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, his distinguishing excellence may be summed up as that of an harmonious beauty of expression, color, and form; neither so thorough in execution and modeling as the first, nor so original, powerful, and subjective, as the second."

—A magnificent bronze monument to the unfortunate Maximilian, of Mexico, was unveiled on the occasion of the recent visit of Franz Joseph of Austria to Trieste. The designer is Professor Hähnel, of Dresden, and the work ranks among the most artistic monuments of Europe.

—Among the veteran artists of England, none is better or more widely known than George Cruikshank, whose silver wedding has been recently celebrated, by his numerous friends, in a style in harmony with the tastes of the great caricaturist. For more than a half-century, Cruikshank has been before the public; and now, in the evening of life (he is eighty-three), he has received the heartiest congratulations, not only of the lovers of art, but of those who rejoice in seeing art contribute to the defense and progress of morality. His illustrations to Grimm's German stories, "Sketches of Boz," and "Oliver Twist," are familiar in very many households of America. It is to be hoped that his numerous friends may be able to execute the wish expressed by himself, at the late banquet,—to purchase his large collection, and present it to the nation, to be thrown open for the free admission of visitors at all times.

—The progress of the Japanese Government in introducing the improvements of

Western civilization is something truly remarkable. Not only are the departments of industry, internal improvements, and education, being thoroughly revolutionized, but art is also undergoing a rapid transition. The number of buildings for government purposes which are now being erected is very great, and, in most of these, English, French, and German architects have introduced the Western styles, and the Oriental character of the buildings is fast disappearing.

—Prudhon's great picture, "Venus and Adonis," was recently sold at auction, in Paris, for \$13,350, gold.

—There seems to be an excellent promise that what is claimed to be a lost art is in the process of revival, namely, toughened glass. Recent experiments with the Bastic glass gave encouraging results. The discovery is fruitful of good results, not alone to the housekeeper, but to the artist. Many applications of glass as ornament are now forbidden by its extreme brittleness; and its beautiful sonorous qualities may soon be utilized in the manufacture of bells, etc.

—In a recent sale of paintings, by David Cox, Turner, W. Hunt, Rosa Bonheur, and Edward Frère, the highest prices paid were as follows: D. Cox's, "A Landscape, with Brigands," £682 10s.; Turner's "Lake of Lucerne," £840; "Grenoble," £1,680; Rosa Bonheur's, "Deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau," £451.

—Writers in Germany are discussing the possibility and probability of the discovery and quite general introduction of a new style of architecture, that shall more fully harmonize with the resources and wants of that country. A contributor to a recent number of the *Journal of Formative Arts* takes the position, that, while this may be a most difficult problem to solve, it is by no means incapable of solution. The modern activities of society are just of that nature to give great promise for the future. Again, the lack in many parts of Germany of superior stone for building material, and the consequent necessity of resorting to brick for building purposes, will compel a remodeling of some of the styles hitherto prevalent, so that the new material shall be



rendered most available. We can see no good reason why architecture may not yet undergo a wonderful transition; why it may not yet develop an entirely new style. If it be answered, that the horizontal, the circles, and the pointed arch are the only possible ground forms, then we answer, that, by combination in happy proportions of some well-known principles, an essentially new form may be the result. And the genius of our modern institutions may find as fit means of representation and expression as the times of the origin and perfection of the known styles is embodied in them. We can not believe that art has reached the goal of its perfection, and must now only turn to its past achievements, in order to reproduce these; but, rather, that new types of æsthetic want will find corresponding forms to satisfy and ennoble.

—The *London Architect* has recently been publishing some exceedingly interesting and instructive articles on "The Architecture and Costume of Shakespeare's Plays," from the pen of Edward W. Godwin. Mr. Godwin has been actively engaged as a stage-manager for some of the theaters, and has been led into the study of the architecture and costume appropriate for the representation of these plays. The study is often a very difficult one, and, of course, its results are useful not alone to the histrionic art, but to all high historical art. It is only by this thorough research that the artist is saved from those gross anachronisms that mar some pretentious works.

—The recent death of Arthur von Ramberg removes one of the best-known and ablest artists of the German school. He was born in 1819, and at the time of his death was in the full strength and vigor of his career. In 1850, he went from Dresden to Munich, where, for the last quarter of a century, he has been the honored associate and friend of such artists as Piloty, Schwind, Horschelt, Franz Adam, etc., and where he has acquired his great reputation as an historical painter. While his reputation will rest more permanently on his historical work, still he is best known and loved through his capital illustrations of the poems of Schiller and Goethe. Especially as an illustrator of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" did he

acquire a popularity with the Germans almost unparalleled.

—Our American artists are already making arrangements to flee into different parts, to spend the Summer months in making studies to be wrought up during the Winter months. For landscape and *genre* work, this is an essential; also for animals and still life. The artist must come into contact with nature in her varied moods, in order to be saved from the wild and impossible, as well as from the tame and the insipid. The mind must be reinvigorated, by drinking anew at these fountains of beauty and grandeur in which our own wide domain abounds. The hard times have somewhat interfered with the plans of the artists; yet the number of commissions and sales is fully up to a reasonable expectation.

—A musical critic, in a late number of the *Atlantic*, institutes a careful comparison between the performances of the "Harvard Musical Association" and the "Theodore Thomas Orchestra." In this examination, he clearly and emphatically awards the palm to Thomas. The honesty of this criticism and of this judgment is the more marked from the manifest and expressed desire of the writer for the superiority of the Boston Association. Mingled with much severe criticism of the Harvard Association is regret at their short-comings, which are shown to be needless. While Thomas's performances are judiciously criticised by this writer, who does not conceal his repugnance to the Wagner school of music, he, nevertheless, pays a handsome and deserved tribute to the man who, more than any other, has been the means of educating the citizens of our large centers to an appreciation and true love of the best classic music. Mr. Thomas's recent four days' Festival in Cincinnati proved a grand success, and the denizens of the Queen City will long and gladly remember the pleasure and the profit derived from these famous concerts.

—The growing taste of the Italians for German music is found in the fact that in a recent concert given at Rome, by the principal orchestral society, there was not one piece by an Italian composer, the names on the programme being Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Liszt.

## CURRENT HISTORY.

PROBABLY the most significant occurrence in the month of May was the conference of the Czar of Russia with the Emperor of Germany, on the 10th instant. It is the universal opinion that a war on France was averted by the interposition of the Czar. The London *Times* expresses itself as follows: "There could hardly be a more critical situation than existed in Berlin upon the arrival of the Emperor of Russia. The German Government may be able to decree that a hostile movement was never officially entertained, but a few days since there was serious danger that warlike counsels would prevail. We may suppose Prince Gortschakoff courteously expressed a determination to treat as an old enemy the first State disturbing peace. In spite of England's attitude of reserve, we believe the Government thought it a national duty in the recent crisis to express its opinion very decidedly in regard to the maintenance of peace. The communication was amicably received, and a most satisfactory reply returned." On the 28th of the same month the King and Queen of Sweden visited Emperor William with general reference to the same question.

—The Russian Government signed, May 12th, a convention with Japan, by which the Japanese part of the island of Saghalien is ceded to Russia.

—May 12th, the Carlist General Aguirre made an address to the Navarrese Basque provinces, inviting his fellow Carlists to turn their arms against the leaders who prolong the war to enrich themselves. He declares the events of the last two years only show the wickedness of Don Carlos, who has lost his right to the crown before God and the world. Aguirre is exceedingly popular, and it is confidently claimed that his entry into Spain will cause a large defection from the Carlist ranks. Only two engagements between Carlists and Alfonsists are recorded during May: one on the 20th, at Valmaseda, in which the Carlists claim success; and another on the 28th, where a Carlist battery at Mount Rico fired on the Spanish squadron, killing the admiral and four of

his officers. The financial condition of Spain grows worse and worse every day; its revenue, which was \$115,000,000 in 1871, is now but \$80,000,000, and its debt, at three per cent, is fully \$265,000,000; so that it would take almost the entire revenue to pay the interest on the national debt, if that interest were paid, as of course it is not. The war expenses now absorb \$75,000,000 annually, or within \$5,000,000 of the total revenue, the surplus going to the support of the Church, the civil service, the magistracy, and the central department of public works.

—May 22d. The Italian Government ordered the removal of all bishops who have not received a royal *exequatur* indorsing their appointments. The Archbishop of Palermo has already been notified to leave his see.

—May 15th. The Federal troops are reported to have suffered reverse at the hands of insurgents in San Luis Potosi, their loss being forty killed and one hundred and fifty taken prisoners. The Government is taking measures to inaugurate a severe campaign against the revolutionists.

—The revolution which commenced in Michoacan, in consequence of the publication of Church reforms and expulsion of Sisters of Charity, is extending, and gaining ground in other States. Michoacan is suffering greatly; all business is paralyzed, and the inhabitants are leaving. The village of Juequba was pillaged and burned. The Legislature of Michoacan, alarmed at the progress of the revolution, has been convoked in extra session, which commenced on the 23d of April.

—May 28th. Information was received at the Department of State, Washington, of the passage, by acclamation, on the 22d of March last, of an act by the Cortes of the Kingdom of Portugal, granting unconditional freedom to remaining Portuguese slaves, known as apprentices, or freedmen. The act provides that one year after the promulgation the system of apprenticeship under the decree of February 18, 1869, shall



cease, and all persons apprenticed by its provisions are declared free. The act also provides for the manner in which freedmen who have no trade or business, or who can not read or write, may be subjected to tutelage by the civil authorities, but that this right of tutelage shall cease on the 28th of April, 1878. The labor of those under tutelage is declared free, and they are to be at liberty to make their own contracts, subject to the revision of proper authorities.

—China has engaged Confederate-General Ripley to construct extensive works for the defense of the coast and principal rivers.

—The American Methodist Chapel at Quickang was destroyed by a mob of Chinamen, May 7th; but the Chinese authorities have offered ample reparation for the outrage.

—The Eagle Line steamship *Schiller*, Captain Thomas, which sailed from New York, April 28th, for Hamburg, by way of Plymouth and Cherbourg, was wrecked off Scilly Isle, on the night of May 7th. One hundred and seventy lives were lost.

—A revolution broke out in Port au Prince, Hayti, May 2d. General Brice was dragged from church and shot, and forty foreigners have been killed. Among the victims is a servant of the British Consul-General. Buildings were fired, and every species of disturbance prevailed. A state of siege was proclaimed.

—The Chinese frigate *Yang Wa* starts on a cruise round the world in September next, and will first visit Japan. Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of the Chili provinces, and the most powerful subject in the empire, has petitioned the throne that Western studies be introduced in the schools, and that candidates for public office be, hereafter, examined in foreign sciences. If the Viceroy seriously urges this proposal, the Peking Government will not venture to resist it.

—In Formosa fighting continues between the Southern aborigines and the Chinese troops, to the disadvantage of the latter. Re-enforcements have been sent from Foochow, and the director of the arsenal has gone to assist operations against the savage tribes.

—On May 27th the French Catholic church at South Holyoke, Mass., burned during the time of service. Seventy persons perished.

—An under-ground railway has been opened at Constantinople. It communicates with different sections of the city, and trains are run every five minutes.

—The Legislature of British Columbia has disfranchised the Indian and Chinese inhabitants of the colony. Both these classes of residents are too numerous in the eyes of the Caucasian minority to render it safe to intrust them with the ballot.

—The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* writes as follows: "A commemorative group representing France receiving a soldier mortally wounded will shortly be temporarily erected in the Champs Elysées. The inscription on the plinth is, 'To the Memory of the Soldiers who died for France at Gravelotte, St. Privat, St. Marie-aux-Chenes, and Mars-la-Tour, August 16-18, 1870.' This monument, the work of M. Boggio, is eventually to be placed on a hill at Mars-la-Tour, near Metz, overlooking a plain of about fifty miles in extent. Round the pedestal, which is five meters high, are a number of vaults containing the bones of ten thousand French soldiers, who fell on the battle-fields commemorated on August 14, 16, and 18, 1870.

—A very interesting discovery has lately been made on the Esquiline Hills, Rome. Not far from the walls of Rome, at the period of the kings, the workmen have uncovered a solid wall covered with votive inscriptions, in which an allusion is made to the worship of Jupiter, hitherto unknown, and the name of a city is mentioned unheard of before. The greater part of these votive inscriptions appear to have been made by soldiers of the fifth and sixth legion, which were probably encamped in the "Castrum Prætorium." Other inscriptions appear to belong to native citizens of Dalmatia. The excavations will continue till this wall, probably forming part of a temple to Jupiter, shall have been completely exposed. These inscriptions, for the most part well preserved, will be placed in the museum of the Capitol. A small statuette of Jupiter, without head, has also been found.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

**LITERARY COINCIDENCES.**—In many cases where literary coincidences occur, and probably in the majority, that which at first sight would suggest the idea of plagiarism is but an unconscious echo. A book is taken up casually, or a quotation is made in the hours of social intercourse; the mind seizes upon it, stores it for further reflection; it is for the time forgotten, and when next it forces itself upon the thoughts of the recipient is welcomed as the indigenous growth of his own mind, and is unhesitatingly employed, with as little recollection of its origin as desire to appropriate another's due. Some of these minor coincidences are curious. We give a few, culled almost at random:

Few quotations are more hackneyed than a line from Milton's "*Lycidas*:" a poem which, it will be remembered, was written in 1637:

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
That last infirmity of noble mind."

Three years earlier, when Milton was a young man of six-and-twenty, and had probably not merged his love for the "well-trod stage" in the fierce earnestness of the great struggle that was then impending, there was licensed a comedy by Philip Massinger, called "*A Very Woman*," where (Act V, Scene 4—*Paulo loq.*) occurs the noticeable parallelism, of which it seems not improbable that Milton's line might have been the echo:

"Though the desire of fame be the last weakness  
Wise men put off."

Another line, which, with myriads from the same exhaustless store of wit and wisdom, has passed into a current household word, has a close parallel in Lord Bacon's *Essays*. Polonius, in the precepts which he lays down for the guidance of Laertes on the occasion of his return to France, emphasizes the crowning injunction

"To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Bacon's *Essays*, which, as he himself tells us, come home to men's business and bosoms, were published six years earlier than the

first sketch of *Hamlet*. Shakespeare can scarcely be supposed not to have read there (*Essay xxiii*), "Be so true to thyself that thou be not false to others." To this sentence, surely, Bacon's remark on the *Essays* generally, will apply: "Though the piece be small, the silver is good."

In the case of a man like Gray, who wrote so little, and who polished with such elaborate care the little that he did produce, we should not be disposed to seek for such a repetition of familiar images as more prolific writers would with difficulty avoid. The tiny volume, nevertheless, which comprises the poetical works of the author of the "*Elegy*," will supply more than one example. In "*The Bard*," for instance, occurs the line,

"Dear as the ruddy drops which warm my heart:"  
which is scarcely altered from "*Julius Cæsar*:"

"You are my true and honorable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart."

The source from which Gray's line was derived, if, indeed, it were derived at all, precludes the notion of an intentional appropriation. It has long been tolerably safe to purloin from Cowley or Drayton or Donne, or the less familiar of the Elizabethan dramatists; but for a conscious plagiarist to adopt the words of Shakespeare, were to court detection. Hence we can not but believe that Professor Aytoun in penning the quatrain, in his "*Bothwell*,"—

"I thought of her as of a star  
Within the heaven's above,  
That such as I might gaze upon  
But never dare to love,—"

had forgotten that Helena, in "*All's Well that Ends Well*," employs the same figure in speaking of Bertram:

"It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to win it: he is so above me."

Lord Byron, probably, wrote the line in his "*Bride of Abydos*," for which he has been censured by critics,

"The mind, the music breathing from her face,"



in forgetfulness of Lovelace's well-known lines:

"O could you view the melody  
Of every grace,  
And music of her face,  
You'd drop a tear,  
Seeing more harmony  
In her bright eye  
Than now you hear."

A similar expression has been used by Lord Lytton in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

TOWARD OR TOWARDS.—Mr. Editor: Is there such a word as *towards*? While I do not find it in the Bible, or in the writings of several standard authors, I do find it in almost all the publications of the day, and meet with it continually in conversation. Webster, at least the old edition, does not give it, though it may be inserted in the latest Unabridged. Pray, set the matter right before your readers. For my part, I think the letter "s" is here an interloper, or, as my wife says, "a superfluity." Be pleased to comply with my request, while I add: "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men." PAUL.

Reply.—There is such a word as *towards*. If our correspondent does not find it in his Webster, he can in Johnson and Walker—where its use is justified by citations from Shakespeare, Milton, Sidney, and Dr. South.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

LEGEND OF DR. FAUSTUS.—The legend of Faust, which is the foundation of one of the old English plays, and of Goethe's dramatic poem, was derived from the odd circumstances in which the Bible of Faust, who was the first printer, appeared to the world. When he had printed off a considerable number of copies, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. The copies were printed in imitation of manuscript, and it was his interest to pass them off as such. But as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred, universal astonishment was excited, and particularly when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies, too, increased the wonder. Informations were accordingly given to the magistrates against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they

were seized. Faust's red ink, which was particularly brilliant, was said to be his blood; and he was solemnly adjudged to be in league with the devil. At length, to save himself from a bonfire, Faust disclosed his secret to the Parliament of Paris; who immediately discharged him from all persecution, in consideration of the usefulness of his invention.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—"I have caught a Tartar;" or, "He has caught a Tartar," is a common saying, which means a man in a difficulty, from which he can neither advance nor recede. The expression is supposed to be founded on a story of a trooper meeting a Tartar in the woods, and exclaiming to his comrades, who had a little preceded him, that he had *caught* one. "Bring him along with you," cried they. "I can't," replied he. "Then come yourself." "He won't let me." The story is apposite; but it proceeds from the phrase, and not the phrase from the story. We find in Terence, "*auribus teneo lupum*—I hold a wolf by the ears," which has precisely the same meaning, and is evidently the Latin father of the English descendant. Many more of our proverbial sayings are derived from the ancient classics than are generally recognized, until we take the trouble of tracing them to their source.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.—Was it really a glass slipper by means of which the darling little Cinderella triumphed over her unnatural relatives, and won the hand of the Prince? No, that is a philological blunder. The story of Cinderella was a tradition before it was put into print in the French of Charles Perrault. In mediæval French, the phonetic equivalent of *verre* (glass) was *vair*, a kind of variegated or spotted fur. The first man who translated the spoken into the written legend is answerable for the introduction of *verre* instead of *vair*, and hence for changing the slipper of the ancient story into the now universally accepted glass slipper. The *verre* is a manifest absurdity. The pretty Cinderella could not have danced in it. The fur slipper, on the contrary, has abundant excuse for its appearance in the story; for was not the wearing of "fur and other pellety" rigidly forbidden by the sumptuary laws to all princes and princesses?

## SCIENTIFIC.

THE HABITS OF SEA LIONS.—The following extract is made from an exceedingly interesting lecture lately delivered at the Zoölogical Gardens, London, by Mr. J. W. Clark. "The Pinnipedia comprising the sea lion, sea bear, seal, and walrus, are true mammalian animals, entirely differing from fish both in structure and habit. The order naturally falls into two subdivisions, the eared and the earless seals. The former of these, the *Otariadæ*, differ from the seals, the *Phocidæ*, in other respects than the possession of ears. They can use their limbs freely to raise the body from the ground and to walk on the land. The seals, on the contrary, always retain their hind feet stretched out backward, the legs being so inclosed within the integuments of the body that they have little or no independent motion. They are consequently only able to progress on land by a series of ungraceful bumps, wriggling on the stomach. The body of the sea lion is peculiarly flexible, while that of the seal has but little motion on its axis, the animal progressing in the water in much the same manner as the porpoise. But by far the most modified portions of the sea lion are the hands and feet. In the seal the arm is wholly imbedded in the integument, the hand alone projecting. In the sea lion, on the contrary, nearly the whole of the upper part of the limb is free, and the thumb is much lengthened, this digit in the seal being of the same length as the other. In the hinder extremity, the lower part of the leg and the foot are free, the rest of the limb being bound up with the body. With regard to the skin of the sea lion; on a superficial view the body appears to be covered with a coarse, stiff hair, which varies in length in different parts. Old males are said to develop a mane, whence the name given them by early voyagers; but it is not certain that this ornament is present in all the species. Beneath this hair there is a crop of under wool, distributed in delicate, short, fine hairs, set at the base of the other larger ones. It is stated that, of these otarias or sea lions, some species have under-fur, while others have it not. It is, however, highly

probable that all otarias have under-fur at some period of their lives. It is this under-fur of the sea lions which makes that seal-skin in which all ladies delight. The habits of the sea lion are some of the most curious in the whole of the animal kingdom. They live in communities, and the arrangements of their dominions are adopted by common consent, and enforced by the elders with much severity. The ground they occupy, called a "rookery," is the space between the high-water line and the foot of the cliffs. The old males and the full-grown females are alone allowed upon the rookeries; the young seals swim about during the day, at night retiring to the uplands. During the Winter months the rookeries of the Pribyloo Islands are nearly deserted; but in the Spring a few old veterans make their appearance. If there is no danger they will land, examine the rookeries, depart for a few days, and return accompanied by a number of other males. These land, each taking up a position, reserving for himself a space of about thirty square yards, which he defends against all comers. About two months later the females arrive, and then is commenced the struggle for wives, as a large harem, consisting of from fifteen to twenty, seems to be the ambition of a veteran seal. The cubs are born a few days after the arrival of their mothers, and always on shore. They have at first a great aversion to the water, and are taught to swim by their mothers. It is a most curious fact that during all the while these creatures remain on shore they remain absolutely without food; they arrive excessively fat, and it is not surprising that they depart extremely lean, after their fast of two months. When the young can shift for themselves, the rookeries are broken up. True seals inhabit the Arctic and Antarctic seas, as well as the temperate regions in both hemispheres, together with the Antilles and Madeira. The Otarias are more tolerant of warmth, and are apparently more susceptible to changes of climate. A remarkable fact about their distribution is that none are found in the Atlantic except in its extreme south.



**RICE GRASS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.**—Canada rice grass is said to afford an excellent material for the manufacture of paper. It is comparatively free from siliques, and the paper is quite as strong and flexible as that made from rags. It is easily bleached, pure in color, and presents a surface of perfect evenness. It also takes a very clear impression from the printer's types. The plant grows wild and in great abundance in the United States and Canada.

**HYDRATE OF CHLORAL FOR SEASICKNESS.**—Döring, a German physician, asserts that an average dose of four grammes of chloral hydrate suffices not only to procure rest and sleep in case of seasickness, but even entirely to cure the disorder.

**CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.**—A recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* notices and records the careful researches of Mrs. Mary B. Treat into various species of the order known as carnivorous plants. Among the most interesting of these is her recent investigation into the habits of the common bladder-wort (*Utricularia clandestina*), a plant found in shallow ponds and swamps. This plant owes its name to the fact that its stem has attached to it numerous little bladders, the use of which has been supposed to be to float the plant. But they serve an altogether different purpose. In December, 1874, Mrs. Treat placed some of these bladders under the microscope, and noticed a number of animalcules within. This discovery led to later researches, in which the bladder was found to consist of irregular cells, with clusters of star-like points (the office of which is still unknown) arranged very regularly over the inner surface. The animal most commonly entrapped in the bladder was a snake-like larva. The next step was to discover how the prey was taken, and toward this the author was helped by a view of sundry animals entering into the maw of the *utricularia*. One end of each bladder resembles a tunnel-net, open at the larger end and closed at the smaller. The animalcules would sometimes dally about the entrance for a while, but finally would venture in and push open the closed end of the net; this then closed, and animalcule was a prisoner. No sooner was the victim within, than it manifested alarm, drew in its feet

and *antenna*, and closed its shell. After death, the shell unclosed again, displaying the feet and *antenna*. The most important discovery was, however, yet to be made, and that was to show that these animals become the food of the plant. If it could be proved that the contents of the bladders were carried directly into the circulation of the plant, the difficulty was solved. The cells were, in many cases, of a red color, and in all such cases it was observed that the stem at the point where the bladder grew was of the same color. It thus looks as if a red fluid was carried from the bladders into the main stem, which is not specifically the case, so far as the observations yet made determine, though the main point, that the contents of the bladders are carried into circulation, does not seem open to a question.

**A NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY.**—The *Garden*, London, mentions that a very ingenious application of electro-metallurgy has recently been brought to the notice of the Society of Arts. It consists in the application of a coat of silver, by means of electro deposition, on natural leaves and flowers. By this means very delicate ornaments are produced, since the precise form and texture of the natural leaf are preserved under the thin silver film.

**INFLUENCE OF AMMONIA ON THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.**—Exposure to the smoke of a cigar changes violet-colored flowers to green. This change is due to the ammonia present in tobacco-smoke. The general question of the influence of ammonia on the color of flowers has recently been investigated by Galba, an Italian. His method was to put a little ammoniacal solution in a basin, and place a receiver over it containing the flower. In this way blue, violet, and purple flowers were changed to green; carmine red flowers to black; white to yellow, etc. The most singular changes were presented by flowers in which several tints are combined. After the flowers have undergone these changes, if they are placed in pure water, they retain their new coloration several hours, gradually, however, returning to their original hues. Galba has further observed that the flowers of the aster, which are naturally inodorous, acquire an agreeable aromatic odor under the influence of ammonia.

## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## A STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"It is all good," said the Creator when he had made the world. So thought the flowers also; and they must have been pleased with the arrangement of things or they would not have bloomed so gayly. The birds must also have been of the same opinion, since their singing was the joyfulest possible. The angels rejoiced, too, over the beautiful, new-made world, and begged the Creator of it that they might now and then be permitted to come to it; and, indeed, they have come many a time since on the errands of their Master. On Christmas night they once all came—all, when the Christ-child had just come upon the earth.

I have said the flowers were pleased, and so they were; but not all—the dandelion was not. It thought that if God had wished to make every thing "good," he should have painted the earth blue like the heaven. The stars were also a thousand times more beautiful than she—the dandelion—they shone far more brilliantly. The little daisy was many a time vexed, really vexed, when the dandelion so blamed her Creator. But that did no good. Things went on so for a whole week, when, one evening after the children, who came every day to the meadow, had gone home, and all was still and restful roundabout, and the fair new moon hung in the yellow west, the discontented dandelion was heard complaining again, "The stars are a thousand times more beautiful than we." Whereupon the daisy stirred on its little stem, and whispered very softly, "Would you really like, then, to be a star?" The dandelion shook all her green leaves and answered quickly, "O yes, yes;" and she was so wide-awake with excitement that she went to sleep late; and when at last she did, she had a very unrestful night of it, for she was dreaming continually of the stars; and when she awoke she really thought that possibly she might herself become one. But soon the sun came up and shone warm upon the meadow, and quickly drank up all the dew-drops from the grass and flowers. She became so tired that she

perished from very weariness—she was dead. The sympathetic daisy mourned for its neighbor. "She died of vexation," it said. But the dandelion was not quite dead. In the afternoon the green leaves of the calyx opened and little white arrows shot forth, fine and delicate. They became longer and larger, till at last the poor, discontented dandelion was as round as a ball, and like a star to look at—like a star with a thousand rays. "Yes, she has really become one," sighed the daisy. "Even after having striven with the loving God," it was about to say. But the daisy did not say it; for just then the children all came running down upon the meadow, and the daisy did not wish them to hear it, for it was greatly afraid of the children. The kind west wind came along just in time to help the daisy to hide its little head among the grasses, where it kept quite still for a long time. When at last it looked up shyly, the star was gone. "It is in heaven," thought the good little daisy. But it was not, indeed. Near the daisy sat the children. One of them had a little green reed in his hand, the others were catching after white flying flakes in the air. Now the daisy knew where the star had gone, and it was glad that it had not also become one. And the dear little daisy never complains or feels envy when the clear white dandelion-stars rise upon the meadow. It always says, "God has made every thing good; stars can stand only in heaven."

## THE WILD-CAT AND THE GOAT.

A YOUNG wild-cat lived once in the wild woods of Norway. He made a show of as handsome a set of fur as any prince could boast. He wore whiskers, too, quite after the English fashion. He lived in the cleft of a rock, and thought himself lord of the forest, and really believed that every animal in it was made only for him to tear into pieces and devour. He stretched himself out upon the branch of a tree and kept himself hidden as still as a mouse; and when any animal came along, down he sprang to catch it. He began, very wisely, too, with



the little ones, which he could easily overpower—first an unwary mouse, later the pretty rabbits which were sporting innocently upon the green turf. He conquers these so easily that he becomes full of pride and arrogance and unreasoning ambition.

Not far from the forest, in a still, green spot, by a fresh fountain, was a peasant's home. The peasant kept many goats, which he turned out early every morning upon the meadow, which reached even to the wood where our young wild-cat dwelt. The goats nibble about here and there till at last one comes to the very place where master wild-cat has been waiting and watching since early morning. He thinks (the foolish young fellow) that he can just as easily catch the great, strong goat, as the timid little rabbit. So he springs quickly down upon his back, frightens and torments the poor animal, pricks him with his sharp claws, and bites him fiercely in the neck. The goat strives and bleats, and runs in his distress hither and thither, but soon rushes out of the wood and straight toward the house of the peasant. The other goats run too, and bleat for company. All this does not please master wild-cat at all; but with his long claws he remains hanging in the goat's fleece, and finds, to his great mortification and distress, that he has been caught himself. The peasant hears the outcry and comes out with a gun. He aims well, and shoots the ambitious wild-cat through the head. He looks at the foolish animal thoughtfully, and says: "You bold wight! Had you been contented with rabbits, you would not have been lying here dead; but if one will avoid punishment, one must not ride upon strange goats!"

#### WORK.

ANYWHERE, every-where, something to do—  
Something for me, and something for you—  
Work for the hand and work for the head;  
Work for the winning of daily bread.

Never a day dawns but brings its own task;  
"What?" only for you and for me is to ask.  
Some are chosen to sweep and others to spin;  
Some to sow, some to reap, while some gather in.

Some must build ships and some guide the helm,  
Some fashion our garments and some rule the realm,  
Some must fell forests, some broad fields must till,  
Some paint and some carve, some grind at the mill.  
Some must buy and some sell, some traverse the sea;  
Some God's preachers and judges and singers must be.

Let each to his task-work list for the call;  
Christ worked, and the Father works high over all.

Some work in the shadow and some in the sun;  
Some in joy, some in pain; but the Master is one.  
Calling all to their tasks, portioning each his reward,  
As he ceases his toil at the word of his Lord.

Work while the day lasts, work with a will;  
Soon will the night come when all will be still;  
Sweet will it be at set of the sun  
To hear from the Master the welcome, "Well done."

#### FAIRY-FOLK.

THE fairy-books have told you  
Of the fairy-folk so nice,  
That make them leathern aprons  
Of the ears of little mice;  
And wear the leaves of roses  
Like a cap upon their heads,  
And sleep at night on thistle down  
Instead of feather beds!

These stories, too, have told you,  
No doubt to your surprise,  
That the fairies ride in coaches  
That are drawn by butterflies;  
And come into your chambers  
When you are locked in dreams,  
And right across your counterpanes  
Make bold to drive their teams;  
And that they heap your pillows  
With their gifts of rings and pearls;  
But do not heed such idle tales,  
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride  
About the world at night,  
Who give you rings and other things,  
To pay for doing right.  
But if you do to others what  
You'd have them do to you,  
You'll be as blest as if the best  
Of story-books were true. ALICE CARY.

#### BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL faces, they that wear  
The light of a happy spirit there,  
It matters little if dark or fair.  
Beautiful hands are they that do  
The work of the noble, good, and true,  
Busy and helpful the long day through.  
Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through Summer's heat and Winter's snow.  
Beautiful children of rich or poor,  
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure  
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

#### SUMMER TIME.

Now is the Summer time for me,  
And, like the little busy bee,  
I must improve the hours;  
In every little plant I find,  
I'll look for honey for the mind,  
And fill my heart with flowers.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY-WRITING has undergone a great change since the days of Rollin. Naked narrative no longer satisfies. Macaulay characterized the classical histories as "romances founded on fact," and wrote a history of England that took the world by storm,—probably founded on his own model, where he says in one of his essays: "We are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristics are imprinted on the mind forever." Certain it is that Macaulay's pages were devoured with an avidity only given to the absorbing pictures of romance. Hume, M'Intosh, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Alison stand in all our libraries, and supply every thing that is needful to the student of English history. For those who are not able to possess the greater works, or have not time for their perusal, J. R. Green, M. A., Professor of Modern History in the Oxford University, has written a *Short History of the English People*, from the earliest times to the present, from A. D. 600 to A. D. 1874, which differs from other historical works in being "a history, not of English kings, or English conquests, but of the English people;" that devotes "more space to Chaucer than to Crécy, to Caxton than to the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the poor law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender." We have read this work through, a compliment we pay to few books that come to our table. It has not only a refreshing review of the facts of English history, but a new series of portraits, by a new hand, of England's great men, her renowned kings, statesmen, poets, orators, and reformers; the conflicts of Romanism and Protestantism; the grandeur, not unmingled with human weaknesses, of Wyclif, the Cromwells, Pym, Chatham and Pitt, Fox and Wesley; the slow development, century by century, of those principles of freedom, personal responsibility, and constitutional law, that to us are as familiar as the alpha-

bet, and as common as the air we breathe. A capital book for students. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

It is harmless pastime, proving from the Bible and extended experimental observation, that animals have souls and are destined to immortality. There is no earthly objection to the creed of the poor Indian, who thinks,

"Admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

We knew in our youth a devout old lady who firmly believed that her favorite horse would share her immortality. Wesley says, "On the new earth no creature will kill or hurt or give pain to any other. The scorpion will have no poisonous sting, the adder no venomous teeth. The lion will have no claws to tear the lamb." The animal creation will no longer be under the necessity of destroying others to preserve their own lives. Rev. J. G. Wood, a voluminous English writer on natural history, anecdotes and sketches of animals and birds, and books for boys, gives his youthful auditory *Man and Beast Here and Hereafter*, a volume that illustrates, by more than three hundred original anecdotes, that animals have reason, language, memory, generous sentiments, honor, conscience, pride, and the baser passions, as well as sympathy, and parental and conjugal love; and concludes, with one of our poets, that

"Man never dies; the body dies from off him."  
"This," says our author, "is equally true of man and beast." (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

A POPULAR and favorite mode of presenting the facts of the history of the early Church is that of weaving it into romance form, and picturing things to the youthful mind as the writer imagines them to have existed seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago. Emma Leslie has entered successfully into this inviting field, and before us lie *Flavia*, the second, and *Quadratus*, the third, in the series of stories on Church history. *Flavia* is the story of the conversion and



trials of a Roman matron, who joined the Church in the Catacombs, and afterward made the tour of the Churches of Asia, and so introduces us to their history, their bishops, their trials, their persecutions, and increase. *Quadratus* is a similar story, the simple plot of which is laid in the time of Constantine, the Council of Nice, the condemnation of Arius, Julian, and Athanasius. Placidia is by far the most interesting character in this volume. The author has succeeded in giving to the dry facts of ecclesiastical history a charm that will fix them in the minds of youthful readers. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

AN exceedingly valuable contribution to the temperance cause is Rev. James Shaw's *History of the Great Temperance Reforms of the Nineteenth Century*, printed for the author by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati. In a stout octavo of five hundred pages, profusely and beautifully illustrated, the author has brought together a great mass of valuable facts and principles, arranged under appropriate heads, alike useful to the general reader, the preacher, and the lecturer. Useful points, widely scattered through newspapers and books, are here brought together in such form as to make the work one which an editor or speaker or writer would like to have at his elbow when he wishes to verify a historical date, or to know how liquors are made; the laws of the different States touching sale, license, and prohibition; the styles of association and effort for reform from the earliest times to the latest crusades. The origin of this useful work is stated in the Preface. "On the 22d of April, 1874, the whisky men at Charleston, Illinois, carried the license vote, and doomed the town to intemperance for another year. On the following evening, the whisky band played triumphal airs before the church door while the writer and his friends were at prayer within. Just then the writer vowed, that if the Lord should spare him, he would write the record of the Temperance Movement." The result is before us. The shouts and bravoës of the whisky advocates are transient, the work of Mr. Shaw will be a lasting addition to the temperance literature of the country and of the age, and will

give the movement substantial aid. The book ought to have wide circulation and ready sale.

*Uncrowned Kings* is the felicitous title of one of the ever popular Daniel Wise's most felicitous books; a volume of sketches of some men of mark who rose from obscurity to renown, for young people. Mr. Wise's kings are, William Phipps, the Kennebec shepherd boy, who from a shepherd boy became a ship-builder, and finally Governor of Massachusetts; Michael Faraday, who from being a London newsboy, became a king in the realm of science; Charles Waterton, who became a daring traveler, hunter, and naturalist; Robert Fulton, who built steamboats; Dr. Kane, who made himself famous by his Arctic expedition; Francis Asbury, the pioneer American bishop; Alexander Wilson, the American ornithologist; Nathaniel Bowditch, the navigator; Richard Watson, the great Wesleyan divine; and Warren Hastings, the famous governor of India. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

ANOTHER valuable contribution to the missionary literature of the country is a small volume entitled *Christian Missions*, by Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor in Amherst College. (Dodd & Mead, publishers. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Six lectures and a sermon on the subject of Missions set forth, the condition and wants of the world, the failure of civilization to raise the heathen, and the adequacy of the Gospel, the true mother of missionary operations, and the motives for a higher consecration to the missionary work. The work is full of solid thought and useful suggestion.

*All for Christ*, by Rev. Thomas Carter, D. D. A new treatise on perfect love: what it is not, what it is; its relations to Methodism and other forms of Christianity; consecration of life, feelings, time, thought, words, food, dress, money; its saving power, and its witnesses. A full discussion of an important subject by an able writer. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

JAMES R. OSGOOD'S *Memorial of Bunker Hill* is a neat pamphlet fully illustrated, containing a fine poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell

Holmes, entitled "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," and a full account of the action which opened the War of Independence on the 17th of June, 1775. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

DR. RUFUS W. CLARK has put together, and Messrs. Harpers have published, an account of *The Work of God in Great Britain under Messrs. Moody & Sankey, 1874 to 1875*, with biographical sketches. A deeply interesting volume of over three hundred pages. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

FOR three hundred years, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, Mexico was a sealed country. Previous to the war of 1848, there was scarcely a people on the face of the globe, China not excepted, about which we in the United States knew less than about the races living just outside of the southern threshold of our great Republic. A hundred years before the Celestial Empire closed its gates upon the fighting sects of Rome, Romanism itself closed Mexico to the outside world; the high walls which surround all Romish establishments, and behind which it loves to work, in darkness and in secrecy, its deeds of despotism and shame, were built around the entire Mexican territory. War with the United States battered down the gates of this exclusiveness, flashed light into this darkness. The last war pushed forward what the other began. Religious liberty is yet unknown; but thanks to the defeat of European absolutism in Maximilian, and the in-rush of modern ideas and modern progress, toleration is becoming possible. Whoever wishes to see Mexico as it is to-day will read Bishop Haven's new book, *Our Next Door Neighbor*. (Harpers, and Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) It is a portfolio of pictures photographed from life. The writer traveled pencil in hand, and sketched as he went. His style is pre-Raphaelite. It is real. Nothing is left to recollection, nothing to mere imagination. The form and coloring were copied from nature and transferred to canvas on the spot. Sensible, witty, poetical, practical, honest, Christian, with a single end in view—to serve God in serving man—the unostentatious Protestant bishop travels through the Romish heathenism, and de-

scribes its Eden-like territory and its devil-like despoilers, and what he and his Church and other Churches are doing for its restoration. Notwithstanding the humorous prelate's effort to forestall criticism, we must take him to task for writing "Angelos" instead of "Angeles;" making such an ugly noun as "crunch;" setting a vicious example to young seminarians by continuing a very common blunder in the United States, that of calling St. John the "revelator;" and, finally, we must protest against the ungalantry of the great advocate of woman in all her rights, in mischievously deriving the word "mule" from "mulier!" making them synonyms for perverseness and obstinacy; when he ought to know that lexicographers hint the possible derivation of "mulier" itself from "mollis," soft, gentle, the very opposite of perverseness and obstinacy. We need not add that our sanguine friend found Mexico a very paradise of color-equality. His book will have a big run, and will do lots (as we say, in the South and West, "heaps") of good.

BOOKS of modern science and discovery are much like almanacs—out of date at the end of the current year. A few fundamental principles are settled and remain fixed, but the details of science are constantly enlarging, new applications are made, old and laborious operations are made simple, processes cheapened, and results multiplied. As some guide to the advancements which the world has made during the year in this department of knowledge, the *Annual Record of Science and Industry, for 1874* (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), will be found most useful. It is not exhaustive in the information conveyed, but is suggestive, and gives a list of some of the more prominent publications on scientific subjects which appeared during the last year, for the benefit of those who desire to examine particular subjects more at length.

FICTION.—From Harper & Brothers, New York (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), we have received, in paper covers, *The Rape of the Gamp*, by C. Welsh Mason; *Alice Lorraine*, a Tale of the South Downs, by R. D. Blackmore; *Bluebeard's Keys*, by Miss Thackery; *Our Detachment*, by Katharine King; and *Walter's Word*, by James Payn.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"EARTHEN VESSELS."—Every man is fashioned after Nebuchadnezzar's image, part iron and part clay, a singular alternation of strength and weakness: in some directions, firm as the hills; in others, exposed, like brittle glass, to sudden and disastrous breakage. The changeful moods and acts consequent upon this incongruous composition make man an enigma to himself, a puzzle to his fellows. Great men, kings, presidents, generals and bishops, statesmen and churchmen, are often singular compounds of strengths and weaknesses. It is trite to say that every man, however strong, has his weak points. Samson and Hercules are types of the race; rending lions and slaughtering heroes one hour, and weak as water in the presence of seductive influences the next. Human strength, at the best, is weakness, and blessed is he who is conscious of his weakness; and still more blessed he who relies not on self in the effort to overcome weakness, but who appeals to the Strong for strength. Wrestling is the type of highest human exertion, the exercise of the strongest muscle, the putting forth of chiefest skill; yet it was only when the human cords were paralyzed, and shrunk from iron rigidity and tension to child-like flaccidness, that Jacob could be convinced that the hour of divine victory was the hour of greatest human weakness. Then only could he say:

"When I am weak, then am I strong,  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail."

The apostle Paul puts the same idea in another form: "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and of earth." We poor mortals interlay "gold, silver, precious stones with wood, hay, stubble." Strangely we mingle glory and shame, honor and dishonor, the immortal and the perishable; and when these minglings are burned up, it will be well if we ourselves are saved "so as by fire."

LAY EVANGELISM.—The labors of Moody and Sankey, preacher and singer, have produced, on the other continent, extraordinary results. The dailies of Great Britain have

teemed with accounts of their methods and successes; and two books, that we have recently noticed, have been compiled from these newspapers. High and low, lords and ladies, princes and ministers, as well as every grade of ordinary society, have attended their ministrations; and a wave of revival such as England has not known since the time of the Wesleys, and probably in ranks not reached by the Wesleys, has followed in their wake. All sorts of theories have been put forth to account for this unusual and almost universal outburst of religious enthusiasm. The nationality of the laborers, their magnetic power of producing conviction, the strong and original utterances of Moody, the sweet and powerful singing of Sankey, the apathy of the "Dissenters," the ritualizing tendencies of the national establishment, fear of an in-rush of Romanism, and a greater dread of the naturalistic infidelities of the times, have all been presented as reasons for the agitation of the public mind in a religious direction. Of course, Christians of all denominations see in the work only the natural results of the outpouring of the Spirit of God, the blessing that always attends earnest efforts and faithful labors every-where and at all times. To God's Spirit and man's labors, as to God's sun and rains and human toil and care, the soil is not always in a responsive state, fitted to yield abundant or even proportionate returns. The moral soil of Britain seems at this juncture to be peculiarly receptive. It is fortunate, perhaps we ought to say providential, that these devoted servants of God went there at this time. The fields were ripe, the harvest is abundant; the fruit, we may hope and pray, will be permanent, the effects wide-spreading and far-reaching in good lives, happy death-beds, and a blissful eternity.

IMITATORS.—There is a wide difference between originals and imitators. Imitators never equal the originals. Whenever a happy hit is made or a good vein struck in the moral and religious as well as the material world, the discoverers of the fortunate mine

are at once followed by imitators. Moody and Sankey have struck a lead, and some one has said that "a dozen similar duos stand ready to go forth from Chicago, melodeon in hand, to convert the world." It is doubtful whether Chicago has another Moody or another Sankey, and whether American ground would be in as receptive a state as the British, if these bands were to take the field. Forty years ago, Finney, an original, went forth with a new and powerful mode of affecting the Churches and people. He was speedily followed by shoals of imitators. A gentleman, a scholar and a fine orator, himself, not a few of his apists, bound to produce similar results at all hazards, became coarse and vulgar and blasphemous, buffoons and blackguards, who soon managed to run the whole thing into the ground.

Powerful enginery, powerful pressure and high rates of speed, require machinery fitted to the track, and the track itself to be straight and solidly bedded. Finney's methods tore the Calvinistic Churches to pieces a generation ago. It was placing a fifty-ton engine, with steam up to a mile a minute, on a horse-rail tramway. It could not list but tear things, and bring disaster both to road and machinery. The Churches are in better condition now, and we hope they will garner the sheaves, and not leave them to perish for lack of care in the open fields. Whitefield produced more powerful effects in the pulpit than Wesley, but Wesley carefully gathered his converts into permanent Church folds.

**DEATH OF REV. ERWIN HOUSE.**—Just after we had finished our number for July, and the last copy had been put into type, we were startled by the sudden death, in his own office adjoining ours, of Rev. Erwin House, assistant editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. He was in his usual health when he left home in the morning, May 20th, but on his way to his work, was seized with *angina pectoris*. Obtaining relief, he apprehended no danger, and proceeded to the office. About three o'clock, he suffered another spasm of the disease, and died within five minutes.

Mr. House was in his fifty-first year, and had been connected with the Book Concern

for more than half his life. He entered as mailing clerk in 1849, and about two years subsequently became assistant editor in the office of this magazine, and of the *Western Christian Advocate*. For this place he was peculiarly fitted. From a boy he possessed literary tastes and preferences, and, already expert with his pen, he soon became a valuable assistant on both publications. During the last year of Dr. Tefft's term as editor of the REPOSITORY, and until the election of Dr. Clark by the Book Committee, Mr. House had almost sole editorial charge of the magazine. Of this part of his literary life, Professor William Wells thus writes: "A few months before the editorial interim of the REPOSITORY which he filled up, I began my labors with that periodical, and soon became quite intimate with him. When he suddenly found the whole responsibility of the work on his shoulders, he was appalled, and for a short period almost sank under it. In this state of mind he came to me for advice and aid, and we spent many an hour in converse and conference in regard to the best make-up of that favorite periodical of the Church. It was during these interviews that I learned to know him thoroughly, and the intense earnestness with which he applied himself to the work. He was more than anxious to do his duty, and spent many painful seasons before he could see his way clear."

Brother House was a fair scholar, well informed, and fond of study. He received a classical education at Woodward College, and was graduated in 1846. For some time he was employed as teacher in the public-schools and in Herron's Seminary, and thus acquired facility in expressing his thoughts and imparting knowledge to others. He had already some experience in writing for the press when he entered the Book Concern; and the editorial work was not to him altogether a new thing. When the growing interests of the two periodicals upon which he was employed demanded more help, he was relieved from work on the magazine, and devoted his whole time to the *Advocate*. In this department of Church work he spared no pains. He made it his business to obtain the freshest and most interesting intelligence; and, if necessary to secure the desired information, or to settle some question, he would



ransack every library and reading-room in the city. Often has he come into our office for consultation upon points concerning which he was in doubt. His correspondence was extensive, and it was no little labor to attend to it. The boastful humility of Pope Gregory, when he styled himself "*Servus servorum*—the servant of the servants of the Lord"—would better characterize brother House; for, outside of his editorial work, he was constantly called upon by our preachers and others for service which he might well refuse, but which was cheerfully rendered for the sake of Christ and his Church. Nor did he esteem it too great a burden, though it was a draft not only upon his means, but on his time, his heart, and his hands.

Naturally impatient, and apt to find fault with the waywardness of others, such was the sweetness of his disposition that he cherished no animosities, and held himself as ready to confer a favor upon an offending brother as upon a cherished friend. There was no bitterness in his spirit, and however others might treat him, he at least was true. From the time of his conversion in childhood, he cultivated the graces of the Spirit, and gave to life a meaning and a purpose. His aim was single, and through all the faults and imperfections of his nature, he remained loyal to God, to his Church, and to humanity. Without a hopeful temperament, he yet in hope believed against hope, and looked forward to a better morrow. That morrow to him has now come. In the strength of his manhood, in the fullness of his powers, in the maturity of his intellect, he has exchanged a mortal for an eternal day.

"WHO NEXT?" was the solemn inquiry agitated in the startled crowd that surrounded the remains of our fellow-editor, Rev. ERWIN HOUSE, as they lay, still warm with recent life, on the very table at which he had been doing editorial work only an hour before. Our reply was, "It does not matter." Our sole concern is to do our life-work well. Death is as natural to us as life; is, indeed, only an incident in life, the point at which time-life merges in the life eternal. Every month chronicles some new departure:

"Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?"

There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end."

The genial WAKELEY has finished his abundant labors, and left abiding and useful proofs of his untiring industry, in connecting past and future, enlightening and stimulating posterity by linking it with the wisdom of the fathers.

Our old conference co-laborer and early and life-long friend, STEPHEN D. BROWN, D. D., of the Troy and New York Conferences, has ended a laborious and useful career of nearly forty years as a Methodist itinerant. In 1842-3 he was the pastor of Bishop Peck, Dr. John Newman, and the writer, fellow-teachers in the Poultney Seminary. He was then in his bright youth, one of the purest of Green Mountain Yankees; unequaled in shrewdness, tact, and restless activity; with a keen black eye, a clear intellect, superior judgment, unfailing readiness and power in debate, and an ever-ready wit in conversation. His voice in those days was rather harsh in its upper register, but indescribably deep, clear, and musical in its lower tones. While he was the peer of the princes of the Church in oratory, debate, management, and cool judgment on all points of law and Church polity, in his intercourse with familiars he was full of life and fun and playful badinage. He was ready at repartee, and the writer is probably not the only one who will carry to his grave the scars of his skillful fencing. We were one day discussing the merits of our respective States, Vermont and Connecticut, when he indulged in the old fling at our native State, as the land of "wooden nutmegs, shoe-peg oats, wooden hams, and pumpkin seeds." Our retort was, "Well, if we made the hams and nutmegs, you bought them; Vermont was as good a customer for our wooden 'notions' as any State in the Union." His reply flashed back instantly, keen, cutting, and intensely personal, a savage home-thrust that ended the friendly duel:

"It would have been well for the educational interests of Vermont if hams and nutmegs had been the only things Connecticut had sent us *made of bass-wood*."

In the General and Annual Conferences, in preachers' meeting, and in his work, in every situation, S. D. Brown was a power.

He kept abreast of the times and never allowed his faculties to stagnate, and, like Eddy, Wakeley, and House, worked to the last. Farewell, good brothers, for the moment; we shall meet and greet you soon.

**GOLDEN HOURS.**—This pretty little magazine, the only one of its kind in all the land, has now a lady editor, who can enter right into the sympathies of the little folks, Miss HELEN V. OSBORNE, late manager of *Wood's Household Magazine*, who with the publishers, will spare no pains to make the little monthly attractive and useful. Every parent in the country can spare a dollar and sixty cents to make a child happy in the monthly visits of a magazine that weds profit and entertainment so successfully and happily as the **GOLDEN HOURS**. Canvas for it in your Sunday-schools, and let it have a subscription list of twenty thousand before the next General Conference.

**CHURCH PAPERS.**—Each of our Church journals is naturally the focus of territorial interest and influence. Adjacent conferences become "patronizing conferences," whose preachers are the regularly constituted and recognized agents of the periodical, who annually "canvass" for it and interest themselves in its circulation. It is a frequent cry, "too many papers," and there are not wanting advocates for the suppression of non-paying sheets, and their "absorption" into journals that pay. An hour before the death of Erwin House, we got from him (and it was about the last work he ever did) what might be called the "constituency of our Methodist papers," and here is what we found: that the *Zion's Herald*, circulating in the six New England Conferences, has over a hundred thousand Methodists at its back, with at least twenty thousand families who ought to be favored with the weekly visits of that well-conducted sheet. The *New York Advocate*, with a tier of the richest and oldest conferences in the connection, extending from the Canada frontier to Mason and Dixon's line, ought to have, without premiums, or bribes of any sort, seventy-five thousand subscribers; the *Northern*, twenty thousand; the *Pittsburg*, twenty to twenty-five thousand; the *Western*, forty to fifty thousand; the *Northwestern*, forty to fifty thousand; the *Central*, fifteen thousand.

The Church population of the conferences through which these journals naturally circulate, will warrant these figures; and we have long been persuaded that all that is necessary to realize them, is for the agents of these papers—that is, the preachers in charge—to see to it, in person, that the families of their charges are supplied with our Church papers. A good mode adopted by some Churches is, to count the number of families in the Church, and put the number of papers needed to supply them into the annual budget of the running expenses of the Church.

**THE METHODIST**, so long under the editorial management of Rev. Dr. GEORGE R. CROOKS, has passed into the hands of one of our own Western professors and correspondents, Rev. Dr. D. H. WHEELER, a graceful and ready writer, in whose hands the character of the paper will not be allowed to suffer. We wish him abundant success in his new vocation.

**WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE** has changed principals. Dr. Bugbee goes to the presidency of Alleghany College, and Rev. D. H. Moore, of the Cincinnati Conference, succeeds him here. Both are admirably fitted for their new positions, and the institutions, we prophesy, will flourish under their management.

**THE LADIES' HOME MISSION** of Cincinnati, in June last, got up one of the most brilliant and enjoyable of reunions, in a strawberry festival at Exposition Hall, which was largely attended by the Methodists of the city and vicinity.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—If the groves were God's first temples, they were also man's first home. Beneath the shade of trees, lulled by the murmur of waters, and charmed by the singing of birds, he reposed in naked innocence, and heard the voice of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day. It is a little glimpse of Paradise which the artist has represented in *Waldemere*—not the Eden of Adam, but the paradise of his fallen posterity, or as nearly that as it may be possible to find in the present unregenerated world. *The First Lesson* is a domestic scene, which our readers will find well described in the little poem printed elsewhere in this number.

















THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

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SHAKESPEARE'S CORDELIA.

THE artist that places with deft brush his ideal before him in form and coloring, imprisons his thought forever, and has a single picture; but the one who paints in words wields the far subtler brush of the soul's imagination, and the picture changes at his will. It is as though a master stood beside the canvas, bidding us behold the drama of a life. We see, at first, a face of trusting innocence and child-like faith; the brush moves, and we behold new meaning in the eye; the soul has learned a deeper revelation; a few more lines, and grief has softened and subdued and purified; again, ambition fires the eye, and hope beams forth in every lineament. And so, as the brush moves on, successes, failures, triumph, or despair follow each other, until the eye closes, and we know the history is ended.

If the word portraits which Shakespeare has left us were thrown on canvas, they would fill a stupendous gallery; and in this gallery no niche or alcove would attract more attention than that which contained the faces from "King Lear." For variety, for striking contrasts, for completeness of portraiture, for scenes of heart-touching pathos, this drama stands pre-eminent.

The two central figures are companion pictures, which can not be separated without one of them losing the beauty of its meaning; for, by the exquisite magic of its author, the subtle charm,

the unspoken tenderness, the touching eloquence, come from association. Without King Lear, there could be no Cordelia. The faces of two other women hang close by—sisters and daughters—but behind the regular features, the cold eyes tell of stone, the lips of scorpions, and lines of habitual expression reveal their sordid selfishness and coarseness of desire; while grouped around, we behold the liege Kent, the fearless courtier and unselfish page; the keen-witted faithful fool; the dowry-seeking Burgundy; the regal-browed France; the honest Gloster; the two-faced, traitorous Edmund; the far-sighted, much enduring Edgar; the well-meaning Albany; the infamous Cornwall; each individual one perfect enough to render famous its creator, and all lending their light or shade to bring out in rarer grace, and fairer proportions, the one conception—Cordelia, the daughter.

We are introduced to King Lear, attended by his favored lords. His royal "we" for scores of years has stood the unchallenged law of the nation, and still remains a rock, against which the breakers dash themselves to foam, but bears no evidence of being swept away. True, the hair on the honored temples has grown white and sparse, the full brow and cheek are furrowed by the steel of time, the firm figure is a little bent, as though the strong foundation had yielded



slightly, rather than that decay was hollowing the trunk; but the royal wish and mandate are just as young and strong as ever in the hearts of the people—no weariness or weakness foreshadows loss of honor for their king.

As a monarch, he has ever been strong and manly, having carried for fifty years his kingdom in his heart as easily as he now bears within his hand a map of his estates. As a parent, he was weak in those affections that are no weakness, and just a trifle doting in his fondness for those fair young beings who call him "father;" and often had he meditated how he might show to them the richness of his love. Nothing is said of the mother: we must believe that she died early. Had she lived, if her influence had not recast the mold of her two eldest daughters, she would certainly have revealed to the king their true nature, and have warned him against placing power in their hands. But what could he—loving father though he was—know of the hidden virtues or vices of those young girls growing up to womanhood within his palace? He could see that their physical wants were abundantly supplied; he could endow them richly as they appeared in court, and men of noble birth besought their hands in marriage; he could fondle the youngest on his knee and press her to his heart in tenderness, as the thought of his dead wife came to tell him she was motherless; but with the weight of a nation's welfare pressing on his time, he could not stop to study their natures, or watch the development of their dispositions. He thought them all alike, and all as good as he could picture them. Many years ago, he had fancied for his age a quiet home, where he might live in an atmosphere of love, enjoying the homage of royalty without its cares, and going out into the broad fields and forests of God's universe, breathing the breath of freedom without the weight of its protection.

The time had come when kingly honors seemed heavy, and he had resolved to take the coveted rest and happiness.

So, in the quiet of his room, he had planned to permit younger shoulders to bear the burdens, and he would lift to royal honors the husbands of his daughters. Into three equal parts he would divide his kingdom; nay, as he thought again of the one that lay a motherless baby in his arms, the fond old heart grew tenderer; truly she should have a little more, to compensate for her sad fate—his youngest, his darling! When the kingdom lay mapped before him, a little the largest, a little the sunniest, portion was for the marriage dower of Cordelia. This event of great importance is to be announced to the world, and so we see him, with his courtiers and daughters in stately attendance upon his majesty. We fancy the old man looks at his map with the parental love all aglow in his heart. What a glad surprise is in store for his three treasures! His generous nature grows buoyant with anticipation of the love that must gush up in glad response. His crown and lands are baubles beside that valued love; and yet he had no thought of being mercenary—so much love, so much land—neither was there any forethought of a test, to know where those dividing lines should lie.

Hear him speak, happy in the thought of his daughters' happiness, in whose loving care he only coveted a bright, warm place to die; hear him, genial, almost jolly, a sparkle of mirth creeping in through his words:

"Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.  
Give me the map there: know, that we have divided  
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent  
To shake all care and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburthened crawl toward death. Our son of  
Cornwall,  
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
May be prevented now. The princes, France and  
Burgundy,  
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
And here are to be answered."

Thus much he had planned to say, but a new thought strikes him—the outgrowth of a little vanity in his own unprece-

dented generosity. The boundary lines were already made; but he will give his daughters the opportunity he knows they must desire, of telling how much they love him in return. Only a playful conceit at first, it afterward became too earnest a test.

"Tell me, my daughters  
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state),  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,  
Our eldest-born, speak first."

Goneril knows full well the one who has *acted* the most love through her life, and that, in consequence, her father has his favorite. Her jealousy tells her where the largest portion must go, if *love* is the real test; but her anxiety lightens to hear that words will be the test. Words are of easy utterance, and can slip smoothly from the tongue; she sees her advantage, and enters upon a hopeful task. She will throw unusual energy into their utterance, hoping to drown any remembrance of neglect, should such be cherished. So, in a loud tone, with a pumped-up strain of heartiness perfectly obvious to a heart that is not determined to deceive itself, she says:

"Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;  
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you."

Cordelia listens—a girl just passed to womanhood. We do not know her now, for she has not yet spoken. Something has stirred the deeper waters. Perhaps, if she had been asked first in that pleasant, bantering way, she might have answered with some surface-sparkle of words. But the crafty earnestness of her sister's answer has brought out all of the sounding brass of profession. She knows the selfishness of that nature, and the smile fades from her lips. Moisture starts in her eye, as she thinks of that dear old father, so kind and loving, that he covers up the generosity of his deed in a sheen of selfishness, receiving only a fawning

exaggeration of affection, and she sighs with suppressed breath.

What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent. But the king expected a showy demonstration of gratitude, and he hears what he expected. Though each word rings down with an unusual tinkling, he does not think to test them by the finer and longer-continued vibrations of the genuine coin. Gratified with such flattering admiration and fondness, in the presence of his courtiers, the garrulous old man grows more in earnest over the chance thought of the moment, and thinks that flashing words are gold. With a little ostentatious flourish, he makes reply:

"Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,  
With shadowy forests and with champaigns riched,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues  
Be this perpetual. What says my second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?"

The countenance beams blandly, and the genial smile invites her happiest response. Poor Regan feels likewise that her elder sister has left little to be said, and she has not ingenuity sufficient to devise a new high-sounding rattle, nor depth enough to scorn such rippling over shallows. So, she chimes in parrot-like:

"I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short,—that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love."

The moisture in Cordelia's eyes dries up. A breath of scorn at such apparent falsehood, the rising of a righteous indignation in a genuine truth-loving nature, scorches the dew of her emotion. There is a quiet scorn in the next words she utters, that passes into an earnest assertion of her sincere soul.

"Then, poor Cordelia!  
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's  
More riches than my tongue."

But Lear is satisfied. More than his hopes are being realized. As the general amidst unlooked-for successes preserves his show of calmness, so he partially



conceals his delight under a mask of business-like formality and official parlance:

"To thee and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remains this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferred on Goneril."

But he is growing intoxicated with the wine of joy. If these, whom he has never fondled as his pets and playthings, can find in him so much of happiness, what must he hear from one who has always met his caressing with unconcealed delight? Not only the smile beams forth in anticipation, but we can fancy the arms can hardly keep from an outstretching impulse to draw to his bosom the head just learning to bend beneath its grace of womanhood:

"Now, our joy,  
Although our last and least; to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interested; what can you say to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak."

Those tender words call up the answering tenderness—the true, deep feeling. "Speak!" the father says. She can not speak. There is a slight tremor of the delicate eyelids, and then the voice comes soft, surcharged with its emotion. "Nothing, my lord."

Had his daughter fallen at his feet a corpse, there could have been no more amazement manifested in his countenance. Surely, his ears deceive him. "Nothing?" he hastily ejaculates, and a frown of disappointment chases the sunshine from his face. The earnest eyes meet his, pleadingly, but the voice answers firmly, "nothing." Alas, that the one honest word had not the power to break the spell of his own vanity, and disrobe the mocking deceit of those fair words! Had he but possessed the finer perceptions of a woman, or had his wife been near him (provided she had been an unperverted woman), to have bidden him notice the speechless love that shone in every feature, he would have understood the eloquence of that silence, and been satisfied. But the matter-of-fact old king, wanting in subtle insight, sees nothing but the solitary cheerless word.

Nothing to say, is nothing to love. The flush of rising rage mantles his cheek; the words come threateningly,—

"Nothing can come of nothing. Speak again."

Emotion deepens into pain in the breast of the true daughter. Can not her loving father understand that that which is deepest in one's nature can not be expressed? She must explain, but how? Pain, entreaty, expostulation, a little scorn that gold could bribe her utterance, blend in the soft accents of reply,—

"Unhappy that I am. I can not heave  
My heart into my mouth! I love your majesty  
According to my bond; no more, no less."

King Lear had heard, with a gratified pride, of "a love that makes breath poor and speech unable," and seized the words as though they were the sought-for, glittering gems. Here was the love itself, too deep for breath or utterance, and he spurns it as the dross. "According to my bond!" Cold, cheerless, calculating words! how dares she utter them? He can not understand them, and his rage increases.

"How, how Cordelia? mend your speech a little,  
Lest you may mar your fortune."

"Cor. Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I  
Return those duties back as are right fit.  
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall  
carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all."

Plain dress of royal truth beside the tawdry spangles of a courtly lie! Trying to reason with his gray hairs, the scarce-fledged starling! Poor Lear! passion has entered his heart; he can not see the truth. Pallor succeeds the crimson.

"But goes this with thy heart?"

"Cor. Ay, good my lord."

"Lear. So young and so untender?"

Poor Cordelia! the thrust enters her soul; but she answers with the heroism of those that give their dearest blessings for the truth, and then the storm bursts forth.

"Cor. So young, my lord, and true."

"Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower;

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
 The mysteries of Hecate and the night;  
 By all the operation of the orbs,  
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be,  
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
 Propinquity and property of blood,  
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,  
 Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous  
 Scythian,  
 Or he that makes his generation messes  
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
 Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,  
 As thou, my sometime daughter."

Before the sentence is finished, she casts a glance of pleading anguish round that band. Will no one understand her love, take up her cause, and plead for her? The eyes of her sisters are glittering and cold. She knows too well the exultance in their bosoms. Yes, there is one—a knight uninfluenced by any selfish interest, a man of truest chivalry. No character within this play of characters wins more our love and admiration than the devoted Kent. If the spurned Cordelia shows the deathlessness of true affection, the rejected Kent shows the unswerving fidelity of a loyal subject. It was not alone to save the innocent being thus mutely asking some stronger one to espouse her cause, but to save that honored head, already gray with years and kingly services, from being whitened by the anguish of remorse, that causes him to bend his knee:

"Good my liege,—

"*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath;  
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest  
 On her kind nursery: Hence, and avoid my sight!  
 (*To Cordelia.*)

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
 Her father's heart from her!"

Dismissed in anger! But she does not go. What thoughts rush through her mind that keep her feet from hastening from those torturing thrusts? Shall she kneel down and feign language unmeaning, because inadequate and untrue? Shall she condemn herself as guilty when her inmost soul proclaims her innocence? Could she be worthy of her father's love, or could her love for him be worthy, if she perjured her own soul? Shall she traduce her royal love before those courtiers who could not help but

call it sordid as her father's lands and gold? Yet, behind the angry king she knows there is a father's love, an aching heart. The being whom she most reveres believes her to be cold and untender—a very monster of ingratitude. That is the pang. The loss of wealth and dower, though she knows the fatal consequences, is an idle tale in comparison. Surely there must be some change, she can not go.

The king calls for France and Burgundy, the unfortunate suitors for the hand of the most favored daughter. He bids Goneril and Regan divide Cordelia's portion between them, and to their husbands gives his crown. He keeps for himself a retinue of one hundred knights, and states that he will spend his time alternately between his daughters' households. At the risk of his own life, Kent interposes once again.

"Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king,  
 Loved as my father, as my master followed,  
 As my great patron, thought on in my prayers,—

"*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

"*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly When Lear is mad. What would thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state: And, in thy best consideration, check This hideous rashness. Answer my life, my judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
 Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds  
 Reverb no hollowness.

"*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

"*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn For wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to lose it, Thy safety being motive.

"*Lear.* Out of my sight!

"*Kent.* See better, Lear, and let me still remain The true blank of thine eye. . . .

"*Lear.* Five days we do allot thee for provision To shield thee from disasters of the world; And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day following, Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions, The moment is thy death. . . .

"*Kent.* Fare thee well, king, sith thus thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

(*To Cordelia.*)

The gods, to their dear shelter, take thee, maid,  
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!"



This plea, or expostulation, for noble dignity, impassioned fervor, and self-forgetful heroism between man and man, is not surpassed in the range of dramatic action.

The shaft falls. Lear will not brook advice, and the faithful Kent is banished. All this Cordelia sees, and stands numbed by these fresh blows of sorrow. But when the great-hearted Kent, unmindful of his own calamity, turns to her with words of appreciation and approval, warmth comes back to her aching heart, increasing the pain, but filling her eyes with tears. Her suitors enter. A blush creeps to her brow; she knows too well her fallen fortunes. Instead of meeting them with the stately composure of a king's beloved daughter, she keenly feels that the king's displeasure has left her disgraced in the eyes of the court.

Whether one of those princely forms had grown dear to her eye, we know not, save as we may infer from the truthful reply she made her father, when she said she had a portion reserved for him to whom she should plight her hand. Young girls just merging into womanhood are not apt to be thus mathematical in the division of their love, unless the division comes without their seeking. One may already have been chosen, but the knowledge in prosperity had concealed itself, awaiting the shock of these conflicting sorrows to crystallize it into form just when she scorned the revelation.

The high-born gentlemen glance round the room. Never in this court had such a scene been manifested to their eyes. They see the anger of the king still burning in his eyes, and note the muscles in a calm rigidity more terrible than rage. The faces of all look serious—most apprehensive of a coming doom. They know the time for dallying has ceased, and that decision is at hand. They can only glance at the one in whom their interest is centered, as the necessary greetings to the king prevent the scrutiny desired. The king addresses first the Lord of Burgundy, perhaps because he esteems him less, or from the precedence

of his suit; certainly in rank he was beneath the King of France.

*"Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,  
We first address toward you, who with this king  
Hath rival'd for our daughter. What, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*"Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,  
Nor will you tender less.

*"Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;  
But now her price is fallen; sir, there she stands;  
If aught within that little seeming substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure pierced,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*"Bur.* I know no answer.

*"Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our  
oath,

Take her or leave her?

*"Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir,  
Election makes not up in such conditions."

Imagine the feelings of any true-hearted woman, when a father points her out with scornful finger to the gaze of an entire court of noble men, and particularly in the presence of those that have been pleading for her hand. The smiting of the hand that had been always love, the wondering glances of those noble strangers, cause the slight flush to deepen into scarlet, not of shame, but modesty, that not even her deep wrong and suffering could absorb. Only a moment, however, the clear-cut stinging epithets, "that little seeming substance," "new-adopted to our hate," "dowered with our curse," send back the blood from lip and cheek, a prisoner to the heart. She must have fallen crushed, had not her innocence and self-respect supported her.

During this colloquy, the King of France had been making his observations. Something of fearful nature must have happened to call forth such stern words. He scrutinized the fair young countenance. Commanders early learn to read the human face. He had marked as he entered, the tremulous tear and delicate flush; he marked the scorching tide that drank the tears before they fell, and the deathly pallor that wiped all the stain away, and left her as if carved in marble. He saw the quivering shudder

caused by suffering, but the little form was not bent in the crouching attitude of guilt. He knew nothing of the circumstances, but he knows the beautiful girl before him is innocent. Lear turns to France:

"For you, great king,  
I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore, beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

"*France.* This is most strange!  
That she, who even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favor! Sure, her offense  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, and your fore-vouched affection  
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me."

The quick electric flash that can not be explained reveals to Cordelia that a noble, generous, just soul is before her. What other emotions prompted her, we may only guess. Before he spurns her, he must know no heinous crime has soiled her purity. But how? There is no sympathizing face, now Kent is gone, and she must force her unwilling lips to speak her innocence.

"*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,  
If, for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; since what I do intend  
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
Nor unchaste action or dishonored step,  
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor!  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking.

"*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me  
better."

These words and the cold, sneering looks of those sisters reveal to France the truth. It needed but a glance from an unprejudiced mind to see the nobility of Cordelia's nature. His decision is made. He turns to the surprised and slowly comprehending Burgundy, and asks, impatiently,—

"What say you to the lady? Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

"*Bur.* Royal king,  
Give but that portion, which yourself proposed,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

"*Lear.* Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm.

"*Bur.* (*To Cordelia.*) I am sorry, then. You  
have so lost a father  
That you must lose a husband.

"*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife."

Such unblushing, mercenary views may well call up the scorn of the tried maiden. The King of France looks on, his admiration growing for the unswerving, true-hearted, but ill-treated daughter. With all the grace of a high-born courtier, he turns to her before them all, and lays his suit at her feet.

"Fairest Cordelia, thou 'rt most rich, being poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.  
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
Can buy this unprized, precious maid of me.  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia; though unkind  
Thou lovest here, a better there to find."

So the tried heart finds a warm haven of appreciation and love, and we rejoice to see her thus sheltered. But she does not give her husband all her love. Tears mingle with the sunshine as she thinks of that dear, estranged father, and fears for his well-being bring sad unrest. Gladly, O, so gladly! would she have stayed to minister with tenderest care to his declining wants; but he has commanded her to go hence, and never see his face again. She obeys; but all the brightness of sunny France can not disperse this shadow. It is in these few adroit touches of the poet that we obtain most of our knowledge of Cordelia's character. There is no need of a long history to reveal the hidden worth that is her inborn and cultivated excellence. The rest of the long play has one leading object: that of proving to the king the worth of quiet, concise words of truth in contrast with the pretentious flattery of falsehood. Yet so natural was the mistake of Lear, and so fierce the crucible



through which he is to pass, that our condemnation rests but lightly upon him, and instead we follow him with sympathy and sadness, indignant at his wrongs. Though in his imagination and unreal, the grief and shock that rent his heart were genuine and severe. Long ruling and the infirmities of age had made his naturally quick temper still more erratic, and his anger and curse were in proportion to his former tenderness and love.

The band of evil fates led the shrinking *Cædipus* into the commission of dreaded crimes, and in the hour of remorseful anguish he bruised out both his eyes. The demon of an unwise vanity, robed in the fair angel garments of parental love, put out the eyes of *Lear*, and led him on toward madness. *Antigone* went forth a voluntary exile to attend her father's footsteps in their blind wanderings. *Cordelia*, because of her father's blindness, was sent an exile from his heart and her own land.

We can only touch upon the pitiful preparation through which King *Lear* must pass before the final retributive scenes that bring *Cordelia* again to our notice. He shuts the great sorrow in his heart, and forbids the mention of his daughter's name. He thought ingratitude had pierced his heart and let the fountains of his love escape; but he had yet to learn

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!"

He had accredited words of love, and thought them substance; the substance he had spurned because it came not clothed in tinsel livery. Before the month is expired, in which he honors his loved eldest daughter, he finds that, after all, his trust was based on something firmer. He notices a want of deference among the servants which had never before been manifested; he marks their indifference to his requests and necessities; he misses the little unobtrusive tokens of love from that one who said "he was the dearest object of her life." Something is wrong. The quiet voice that he had hushed in anger sometimes startles

him; but lest it should be true and he must own its force, he blinds his eyes again, and makes excuses for their strange observances. He fears that fondness has made him too expectant and exacting; that the cruelty of his youngest daughter has made him suspicious; and he wonders if his reason may not be leaving him in consequence, and all that seems amiss be but the vagaries of a disordered brain.

Foolish and vain subterfuges! The daughter grows bold at this apparent obtuseness, and at last commands are given that he shall not be obeyed, and she does not answer to his call. Remonstrance follows, and that insulting arrogance and heartless, patronizing advice, so keen in its unkindness, that, despite the lesson we know he needs to learn, we grow indignant with disgust for so unnatural a child. Smarting under the poison of the dragon's tooth, *Lear* seeks the only antidote he knows of in the world—his daughter *Regan*. The offense of *Cordelia* begins to assume its true proportions. Her failing of word dwindles into nothingness before the hideous reality of unkind deed. She is the wronged one, and he has placed a gulf between them far wider and more impassable than the strait that separates him from the shores of France. There was one left he had not injured, and she "loved him more than life." Surely she will bind up his broken heart! The maddening torrent of grief that came swelling up is pent within, surging like the boiling waters in subterranean abodes.

Poor *Lear*! his grief now is very real; pride no longer inflames his tongue with bitter words. Humbly, as a suffering child to a loving heart of sympathy, he comes to *Regan*. He meets the bolted door, and sees his faithful servant in the stocks. We almost wonder at his faith, his utter unwillingness to believe in the unfaithfulness of this last daughter. He continues to seek for her. He hears cold, indifferent words, words in defense of the unnatural *Goneril*; but he will not despair. Words caused him once to

commit a great error, nothing but deeds now shall bring credence. Deeds come. The cruel daughter is welcomed; her deeds of unkindness are outvied; the last shelter is denied, and the old king goes forth.

Here is a picture of desolate woe more pitiful than the one under the soft skies of Greece, when the gate of Thebes closed upon the exiled Ædipus. Here, there was no throne for which to rouse contention; that had already been given to his well-beloved daughters. Just at the edge of evening, with great thunder-caps rolling up threateningly from the horizon, the old man turns away from the bolted doors and locked hearts of his daughters. There is no gentle being holding his arm, and, by soothing words, keeping his heart from breaking; and so the imperial throne of his mind totters, and madness fires his eye. A fool goes with him—a mockery of his grandeur—yet the only one that clings to him now for better or for worse. The storm breaks in fury on the white locks which are tossed by the winds in their wild sport. Thunder, lightning, rain, hail, have joined the ranks of his persecutors, and he welcomes their torture, hoping it may ease the inner pain. We see another figure braving the fury of that storm for love's sake. The humble garments of a servant cover a form of noble birth. The faithful, rejected Kent, freed from the stocks that held his feet, seeks his master, and sends word to the one loving daughter that can heal the broken heart.

Before we are introduced to the last scenes that fulfill the sequel we expect, and yet at which we are surprised, we get a reflected glimpse of our heroine. We see a picture of her grief, as unobtrusive, deep, and heart-felt as her love. None but a master would have been thus true to his first beautiful character. Amid circumstances so harrowing, to represent her grief as painfully demonstrative might certainly have passed unnoticed. But when we gaze on the true picture we recognize how perfect are its proportions. Kent questions the gen-

tleman to whom he had intrusted letters, of information as to their reception.

*"Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief.

*"Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trilled down  
Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen  
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*"Kent.* O, then it moved her?

*"Gent.* Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears  
Were like a better day. Those happy smilets,  
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence  
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, sorrow  
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all  
Could so become it.

*"Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*"Gent.* Faith once or twice she heaved the name  
of 'father'  
Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;  
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! shame of ladies! sisters!  
Kent! father! sisters! What! i' the storm? i' the  
night?

Let pity not be believed!' Then she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamor moistened. Then away she started  
To deal with grief alone."

In the same interview we have a picture of King Lear. He had removed from the shelter of Gloster's roof to the camp of the French, that had come, at the instigation of Cordelia, to re-establish him on the throne. In his intervals of reason they had spoken to him of the coming of Cordelia; but he would not consent to see her. The gentleman asks why; and Kent replies:

*"A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkindness,*

*That stripped her from his benediction, turned her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia."*

It seems Cordelia had left the comforts of her home in France, braved the perils of a war, and consented to be separated from her husband, who is suddenly called to return, that she might deliver her father from the machinations of his daughters and their ambitious nobles. She has been told that the king is in the camp, but has looked for him in vain. At last she is informed of a person who was noticed in the field, who was covered with



weeds, hemlocks, nettles, now singing, now raving in madness. With deepest pain she is forced to believe this maniac to be her father. She requests a man to hasten forth and bring him in. Then turning toward a physician, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she asks, almost in supplication:

"What can man's wisdom,  
In the restoring of his bruised sense?  
He that helps him, take all my outward worth."

The scene of recognition between the two is pathetic in the extreme. There have been hours of quiet rest in fresh clean garments. The subtle mystery of sleep is weaving the dropped stitches to their place. The physician calls Cordelia, who goes in to mark the changes which the sorrows of the past brief weeks had brought upon that honored form. The music of an approaching conflict is growing louder and louder; the daughter heeds only the haggard form of her father, and bending over him she murmurs:

"O, my dear father! Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made! . . .  
Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face  
To be opposed against the jarring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder;  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)  
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel with the swine. . . Alack! alack!  
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all! He wakes, speak to him.

"Phys. Madam, do you, 't is fittest.

"Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

"Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave;—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

"Cor. Sir, do you know me?

"Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

"Cor. Still, still, far wide!

"Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

"Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused—I should e'en die with pity  
To see another thus—I know not what to say—  
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see,—  
I feel this pin-prick. Would I were assured  
Of my condition.

"Cor. O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

"Lear. Pray, do not mock me!  
I am a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more, nor less,  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I'm not in perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful, for I'm mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child, Cordelia."

Can you imagine the ringing joy,  
mingled with tears, in the response:

"And so I am, I am.

"Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray,  
weep not;

If you have poison for me I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me, for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

"Cor. No cause, no cause."

The physician tells her that the "great rage" is killed, but it is best not to lead his mind over those past terrible scenes. She asks him to go out with her, in the same gentle deference to which all his life he had been accustomed. He asks her forgiveness and forgetfulness, and they pass out. The battle is fought and lost. The father and daughter are taken prisoners, and sent to separate cells. As she passes across the stage she speaks for the last time. Her words are in perfect harmony with her beautiful character—words denoting the same gentle composure, the same unselfishness and well poised self-command:

"For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;  
Myself could else out from false fortune's frown."

The excitement has unbalanced the wavering springs of reason in the aged Lear. But the love and tenderness of Cordelia has penetrated all through his being, and in his ravings there is more of joy than grief, and far less discordance than before.

There is one more scene, but the voice that was so sweet and soft in its tones is hushed. The old king clasps the body, and bends over the mouth to catch a last faint breath. Friends gather round, but they can not take one drop from the

sorrows of a full cup. He looks at the darling who died in the attempt to bring back happiness to himself, and feels that all his sorrows would be esteemed as naught so he might have that life again. He looks on the silent face, and in the

"Never, never, never, never, never,"

that he utters, his noble heart breaks, and the soul is released from its sorrows.

There is much in common between *Antigone* and *Cordelia*. A regard for right and truth that was in itself a conviction; a soul of affection that could not be perverted by riches, fame, or happiness; and a self-forgetfulness that wove its tracery of light on a background dark with temptation and affliction, are characteristics so well developed in each that they deserve an immortality in literature. The close of both lives was essentially tragic—unjust imprisonment being followed by a violent death. The suicide that released *Antigone* from her terror, though it may be jarring to our higher education, does not destroy the harmony of the character any more than insanity injured the beautiful *Ophelia*. Both were results of the agony of an overwrought nature; and since the ancients believed suicide to be the reserved right of every human being, *Antigone* in taking her life sacrificed no principle.

The crucial test, or the life-tragedy through which both were obliged to pass, rested more heavily upon *Antigone*. *Cordelia*, in the moments of her bitterest sorrow, with her father's anger and curse resting upon her, found one appreciative friend; and when she was sent out an exile, she went forth shielded by a love quite as powerful as a father's. *Antigone*, in the hour of her fiercest trial, was alone, and the keenest pang that pierced her heart was that she went to her death-doom without a friend. If for

a few months an interim of joy came to the heroic, self-sacrificing maiden, it served only to deepen the capacity for suffering. The bliss of reciprocated love and the joys of wedded life were angels of promise, beckoning her with sunny smiles; but in her sad march to death they were mocking demons, breaking one by one her heart strings.

The objects of *Cordelia's* love and sacrifice returned her affection, although misunderstanding and estrangement made her suffer. *Antigone's* greatest sacrifice was for an enemy—though a brother—a man who had contended for the throne, and by an inexorable mandate had banished his blind old father, and one who had come against his native city, ready to lay its honored gates in dust, rather than yield his unrighteous ambition. *Antigone* chose death and impugned motives rather than let the body of her enemy brother be left to brutal disrespect, and his soul to years of discomforture.

Shakespeare has presented to us *Cordelia*, the daughter, and in statuesque beauty and unity of design she stands pre-eminent; but while the old masters may have lost a little in unity or singleness of effect, to the careful and long-continued observer the character of *Antigone* increases in impressiveness and grandeur, as do the tumbling waters of *Niagara* to the beholder who lingers on the different sides and gazes into their billowy depths. To the filial love and sacrifice of a *Cordelia*, she joins the silent, uncomplaining, but heart-breaking devotion of a *Juliet*; but, in the yielding of her life for principle and duty toward an enemy, she surpasses both, and becomes, in a measure, Christ-like.

PAMELA HELEN GOODWIN.



## KATY'S ROMANCE.

WHEN Katy told me that she was going to be married, the news came like a thunder-bolt. For a few moments I was speechless. Not that being married was so wonderful. I was married myself, and a great many of my friends and acquaintances were in the same condition.

But Katy! She was a widow, forty years old in appearance, though she could not tell her exact age. She had done my washing regularly, every Monday morning, for fifteen years. Her presence in my kitchen at that time was a matter of course, and was no more anticipated or speculated on than the daily rising of the sun. My domestic affairs had long ago fitted themselves into a system, and this system hinged upon Katy. She was the fact that we started upon as soon as the Sabbath was over, and the other facts fell into place like a well disciplined regiment. The whole concern resolved, or, rather, dissolved itself into chaos as soon as Katy made her announcement.

"Why, Katy!" I exclaimed, in consternation, "you do not mean it. You must be joking."

"Jokin' is it, mem? Faith, an' I wish it were that same. Indade I do. It's sorra a bit o' a stomach I has for the whole business. An' Teddy an' Jim both crazy-mad wi' me for thinkin' o' the matther."

"Then your boys do not like it?"

"Like it? Indade, thin, how could ye expect it? Just put it to yourself, and ye'll not blame the laddies. Where'll ye find better boys o' their years? It's me that's kept the snoog home for them since himself died, and left me a lone widdy; and, for the matther o' that, it were me two hands as earned his own bread as well, to say nothing of mate and beer. He took life aisy, and I paid the rint, and fed the pig and the hins and the two goats."

"Was he sick, then?"

"Worse than sick, mem. He were drunk from wake's ind to wake's ind, barrin' he were pottering over a few chores to pay for the whisky. Sometimes he sawed a few sticks of wood for a neighbor, or shoveled the snow from the paths in Winter; but niver a sthroke o' work about our own door."

"Well, Katy, I am glad you did not let him spend your earnings for whisky."

"I've been feared, mem, since he died, that I were a bit hard wi' him. Except a drap or two, to tide him over a Sunday, I niver looked after his whisky. He had to get it hisself; and it coom hard to him many a time, poor fellow! Ah, well a day! he's gone to glory. His funeral was illigant. There was nine more carriages than Margaret M'Phail had for her husband, an' she a-crowin' over me ivery Sunday in her silk gown, that is n't paid for. The coffin and the wake and the funeral altogether came to a hundred dollars; but it's paid oop, ivery cent; and my dooty to him is done with at last, thank the Lord!"

Katy gave a great sigh of relief as she ended the short biography of her defunct spouse.

"And so you are going to take another husband to care for and to work for?"

"Niver a bit, mem. It's different altogether. This one has a nice little place o' his own. There'll be no rint to pay for him."

"Is he a widower?"

"Yes 'm. Glory to all the blessed saints!" answered Katy, raising her eyes piously.

"Has he any children?"

"Siven o' them, and the oldest but nine years. The second lad is lame; and the baby is a weakly thing as will not live long to throuble any one."

"What will you do with them all?"

"Not much of any thing. I'll not get time besides looking after me own. He's promised to kape an eye on them.

They 'll have to do for aich other mostly. I shall only be there on Sundays."

I think my face must have expressed some astonishment, for Katy, without waiting for me to speak, stopped her work, and said, with much earnestness:

"Indade, mem, you did n't think I was going to give oop me own house, did yees? Not for a town full of Dennis Flannigans. I will just go down to him of a Saturday, and tidy oop the place and cook a bit, and coom back the Sunday evening. I'll be all ready to wash for yees on Monday."

"Why, Katy! you surely do not mean that I can depend on you to do my washing after you are married?"

"In course I does. Whatever could I be meaning to lose the fine chance it is, wi' the pay ready to my hand at noon? It's Matty M'Graw is a-watchin' for the same an I lave. Bad luck to her the day! Not a station has she made about St. Mary's, or a prayer inside the howly place all through the Pope's jubilee, the haythen! I'll lave no fine place to fall to the likes o' her," said Katy, tossing her head defiantly.

My husband had come down to the kitchen to speak to me, but forgot his errand as he listened to Katy, and laughed at the oddity of the whole affair.

"Bless his heart!" said Katy, joining heartily in his mirth, "it's laughing is good for a man's looks as well as his feelings. See the illigant picture it makes o' him, mem. The big, handsome gentleman that he is! Arrah! There be few—"

"Do n't Katy, for pity's sake," gasped my husband, fairly backing out of the room under the shower of compliments.

Katy was rinsing the white clothes, preparatory to hanging them out to dry, and her round face grew redder and redder, as she bent over her tub and talked. As I watched her I wondered by what influence she had been led into this new connection, and what she expected to gain by it.

"Where does he live, Katy?" I asked.

"Over in the toon, beyant," pointing over her shoulder.

"Across the river?"

"Yes 'm. At the mills. Scott's mills."

"How long is it since his wife died?"

"It 'll be a wake coom Tuesday; or it might be a Wednesday, at tin o'clock in the evening, if the weather be fine."

"Only a week! And when did he ask you to marry him?"

"It was at the wake, mem. I went to it wi' me boys and Bridget Tobit. The poor woman was me own cousin in Ireland, though she was no kin at all, at all, in this counthree. Och! it wint to me heart to see the puir childher without any mother, and no father to spake of; nistling about in the corners of the hoose to be out o' the way, all the worruld like a littler o' orphan kittens, barrin' the difference in sinse. You would have pitied them yerself, mem, if you had been there."

"So you will marry the man for the sake of his children?"

"There was Dennis, puir crathur, jist upset wi' the throuble. He was that low and sorrowing that it took a power o' the best o' whisky to kape him comfortable. Me heart milted whin he coom to me in the panthry, where I were getting a bite and a sup for meself, and says he: 'Och-one! it's a sore heart I've got the night, Katy.'

"'Thru for yees,' says I.

"'An' could ye no take the place o' my woman, acushla? It would make all right again directly,' says he.

"'Sure, thin, I pities ye,' says I.

"'Ye shall have the hoose and all inside o' it to hold and command; and the childher shall look afther aich other. Arrah, Katy, it's the handy man ye'll find me about the hoose. Ye'll have no care at all for aither wood or wather; an' the mate an' the cabbage will be ready for the pot whiniver ye spake the word. It's the foine husband I'll make yees.' That is the way it was, mem. I could not say 'no' to the man in his throuble."

I had nothing to say in answer to Katy's communication. I could only express my hope that she would not regret the sacrifice of her independence. It



had always been a pleasure to me to look into her neat house and enjoy a moment's cheerful chat as I passed by. It was so cozy and comfortable, with only its two rooms, and a low shed behind for the odds and ends of housekeeping. There was a garden, that spread itself out all around the house, even fringing the front door-step with potato-vines. The whole was snugly inclosed with a high picket fence, that had its coat of whitewash renewed every Spring. The muslin curtains at the windows were like the snow in their spotless cleanliness, and the stove was polished till it shone like glass. Two low arm-chairs, with feather cushions covered with patchwork made to represent the rising sun, stood handily by each window; and four pictures hung on the plastered walls, representing in gaudy colors a fearful array of calamities to a company of decidedly plain-looking saints.

In this room she lived with her two boys, one ten and the other twelve years old. There was a table between the windows, and a movable cupboard in the corner behind the door; over the table was a clock with a looking-glass in its door, and there were half-a-dozen high wooden chairs scattered about the room. The unpainted floor was always scoured as clean as possible, and a mat of braided rags by the door silently invited all who entered to look well to the condition of their boots before venturing farther. The door to the other room always stood open; for Katy was proud of her two "nate beds," and of the quilted covers that her own hands had fashioned. She owned the little place, and no millionaire was ever prouder of the most princely residence. She had paid for it with her own earnings, and brought up her boys to go to school and be helpful at home. No wonder that the bright lads objected to the impending change. As I sat in my room thinking this all over, it suddenly occurred to me that Katy's wealth might have something to do with the offer of marriage that she had received. The more I thought of it,

the more likely it seemed. So I made up my mind to give her a hint in regard to it. I waited till her work was done, and she came in as usual to receive her pay.

"Katy," I said, "do you think that your Mr. Flannigan will be willing for you to keep your little property in your own hands? Will he not expect you to give it up to him, or, at least, to live on your means till it is gone?"

She looked at me in a bewildered way, as if the idea had not occurred to her.

"Shure, mem; it would be a mane thrick intirely."

"It would be bad for you and bad for your boys, Katy, if you should lose your nice home after you have worked so hard to get it."

"Troth, thin, he'd best not meddle wi' it. It would be onwholesome for him. The lyin' thafe!" said Katy, going into a rage at once over the possibility of her lover's villainy.

"If I were you, Katy, I would find out a little more about the man before marrying him."

"I'll do that same, an' thank ye for looking out for a poor widdier woman. He'll get nothing from me to kape hisself or his big batch o' spalpeens. An' did n't he say as his hoose was to be mine, and not that he were to stale the home from me two lads?"

"Are you sure that the house is his to give to you?"

"Arrah! An' would he dare to spake a lie, and his wife a corpse in the next room?"

"I do n't know. But I would look after him a little. It will do no hurt if he is all right. He may be the best man in the world for all I know to the contrary."

"Thank you for saying so, but I has me doubts aboot it. At home, in Limerick, he was known for the biggest liar in all the counthree round. He would stale from his own mother, whin there was not so much as a potato in the hoose; and he'd chate like the ould boy hisself, if any one were silly enough to thrade a penny's worth wi' him. An'

there were no livin' in the place whin his temper were oop. It's not *my* place that he'll ate and drink. The lazy villin! Not he, indade."

With this complimentary description of her intended spouse, Katy went away, with her head thrown back like a war-horse snuffing the battle from afar. I thought that if I were Dennis Flannigan I would not like to meet her just then, unless I were sure of the purity of my intentions. When my husband came in to dinner, he laughed at first over my account of Katy's prospects, but he soon grew thoughtful.

"It would be a pity," he said, "that an honest, well-meaning woman, like Katy, should be drawn into a match that, at the best, would but increase her labors. What do you suppose made her listen to the fellow at all? She seems shrewd enough."

"But it seems from her story that there was plenty of whisky at the wake. She was doubtless under its influence as well as he."

The next Monday she did not come to wash, but her little boy came to say that she would certainly be on hand Wednesday morning early. I was not pleased with this arrangement. It would delay the work of the whole week, and I was expecting company on Thursday. So I sent for the Matty that she had mentioned as being desirous to obtain her place with me. She was a good work-woman, and would have been glad to bargain permanently for the washing; but I decided to see Katy before engaging her. On Wednesday she made her appearance, not so early as usual, for she had heard from Matty that the week's washing was done.

"An' sorry was I to disappoint yees, but I had to be off for once. It's the first ye'll mind, mem, an' it'll be the last. I'm well out o' the whole matther, an' big Matty can kape to her own business, if ye plaze."

"Do you mean, Katy, that I can depend on you to come regularly? I can't have my work put back, and every thing

getting out of order because you have got a husband."

"Sure, thin, I've got no husband at all, at all. It's all done with, intirely."

"Why Katy! Are n't you married?" I asked, in amazement. It seemed too good to be true.

"Niver a bit, mem. Me sinses coom back to me jist in time, and yerself was the manes of it."

"How was it?"

"Let me tell yees. Afther I wint home from here, I kept turning the matther over an' over in me mind, an' not one wink o' slape did I get the night. Bût I niver let on a worrud to a livin' sowl till Sunday when Mary Flynn, me brother's wife, came across the river to see me. She lives snug to Dennis Flannigan, across the street an oop the hill beyant the wood by the church. An' the first word she spake, afore taking off her shawl, was this, 'What's coom to yees, Katy, an' you forty years old if ye're a day, an' read off in church wi' Dennis Flannigan afore Bridget is cowl'd in her grave.' 'Och, that's a lie.' 'I heard it wi' me own ears this blessed day at mass. Arrah, Katy, yees a big fool to take up wi' a miserable scamp like yon Dennis; but and ye will do it, can ye not be dacent-like? Whativer is the hurry? He'll kape, there's no fear. No one will stale yer prize from yees. I'm ashamed o' ye, Katy, at your time o' life. Ye've had one shiftless ne'er-do-well, an' been lucky enough to outlive him. What do ye want o' anither?' 'Hould oop a bit, if ye can, Nanny. Don't lose all your wind for nothing. I'm not married, or going to be,' says I, making oop me mind on the spot. 'What thin were yer names read for?' 'That's none o' my worruk.' 'An' ye'll not marry him?' 'Do I look like a fool, Nanny? I'll not deny that he asked me, but does that settle the bargain? He said he would give me the hoose an' ivery thing inside!' 'Och, the big liar. The hoose is Patrick Magraw's, an' he tould me to-day cooming from mass, that Dennis was going to move his whole family into your place here next



wake, an' you were to pay up the rint, that's been running all the Winter. I says to him, "You jist wait a bit till I see if Katy is crazy an' fit for the horsepittle, or has clane lost her wits an' got to be a fool! Which is it?" "Naither o' them," says I. 'Whativer do yees take me for, Nanny Flynn, an' ye knowing me all me days. Are yees not ashamed?' says I, flaring oop to kape her from seeing the truth. 'Look at me bit place,' says I, 'all paid for, an' money in the bank beside. See me two lads at school and learning like little gentlemen, bless their hearts! D'ye think I'd lave it all an' mate meself wi' that lazy thafe o' the world? Och, get out wi' yees! Where are yer own sinses an' rasoning fixters? It's yerself ought to be in a horsepittle the day.' 'Well, well, ye need n't be so hard on me. If I had not heard it at mass I would not have belaved it. Let by-gones be by-gones!' 'Bide wi' me the night, acushla,' says I, 'an' I'll go over with yees in the morning an' see the mane crathur. I'll not be having him make a dacent woman like me the talk o' the toon.' I wint over on Monday, an' that is why I missed o' yer washing, mem."

I glanced at Katy as she stood by the door, strong and fresh and wholesome-looking, and I could appreciate the disappointment of the scheming widower, who had so nearly made a snug nest for himself.

"What did Mr. Flannigan say to you?" I asked.

"O thin, there was not much for *him* to say. I did the spaking. He's a little man wi' no coorage to spake of. His back was oop a thrifle when he found there would be no wedding, but he took it aisy on the whole. Ye know, mem,"

admitted Katy, "that I might be to blame in a measure for agreeing to take him at all."

"Yes, I think you were, Katy."

"Well, I would not be too hard on him. I tould him we'd be friends an' relations, an' he'd be shure to pick oop a wife somewhere. Then he filled his pipe an' smoked till I came away. So I'll be here on the Monday, mem."

My husband was sealing some letters that he had been writing at a side-table, and he laughed outright as Katy finished her story.

"What a heartless woman it is!" he said. "Are n't you afraid that Mr. Flannigan will die of a broken heart? Just think how you will feel when you see him pining away, and may be dying of the disappointment, and know that you were the means of it."

"Musha! There's no fear. It's only yestreen he were down in Pat Kurley's shanty wi' an' eye to his big Nelly. He'll niver be aisy till some ninny takes oop wi' him."

"So you can not recall him if you repent? Poor Katy!"

"Yees laughing at me," said Katy, good naturedly. "But I'll niver marry till I find a man as handsome as yerself; an' sure ye'd do for a picture o' a saint, wi' yer beautiful teeth an' illigant whiskers. Hould on a bit." Katy laughed herself, merrily, as he seized his hat and gloves and made for the door to escape her compliments. "If I were a daler in the picture line, I'd ask naught better for a sign thin yer face wi' its swate expression and—"

My husband vanished, and Katy followed, aftersaying again, "Ye can depind on me coming on Monday."

H. C. GARDNER.

## A COUNTRY SABBATH.

NOW soars the lark in heaven's eyes;  
Through leafy crypt now steals the  
stream,

With shallow dimple, sword-blade gleam,  
And glimpses of divine surprise.

Heaven's golden fire and air of blue  
Are drooped about the bowery world;

Within her holy bosom furled,  
The sun has drunk the rose's dew.

The landscape all around is fair,  
But this remains the heart and gem;  
With stealing stream, and graceful stem,  
And sunlit park, and sweet parterre.

The vista fascinates my gaze;  
I linger in a blessed trance,  
See in a dream the waters glance,  
And things that are the food of praise.

In many an English cottage round,  
Japonica, a glory, glows;  
Her ruby-colored sister blows;  
And purple pansies gem the ground.

The first laburnum droops her curls,  
And mingles with the lilac's locks;  
O'er golden meadows browse the flocks;  
The orchard-blossom types sweet girls.

The sweet-brier sheds its heavenly breath;  
I pass the wall-flowers' rich perfume;  
And chestnut with its tint-freaked plume:  
O world to banish dreams of death!

The scent of flower, the song of bird,  
The lace of leaf, the light of heaven  
Are vital with a mystic leaven  
We have a soul for, not a word;

Unless it be—the Breath of God;  
Which also breathes in yon church-bell;  
It breaks on me with what a spell  
Across the May-embroidered sod!

Earth, clothed with Sabbath, thou art fair!  
Ye two upon each other act!  
The Sabbath steeps the flowery tract,  
And finer seems to make the air.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

## THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

THE door was shut, and when I heard  
His gentle knock, I never stirred;  
I thought the entrance of a guest  
Would only mar my peace and rest.

Again he knocked, again I kept  
Silence within, as though I slept;  
He knocked more loudly then, and tried  
To win the shelter I denied.

The night was dark, and chill the air,  
And yet he waited meekly there:  
Not one reproachful word he spoke,  
Not one complaint the silence broke.

It grieved me he should lingering stand,  
Reluctant to withdraw his hand;  
But there was not within my heart  
Room for him, so he must depart.

But O! that stranger loved me so,  
He would not leave me, would not go;  
With all unwearied patience he  
Still waited for response from me.

VOL. XXXV.—14\*

Touched by such tender, winning grace,  
At last I longed to see his face;  
And eagerly unclasped the door  
So closely barred to him before.

He entered, and my little room  
Was filled with light instead of gloom,  
And far transcending all my thought  
Was the sweet joy and peace he brought.

Ashamed of all the past I felt,  
As at his feet in tears I knelt;  
But with a heavenly smile he bade  
Me rise, and share the feast he made.

We supped together, and it seemed  
That heaven itself around me gleamed;  
Each doubt was gone, each fear was stilled,  
And highest hopes were all fulfilled.

So now my prayer is, "Lord, abide  
For ever with me at my side!"  
"Fear not," he answers, "I will be  
An ever-present friend to thee!"



## GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

## FIRST PAPER.

THE life of Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of San Marco, has of late been made the subject of a good deal of investigation and research. Considered by some an apostle of liberty, by others a precursor of reform, by most a martyr, he united deep religious feeling with an exalted patriotism. Successor of Arnold of Brescia, he was one of those men that have written their name so distinctly on their age, that future generations may read it from afar. It is closely linked with many of the religious and political events that occurred at the time in Italy, and with the short but glorious struggle of Florence for liberty.

No one, indeed, can look with indifference at this grand, dramatic conflict, sustained by a simple monk against his whole century, to re-establish the kingdom of Christ on earth, and extend the benefits of divine redemption to all human beings. Paganism was the enemy he fought against, with all the strength of his faith, with all the power of his words,—paganism, which was then found everywhere, in the fine arts, in the customs, thoughts, actions of every class of people; in the cloisters and in the schools.

Germany claims the honor of having first recalled the attention of the literary world to the character and doctrines of this extraordinary man. In the year 1835, Rudelbach published a biography of the Frate of Ferrara. His book was a great success, not so much for the merits of the work, as for the opinions entertained by the author, who considered Savonarola the forerunner of reform; thus awakening the sympathies of both England and Germany, and exciting the interest of Northern Europe. Other books followed Rudelbach's; and German, French, and Italian writers vied with each other in portraying the life of the martyr.

Girolamo Savonarola was born the 21st of September, 1452, in the city of Ferrara, where his grandfather, a celebrated doctor, had been called by the Duke of Este. One of a numerous family, Girolamo was noted in his childhood for his serious and contemplative character. His grandfather had, however, a particular affection for him, and, wishing him to become a doctor, began from his earliest years to initiate him in the secrets of science, and to pour into his young mind all the treasures of his own knowledge and learning. Under this careful, enlightened, and loving tuition, the child made the most extraordinary progress, and gave great promise for the future.

Unfortunately, his experienced guide died when he was still a mere boy, and Savonarola continued his studies under his father's direction, and undertook to read philosophy. St. Thomas, and the Arab commentators of Aristotle, were the first books given to him; and it was wonderful to see how the precocious scholar delighted in that labyrinth of syllogism, and became excited in philosophical disputes. The works of St. Thomas had, moreover, a peculiar attraction for him. He forgot himself for hours in their meditation, and it was with difficulty that his instructors could recall his attention to other studies more necessary for a disciple of Galen. Thus unconsciously had begun within himself that secret struggle that was to change the course of his life, and disappoint the hopes of his family; and yet he was still in his earliest youth, at that age when every thing looks brimming with light and beauty; when life's wings seem decked with gold!

Very little, however, is known of these first years of Girolamo. We are left in utter ignorance of the circumstances that modeled the mind and heart of the man who had such a great part to play in the

history of his century, remarkable as the close of the Middle Ages and as the beginning of modern civilization. We can only conjecture that he felt most painfully the evils of his time, and that his conscience was keenly alive to the immoralities of his countrymen. Italy, in fact, and the splendid court of Ferrara, at which he lived, presented the strangest contrast between men's lives and their professed beliefs; and the gayeties in which they reveled could not hide the worm that lurked beneath. Indifference and corruption, license and lust, reigned every-where!

In the ancient biographers, we read that Savonarola led a sad, solitary life, and spent long hours in praying and fasting. "*Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum,*" were the words that often escaped his mouth. Music and poetry were his cherished friends and comforters; and in his verses, written with energy and simplicity, he poured out the vague sorrows and longings of his troubled heart. These feelings are clearly expressed in the poetry "*De Ruina Mundi,*" which he composed in the year 1472. But a few hours of unmixed joy were now in store for him. A Florentine exile, of the noble family of the Strozzi, and his daughter sought a refuge in Ferrara. Savonarola made their acquaintance. Their misfortunes attracted his sympathies, and his exalted mind endowed them with the most noble and patriotic virtues,—different altogether from the dissolute courtiers around him. The maiden, moreover, was refined and talented, possessed of feminine grace and beauty; and her sweet, winning manners fascinated the ardent youth, and lighted a burning fire in his passionate soul. In these moments of blissful illusion, Girolamo forgot the sufferings of humanity, the corruption of the world, and visions of great earthly happiness filled his heart. A word destroyed these golden dreams! Strozzi had inherited the old family pride, and coldly declined him for a son-in-law.

This was Savonarola's turning-point in life. The rejected lover sought again in

religion a balm for his wounded feelings, and thought of the cloister as of a refuge for his bruised heart. "O God, show me the way!" he often exclaimed. A sermon heard in Faenza, in the year 1474, confirmed this resolution, which he had not, however, the courage to disclose to his affectionate parents. This painful conflict lasted several months. One evening, the 23d of April, 1475, Savonarola suddenly snatched up his lute, and touched the strings, which resounded with so sad a strain, that his mother, guessing perhaps his secret thoughts, cried out sadly:

"My son is this the sign of thy departure?"

The morrow, being the nativity of St. George, was a day of peculiar rejoicing for Ferrara. When his family had left the house, the youth fled to Bologna, and knocked at the door of the Dominican convent, where he was accepted as a novice. That same evening, he wrote to his father, asking his forgiveness. In this letter he alludes to papers left in his room, and to a short manuscript, long believed to be lost. Here, for the first time, Savonarola speaks of a coming scourge for Italy, of a mission intrusted to him by God. He compares the vices of his time to those of Sodom and Gomorrah. "The virtuous are oppressed," he continues, "and the Italians are becoming like the Egyptians, who kept in slavery the Israelites. But famine, flood, and pestilence announce the anger of the Almighty. Open, O God, open again the waters of the Red Sea, and submerge the wicked under the waves of thy anger."

In the seclusion of the cloister, Girolamo seemed to have found at length the rest he had so long sought in vain. He soon acquired the esteem and affection of his superiors, who were not slow in discovering in him those elements of greatness which, when controlled by a cultivated moral nature, lead to high and noble deeds. Disregarding his wish to remain a humble lay brother, they intrusted to him the instruction of the



novices, and, later, advised him to try the pulpit. Preaching was suited exactly to Savonarola's turn of mind. He felt the want of a new moral and intellectual activity, of a new outlet for his passionate soul. In the year 1482, he preached accordingly in Ferrara, but his first sermons passed unnoticed. The ancient biographers scarcely mention them. We know only that the young monk followed in his preaching the same method he had adopted for his lessons,—gradually abandoning Aristotle for the Bible, which was to become the sole and constant companion of his life, and which was to give to his words the strength and power they still lacked.

Savonarola was then in the prime of youth, a man of acute and nervous sensitiveness. Of middling height, dark complexion, high, arched nose, his full but firm mouth denoted a proud tenacity and latent impetuosity; while his refined brow, furrowed already with wrinkles, revealed the powerful thinker, the intelligent scholar. Handsome he certainly was not, but his penetrating features seemed to tell of a noble, energetic, passionate character, and his blue-gray eyes and sad smile inspired confidence. His manners were simple, his speech plain; but, when excited, his strong, rich voice would exercise a subtle, mysterious influence over his hearers.

Seven years did the Frate spend quietly in the convent of Bologna, when a war, fomented by the Pope, broke forth against his native city of Ferrara, where he was preaching. These were indeed unfortunate times for Italy, and for the Roman court in particular. The death of Pius II had inaugurated that scandalous era of corruption of the popes so fatal to religion; and when Sixtus IV ascended the Papal throne, these evils increased still more. Though the customs of the Italians were generally corrupt, there was, however, a universal feeling of grief, in every class of people, at the sight of this degradation of the Church. How bitterly these events affected Girolamo can easily be guessed;

and it was with a troubled and weary heart that he crossed the Apennines and reached Florence, where several of his fellow-monks had already sought a refuge.

The convent of San Marco in Florence, on the Piazza of the same name, was founded by Cosimo the Old, who had enriched it with precious manuscripts, and had thus endowed Italy with its first public library. The gardens contained also the rare collection of all the art treasures of the Medici, and the convent had become therefore a center of attraction, where flocked learned monks from all parts of the kingdom, and where the cultured men of the time delighted to pass their leisure hours. A new luster had been shed over the place, by the charitable deeds of S. Antonino, one of those noble characters that honor humanity; and by a certain Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, better known under the name of Beato Angelico, who had enriched its walls with rich treasures of art. It was in this cloister, where his name can never be forgotten, that Savonarola was to spend the most brilliant and the most unhappy years of his life. Every thing around him attracted his sympathies. The verdant hills, the harmonious language, the graceful Tuscan manners, made him love a city where nature and art rivaled each other in beauty. Its inhabitants, he thought, could not but be virtuous; for his fellow monks were far more refined and instructed than his former companions, and spoke enthusiastically of the virtues and charities of their late prior, S. Antonino. These noble deeds exalted Girolamo's passionate soul and animated his hopes, while the pictures of Beato Angelico, like sacred music inspired by faith, disclosed to his eyes glorious visions of a better world.

But alas! the young Frate had judged the Florentines with the inexperience of youth, and he was soon to be undeceived! Lorenzo the Magnificent, a stanch patron of arts and sciences, was then reigning in Florence, and his power was at its height. Every thing, indeed, seemed prosperous and happy under the Duke's

government, for the imprisonment, the exile, and death of all the Medicean opponents, had put an end to the different parties that had troubled the city so long. Balls and festivals were now the cherished pastimes of a people once so jealous of its prerogatives and liberties.

The social condition of Florence presented, in fact, the strangest contrast. Learning was generally diffused, Latin and Greek much studied, and the classic authors greatly admired. Ladies even had acquired celebrity for the elegance and beauty of their Greek and Latin verses. The German, French, and Spanish students visited the Platonic Academy to listen to the public lectures of the renowned Marcilio Ficino; and Florence, like another Athens, was the center of art, poetry, philosophy, the *iniziatrice* of a new civilization. The fine arts had also received a fresh impulse. Splendid palaces and majestic churches were arising every-where.

Notwithstanding this culture and this apparent prosperity, corruption was at the core of the nation. Persons of all ranks, from the magistrates and noble dames to the artisans and country people, were destitute of every public and private virtue, of every moral feeling; faith was extinguished, and a cold indifference prevailed instead.

The Medici had not created this deplorable state of things. It was the result of the vicissitudes suffered by the republic, of the suppression of liberty throughout Italy. But they had taken advantage of it, they had encouraged it. No man was fitter for this than Lorenzo, who could be by turns, as circumstances required, subtle and prudent, courageous and cruel. He encouraged the people in all its evil and debasing tendencies, and made it still more corrupt. He abandoned himself to dissipation, and excited the nation to follow his example. He made Florence the seat of luxury and vice. This universal want of principles and faith greatly disgusted Savonarola, and he began feeling a sort of contempt for all those would-be philosophers, who, in the warmth of

their discussions on Plato and Aristotle, did not see that they attacked even the dogmas of religion. And thus it happened that, while the preacher in S. Spirito could boast of a full audience, Girolamo, in the church of S. Lorenzo, never had more than a score of listeners; for he spoke against the poets and philosophers, condemned the fanatical enthusiasm for the ancients, and constantly quoted the Bible, which had become for him a real and living world, where he found the revelations of the past and of the future, and, unfortunately, the false certitude of his visions and prophecies.

It is a circumstance to be noted, that many persons in Florence objected to the reading of the Old Testament: not for any religious scruples, but for the strangest reason that could ever be imagined,—the Bible was written in bad Latin, and therefore injured a good literary taste.

The coldness of the Florentines could not but affect the young preacher, and made him even resolve for a moment on renouncing the pulpit. Happily, he conquered this passing weakness, and determined to fight vice with more courage than ever. Like the prophets of old, he seemed to hear divine voices urging him to this work of regeneration,—to this mission intrusted to him by God.

During the two years 1484 and 1485, Savonarola preached the Lenten sermons in the small town of S. Gimignano, near Siena. Here, for the first time, he spoke from the pulpit the thoughts that filled his mind,—that the Church would be scourged, then purged; and that a time of tribulation was at hand. He did not, however, say then that these three doctrines were divine revelations, but, quoting the history of the Jewish people, showed them to be the natural consequences of the worldliness and vicious habits of the Italians, and of the dissoluteness of the clergy in particular. And as he thus expressed eloquently feelings that lay deep in the heart of the multitude, the attention of his audience was excited to the highest degree.



On the following Lent, he preached in Brescia, explaining the Apocalypse with great success. His words were full of pathos; his voice had an incisive tone of authority! He denounced, with rare boldness, the sins of the people, threatened them with the vengeance of God, and exhorted them to repentance. His sermons made such a profound impression on his listeners, that, when, in 1512, the city was sacked by the French, the Bresciani remembered the Frate's warning, and saw in this event the fulfilment of his prophecies.

Another success awaited Savonarola.

A chapter of Dominican monks assembled at Reggio to study theological theses and questions of discipline. One day when the subject of ecclesiastical discipline was being discussed, Girolamo rose suddenly, and, with extreme vehemence, began speaking against the corruption of the clergy. The impassioned force, the burning indignation, with which he expressed himself, thrilled the hearts of his audience, and shook them into answering emotion. His acquaintance was forthwith courted; princes opened a correspondence with him; and the famous Giovanni Pico, Prince of Mirandola, became his friend and admirer. He it was who induced Lorenzo de Medici to recall the Frate to Florence, where Savonarola returned, after having diffused the light of his teaching in the chief cities of Italy. Little did the Magnificent dream what evils he was thus preparing to his house, or what fires he was lighting in the convent founded by his predecessor.

The Frate, however, had not forgotten the indifference of the Florentines toward him. He refused, therefore, to preach, and devoted himself entirely to the instruction of the novices. In the inner cloister of San Marco, under a rose-tree, which the veneration of the monks has always preserved, Savonarola was wont to sit, and explain the Apocalypse to a select circle of a few chosen friends. Their solicitations prevailed on him at length to enter the pulpit again. On the 1st of August, 1490, the church of San

Marco was filled with an eager multitude, anxious to hear the mighty preacher. His success was so great that his sermon was the event of the day, and the erudites even forgot Plato to discuss the merits of the Christian orator. It was on this occasion that he published several of his writings, which were read with enthusiasm.

But the church soon proved too small for the vast crowd that increased every day, and Savonarola was obliged to transfer himself to the Duomo, where he preached during the subsequent Lent. Here he denounced with greater boldness than ever the evils of his time; denounced the luxurious Medicean court, whose morals were as low as its culture was high; and insisted on the necessity of purging the Church of cardinals and prelates who trafficked with her inheritance. He spoke also of God's speedy vengeance, and of the necessity of repentance to avoid eternal death. And the people, yielding to the mysterious influence of that powerful personality, became more and more convinced that the Frate had received the message from God, and that a scourge was at hand.

Lorenzo de Medici could not remain indifferent to these events. He foresaw how dangerous such a man would be to his family, and, with his usual cunning, endeavored to make a friend of him. Girolamo not only repelled scornfully all his advances, and remained deaf to his remonstrances, but, in the month of July of that same year, being elected Prior of San Marco, refused to pay obeisance to the Duke, as was the general custom.

Perhaps it was really impossible for Savonarola to change his manner of preaching. In his "*Compendium Revelationum*," he writes that he often attempted to confine himself strictly to principles of morals and religion, but constantly failed. He was born for conflict. Pre-eminence was a necessary condition of his life; and in the pulpit, the sight of all those living faces, upturned in breathless silence toward him, stirred

his soul, as the sound of the trumpet on the battle-field. In his hands were placed powerful agencies to develop the holy and pure within the heart of his hearers; in his words were strains that touched the most obdurate listeners, and compelled the attention of the irreligious. With enlarged capabilities for gaining the elevated and the noble, his diction was yet easy and natural, eloquent but familiar. His profound insight into the workings of the human soul, his hatred of all wrong and injustice, his genuine love for his fellow-men, his constant desire to bring them into communion with God, and into a higher and holier life, gave to his language a rare force and influence. He spoke for every class of people,—for the cultured intellect, and the coarsely clad artisan. He appealed to the very finest susceptibilities of men's natures, fought sincerely for the truth, and can justly be called the first of modern orators.

But an event occurred that was to write change on every thing in Florence. Lorenzo, an invalid already, became dangerously ill, and, believing death near, had desired to see the Prior of San Marco. At his request, Savonarola was summoned to the villa of Careggi. As the Frate entered the room, the Duke, greatly agitated, asked absolution from him, confessing his sins. "Have you an entire faith in God's mercy? Are you ready to make restitution of the riches you have robbed?" Girolamo said; and, as Lorenzo reluctantly acquiesced, he rose, and, standing at full height, his voice tremulous from emotion, his penetrating eyes fixed on the dying man's face, "Will you restore the liberty of Florence?" he added. The Duke, gathering his little remaining strength, disdainfully turned his back upon him, and Savonarola silently left the room. Shortly afterward, the 8th of April, 1492, Lorenzo died, and his arrogant and incautious son mounted the throne. It was an evil day for Florence! Piero was handsome, but luxurious, egotistical, self-willed. Deprived of the prudence, acu-

men, and political ability, which distinguished his father, he soon excited general discontent, and drew upon himself the hatred of the people. To increase still more the calamities that weighed upon the Italian nation, Alexander VI, of the terrible family of the Borgia, was that same year elected Pope. Savonarola, meanwhile, was steadily winning his way in popular favor. Events seemed to prove the truth of his assertions. As the number of his disciples augmented, his faith in himself became stronger; and his mind grew so excited that he began, as he imagined, to see supernatural visions. Once a hand holding a sword, on which was written, *Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter*, appeared to him in the midst of heaven. He heard divine voices promising mercy to the virtuous, punishment to the wicked, and announcing God's speedy vengeance. Suddenly the sword is turned toward the earth; darkness prevails; thunder, fire, lightnings, succeed each other; and the earth is laid waste by famine, war, and pestilence. The dream ends with a command to the Frate to announce the coming scourge, and exhort the people to repentance. This vision, reproduced in a great number of prints and medals, became henceforth a symbol of Savonarola and his doctrines.

After a short absence, or rather exile, from Tuscany, the Frate returned to his much loved city, which he found plunged in political troubles. What he most wished for, now, was an independent position, that would enable him to devote himself entirely to his perilous mission. He used, therefore, all his energy and activity to free the Tuscan congregation of Dominican monks from the subjection of the Lombard corporations. After great difficulties with the Pope and with the Duke of Milan, success crowned his efforts. San Marco became subject only to Rome, and Savonarola was immediately re-elected prior.

In former years, he had sometimes thought of retiring with his monks on some solitary mountain, there to pray



and fast, but these juvenile dreams had now given place to maturer designs. He no longer wished to abandon society, but desired, instead, to mingle in social life in order to renovate its customs and the Church. And after seeing, as he hoped, the accomplishment of these vast designs, he would depart from Italy, with the most courageous of his disciples, to carry into the East the religion of Christ.

Reformation began at the convent. Not easily or willingly at first; but the perseverance of Fra Girolamo removed all obstacles. He enforced his precepts by constant example. His life, so pure and spotless, was of itself a continual lesson. His clothes were the most threadbare, his room the poorest, of the convent. Stricter with himself than with others, he was yet full of indulgence and charity for the repentant sinner, and believed that life to be the noblest which was a conscious voluntary sacrifice. The Frati of San Marco were therefore held in great veneration by the people; and many of the best and noblest citizens were already desirous to take the cowl, and enter the cloister.

In the year 1493, Savonarola began his preaching anew, and these sermons are his best as regards theology, and are notable as the expression of his doctrines and morals. In them we see the acute expositor of dogmas, the courageous denouncer of the corruption of the Church, the devoted champion of liberty, of the poor, and of the oppressed. The necessity of good actions, free will, the co-operation of God and man in the work of divine grace, were the theses he most frequently discussed. He was of the opinion that God could not refuse the gift of faith to those who sincerely endeavored to obtain it. "Try and believe, pray and work," he said, "and God shall be with you. Do not be too severe on the wicked, for, as long as

there is free will and the grace of God, the sinner may always turn to the Lord and repent." Speaking of the priests, he adds: "With Aristotle, Plato, Virgil, and Petrarch, they delight the ears, but forget the salvation of the soul. Why, instead of so many books, do not they teach the only one which contains the law and spirit of life? In the hands of our bishops we find only profane works; they are buried in sensual pleasures, are false in faith, and lust only after riches and after temporal dominions. . . . Our churches are indeed full of jewels and precious marbles. But know ye what I must say? In the primitive Church the chalices were of wood and the prelates of gold; and we now have, instead, the chalices of gold and the prelates of wood. . . . O Lord, as the angry father thou hast driven us away from thy presence. Hasten at least the punishment and the scourge, that we may soon return to thee!"

Thus he continued, with ever increasing success. His eloquence, that sprung from his ardent, loving heart, with the impetus of a strong soul in a sensitive frame, moved his audience to such a pitch, that, carried along by the force of his feelings, they wept and sobbed with him. And when, in the month of September, 1494, the news arrived that a French army was crossing the Alps to invade Italy, the Frate's influence grew still greater, and his prophetic gift was no longer doubted, even by men of high birth and cultured minds. Had he not prophesied the coming storm? Had he not announced the advent of this new Cyrus, who was to purify the earth from iniquity?

From that day, Savonarola's name became famous throughout Italy; the people revered him as a saint and prophet, and the lovers of liberty regarded him as their chief.

ELVIRA CAORSI.

## PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS IN CLASSIC TIMES.

PROFESSORS and students fifteen hundred years ago! Is there not a mistake in this of about a thousand years? Universities, professors, and students,—does their origin not date back to the close of the Middle Ages? No. There is “nothing new under the sun,” said the wise king. Some of the most important inventions and discoveries are older than is generally supposed. Gunpowder was in existence before Berthold Schwartz, to whom its invention is attributed. So professors and students existed a thousand years before the notorious Dr. Faust and his pupil, Wagner, practiced their necromancy. But where? We will see. Let us use our magic wand, fancy, and turn the wheel of time back fifteen hundred years; and then let us mount our Pegasus, the imagination, and take a pleasure-trip to Athens. We float already in the air. Behold how our prospect widens! A magnificent panorama of rivers, lakes, seas, oceans, continents, islands, mountains, valleys, forests, meadows, etc., flits beneath us. We now see the western and eastern halves of the Roman empire, from Gibraltar—pardon us, for we must now use classic terms—from the Pillars of Hercules to the river Euphrates, and from Afric’s northern coasts to Germania’s forests and Britannia’s isles. “All this is subject to me; say, am I not happy?” says the Roman emperor. And now, let us stop in our flight. Beneath us the many armed peninsula of Greece rises from the waves of the Mediterranean Sea. To the right, northward, we behold the snow-covered peaks of Olympus and Pindus; in the center, the isthmus of Corinth; and to the left, southward, the queerly shaped Peloponnesus. And now, right below us, rises a triangular peninsula of about a thousand square miles. It is Attica. We know it,—the salubrious home of the most intellectual people of antiquity. What an unclouded, deeply blue sky!

And the air—how soft and delicious! Let us descend. There she is,—the marble-glittering Athens! Yonder rises the Acropolis, with its snow-white Parthenon and Propylæa, and to the right is the Areopagus, where, three hundred years ago, St. Paul preached to the Stoics and Epicureans the unity and brotherhood of the human race, and revealed to them the “Unknown God,” whom they ignorantly worshiped. Let us take a walk through its narrow streets, and behold the large public squares, the magnificent temples, porticoes, theaters, and numberless statues of marble, ivory, and brass. We salute thee, thou celebrated mistress of Attica—of Greece! Ye groves, where Socrates and Plato walked and philosophized; and thou, stony rostrum, where the flame of patriotism rolled from the heart and lips of Demosthenes through the assembly of citizens, and kindled the fire of war against Philip,—we hail you all with delight. Athens, richly blessed with intellectual gifts for mankind; yet, *Athens*, unendowed with the knowledge of the true and living God,—thou art “altogether superstitious!” O, “if thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace,” when that little Jew, but intellectual giant, preached to you of the resurrection, of the judgment to come, and of the Savior of the world, thou wouldst have then proved a double blessing to mankind.

But, before we look around for the professors and students of Athens, let us first make ourselves somewhat acquainted with the political and religious character of the times in which we find ourselves.

We are now in the fourth century after Christ. Let us forget, for a moment, railroads, steam-ships, telegraphs, transatlantic cables, gunpowder, etc. We are in the midst of the Roman Empire. The Emperor Constantine, son of Constantine the Great, reigns. After the death



of his two brothers, he reunited the eastern and western halves of the empire. All lands and peoples around the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Ægean Seas, are Romanized, civilized, centralized. Every-where we find highways, cities, schools, lawyers, officials, soldiers, policemen, Jews, taxes, newspapers. The empire is divided into four exarchates, thirteen dioceses, one hundred and sixteen provinces, with an untold number of officials. The seat of the imperial government has, twenty years ago, been transferred from Rome to Constantinople. National wars have ceased. Spaniards, Romans, Gauls, Greeks, Egyptians, etc., attend the same schools, visit the same theaters, and ride upon the same vessels.

But what about religion,—Christianity? Thirty years ago, Constantine the Great became nominally a Christian, and proclaimed Christianity as the state religion. But has this made the empire a Christian one? By no means. The great masses of the people are still pagans. True, in large cities, Christians are numerous. There are more than a thousand bishoprics throughout the empire. The Christian Churches receive from the imperial court presents of silver communion-services. Persecutions have ceased. Christian bishops and pagan professors write each other polite notes, recommending to each other youthful students. The number of nominal Christians is constantly increasing. In Antioch, a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, St. Chrysostom counts one hundred thousand Christians. "But how many of these," he asks, "will be saved? Perhaps one hundred!" Still the empire is overwhelmingly pagan. Even Constantine the Great, after his nominal conversion to Christianity, wore the cloak of a Roman high-priest. Public and private life is characterized by pagan practices. Theaters and public amusements are all but Christian in their character; divinations and sorceries are still in vogue. The schools are still in the hands of pagan teachers, and are saturated with pagan thought and philosophy. Only in a

few large cities Christian schools may be found, and some of them are only nominally such.

Such is the condition of things. Athens is a representative city of the empire, and therefore we shall busy ourselves for a while with its professors and students.

Our Pegasus has already descended, and we alight in the Agora,—the marketplace. What a throng of idle people! Athens is the Paris of the Orient,—the center of attraction for idle loiterers, the home of fashion, and the arts and sciences. It is just twelve o'clock at noon. The schools are dismissed. Every-where frolicsome boys, with books, etc., are seen running to and fro; while proud students, followed by their *paidagogoi* carrying their bundles of books, scrolls, etc., wend their way to the baths. Among them we see the dark-brown Egyptian, the curly-headed and fiery-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, and the agile Gaul. There go the professors of rhetoric, with their crimson cloaks, either walking, or riding on horseback. Yonder the professors of philosophy, with dark cloaks, long beards and staffs, walk gravely to their baths. All go now to the baths, and then return for their breakfast. There are no afternoon school-hours. Presently we hear an almost deafening chatter of voices. The numerous booths of barbers, perfumers, wine-sellers, *restauranteurs*, etc., around the Agora, begin to fill themselves with disputing teachers and students. Others loiter idly about. It is strange! Three hundred and fifty years before Christ, Demosthenes thundered into the ears of the Athenians: "When, O Athenians, will ye cease loafing away your time in the Agora, idly asking, 'Is there any thing new?' What more startling news can there be, than that a Macedonian should determine the destiny of Hellas?" Four hundred years later, the apostle Paul, too, finds, that "all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." (Acts xvii, 21.) And now, while *we* are there, they follow the same

course. They want something new, either in politics or philosophy or religion.

From yonder painted booth—a primary school—issue a lot of small boys. They constitute the ABC class. Their respective ages range from five to ten years; and they learn to read, write, and cipher. The discipline is severe. Even the parents believe that fear and the birch are good assistant teachers. “How our parents laughed,” said St. Augustine, “over the pain and severity we had to endure from our teachers!” The teacher of these boys is called *grammatist*. He occupies the lowest rank in the profession of teachers. At the age of ten or twelve the boys (the girls are never sent to school) are sent to the grammarian (*grammaticus*),—one who is capable of giving instruction not only in the grammar of his native language, but in foreign languages as well. Reading Greek and Roman classics in prose and poetry, grammar, prosody, mythology, and exercises in style, constitute the principal branches of study in the grammarian’s school. No attention is paid to the moral nature of the reading-matter. St. Augustine says: “I had to commit to memory Virgil’s *Æneid*, and bewail Dido’s death. But the Greek was hard. Homer was bitter. The difficulties of that language rendered the sweetness of Greek poetry as bitter as gall.” We seldom hear of instruction being given in drawing, geography, vocal or instrumental music, much less in the doctrines of the Christian religion. The teachers and professors are almost exclusively pagans. Much stress is laid upon the cultivation of an elegant style. “For a grammatical mistake in the narration of a good deed,” says Augustine, “we were scolded; but, for describing vices with rhetorical elegance, we were praised.” \*

At the age of fourteen or fifteen, the boy is prepared for higher studies. Those who have neither time nor the means to continue them enter either the civil or military service of the state, or become merchants or traders. But for young men of means and leisure, the crown of

all studies and education is rhetoric, or eloquence. It is frequently pursued from four to six years. “Study rhetoric, my son,” says the father, “and it will open for you the way to fame, wealth, and a rich wife. It will lead you to high positions, to palaces; yea, to the imperial court.” Almost every important city has its professors of rhetoric. They are generally called Sophists. But the most famous seat of rhetoric and eloquence is Athens. Here are found the most celebrated professors. Yonder gentleman, followed by a large number of students, is the amiable, but somewhat affected, Professor Himerus. And there goes, with stately steps, the intellectual but proud and jealous Professor Libanius. That magnificent-looking gray-headed old gentleman, just across the street, is Professor Prohæresius. It is whispered that he is secretly a Christian. In a small house built of polished marble is his lecture-room,—or theater, as he calls it. It is adorned with the busts of great men. It was willed to him by his teacher and predecessor, Julianos. Those two pleasant-looking young gentlemen who are just coming from his lectures are his students. Both are Christians. The one, somewhat pale and thin, is Basilius; his more robust friend is Gregorius; both from Cappadocia. We shall refer to them again. Yonder elegantly dressed young gentleman, with broad shoulders, intellectual expression, dark, wandering eyes, pointed whiskers, nervous restlessness, and hasty step, is Julian, a cousin to the reigning emperor, and a nephew to Constantine the Great. He has fine talents. At the imperial court, they endeavored, through eunuchs, to make, perforce, a Christian of him. But, instead of this, he became the bitterest enemy of Christianity, and a bigoted pagan. Should he ever succeed to the throne, he will let the Christians feel his hatred in all its intensity.

But who are those respectable-looking men who conduct the sons of the muses to and from school? They are the pedagogues (*paidagogoi*); not, indeed, in our sense of the term, but something be-



tween a private tutor and a servant. They are either slaves or freedmen, and enjoy generally a good degree of education. Their business is to conduct the student to and from school; introduce him to the professor, assist him in his studies at home, and watch over his moral conduct. In this age of debauchery and licentiousness, it is absolutely necessary for a father who sends his son away from home to school, to give him a pedagogue, to whom he delegates his parental authority during the son's absence. Is the latter wild, the pedagogue corrects or punishes him; is he sick, he nurses him. In short, he occupies the parental place. Some of them are really noble souls, whose solicitude for the welfare of their pupils is not excelled by that of the parents. And yet the pedagogue is not the father; he is only a task-master, an "instructor." Hence St. Paul says "For though ye have ten thousand instructors (*paidagogous*) in Christ, ye have not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel." (1 Cor. iv, 15.) Nor is he the teacher proper; but he leads the student to him. And this again illustrates St. Paul's saying: "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster (*paidagogos*) to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. But after that faith is come, we are no longer under the schoolmaster." (Galatians iii, 24, 25.)

But, notwithstanding the presence of the pedagogues, Athens is the El Dorado for students. They do pretty much as they please. Nowhere are the opportunities for trickery, debauchery, etc., greater than here; and nowhere is greater forbearance practiced toward them than here. But do the police or professors not endeavor to preserve order? The police, as is sometimes the case in modern times, are, on such occasions, distinguished for their absence; and the professors—well, they are either indifferent, or even instigate ribaldrous conduct. Thus the Sophist Libanius (for so the professors of rhetoric are sometimes called), mentioned above, on one

occasion addressed his students in the following manner: "You have no love for your teacher. Formerly we have seen students who carried scars on their faces, received in fights for their professors. Their fathers were rejoiced to see their sons coming home with their faces full of cuts and scars. Some students have carried such mementos of love for their teachers about them all through life. But now it has gone out of fashion." Such was the moral standard of these Sophists. Or take the following incident:

The Lacedæmonian students constituted themselves into a club, with a certain Themistocles as their leader. Their professor's name was Apsines. They were more distinguished for their strong fists than for their strong intellects. To have a change from the ordinary routine of study, they, on one occasion, thoroughly whipped the Athenian students of Professor Julianos, and then had the impudence of bringing complaints against them before the Roman præfect. The latter caused the accused to be bound and imprisoned. When court-day arrived, he ordered them to be brought before him. Their accusers also made their appearance, accompanied by their professor; "for," said he, "I must defend my children." The præfect opened the proceedings by saying, somewhat haughtily: "You shall see how the Romans maintain justice. Professor Apsines has the word. But I prohibit all manifestations of applause." Professor Apsines began his defense; but he stuck fast,—an unpardonable misfortune in a professor of rhetoric. Then Themistocles, the ringleader, was called upon to maintain his cause; but he, too, stuck fast. The præfect then gave the word to Professor Julianos, the defendant. In a scornful tone he said: "Mr. Præfect, by the power of your justice, you seem to have changed Apsines into a Pythagoras; for though he has learned silence rather late, he has learned it thoroughly; and his pupils, too, are practiced in that art. I request that my pupil, Prohæresius, be permitted

to speak." Permission was granted. Prohæresius, a handsome and well-grown young man, rose deliberately and began his defense. He poured forth a torrent of eloquence. It was a masterpiece of pleading. He carried every body with him. Even the præfect forgot his prohibition, and, with all the rest,—even Apsines,—he broke out in a long and loud applause. Eloquence triumphed over fists. Professor Julianos wept for joy. He and his pupils were declared "Not guilty;" and their accusers were sentenced to be—scourged.

A peculiar pleasure for our students is the so-called "students' hunt." They form themselves into societies, according to their nationality. Each society determines from which one of the professors they will receive instruction. The more popular a professor is, the greater the number of students he has. Around Professor Prohæresius, for instance, flock all the students from the different provinces of Asia Minor. Diophantes attracts only the Arabians. Thus a rivalry arises between the different professors and students. Nor is it limited to these only. The various classes of the inhabitants of the city—merchants, shop and inn keepers, tailors, drivers, servants, etc.—take the part of one or the other of the professors. To be able to bring to his party professor one or more new students is considered a great party triumph. To accomplish this purpose, a formal hunt after students is made by all parties at the beginning of the Winter term. They go to the sea-shore, and watch the arrival of every ship that brings passengers. Scarcely has a new-comer of a student stepped on shore than he is immediately surrounded by the different partisans, who endeavor to secure him, by flattery or threats, for this or that professor. Not unfrequently, violence is used. Yonder pale young man has just been released from the narrow prison of a barrel, into which he had been placed and kept there until he promised to attend the lectures of Aristodemus. And that sickly boy—Eunapius—has just arrived

from Asia Minor. The captain of the ship, into whose charge he had been placed, managed to conduct him safely from the sea-port to Athens. All along the way, however, they were beset by the "runners." At length the captain, weary of their annoyance, struck right and left, and succeeded in bringing his charge to his friend, Professor Prohæresius. The latter at once takes him under his special protection, and sees that he be neither teased nor "hazed." For the mock ceremonies attending the initiation into student's life of a new student, in Athens, are nothing more than a species of "hazing." It is in vogue here as well as, fifteen hundred years later, in some academies and colleges of the United States.

Having now rather hurriedly passed through Athens, and glanced at the "externals" of the professors' and students' life, let us, for a change, enter the lecture-room of one of the most celebrated professors of rhetoric and eloquence, and observe the method and contents of instruction by which a student is to be converted into a Demosthenes, or at least into such an orator as will know how "*se tirer d'affaire*."

Here, then, we are, in the lecture-room of Professor Libanius. He studied in this city; is now one of its most distinguished professors, and, later on, we predict, he will open a school of eloquence at Antioch, in which Chrysostom will be one of his pupils. He is a thorough pagan, and a bitter enemy of the Christians. Though his own morals are not the best, he denounces them as "accursed," and "despisers of the gods." Hush! he enters. The classes are properly seated. The *Progymnasmata*, or preparatory exercises, begin. They consist in narrating, by the younger students, Æsop's smaller fables. Afterward come the *Chreiai*, or the treatment and illustration, according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric, of a pregnant sentence or adage from a distinguished author; as, for example, that of Isocrates, "The root of education is bitter, but its fruit is sweet;" or that of Homer, "A councilman should



not sleep the whole night." Then follow the more difficult exercises,—the so-called "commonplaces,"—consisting in short speeches being made against "murder," "poisoning," "treason," "tyrants;" and, for a change, in favor of the "murder of tyrants." Later on, follow exercises in pronouncing "Eulogies;" for skill in praising is considered a fine art, and many have made their fortunes by it. Odyssey, Achilles, Diomed, Demosthenes, and even the foolish Thersites, are the subjects for the practice of this art. But the praiseworthy become sometimes censurable; hence Achilles, Hector, wealth, wine, etc., are subjected to that ordeal. "Comparison" is the next thing in order. Short compositions, comparing the relative merits of commerce and agriculture, of the city and the country, of Ajax and Achilles, etc., are required of the more advanced students. Still another exercise consists in preparing and criticising "*Ethopoiiai*," or "rôle-speeches." The student is required to imagine himself in a strange situation, and to assume a new rôle, or character, and then to deliver a speech accordingly. But right here begin two things,—sophistry and dramatic acting. Just think; a youth of fifteen or sixteen years is obliged to represent and express, for instance, the thoughts and feelings of Medea at the moment she is about to kill her own children, or when she sees Jason forsaking her and marrying another; or of Andromache on seeing the corpse of Hector; or of a coward on seeing a picture representing a battle-scene; to say nothing of immoral themes. But, besides all these oral and written exercises, we see the student read the Greek classics and commit them partly to memory; we hear him declaim orations of great orators, and study immense works on rhetoric and eloquence. Nor is this all. The student is now prepared to be initiated into the mysteries of sophistry. He is told that the finished rhetorician must never be at a loss for ingenious arguments *pro* and *con* on any subject. He must always be prepared to prove that black is white, and white

black, and to unravel the knottiest questions. Hence, a series of themes and questions, the most incredible and absurd, are presented to him for treatment. Let us listen to a few: "A grumbling husband has a gossiping wife. Disgusted, he sends notice to the city council that he intends committing suicide. What will they say?" "A miser finds one thousand drachma; five hundred he returns to the state. On being required to return the other five hundred, he says he will rather die than give them up. His formal speech." "At a fire, a son rescues his father. In the vain attempt to rescue his mother, he loses both his eyes. The father marries again. The step-mother shows him poison found in the clothes of the son. Asked about it, he makes no reply. The father disinherits him, and constitutes the step-mother the sole heiress. At night a noise is heard. The father is found dead, and his son's sword lying beside him; while the step-mother is sleeping, and the son on the way to his own house. Son and step-mother bring suit against each other at court for murdering the father. Now, young gentlemen, prepare your speeches *pro* and *con*." (The kind of speech required in this case is called, in the Greek rhetoric, "*Stochasmoi Hantenklematikai*,"—counter accusations.)

But we have listened long enough to such absurd exercises. They are scarcely even fair samples of what is taught in the schools of rhetoric at Athens, Antioch, Carthage, Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople. While they sharpen the wits, they pollute the heart. It is almost incredible, to what degree of perfection the rhetorician brings his readiness of utterance. Demosthenes can not be compared with him. His best orations were prepared with great care and labor. But the Sophist does generally nothing of the kind. Extempore speaking is his strong forte. His constant practice, connected with extensive reading, enables him to pronounce an oration at any time and on any given subject. One of them, having been requested to pronounce a

eulogy on fleas, performed his task admirably. To-day he will vindicate suicide; to-morrow, prove its criminality. Give him a bird, a stone, a pin, etc., and he will send forth a string of sentences adorned with rhetorical flourishes, poetic quotations, and fine points. His dialectic tricks will put to silence the unsophisticated. "Shall I prove to you," says he, "that you have horns?" Yes. "Well, what you have not lost, you still possess. Is it not so?" Yes. "Well, then, did you ever lose horns?" No. "Therefore you've got horns." But with all rhetorical adornments, such sophistry is abominable. It is the intellectual disease of the fourth century, inherited from earlier ages. It does "not descend from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish." A woe is pronounced against those who by sophistry "call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." (Isaiah v, 20.) If eloquence is the art, in well chosen language and in an easy and effective utterance and an impassioned manner, to express one's thoughts and feelings and convictions in the cause of truth and right, then it is a glorious thing, a real power; but, employed otherwise, it is simply "profane and vain babbling."

The social and political status of our professor is now somewhat different from that of his predecessor, in the times of Socrates and Aristotle. He is no longer peripatetic, but fixed. After having passed a public examination, the city council nominates, and the emperor confirms, him. He receives his salary partly from the city, partly from the students, and partly from the emperor. Frequently, citizenship is bestowed upon him, and then he is elected to the city council. He is exempt from military service. The morning he devotes to teaching. At noon he goes to the bath, and then returns to his breakfast. The afternoon he has to himself. The evening he devotes to society and correspondence. Twice a month, the chief imperial

officer gives a grand reception. Here our professor is an influential personage. Here he intrigues against his rival, and recommends favorite students. His correspondence is extensive; nor is it limited to pagans only. Thus, Libanius, though hating Christians, begs by letter a Christian bishop for a copy of a sermon against drunkenness, which the latter had preached with great effect, because he had composed an oration on the same subject.

But with all these apparent advantages, our professor is, nevertheless, a wretched man. His rival's success haunts him. If he makes a *fiasco*, he attributes it to his witchcraft. If he does not succeed in making a Demosthenes of a dull boy, the parents complain, thus destroying his reputation as a successful teacher. Nor dares he to defend himself. He must fawn upon high officials, and flatter the populace, bow to the servant, and smile to the porter; for upon their good-will and commendatory words depend his popularity and position. Once a month, he is obliged to deliver a public oration. To make it a grand success, he brings all the powers of his body and mind into requisition. Costume, gesticulation, facial expression, style, wit, thought, etc., are carefully studied. To reap long, loud, and uproarious applause, is the height of his ambition. He even engages "*chefs de clique*," who, upon given signals, commence formally to beat applause. If the applause is only moderate, his oration is considered a failure, and, mentally saying, "*Diem perdidit*," he returns home in a wretched mood.

Much more might be said of the superficiality and emptiness of these professors and their systems of education had we more time and space at our command. Occasionally, however, we find a green oasis in this dreary waste of sophistry. There they are again—we have seen them before—I mean the two friends Basilus and Gregorius. Both are Christians, and belong to distinguished Christian families in Cappadocia. They first met at the school in Cæsarea, a city in the same



province, and formed a lasting friendship. In the pursuit of their studies, their ways subsequently diverged. Here in Athens they met again. They are now inseparable. They study diligently, under Prohæresius and Himerius. They pray and read God's Word together. In the midst of wildness and debauchery, they keep themselves unspotted from the world. They walk with God, and "set their affections upon things above, and not upon things on the earth." To labor for the temporal and spiritual good of others is their recreation. Isolated as they necessarily are as Christians, they are, nevertheless, universally respected. They escaped even "hazing." Such is the character of these two Christian students. In later years, as we now know, they became two distinguished Church fathers,—champions and defenders of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

By a touch of our magic wand, we are again in the nineteenth century. But while we thank God that those schools of Sophists are closed, we can not but lament that sophistry has not yet died out. How long is it since a once celebrated diplomatist said, "*La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour déguiser sa pensée?*" Nor has the desire for the splendid paganism of Greece entirely died out. Pope Leo X, Cardinal Bembo, and others expressed it openly, that the day would come when Judaism, Islamism, and Christianity would give way to Hellenism. They already identified Christ with "*Minerva e Jovis capite orta*;" the Holy Spirit with the "*aura Zephyri cælestis*;" the forgiveness of sin with "*deos superosque manesque placare*;" and the sacraments with the Orphean and Bacchanalian feasts. Schiller, too, in his beautiful poem, "The Gods of Greece," laments their departure, and longs for the return of that happy age:

"Art thou, fair world, no more?

Return, thou virgin-bloom on Nature's face;

Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,

Can we the footsteps of sweet Fable trace!

The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;

Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;

Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,  
Shadows alone are left.

Cold, from the north, has gone

Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;

And to enrich the worship of the One

A universe of gods must pass away!

Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,

But thee no more, Selene, there I see!

And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,

And—Echo answers me!

Home! and with them are gone

The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;

Life's beauty and life's melody;—alone

Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word;

Yet rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng,

Unseen, the Pindus they were wont to cherish;

Ah, that which gains immortal life in song,

To mortal life must perish!"

—Bulwer's Translation.

Is it a wonder that, in our age of practical realism and hard materialism, the beauties of Hellenism should possess a charm for some cultivated but unconverted minds? What is to be done? Let the Bible be introduced into all homes and schools. Let its authority be supreme, its doctrines studied, and its precepts practiced. The Bible is the pioneer of the fine arts, the promoter of æsthetic culture, the friend of true science, the source of true theology and philosophy. It reveals what science and philosophy have long sought in vain,—the existence and attributes of the true and living God; the creation of the world by him; the solution of the problem of evil; the nature, destiny, and immortality of man; and the tendency and final consummation of the universe. The universal dissemination and study of the Bible will inaugurate a finer æsthetic culture, a purer humanity, and a holier age, than Hellenism ever did. The Bible, unlike and far superior to any thing in Hellenism, reveals to the world a "life at once ideally perfect, and trembling all over with humanity; really spent under this sun, and yet lit along its every step and suffering by a light above it; a life which has since become the measure of all other lives, the standard of human and of absolute perfection, *the ideal at once of man and of God*. As a poem—moral and didactic—it is a repertory of profound and holy instincts; a collection of the deepest

intuitions of truth, beauty, justice, purity,—of the past, the present, the future,—which, by their far vision; the power with which they have stamped themselves on the belief and heart, the hopes and fears, the days and nights, of humanity; their superiority to aught else in the thoughts or words of man;

their consistency with themselves; their adaptation to general needs; their cheering influence; their progressive development; and their close-drawn connection with those marvelous and unshaken facts,—are proved *divine*, in a sense altogether peculiar and alone."

MICHAEL J. CRAMER.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### CHAPTER X.

IT is a hard trial, that of descending the ladder, when we have passed up to its summit in such good heart and strong faith; and the black bread seems harder to masticate, when the teeth have begun to soften on white loaves. I carried about a countenance that seemed well enough content, but with an ill-feeling at the heart's core. In fact, it was a contempt at myself and all others, which rendered me displeasing and displeased. According to the old adage, "Life had a very bad taste."

Although she maintained as resolute an air, Genevieve was not more resigned. We still, each, sang occasional snatches of some ballad; but it was only to drown these evil vapors, and not because of light hearts.

In the fear of opening the secret of her soul, we both kept silence; and her sadness enveloped itself in a pride that threatened to harden all her gentle affections. I felt it sorely, but without being able to make it otherwise. I was like those men who, staggering along the road, strive to stand upright by making themselves unnaturally stiff and rigid in their walk.

One evening, I was returning from work, with sack hung over the shoulder, and going up the street whistling. I loitered on the way, as there was nothing to hasten my footsteps; for the sight of

my homestead did not rejoice the eye as heretofore. I could not accustom myself to the places made vacant by the removal of furniture, nor to the cold walls, destitute of paper or pictures; above all, to the gloomy manner of Genevieve. In times past, all had been so tidy and so gay, all seemed to give me such hearty welcome; there was within the dwelling an eternal ray of sunshine. But since our ruin, one might well say that the cardinal points were changed. The Southern Cross had passed to the North Pole with us. I sauntered, then, in slow step, following the line of houses, without noticing a fine snow that fell as through a sieve, powdering the frosty rime with which the causeway was covered. Nearly arrived at the top of the faubourg, I perceived an old woman who was almost exhausted by the labor of pushing before her one of those small carts which constitute the traveling ambulances for various wares, from the people of Paris. The hard frost rendered the task still more difficult. The thick-falling snow striped with white the large shawl that enveloped her, and filled the folds of the Madras handkerchief that coiffured her head. She breathed with difficulty, as she thus braved the storm, and halted from minute to minute to gather strength, and then started off again with renewed courage. An invol-



untary pity took possession of me. The memory of my mother struck through my heart; and, joining the itinerant merchant, who had again paused in her work, I said to her, smiling:

"Eh! old lady, that is too heavy a load for you."

"That is the truth, my son," replied she, wiping her forehead, where the sweat mingled with the icy frost; "strength departs with old age, while the weight of the walnuts is always the same. But the good God has made all things well that he has made. He will never forsake the poor."

I then asked where she was going. She pointed out the inclosure, and tried to start again on her desired way. So, taking one of the shafts in my hand, I said again, as kindly as I felt:

"Let me trundle the cart, for it is right on my road. It will give me no more trouble to roll your barrow than to go without it."

And not waiting for a reply, I shoved the cart before me. The old woman made no resistance; she simply thanked me, and then took up her walk by my side. I then learned that she went to the markets in the city to purchase supplies, which she afterward re-sold through the streets, from house to house. No matter what the season or weather, she continued to travel through Paris, until all that she carried thither was disposed of. For thirty years she had subsisted by this kind of commerce, which furnished the means to rear her three sons in comfort.

"But when I had raised them to be large and strong, then they were taken from me," said the poor woman. "Two died in the army, and the last is a prisoner on the pontoons."

"So," I exclaimed, "you find yourself now quite alone, without other resource than your courage."

"And the Protector of those who have no other," added she. "It must be that the good Lord finds something to do in his paradise; and how would he pass away his time, if it were not to take care

of such poor creatures as me? Go, go, it is a fine thing to be old and miserable when, with it, is the belief that the King of all the universe cares for you; that he judges you, and keeps count of all you are called to sustain. When I get too weary,—so tired, indeed, that my feet can no more carry me along,—ah, well! I fall on my knees, I tell him in a low voice all my sorrow; and when I rise up, the heart is always lighter. You are yet too young to feel this; but a day will come; you will understand why we teach little children to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

I did not reply. I felt that light had come. The merchant continued in the same strain until we reached the head of the faubourg. For all her great trials, then, she had sought one true consolation, higher and better than this world could furnish, even in a world that knoweth no change. In listening to her gentle speech, my heart palpitated with strange emotion. I looked at this aged woman, her feeble gait and trembling head, her bent form seeming like one who gathers around her a death robe; and I was lost in amazement to find her stronger of heart and will than myself and Genevieve. It was, then, true that man has need of other support than his fellow-man; and that, in order to obtain a firm foothold on the platforms of which life is composed, there must be a link that unites him to heaven.

When I parted from the peddler, near the town gates, she thanked me quietly; while in truth it was I who ought to have returned thanks to her; for she had awakened sentiments which had long lain dormant in the very depths of my spirit. I reached home fully occupied in recalling my strange encounter. On this evening, without knowing why, it seemed to me that Genevieve was more sad even than usual, and I fancied, too, that she had red eyes, as if from many sorrowful tears.

We supped without speaking to each other, and the child lay sleeping in his little cot. Then we sat awhile near the

fire, which was nearly extinguished; and only as the clock struck did Genevieve make any movement. As the hour came for retiring, she rose from her chair with a deep sigh. I left my seat at the same moment; I took the hand of the dear wife, clasping it tenderly within my own, and drew her close up to my side, her head resting on my shoulder.

"Look, now, my dear, the time is too long that we have borne our sorrow quite alone," I said to her in an almost inaudible voice; "let us ask God to take his part of the burden."

And I fell upon my knees, while Genevieve, without speaking, did the same. I then began to repeat over all the prayers that I had learned in my childhood, and which had remained ever since, as a sacred deposit, in some secret corner of my heart. In proportion as the words started forth from memory, they seemed to have a new, fresh meaning, which I had never before realized or felt. It was indeed a new language, which I comprehended for the first time.

I can not say whether Genevieve passed through a similar experience, but I soon heard her weeping in low sobs. When I rose from my knees, she embraced me, with a gentle, stifled moan, and the tears still raining from her already swollen lids.

"Thou hast been blessed with a happy thought, that has saved us," she said to me. "Now that thou hast taught me to trust in the good Lord, I feel that I shall recover all my courage."

And in fact, from that day, every thing went better in the home. Our hearts opened to each other; we began to think aloud. The evening prayer was to us always a kind of repose, for which we patiently waited.

Poor old woman! while she thus related the history of her life, how little did she imagine the good she was conferring on me! I have never seen her since; but more than once have Genevieve and I blessed her from our innermost soul.

"Thou seest, now, that the time for good fees has not entirely passed away," said the latter to me; "since thou hast

found one who, in payment for a trifling service, has given thee a talisman of resignation in every trouble."

Although compelled for a time to return to the trowel, I had not given up the hope of once more engaging in work requiring inventive skill, and of obtaining contracts. It was often a bitterness of heart to me to see matters pass into other hands, of which I knew all the complications and advantages. One, above all, tempted me by its assured profits. It was necessary, and unfortunate for me, that, in undertaking the work, an advance of some hundreds of francs should be made on it. . . . I retraced my steps to the workshop, after learning this fact, sad enough at my inability to seize upon the golden opportunity, when two large hands were laid on my shoulders. I turned, and looked up brusquely; it was Maurice.

The master-mason, who had resided for several months in Bourgogne, had come into Paris to arrange some matter of business, from whence he was to depart on that same evening. He forced me to go with him to the wine merchants, and, spite of all I could say, obliged me to take a second breakfast.

Prosperity had agreed with Maurice, who came forth beaming in a splendid vest from D'Elbœuf, with small lappets at the side; a beaver cap, with long hair; and a cherry-colored silk cravat. The heart remained always the same, but the whole tone of the outward man had risen a notch or two. He doubted of nothing, since he had found himself at the head of fifty workmen. I had heretofore found him so reasonable in all things, that now his assurance seemed to me only the consciousness of his prosperity.

As soon as he arrived in Paris, he had vaguely learned of my downfall, and wished now to know the whole story. When I had put him in possession of the facts, he struck the table with the bottle of sealed Bordeaux, which he had ordered to be brought to the table in spite of my remonstrance.

"Thousand thunders! why didst thou



not write about the thing?" cried he. "I would have scraped together enough silver pieces of six louis value to carry on thy business. What art thou doing now? Let us see thy whereabouts, and find whether we can not add a little lime to thy mortar?"

I then confided to him my position, saying a word or two concerning the affair which had just presented itself.

"And would'st thou only require five hundred francs?" demanded Maurice.

I replied that this sum would be more than sufficient.

As soon as my answer was heard, Maurice called for the waiter, and a small boy entered.

"A pen and some ink!" cried the master-mason.

I gazed in surprise.

"Thou dost not understand what I wish to do with such trash, is it not so?" he said to me, laughing. "In fact, I am no more partial to this black and white stuff than in the past; but 'one has to bray to jackasses.' When I saw that one could not stir up and brew matters except with the ends of a feather and writing-desk, 'My faith!' I said, 'Let me advance also before the rear-guard!' And to-day I am able to use these weapons equal to any other man."

"You have, then, really learned to write?" I exclaimed.

"Thou wilt see," said Maurice, giving me a sly wink.

He had drawn from a portfolio a stamped sheet of paper, on which he made me draw up a note of obligation from him for five hundred francs. When I had finished, he signed his name, in very unequal letters, and imitating as near as possible the impressions already written.

"Now," said he, when the painful operation was achieved, "present me to this Perigou, and thou shalt have thy money on the spot; the signature of Father Maurice is well known in their shop, and I can make them shuffle out their money at will."

In short, they remitted the funds to

me without any difficulty, and, a few days after, I obtained the contract for which they were intended. All went, at first, as well as one could desire. The works were rapidly executed, and finished before the stipulated term. I was able from the first payments to return to Maurice his money. New agreements and bargains for work now drew me into the current where all complications of architecture are executed. I found myself floating on the crest of the wave, and began to feel that I might once more gain the high tide of prosperity, when a lawsuit brought against the chief contractor arrested all. My own interest, and that of ten other assistants, were irretrievably linked with his. We thus found ourselves with hands tied, without a possibility of being extricated, or of retiring from the partnership. Meanwhile, the special obligation of each one remained intact. The season for payment came round also for merchandise not yet used, and the arrears due for that already employed pressed upon us pitilessly. We were obliged to look these things in the face, and guard against attacks, armed to the teeth, as they say; to look around each day for some new resource; to obtain effective terms for prolonging credit; and to liquidate, as far as possible, both the accounts of debtors and creditors. My entire time was thus employed by such barren labor. I earned nothing, and my resources were becoming more and more exhausted.

Whilst the passing days were occupied in saving myself from utter ruin, Genevieve and the child were in want of the necessities of life. I tortured my brain without being able to advance things at all. The suit was always just about to be brought forward, then it receded into the background times without number. One day it would be that some part or paper had been forgotten; another day, the advocate was necessarily absent; there were vacancies in the tribunal judging the case; or the opponent demanded a short respite. And still the weeks and months were mercilessly rolling onward.

Our poor household resembled those vessels overtaken by a calm in mid-ocean, which, day by day, reduce the rations of the hungry sailors, while they in vain cast anxious eyes toward the horizon, if mayhap a passing cloud might indicate the coming of a favoring wind. I have endured hard trials in my life, but none that could be compared to this. Ordinarily, the misfortunes that beat upon us leave room for action.

At length this irritation, caused by utter inability to act, rendered me gloomy and sour. Not knowing whom to accuse or blame, I began to complain of Genevieve, taking no notice of the poor creature in her unwearied efforts to disguise or conceal the wretched state of our house-keeping from me, and of her labor to soften its harshness. An indifferent looker-on might have imagined that I desired these privations for her, rather than grieved over the hard lot she had to support. At heart, my irritation was the result of great affection, and none can tell how it increased my own sorrow to see her suffer. I would have given my own blood, drop by drop, to have bought ease of body and repose of spirit for her; but my good-will had the fault of being concealed by an evil temper. It was like a hedge of thorns, by which I lacerated her flesh, from very spite at not being able to envelop her in some shield of defense.

One day bears a record above all others. I returned more than usually crabbed and vexed. I had passed hours in the office of the advocate, who amused himself in conversing with friends, from whom I could hear peals of laughter, while my own heart was groaning in anguish. He waited until all these pleasant stories were finished; then, when my turn came, I found a man who listened to me with gaping and weary yawns, who knew nothing of my business, and who referred me to his head clerk, then absent. I retired from his presence, filled with a bitter rancor against these false men of justice, who store away in their desks our fortune, our repose, our honor;

and who, for the most part, do not even know what has been given them to guard and protect. To crown the whole, I had seen payment for my last note refused. As if every thing conspired to augment my sadness, I found Genevieve wearing a festival air. She ranged about the house singing as she went, and received me with an exclamation of joy. I inquired rudely what had happened so delightful since my departure; and if we had received a rich heritage from America. She replied pleasantly, passing her hands about my neck, and bringing me before an almanac, suspended against the chimney.

"Eh, well! what now?" demanded I.

"Eh, well! do you not see the date?" said she gayly. "To-day is the 25th."

"Yes," replied I, disengaging myself with a rough jerk; "and soon it will be the 30th, when the term of credit expires. The devil confound notes and almanacs both."

She looked up at me with an expression of grief-stricken astonishment.

"What is it, then, Pierre Henri?" inquired she, in a distressed tone. "Has any new evil come to you?"

"I have heard nothing more than usual."

"Then," replied she passing her arm through mine, "lay aside the anxieties of to-morrow, and preserve this day as one of happiness."

I gazed at her in a way to prove that I could not understand her meaning.

"Go away, then, bad man," said she, in a pretty pouting way; "do you not know, then, that it is the anniversary of our marriage?"

I had entirely forgotten it. The years preceding, this anniversary had been for me occasions of rejoicing and tender love-greetings. But this time it was quite otherwise. The remembrance of past happiness only rendered present suffering more bitter. The comparison which I made in my thoughts between then and now excited within me a kind of despair, and I dropped into a chair with low, muttered curses.



Genevieve, frightened, still wished to know what was the cause.

"What is it?" cried I, as if to myself. "God pardon me! One would think I had never spoken to you about trouble. What is it? *Eh, bien, parbleu!* I have debts that I can not pay, and creditors who will not relent; I have a process of law hanging over my head, which ruins me while I am waiting to gain it; I have three mouths to fill every day, without any other resource than two arms which can not work. Ah! do you ask what I have to vex? I have a regret that my back was not broken, in very deed, on that day that saw me falling from the three-story scaffolding; because then I was but a common workman, without obligation and without family, when a coffin of four francs value would have settled my accounts, and given me a spot of earth in Paris."

All that I said was spoken in a transport of passion, which made the dear woman tremble as a leaf. She gazed at me with eyes filled by tears.

"In the name of God, do not speak thus, Pierre Henri," she said to me. "Never tell me that you regret your life, unless you wish to kill me. You have been tormented all day, poor man, and you return to me beside yourself. But try to forget, for to-day, these vexing affairs, and think only of those whom you love."

I might perhaps have yielded to her supplication, for her sweet voice had greatly affected my heart, when a knock at the door ushered in a sergeant-at-arms of the city.

"Pardon me," said he politely, "I have come up to these rooms because you have infringed upon a statute in law, which makes it necessary to serve upon you a verbal process, in relation to a pot of flowers, now standing in your window."

I was about to reply that he was mistaken in the matter, when Genevieve hastened to the open sash, and drew back from the sill a gillyflower, still enveloped in its sheet of white paper. She declared that she had bought it, and had deposited it in its present place, where

she had protected it by several barriers, or bars, from falling in the street below. The city officer of police listened patiently to all her explanations; but, after having re-stated what he called the "*corps du delit*," or main point of the offense, he took our names, both baptismal and family names, notifying us that he would have to present our names to the tribunal, in order to secure the fine for an infringement of laws; and, giving a courteous bow, he retired from the room.

This unexpected interruption, and the prospect of fresh annoyance, to which we were to be subjected, rudely arrested my return to good humor. Although Genevieve tried to speak to me, I rose from my seat, in a state of complete exasperation, cursed the foolish caprice which had thus added so suddenly to our misery. I strode about with great steps; I raised my voice to a high key; I threw insulting meaning in every word; while the wife, pale and trembling, looked at me without speaking. I burst out into more piercing sounds, whenever she attempted to do so; and yet her meek silence aggravated my rage. Quite out of myself, I seized upon the flower, the primary cause of this dispute, and rushed to the window, resolved to dash it in the street, when a cry from Genevieve arrested me. The poor woman stood near the cradle of her child, whom I had awakened; she pressed it with one arm against her breast, while her other hand was held out toward me.

"Do not break and destroy it, Pierre Henri," she said to me, in a voice which I shall never forget; "it is the blossom of our marriage anniversary."

I held the gillyflower between my hands, hesitating as to what I ought to do. Then I recalled the fact, that through the passing years, when this epoch returned, Genevieve had celebrated the date of our marriage by purchasing one of these plants, which my mother had cultivated in the merry-wood. At this thought, a thrill of agonized remembrance passed through me; all my anger and

vindictive wrath vanished away at a stroke; it opened a well-spring of tender affections within my heart. Genevieve rushed gladly toward me, and cast herself, with the infant, in my arms. When all was pardoned and forgotten, we seated ourselves, in laughing mockery, at the table for our evening repast. The events

just passed had prevented Genevieve from preparing any good cheer to grace a wedding feast, and I would not suffer her to go out to replace any want. We supped gayly on bread and radishes, the gillyflower in the middle of the table, shedding a sweet fragrance over our marriage festival.—FROM THE FRENCH.

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PSYCHE.

## I.

THE day leans softly out of heaven,  
To wake the earth, asleep below;  
And all the cloud-world's fleecy edges,

Late white as Winter's drifting snow,  
Caught by a rosy flame, are waving  
Like pendent glories o'er the rim  
Of ghastly mountains, cold and grim;  
While the long shadows, waxing dim,

Flee fast and far;

And fadeth, tremulous and slow,  
The morning star.

Burn on, O fire auroral, burn,  
Until the very dews shall turn  
To mirrors that shall flash and shine,  
And give thee back, for one of thine,  
A thousand radiant lights divine.

## II.

Upon the forest's green and gloom  
Soft falls an amber-tinted plume,  
And every minstrel-poet's note  
In higher rapture seems to float.  
Wild faun and satyr gayly glide  
From secret glens where shadows hide,  
And into mystic measures go;  
While witching nereids sportive throw  
Their long hair glinting emerald green  
On sunlit ocean's rocking sheen.

## III.

But lovelier than the morning flame,  
And with a glorious eye,—to shame  
Diana's, when, with vivid glance,  
She stooped to lay a tender trance  
On down-dropt lid of shepherd swain,—  
Is Psyche, born with brow to reign  
King's daughter, and the queenliest queen  
That ever walked, with brow serene.  
And though of triad blooms the last

To burst in flower, yet nature cast  
Graces the rarest at her feet,  
And laved her heart in perfumes sweet.

## IV.

Were beauty bliss, then would she wear  
Bright joys like jewels in her hair.  
Alas! there is a blight more dread  
Than pestilence, whose slimy tread  
Steals over loveliness, to make  
All glory blasted for its sake:  
'Tis baleful *envy*, fierce yet base;  
A goddess can forget her race,  
Gazing on Psyche's matchless face.

## V.

Along the sapphire road-ways steal  
The mournful doves, and well reveal;  
By broken note and ruffled plume,  
Their mistress' heart lies deep in gloom.  
The morning's liquid splendors play  
In harmless lightnings on her way;  
Their vivid flashes shot afar,  
Returning, gild her ivory car.  
And yet a dimness seems to rest  
Upon the jewel-cinctured vest,  
That willing parts its purple folds  
About the dazzling form it holds;  
As twilight rends her robe to show  
The edge of starry spheres aglow;  
While diamonds—sun-born children—blaze  
Half consciously in chiller rays.  
Ah! dark, though heir to upper skies,  
The soul that spends itself in sighs  
O'er others' joy; thou art in mien  
But frenzy's minion, Cyprian Queen!

## VI.

Urged by a mother's stormy wrath,  
The bright-browed Cupid on his path  
Of vengeance flies, and seeks to weave



A wizard net, to lure and grieve  
 One near to heaven as mountain snow,  
 And mate her with a thing too low  
 For her high thought; woe if she heeds  
 The wily monitor who pleads.  
 She can but scorn.

And wherefore now  
 The sudden wonder on her brow,  
 The shadow of a sweet surprise  
 Hid in the glory of her eyes?  
 Ah! he who vainly sought to twine  
 Her heart, exalted and divine,  
 To that beneath it, finds at last  
 His sportive fingers fettered fast;  
 While his light pinions flash and wave  
 In helpless wise,—a captor-slave,  
 Who bears his new-found love away  
 In lover,—triumph brave and gay,—  
 Dreaming but of the nuptial day.

## VII.

When round the broken shafts of cloud  
 The lights of eve, like victors proud,  
 Climb upward,—fair, immortal blooms  
 That burst through century-shrouding  
 glooms,—

The god upon his wayward wings,  
 Perfumed by wandering breezes, brings  
 Soft dreams of roses unto one  
 Who needs them not; for, like the sun,  
 Her smile awakes them every-where;  
 And yet he bids her glance beware,  
 Nor, soulful, mark his beaming face,  
 Hallowed by its celestial grace.  
 And can she list his fervid plea,  
 Each heart-beat pleading loud as he?

A halo may inclose thy brow,  
 O mystery! and yet art thou  
 Enchantress dread; as on thy track,  
 Thy trailing garments, purple black,  
 Slide noiselessly, what heart unstirred  
 Hears thy weird, cabalistic word?  
 Swayed by thy power, an envious train  
 Drop poison on the maiden's brain,  
 And crave her soul and eye the hid  
 Transcendent loveliness forbid  
 Of him whose voice is liquid sound,—  
 A rain of music falling round.

## VIII.

One eve the virgin moon held up  
 A golden horn; like brimming cup,  
 Its glowing favors overflowed,  
 And o'er the broad green earth lay strowed,  
 Or, coiled 'mid shadow-locks of night,

Seemed gems lost from the chaplet bright  
 Of faery queen, dropped here and there.  
 The winds forgot to blow; the air  
 Lay in one fragrant, crystal calm,  
 And every bloom its lips of balm  
 Wide-open held, lest they should miss  
 The sweetness of the dew's first kiss.  
 Amid the hush,—a voiceless deep,—  
 A lover smiled in blissful sleep,  
 While, like a rainbow arch, were spread  
 Bright dreams of him o'er Psyche's head.  
 And straight, with tell-tale lamp, she rose  
 To bid the veiling dark uncloze,  
 With subtle draughts of loveliness  
 Her thirsting sight to fill and bless.

## IX.

The silent splendor of his face  
 Her eager vision quaffed apace.  
 Like Parsee by the sacred flame,  
 She worshiped him of godlike fame.  
 'T were well had she been spirit-wise  
 As Iran's sons, and though the skies  
 Had shone, forbid all alien rays  
 Upon her Ormuzd's light to blaze.  
 She stood of ecstasy entranced,  
 Nor blushed nor paled, nor trembling glanced.  
 To her naught gloomed, to her naught  
 gleamed,  
 No earth, no watchful heaven, seemed;  
 Time and her Cupid breathed alone.  
 Her lips, sweet, winsome rose-leaves, grown  
 To such strange silence scarce a sigh  
 Stole through to warn him she was nigh.  
 Soon shall they shudder,—woe the night!—  
 In sobbing sorrow, ashen white.  
 O fatal oil! the burning spring  
 Of myriad tears, why, falling, sting  
 His peaceful face? One drop of thine  
 Doth mar a slumber half divine.

## X.

He wakes, in radiant angers clad;  
 Like pelting hail, reproaches mad  
 He hurls about him; and they sting,  
 They freeze, till, worn and withering,  
 Poor Summer flower! she falls at last,  
 Finding no covert from the blast.  
 Then flies—no need of winged might,  
 Such wrath all-potent for his flight.  
 And she far wanders in despair,  
 Life's sweet turned gall; and yet her care  
 Seems airy down upon her breast,  
 With the sore anger harder pressed,  
 That he who loved his natal sky,

Caught now,—a soaring butterfly,—  
In Venus' prison-net, must lie.

## XI.

The Cyprian goddess, suppliant made,  
Seeketh great Juno's lofty aid,  
And art of Ceres, gold-haired child,  
Of Vesta, fair and undefiled.  
With head erect and eye of pride,  
The coupled birds majestic glide,  
Each darts along,—a living gem,—  
Their mistress' soul hath entered them;  
Mark how, like shining serpent-fold,  
Glint tremulous the chains of gold  
That bind them to her speeding car,  
Borne on through realms that stretch afar.  
How lightens Jupiter's stern air,  
As he beholds the graces fair,  
Attendant on her high command,  
Whose brightest scepter is her hand!  
Around, alas! no willful sprite—  
A poisoned lightning flash, whose might  
Is magic—with his winsome glance,  
Shoots airily in rhythmic dance.

## XII.

The Father heeds her urgent cry  
And forth the messenger doth hie;  
His winged feet, half-maddened, speed,  
In wanton haste for cruel deed.  
O Psyche! thy rich beauty brings  
Thee where a thousand bitter stings  
And howling hates, with open maws,  
Yawn to devour thee, for its cause.  
Forbid, 'mong symbols such as thine,  
Rare rose to blush or myrtle twine,  
Proud Venus, for 't were well if thou  
Bind crown of wool upon thy brow,—  
The crown wreathed with Narcissus' bloom;  
A fate art thou in regal gloom,  
Clotho's snow-ermined robe thine own,  
Like purple dark of the unknown,—  
Life's border-glooms its fringing shade;  
And tender hand of royal maid  
Is wrung by tasks unfelt before,  
Heart-wrung by griefs more keen and sore.

## XIII.

As star, by cloudy tempest hid,  
By thunders far beneath it chid,  
Fearless doth shake its locks of gold,  
So she; though Pluto's realms enfold,  
And hide her in abysses black,  
Serene she climbs her sunward track.  
As diver from the pearl-sown sea  
Up brings his gem, triumphant she

The casket bears, and, in amaze,  
The gods, half-doubting, stand and gaze;  
And he whose glance had felled the flower  
Abloom for him, with ruthless power,  
Now, free as winds that fan his plume,  
Bursts from his fettering prison-doom,  
Flashing upon her as some light,  
New-born, breaks from chaotic night.  
Joy is a bonny, tricksome elf,  
Who much delights to swing himself  
By beam of morn in lily-bell;  
Or in an acorn-cup loves well  
To hide, when morning with her train  
Shoots glinting arrows o'er the plain;  
And when we dream the least of fay  
Or merry sprite, doth gild our way,  
With sudden smile and gleeful eyes;  
All fresh-baptized of kindly skies,  
The dew-drops on his forehead bare,—  
So Cupid shone on Psyche fair.

## XIV.

All earth and heaven list his plea,  
It soars like eagle, proud and free,  
About the mighty Thunderer's throne;  
He can not turn, with heart of stone,  
The young god's eloquence to tears.  
His brow majestic-sweet appears,  
As swift he stills it with a kiss,  
The harbinger of dawning bliss;  
That fragrant kiss the zephyrs heard,  
And cried, "The roses must have stirred;  
They waken, now, from nightly rest,  
Each breathing perfumes from her breast;  
Haste we to gather, floating past,  
The odors now from dream-land last."

## XV.

Assembled meet in council wise  
The gods, with judgment in their eyes.  
Two trembling souls look up for fate;  
Dread tortures hold their fangs in wait;  
Olympus' radiant welcomes glow,—  
Shall joy be victor-crowned, or woe?  
A triumph-glory o'er the sky  
Swell reddening, as Olympus high  
Stoops with immortal joys to bless  
Immortal love and loveliness.  
Bring vine-wreathed cup, bring bud half-  
blown;  
Let blest ambrosial gifts be strown;  
Shake all the fruited trees of earth;  
For they who boast celestial birth  
Joyous, from unseen boughs, have hurled  
Such glowing fruitage as the world



Till this hour ne'er beheld before,  
Far over heaven's sapphire floor.

## XVI.

Each deity with knitted brow  
Meets not in solemn conclave now,  
Proud Venus' son with Psyche wed,—  
Flash, bridal gems, amid her hair,  
Making the fairest yet more fair!  
O rose-hued hours, a robe divine  
In lavish luster round her twine!  
Green earth, break forth beneath her feet  
In blushing blooms, for homage meet!  
Haste, sea-born goddess, seek thine isle,  
Where softly lulling languors smile!  
Thy boy, thy beautiful, doth see  
One only, and it is not thee.

## XVII.

Psyche, to me thou dost not seem  
Fable alone, or dreamer's dream;  
But sweetest symbol to my heart  
Of bride more holy than thou art;  
Whose footsteps follow One who rose,  
From blinding night and deathly throes,  
Up to the rapture of a god.

His feet no high Olympus trod,  
But meekly walked the well-known ways  
Of Olivet, until the blaze  
Of sudden glory found him there.  
She, struggling on through blood and tears,  
Shall come in fullness of the years  
To reign, a victor by his side.  
Heavy her tasks and hard and long;  
Her burden seems too great to bear;  
She doth not hear her marriage song  
Ring silverly along the air.  
List! even now a voice doth cry:  
"Awake! the bridal hour is nigh;  
Cast off thy robe bedewed with night,  
Put on thy garments, stainless white,  
O thou redeemed, be not afraid!  
Humanity, immortal made,  
With soul transfigured, glorified,  
To nuptial banquetings shall rise.  
The Bridegroom feast doth wait the bride;  
Love lightens from his sacred eyes.  
Welcomes are shining from thy home;  
All things are ready,—come!"

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

## A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHS.

THAT autographs are interesting to a great portion of mankind is evident by the almost fabulous prices paid for authentic autographs of many of the most eminent men and women of the past. The handwriting of nations differs in as marked a manner as does their physiognomy; and is, perhaps, a type of their mental power. It certainly is of their culture. Take, for example, the ingenious picture autograph of the Indian, and the smooth, rounded hand of an Italian, in the same century; or, compare the rude mark of one who has been denied the educational privileges of the day, with the chirography of a gentleman and a scholar. The pen is controlled by the hand, the hand by the intellect; and as every person has an individuality of his own, so does he have a handwriting peculiar to himself. Writing is not only

a useful art, but it may be an elegant one.

The autographs of Napoleon Bonaparte are claimed to be conclusive proofs that the handwriting is a type of the mind. His school-boy hand was small and regular, and he signed himself, in the idiom of his native isle, Napoleon di Buonaparte; the little Corsican officer, who did not stick at trifles, changed *di* to *de*; as general, it was Bonaparte, but still written in a modest, unassuming hand. As emperor, his autograph increased; his signature, Napoleon, is said to have been as gigantic as his schemes. When an exile at St. Helena, his signature was the same, but diminished, crabbed and bold. Caged, but not tamed! The change in his chirography was marked by his impetuous and imperious manner, and increased with his ambition.

The autograph of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, which he wrote with a brand-new pen, in a brand-new pen-holder, for a Boston lady, when he visited this country, has nothing noticeable about it, if he *is* a prince; any school-boy twelve years old could do as well.

Of people of note in this country, that of Jefferson Davis is free and easy; rather a slack, loose fashion than otherwise. John G. Saxe's resembles an uncommonly good lawyer's hand; and every clerk knows what that is,—as if the object was to get the blanks filled out as rapidly as possible, without special regard to legibility.

Among ladies' scrip, Anna Dickinson's is handsome, energetic, rapid, full of business, and needs a great deal of room. Harriet M'Ewen Kimball's is elegant, her capitals are models; but she must have much paper. Mrs. Sigourney's is just such a hand as you can find in your mother's old copy-books, if your mother was a girl about the same time as this poetess,—what we call "an old-fashioned, round hand." Every woman wrote in that way then; and one hand was as like another as two pictures of the same thing would be. That of Mrs. President Lincoln is somewhat similar. Jessie Fremont's is graceful and beautiful, very decided and energetic, and also very feminine; and almost the same may be said of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's.

Grace Greenwood's is like herself,—frank, dashing, generous,—and has always the appearance of having been done in great haste, without any effort. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's penmanship does certainly show her individuality. Could you think of her as slowly and stiffly toiling along with her pen, forming her letters with extreme precision? Not at all. Her letters are written as easily as a brook runs; almost as if, like the lad's whistling, "it did itself." That of Lucy Larcom is nearly as free; only here and there she has a flourish, and seems to linger a little, as if she paused to measure off a line, dallying as she wrote.

Laura Bridgeman, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, writes her name in pencil. It is a back-hand, perfectly uniform; every letter distinct and standing by itself, wholly disconnected from its neighbor; square instead of curved, fine and clear, as if cut with a diamond point on metal. How could she write at all?

We are told that Victoria, the present sovereign of Great Britain, writes a bold, free hand.

Among male celebrities of the Old World, the autographs of Soult, Blucher, and Wellington, are very highly prized. Soult's looks feeble, but dashing, and has an almost ferocious flourish as a finish. Blucher's conveys an idea of strength; Wellington's of calmness and precision.

Louis XIV, who, during his reign of seventy-three years, was a liberal patron of literature, although without taste for learning himself, wrote an insolent, aggressive hand. History tells us that the people openly rejoiced at his death.

Louis XVI wrote a graceful, majestic hand, but it lacks firmness. The autograph of Louis Philippe is clear, well-defined, and flowing; the *i*'s are well dotted and the *p*'s heavy.

The handwriting of Henry VIII, or rather the fac-simile of his autograph, looks so hard and disagreeable that we can hardly believe it was ever ornamental. The autograph of George III was as sprawling as the tracks of a spider. It is said that there are but six authentic autographs of Shakespeare, the great dramatic poet, in existence; and so highly are they valued that one of them brought at auction, in London, in 1841, one thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The specimens are peculiar as his genius, and we can but wonder how page after page of his manuscript was ever deciphered.

The autograph of Peter the Great is decidedly rough, as if he was more devoted to ship-building than to penmanship; that of Frederick the Great, small and energetic. George Washington wrote an open, decided hand. General Knox's looks strong and bold. Franklin's vigor-



ous and concise. The autograph of Patrick Henry is bold, free, and decided.

Among noted women of the past, that of Anne Boleyn is very small and irresolute. The autograph of Queen Elizabeth is harsh and pompous, and as masculine as her talent for government. Newspapers, during her reign, first made their appearance in England.

The autograph of Andrew Jackson, the "hero of New Orleans," is a specimen of American chirography; once seen it will always be remembered. John Quincy Adams's is neat, small, but clear; it has been said that he never wrote a line he would wish to blot out. Millard Fillmore's is careful and elaborate; Jefferson's, nervous and bold; Van Buren's, non-committal.

The autograph of Ethan Allen is worthy of notice; we would like to compare the chirography of that brave and eccentric man with that of Benedict Arnold, the traitor. The specimens of General Scott's penmanship, although clear and almost beautiful, show the tremor of age in the upward strokes. Sam Houston wrote his signature in bold, carelessly formed letters. Abraham Lincoln's indicates frankness and honesty. President Grant's is neither beautiful nor neat, but quite in keeping with the character of the man.

Some autographs provoke laughter; for instance, that of Cruikshank; it is typical of the fancy of that distinguished artist. Nast's is very similar. Artemus Ward and Mrs. Partington (B. P. Shillaber) should have a humorous vein running through their handwriting, if the "pen is the index of the mind." Edgar A. Poe's autograph was as erratic as his genius. One finds pleasure in looking at the autograph of John G. Whittier, as he does at the picture of that calm, thoughtful face. Almost every one prizes the autograph of General Spinner, late Treasurer of the United States, and would like to be the happy owner of an unlimited number of them, in the form of our national currency.

General Tom Thumb's autograph is a

miniature affair, looking, just a little bit, as though it was sliding down hill. No doubt that of Sir Thomas Thumb, King Arthur's knight, "who died by a spider's cruel bite," would be almost microscopic, and very interesting to the little folks. Possibly the queen of the fairies preserved it, in an album of butterflies' wings.

Palfrey, the historian, writes with the finest-pointed of pens. He could almost use a needle to do it with. It is like reading through a spy-glass, with the writing at the remote, small end, reduced to the least possible size. The chirography of D. E. Worcester is almost as fine. It compares well with the diamond type in his dictionaries. Ike Marvel's hand is like that of no man living. It is impossible to mistake it. It is as unique and picturesque as his own stone house, at Edgewood. Not a curve about it from first to last,—all arches and angles,—in strong lines and jet black ink. That of Fitz Green Halleck is quite as quaint and unusual. It makes me think of a bundle of fagots, or a thorn-hedge when the leaves are gone.

George R. Morris wrote a very handsome running hand, and every specimen of it, even in the most hurried note, had the same clean, fair, legible appearance. The letters were of generous size, the space uniform, the margin broad. Nothing could be in better taste. Albert Loughton, the distinguished New England poet, writes a most elegant hand. Every letter is as clean cut as a piece of statuary. Charles Sumner's was very rapid, with the same style of joining words as he crossed the *t*'s, as shown by Morris. But the great senator never had leisure enough to mind much about his penmanship. It is both hasty and decided, and has a look of dispatch about it. The writing of Sparks, down to the smallest scrap, shows certain characteristics, so that one would know it anywhere in a collection of specimens. The letters are large, and heavily made, as if, instead of a pen, he used one of those square-pointed tools with which engravers cut their strong

lines; no slant at all, but just up and down, as rigid as the grenadiers of Frederick of Prussia. Black, solemn, firm, and plain as print, you can read it across the room. The late Charles Sprague, the well-known Boston poet and banker, wrote an almost faultless hand. Every letter was as distinct as though lithographed. That of Longfellow, on the contrary, is more like the impression left on a blotter, having a soft and spongy look. Bancroft, the historian, writes an old-fashioned hand, yet strongly stamped with individuality. Thoreau's bore the marks of haste. That of Henry T. Tuckerman is graceful and even, with plenty of room between the lines. A smooth, half-angular hand, written with great ease, the words being frequently connected by hair lines, sweeping in from the one just finished to begin the

next. It is very suggestive of culture and refinement. Hawthorne's bears a certain indescribable spirituality, showing the singular traits of his remarkable genius. Vice-President Wilson's is careless and hurried, large and plain, with nothing special to distinguish it. John Pierpont's signature is clear cut, as if engraved, and Andrew Johnson's is just the opposite. There was never but one Horace Greeley; and there never was, or will be, another man who can imitate his handwriting, though thousands can write a more illegible one.

In almost every autograph may be traced the characteristics of the writer. There is something characteristic in almost every act that one does, and in the manner that one performs an act, even to the signing of one's name.

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

## FULL OF SUNSHINE.

I WALKED down the broad avenue of a city that, not many years since, began to grow in the West. It has not changed its latitude, but it is not now considered a Western town by those who have a true conception of the geography of our country. But it matters not about the location; it is a place where multitudes are found, exhibiting all the phases of human existence. Penniless idleness wanders about in rags, or hides away in chilly garrets or damp cellars; and voluptuous idleness spends and is spent, with fashion's absurdities, and stalks abroad to display its silks and jewels. The artist and the architect had been busy there, and, for a moment, one might fancy this the spot where luxury had its dwelling, in a second Eden. But, though artificial fountains played upon the lawn, there was no more sunshine there than upon the poor man's vegetable patch. There was a wealth of bright rays that

squandered themselves upon the stone walls, which shut them from the apartments within. Not even a window, much less a door, was left open for them, lest they should reveal the artificial nature of the brilliant hues that the hand of man had wrought into fabrics for use and adornment. The wayside rose returns the greeting of the sun, and its cheek never pales beneath his gaze. But man, in order to preserve his creations, suffers himself to grow wan, for want of that which would cause them to lose their brightness.

We hear of the gorgeous palaces of that land of "many an ancient river" and "many a palmy plain;" but who would covet a home like that of the Indian princess? How many would be willing to die as women there die, even if they knew that Oriental suns would shine, in all their brightness, about a second "Taj," erected to their memory?



Something very different from all this is needed to fill the void that aches within; aching on through night hours of loneliness because earth has no balm for woes like that. Even at the noon-tide of earthly glory, when all things bright and beautiful conspire to satisfy an immortal being, the cry of want bursts forth, and will not be suppressed, because the offered aliment is not of a kind that can appease the hunger of the soul. Science and reason can not afford the light and heat necessary for the growth and ripening of spiritual harvests. More than gaslight is wanted to shine upon flowers that are expected to yield sweet perfume, and charm the eye by their wealth of color.

Though it was woman's hand that let fall the curtain which so deeply enshrouded our world, yet, by that scheme laid amid the glories of a land which knows no setting sun, a star appeared, that sent the angels earthward, singing for joy. Though yet clouds that seemed loath to recede, gathered for that hour of darkness on Calvary, where the storm, averted from our heads, beat wildly, and He who had claimed to be the light of the world expired amid the gloom, which hung like a pall over the earth, and the grave held him who had saved others from its corruption; yet, while it was yet dark, a woman came, to find an empty tomb and a risen Savior. The morning had come; God was reconciled; and his Spirit was sent to enlighten all. We may shut this light from our hearts as effectually as we can exclude the sunshine from our dwellings, in order that some hidden idol may remain unmolested; but we do it at the risk of a sickly, shriveled, spiritual life.

We may try to escape the effects of drought by earth-born excitements, and the doctrines of false teachers may illumine our souls with their pallid glare for a brief space of revelry; but such light will go out, and leave us like one reaping the fruits of dissipation, tossing sleepless in the darkness. No real rest. And so, dissatisfied with the world, and

still more with our inner experience, we send forth a wailing song of joys to come, and conclude that we will try to "stand the storm" somehow, and somewhere we will "anchor by and by." And are the friends of Jesus doomed to such a life as this? Nothing much more satisfactory can be hoped for if we are afraid of the light. It is true, if we give up all the heart-keys to Christ, the Spirit will act as a refiner's fire, and the vain things that have sufficed to charm us will be consumed. It may be the right eye will have to go, but the light will stay, and we shall see better with the one that is left than we did with two in the darkness. The faded tapestry with which the soul was draped will be replaced by that which is whiter than snow.

The word of the Faithful One assures us that a life full of sunshine is no imaginary thing. Our enthroned "Elder Brother" says, "Ask, and receive, that your joy may be full." We ask, and then shut and bolt our doors, and sit down, with folded hands, in some retired apartment of our self-made prisons; when, if we would ask as Daniel did, with windows open toward Jerusalem, and then not only stretch forth our hands, but place in receiving posture every empty vessel, there would be enough to cause all to overflow.

If we have not been fortunate in our search after exponents of living according to the promises, it may be because we have not understood the nature of the soil best adapted to the production of sunshiny lives. We have scrambled along steep hill-sides hard by the temple of fame, and with much pains possessed ourselves of a few scarlet berries, full of pith within. If perchance in our rambles we have caught a tumble, that has landed us low down in the valley, we may have found that, there, in pastures green, beside still waters, grew, fair and sweet, the object of our search. There is no vale too deep for this spirit sunshine to reach. Clouds may envelop the mountain-tops, and there the lightnings may flash and the thunders

roar, while, down far beneath all this commotion, there may be rest and gladness.

Affliction's fires may glow with seven-fold heat, but the fire within is purer, brighter far; and, as fire meets fire, the inclosed are left unscathed. Clouds may hover round, through which we can not see; and drip, drip, drip, may fall one little trial after another, like the chill November rain; but there is ever a light in the window of the soul that has become the habitation of God through the Spirit. And there are songs like the subdued lullaby that hushes the infant whose head is safely pillowed on the mother's breast. In such hours the listening one hears a voice whispering, "Be still, and know that I am God." This is only a time of preparation for glories greater than the past has chronicled. The rainbow rests upon a dark background; as the clouds recede and light floods the heavens, the bright hues disappear. It was a joy in its time, but greater joy comes with unclouded sunshine.

How bright the rays which the Sun of righteousness sends to the soul! But let not that one think, who basks in light and warmth such as this, to monopolize the gift. As well might one seek to cage the rays of the sun, saying, "My room is full of sunshine now, I will close the blinds and keep it in." Closed hearts, at best, can only have a lighted taper. If the splendors of noon-time are known there, the barriers through which light can not pass must be removed.

There is more sunshine ready for us than many seem to think. If we have more of this than our neighbor, it is not because we have found out some new mode of entrapping it; or, by modern

art, have wrought out an invention for dispelling darkness. That will take care of itself so thoroughly that we shall be unable to find it, if we only make avenues sufficient for the light to get in. And we are to help others, not so much by carrying the light to them, as by persuading them to unveil their souls, and brush away the accumulated cobwebs loaded with dust; then the Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world will enter with transforming power.

On many a human frame might be written, "Dying for want of sunshine." Millions of souls are dying for want of light from the throne above; yet the fault, in either case, is not that there is a stinted supply provided, but because those most needing it love it the least; and so many a life becomes a failure for both worlds. Mildew rests where spices should grow. Pestilence is fostered where health should be known.

Some Christians seem to be perpetually turning to look at the shadows they cast, instead of turning toward the sun; and do not comprehend the fact that they should place themselves in such a position in regard to the light that they would have no shadow; but, instead, should be like a transparent medium to transmit the rays to all who may be behind them.

We have watched the dew-drops sparkling brightly, as they seemed to fill themselves with sunshine, but they were gone very quickly; so those who have been on the mount with God, and are seen walking the earth full of borrowed glory, are passing on to that city that hath no need of the sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof.

ABBIE MILLS.



## ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC.

**A**MONG the queenly characters of history, Isabella the Catholic stands in imposing grandeur. She was born April 22, 1451. Her reign extended over the Spanish realm from 1474 to 1505. The beginning of her rule was full of dark forebodings. Preceding sovereigns had left Spain reeling upon the verge of hopelessness. Factions and insurrections had left government existing only in name. Although John II of Castile had encouraged literature and exalted poetic genius, yet decline and disaster followed from his lack of financial tact and internal management. John II of Aragon did nothing to abate the national confusion; while the scepter which was waved by Charles IV had lost its meaning, and lay bruised and broken by the wily hand of faction. Submission was almost unknown, morality little practiced; and scarcely aught was left that equity could love. Surroundings more dismal could scarce be portrayed. Isabella came among such scenes like a life-giving angel to fainting mortality. She picked up the insulted scepter and held it with a benignant hand. Misfortune, at first, even dared to frown upon the youthful queen. Her marriage to Ferdinand was attended by the embarrassments of poverty, and her accession to the throne by intensest danger. All things seemed to be unpropitious. But she feared not these mock decrees of destiny. She seized the royal harp and sang the prelude to the national harmony, whose echo, even now, delights the Spanish ear. Voices of complaint were changed into notes of welcome. The people acknowledged her sovereignty, and swore allegiance to the beautiful queen. They gathered to hear advice, and, having heard, obeyed. A people who had been so long oppressed and misled could well appreciate the kindness and faithful guidance of the Castilian queen. The mingled chaos, brought on by existing feuds,

began to pass away, and form into the crystalline beauty of humble submission.

The war of the succession necessitated the first events which displayed her loyalty and vigilance. Alfonso appeared as her haughty rival, but his troops were compelled to retreat before the conquering tread of her legions. Alfonso, seeing his prospects declining before the rising glory of Isabella, sought a treaty, in which he asked for lands, cities, and money. Ferdinand and his ministers favored the conditions, but Isabella's patriotic pride would not yield to the demand for the smallest part of the Castilian territory; nor did it become necessary that she should.

She would not condescend to stratagem for executing any plan of war. Fair means with her were more successful. She acknowledged a higher power in her successes; and in the cathedral, with the assembled throng, she sang praises to Deity in commemoration of her victories. The war resulted in uniting the crowns of Aragon and Castile, and in making Isabella undisputed queen of a powerful realm.

In wise discretion she surpassed the kingly Ferdinand. Nearly every favorable event was the result of her far-sighted scheming. Instead of being exalted by her position, she honored and gave dignity to her position by her deeds. No person could honestly refuse to pay homage to her majesty.

Her "administration of Castile" was noted for kindness and benignity. She commenced by inaugurating extensive reforms. Plunder and carnage were prevalent and predominant. Violation of law was common. But her stringent exactions oft curbed these heinous transactions, and wholesale discord began to cease. Insurrections were allayed by her intrepidity, and the insurgents, abashed and made timid, hardly dared to prosecute their base intentions, or even vindi-

cate their claim. Isabella had not only the danger and discord of these insurrections to oppose, but her ghostly advisers were ever seeking to lead her astray by the vilest kind of sophistry. But that firm principle of rectitude in her character guided her straightforward over every barrier, and enabled her to triumph in every perplexity, until she had fully established in Castile what is termed the "golden age of justice."

The laws of Castile were complex, and perhaps contradictory. This caused countless difficulties and endless disputes. It even brought wranglings into the courts. Isabella saw it, and ordered a change. She established new and simpler laws, but of deeper meaning and kinder import. Changes and revisions were made; they underwent new codifications, until she effected the wisest system of jurisprudence that Spain had ever had. She took measures for depressing the nobles. They had become so presumptuous, under preceding reigns, as even to usurp the royal power. They attempted to intimidate the new sovereigns into a like concession of authority. But Isabella silently, yet thoroughly, checked them in their endeavors. Periander, an ancient despot of Corinth, once asked how he could best maintain his authority, and the reply was to the effect that he should rid himself of the nobility. He did so, and succeeded. Isabella did likewise, and gradually they declined in number and importance. The nation, freed from these leeches, began to increase its resources and augment its strength. Promotions were then made according to merit, and not blood. This proved an incentive to mental toil, and increased the value of genuine worth. No longer could the royal minions live in ease and splendor.

The intrepid queen disowned allegiance to the Roman court, and restored ecclesiastical rights, which had been taken away by Papal usurpation. Finance and trade had been nearly prostrated. Commerce, from long-continued stagnation, had lost its vitality. The coin had

been corrupted; public credit decreased, and barter was the condition of trade. But Isabella ordered that a new coinage should be made. Foreign trade was protected, internal enterprise began to awake from its stupor, wealth took the place of penury, and the condition of city and country was so much improved as to excite general admiration. Her contemporaries saw the changes she was effecting, and, with devout reverence, lauded her mighty deeds. It seems as though the loyal Spaniard could scarcely say enough in her praise.

But says Prescott, "clouds and darkness have settled thick about the throne of the youthful Isabella." Very true; but the clouds and darkness arose from the horrors of a blood-thirsty Inquisition, and the cruel expulsions of the Jews, which she opposed until blindly led to their approval. Although she ever acted shrewdly in secular transactions, yet, in this case of religious decision, her judgment was perverted, and she led astray by a horde of hot-headed ecclesiastics. In religious matters, she confided greatly, yea, too much, in the opinions of her counselors, and would frequently act in opposition to her own convictions, for paying deference to their advice. Such was the case when she consented to the brute-like barbarity of the Inquisition, and exile of the Jews. But, even after the slaughter of the heretics had commenced, she seemed to look upon the scene in solemn suspense; and, whatever of torture or bloodshed may have arisen from these atrocities, we can not say that a base motive ever actuated Isabella. The "miserable medley of hypocrisy and superstition" then prevalent would have had a powerful and confusing influence upon the strongest and best-balanced mind. And, if Isabella was blinded by wiles and tricks, it can not be looked upon with rigor, for to be deceived is simply a mark of humanity. And even this, when we consider the strong sentiment of public opinion in its favor, and the reluctance with which she assented, speaks not to her ignominy, but to her praise.



The scepter she waved, was waved kindly and in love. None had cause to murmur at her rule. She restored internal order, but outward foes still breathed revenge. The war-cry from Granada aroused the youthful queen, but she sent it back with death-like intensity. The Moorish Empire, in the west of the peninsula, had existed for nearly eight hundred years. The crescent had there triumphed to the exclusion of the cross. But infidel and Christian rushed upon each other with the maddened fury of war. Victories and defeats fell to both. The thunder of war shook the very heavens, and torrents of blood flowed over the sunny fields of Spain. Bleak desolation every-where marked the passage of the army, while Isabella was furnishing troops and supplies necessary to carry on the bloody contests. This she did for the much-loved cross. In the name of the Lord of hosts, her armies took possession of conquered towns. They went to war for a holy cause with honest motives, and depended upon a higher power for support. The Moors and Spaniards came together with clashing swords and wild confusion. Shining armor glistened every-where in the sunlight, and camp-fires dotted the ebon mantle of night. The blood chills at the recital of the hideous horrors of the war of Granada. Men, women, and children are sent to the pale shades by the Christians, and the Christians in turn are routed and butchered by an avenging foe. Day becomes gloomy, and night is made hideous, by the wails of the dying and the specters of the dead. War is the foremost topic, and nothing will stop its ravages but the frigid grasp of death. Both armies are nerved to a pitch of intensest excitement; and their blood boils for the fury of battle. But the Moors can not stand before the dauntless courage of the Spaniards. They fall back, and yield city after city. Richest spoils fall to the victors. But the most joyous scenes are those where the Christian captives are released from dungeons in the Moorish towns. After long confinement,

they come forth with ghastly features and fainting forms; and, as they embrace their companions, long unseen, mingled joy and gladness fill the air with shouts and praise.

At the siege of Baza, the army of Spain was checked in its movements. Winter was approaching; success appeared impossible, and yet this seemed the most favored opportunity for action. But the soldiers were disheartened, the commanders deemed further attempts inexpedient, and Ferdinand faltered in courage. Isabella was called to the scene. Her coming was welcomed. She rode through the camp, and, by her inspiring presence, the life-blood of the soldier began to flow with unwonted vigor, and hope was restored in the place of despondency. A new impetus was given to the campaign. The citizens of Baza saw the intensified action, and were eager for surrender. Conditions were made and accepted, and, with the joys of triumph, the majestic queen, attended by her husband Ferdinand, rode into the city, with the pomp and splendor of royalty. This was in December, 1489.

Next came the last important event of the war, which was the surrender of the capital. Without narrating the prosy facts, it may simply be said that Isabella's planning, and inspiring presence, were the effective means of the important events. Historic records tell us, that whatever honors of the victory may have been due to discipline or valor, or other causes, the praise was due, most of all, to Isabella. By these struggles, Spain was enriched by vast additions of territory and resources. They opened the way for a wide-spread prosperity. Hostilities were crushed; the bugle-notes of truce were heard; the clangor of war sounds its last echo; and the Spanish legions marched in triumphal procession from scenes of bloodshed to the avocations of domestic life. Harmony came from confusion, and peace sat down with the queen upon her throne.

It is truly pleasant to turn from these horrors of war to thoughts of the national

tranquillity which followed. It is true that every thing was not free from discord, still nothing occurred during her after reign that rent the fabric of state.

If there is any thing in her reign that can demand from an American respect, nay, even reverence, for her person, it is the kindness and favor she showed to Christopher Columbus. The fearless seaman had found his efforts to obtain aid for the prosecution of his adventurous voyage comparatively fruitless. The learned and the unlearned alike held his project in derision. Embarrassment and repulse came from every side. Ferdinand looked upon the theory and arguments of the discoverer with a cold, contemptuous gaze. Isabella's ghostly advisers declared that the plan of the voyage was silly, and its planner a madman. There was scarcely a voice to cheer or hand to aid. Columbus supposed that he saw the last vestige of hope destroyed, and turned away in despair. But, at this crisis, Isabella arose with the commanding mien of queenly dignity, proffered aid to the daring adventurer, and thus the way was opened to the greatest discoveries the world has known. Too much homage can not be paid to a queen, who, in a comparatively uncivilized age, and in the face of opposition, would pawn her costly jewels for the support of genius so much in advance of the times.

Some have assumed to say that thirst for dominion and desire of treasures were the actuating motives of Isabella, but this is opposed to fact. Nothing so aroused the queen for the enterprise as the hope of extending the blessings of the cross to benighted heathen. Her warm and tender nature yearned for the power to carry the tidings of joy and peace to distant lands.

The first voyage of Columbus was full of omens any thing but propitious. The little fleet embarked upon the boundless waters amid countless misgivings, which increased to despair. But, when, after a protracted voyage, Columbus returned with treasures from the land beyond the

sea, shouts of welcome every-where greeted his ear. The fury of popular hatred was turned, and all were eager to embrace his cause. But honors were due to none save Columbus and his faithful supporter, Isabella.

The same kindness she showed him at first, was continued amid the difficulties of settling colonies in the new-found lands. She entertained him with special favor at the royal court, and pleaded his cause at all times. The attachment of Columbus to Isabella was as strong as her care of him was constant.

And now, as we look at our nation,—the brightest star in the galaxy of nations,—a model of government,—with all things provided that can make a people happy; and when we consider, that, as history informs us, the highway to those discoveries which led to this would probably never have been opened had not Isabella espoused the cause of Columbus as she did,—I say when we consider these things we bow in humble reverence at the shrine of her memory, and pray the privilege of chanting an anthem in remembrance of her departed greatness.

The Italian wars, carried on from the Spanish side under the generalship of Gonsalvo de Cordova, were fierce and protracted, but opened a way to Spain for a more illustrious career. The conflicts began, continued, and ceased, in the consummation of grand results for Spain.

But even all the triumphs of war were small when compared with what she did for Spain in times of peace. Capitulations were made with other powers, which added much to the strength of the empire. Cities along the sea; extending fields, with their rich fruitage; valleys, watered by meandering rivers; wooded hills, and mountains with their green-covered sides, rugged peaks, glittering cascades, and shady groves; and other scenes of mingled beauty and worth, were joined to the extensive possessions of her realm. People from distant lands flocked for protection within her borders; and the glory of Spain shone with undimmed luster.



It is truly marvelous to contemplate the rapid advancements made in letters under the reign of Isabella. Whatever "blossoms of literature" there were before, they had nearly all been crushed by the iron heel of war. Desolation had breathed upon bud and blossom a withering blight. But Isabella, even amid the tumult of war, devoted much to the cause of learning. She established and supported schools in her court. Ancient and classic literature were principal topics of notice. Mathematics and science were also taught. The Latin became highly popular in intercourse among the chiefs of the nation. She herself considered it not undignified to perform the duties of a pupil. Learning was exalted, and looked upon with royal favor. Society was ruled by mind, and not by gaudy display. The young princes were trained in intellect, more than in practices of chivalry and knighthood. The brilliant hues of literary gems graced the royal court more than shining gold or finely wrought tapestry. Ignorance and barbarism were literally chased away, and genius held control. The fruits of erudition were every-where sought. Physical denial and mental improvement were the bases of action. Instead of reveling at the wine feasts, they luxuriated in the pleasure which knowledge affords. Never before or after did Spanish literature reach such a high state of beauty and utility as under the reign of Isabella. The finer elements of the Spaniard were trained and improved. Social refinement superseded disordered customs, and a delicate finish was given to the fabric of society. Fiction and poetry, which require the keenest power of imagination, were cultivated, and they flourished. Attention was given to the drama, not to the depression, but to the elevation of society.

Monastic reforms were effected. Corrupt priests and weak-minded advisers were removed from their positions, and salaried officers were lessened. The municipalities ceased to be sequestered, and lavished upon a body of unworthies.

Libraries were collected and printing-presses established in the larger towns. The value of physical force decreased, and mental distinction was sought. Extravagance and lust were diminished, frugality and denial increased, and hypocrisy gave way to unfeigned piety. It seems that every thing was accomplished that could be for the elevation of a people.

Too much can not be said in favor of the auspicious reign of Isabella. Concerning her much-loved consort nothing special needs be said. It is true that Ferdinand acted discreetly in the sphere of foreign policy, but it was not until Isabella had opened the way by wise internal management.

When she commenced her reign, the edifice of state was sadly demolished, and scarcely a timber was left in its proper place. From this rough mass of *débris*, she commenced to erect a new edifice, stately and grand. It is true, she did not raise the heavy frame-work with her own hand, but she dictated where each timber should be placed. She did not lay the foundation, but she furnished the stones, cut and chiseled, for their respective places. Manacles and fetters were thrown aside from the ruins of the former structure, for she wished them to cause no sounds of anguish within the halls which she should build. The apartments in the new edifice of Isabella's design were not narrow and gloomy, but spacious and sunlit. The rooms were open to all; and, from basement to observatory, every thing was in order; and the queen walked among its inmates imparting comfort and cheer.

The resources of the nation were thirty times as large during the closing as during the beginning year of her reign, and still there were less exorbitant exactions. Instead of sectional strife, there was a community of interest. The Spaniard was made to feel the true dignity of his manhood. Isabella worked for the interest of the common people, and they in turn sustained her authority. This

caused bitter jealousies among the nobles, but that made no difference with the righteous queen. Liberty was too costly to be sacrificed for the pleasure of the few.

Much care was shown in reforming the clergy and restricting their power. As far as possible, she destroyed the seeds of moral evil. Religious purity was held in highest estimation by her. She loved to sow the seeds of piety in the hearts of her subjects. She moved among them like a celestial visitant. Words of cheer ever fell from her lips, and, like the humble Nazarene, she was always ready to perform a mission of love. The Spaniard to-day turns with pleasure to the blessings of her reign. But the buds of hope, which began to bloom with unwonted beauty about the closing scenes of her life, were blasted by the atmosphere which was chilled by the cruelties of succeeding sovereigns. Sad it is to look upon the dreary waste of country which might have been as delightful as Elysian fields. She found Spain barren and sterile, but she left it bearing fruitage rich and abundant. The declaration of the Archbishop of Toledo, that "he had raised Isabella from the distaff, and would send her back to it again" was never realized in fact. Having once arisen in popularity, she never declined. She worked not for self, but for Spain. The public weal was her greatest care. Spain was not her God, but she bore its interests to her God.

Her character is unimpeachable. She was refined in mind and in morals. There are no data to show that she was ever taught in military tactics, and her acquaintance with them can only be attributed to the keen penetration of her intellect. She seems to have joined masculine strength of mind with feminine grace and beauty. Perhaps the weakest point she possessed was that of yielding to the frequently unwise opinions of the clergy. Had she disregarded them, and obeyed the voice of her own conviction and the dictation of her own judgment, Spain under her rule would not have

been disgraced by an Inquisition, nor by the wails of nearly eight hundred thousand Jews, murdered or exiled. The elements of her nature were too sensitive for the sanction of such atrocities, had she not been blinded by that evil maxim, "The end justifies the means."

According to historic records, we can not say that she ever did any thing unbecoming unless her pure intentions had been perverted by the wiles and tricks of sophistry. She was a philanthropist, a dauntless heroine, an ardent supporter of truth and equity. To her, egotism and selfishness were unknown. When we consider the gloomy condition of the kingdom before and after her reign, and its unbounded prosperity under her rule, we can not evade the conclusion that she was the prime and ultimate cause of its success. She sent the life-blood coursing through the veins of the sinking empire. But the dying embers of prosperity flickered only for a while after she had passed away.

Her subjects obeyed her through love, more than through fear. During the dismal scenes of campaigns she was ever present with kind words and encouraging hopes. She was the first to bring into use the camp hospital. She was a protector of justice and avenger of wrong. In appearance, she was meek, possessing much of so-called loveliness. In form, she was comely. "She was of middle height and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes, and auburn hair,—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were rare, and universally allowed to be to be handsome." She was genial, winning, and adorned with the beauties of completed character. Her early life was passed in comparative seclusion, and thus she was able to foster the fairest fruits of virtue. She seems to have been a favored minion of the graces; and a writer, excited perhaps, has said, in effect, that by her one is reminded of Deity. It hardly seems possible that such sublime attributes could be possessed by a mortal, and yet impartial



history represents her as a paragon of perfection.

Many were enamored by her personal charms, and sought her hand in wedlock. Her suitors were as numerous and importunate as those of Shakespeare's Portia, whom

"Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds  
Of wide Arabia," . . . .

and

"The watery kingdom whose ambitious head  
Spits into the face of heaven,"

could not prevent from coming

"To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint."

She was a model of piety. Her devotion would command the respect of the most unthinking mind. Much time was spent in public and private communion with her God. She found no joy in wild hilarity, for her mind was too much occupied with the weighty concerns of life. She was meditative, but not gloomy. Her conversation was conducted with ease and elegance. Her conscience unseared, would deprecate the slightest wrong. She was insensible to the largest bribe. Just prior to her decease, she ordered that the usual ostentation and expense of funeral ceremonials should be omitted, and the money thus saved given to the poor.

But, say some, she was a Catholic. Granted; but piety is not discerned by the term Catholic or Protestant, but by a heart possession of purity and sacred devotion. It is claimed that she was bigoted; so was Martin Luther. Yes, and she had imperfections; so has humanity in its highest stage of development. And, even after placing her defects in most prominent form, she stands, above her age and above her pious ministers, a type of virtue and goodness, which the noblest and best tried in vain to equal.

We turn to her reign with joy and satisfaction, but to scenes before and after with sorrow and sadness. The Spaniard loves to dwell upon the glories of her reign, and the world honors the Castilian queen. As the morning sun drives away the night, and awakes from the greenwood a thousand warblers, that sing their songs throughout the day, so the coming of Isabella scattered the gloom of preceding anarchy, and brought forth the melody of that national harmony and social peace which characterized her illustrious reign. Her mantle has fallen; but her deeds still live, and will speak her greatness throughout the ages.

CURTIS E. MOGG.

### GERMAN STUDENTS' MONUMENT TO LUTHER.

THE Burschenschaft, or society of students, occupies a place of high honor in German history. It can not be denied, even by their enemies, that those young men, by their participation in the battle of deliverance from the Napoleonic supremacy, in the early part of the present century, manifested the most heroic courage in upholding the spirit of freedom and the flag of unity. All their persecutions, all the sufferings of their companions in imprisonment, did not succeed in depressing that spirit. If, also, the students, after the sad German fashion, split

into almost as many parties as there are representatives of the people in Parliament, it is, nevertheless, the old bond, and the common remembrance of the old society of students, and its historical honors, which have lately led old and young, and all the divided ones, to a common jubilee. We mean the great festival of German students in the university town of Jena, where two thousand festal visitors walked the winding, narrow streets of that quaint and ancient place. Since then, another common festival has been held by the students; namely, in

the Wartburg Castle, where Luther translated the New Testament. This castle covers the magnificent hill which looks down upon the town of Eisenach, where Luther had spent, many years before, a part of his boyhood. It is not strange, therefore, that a strong bond unites the German students to Eisenach and the Wartburg; and that they feel themselves at home in the, for them, especially consecrated town, and within the walls of the old castle.

The same feeling is not strange to the inhabitants of Eisenach. They have ever preserved the rights of hospitality toward all, old and young, societies of students. And the decoration by flags, in which the town participated at the Wartburg festival, from the City Hall to the smallest house, with its tinsel crowns and paper banners; the hearty sympathy of the young women in the crowning of the old members of the *Burschenschaft*, on the market-place of Eisenach; and, indeed, the rejoicing of the whole town, have proved that fifty years have only interrupted the old affection between the citizens of Eisenach and the students of Germany.

The feeling of thankfulness which the last festival awakened in all classes took a determined form in some of the old heads. It came so naturally that it almost seemed to be the thought of each. The president of the Wartburg jubilee was a direct descendant of Conrad and Ursula Cotta, of Eisenach, who once received into their house the poor Martin Luther, as a begging scholar, because of his singing of sacred hymns. We congratulate Pastor Johannes Cotta (the composer of the melody to Arndt's song of the "Father-land") in thus calling to mind this deed of his ancestors. For there is no doubt that this change in Luther's outward circumstances had a great influence on his inward development. The name of Cotta could not have been better honored than by him, the boy Luther, who made it, with his own, immortal.

But the celebration was not to be all

pastime; there was work to be done. A statue to the young Martin Luther was to be pledged. A statuette of little Martin, in a school at Eisenach, has been, for a long time, the joy of teachers and students throughout Protestant Germany. It represents Martin, a boy of fourteen years of age, as a begging scholar, receiving the pence in his cap, which were thrown to the scholars who went singing through the streets, from the upper stories of the houses. The excellent execution of this plastic work, the graceful form, the fine head,—which, though so far apart in years from the representation of Luther in the picture of Lucas Kranach, yet shows a striking resemblance,—made the *Burschenschaft* monument committee of Berlin determine to intrust to the same artist the making of a life-size model of the same statue. The artist took into consideration that the statue should be placed at the corner of Luther's house, on the Luther Place, so that it was necessary to give it another form. It shows us fully the pious, true-hearted youth, as Ursula Cotta called him into her house from the street.

The impression that the plastic model makes upon the susceptible eye is very effective, and thus shows that its end is attained. The artist himself, Gustav von Dornis, of Coburg, is the sculptor of the colossal bust of Frederick the Great (the founder of the University of Jena), and also of the busts of Duke John Casimir and the renowned mathematician Regiomontanus. He is, further, the sculptor of many statuettes, among others of the two Nuremberg national poets, Hans Sachs and Gröbel, and of an excellent relief-portrait of the celebrated Ruckert in his youth.

There is no question but the money will be secured for the casting of the monument (which is to be of brass), as only a thousand thalers yet remain to be subscribed. When it is once in position, it will add another to the many attractions of Eisenach to every friend of Protestantism passing through the Thuringian forest.

J. F. HURST.



## THE TWO SISTERS, MRS. EMMA WILLARD AND MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS.

## FIRST PAPER.

IN uttering a few truths respecting these two noble-minded, energetic women, one of whom has passed from earth to heavenly rest, a double motive prompts, not only to elevate the minds and help strengthen the moral purpose of other women, so that a spiritual beauty be evolved that can not fail to benefit the sex, but to prove, by a brief critique, how much good women may singly accomplish, by fulfilling their mission, in whatever position Providence may have placed them; nor is there need for them to be confined to the mere drudgery of ordinary life, any more than there exists necessity to rush into the other extreme, and dispute their claims to the rostrum with men, to obtain their so-called women's rights. Few understood the dignity of woman's character, in the comprehensive sense, as did Mrs. Emma Willard. Of a reflective mind, an earnest student of that past, she rejoiced those days had rolled into the mists of ages, in which, though women had been invested with all the charms chivalry could confer, yet were their lives inane, and often purposeless, because at that period deprived of the inestimable blessing mind culture alone can bestow. We read that in the Middle Ages the influence of the female sex was exerted to instill virtue and promote good; that they were heroic, loyal, and brave; still it is a source of gratitude that those days have passed, succeeded by others in which Mrs. Willard has demonstrated that a practical, systematic course of education will train woman to attain that equality with man, in all departments of knowledge, now so eagerly sought after.

It is not the fact that women have become successful authors which most impresses us in these days of rapid progression, but the advance made in general

culture and ordinary education during the last fifty years that surprises, fitting them to take positions as queens of society; or, if not that, if to reign in the social world be impracticable through surrounding circumstances, still to reign regnant over their homes, as well-beloved, judicious mistresses, fond wives, and tender mothers, who by the superior cultivation of their intellectual qualities are fitted in turn to become educators, if only over their own children.

The biographer of Mrs. Willard wisely observes: "Female education, if it still be a problem, is yet one of the grandest features of this age. Whoever has rendered service in this department is immortal." Hence it follows Mrs. Willard, for her untiring efforts and educational labors, "deserves the gratitude not merely of this country, but of mankind."

Mrs. Willard was born in a small New England town. The farmers comprising the population of Berlin were a thriving community, who passed their days in honest labor, believing toil ennobled. Among them were no distinctions of rank or wealth. And amongst these hardy tillers of the soil, Emma Hart and her sister Almira were born. Their childhood possessed advantages which without doubt contributed to impart a peculiar bias, and to foster a desire for solid reading rarely developed at as early an age as theirs; for, though we read of accomplished women, with whom early culture superseded neglect, yet they were like mile-stones placed far apart; and there was certainly no systematic course of instruction pursued with young women such as was adopted for young men. Mrs. Willard stands prominently before us as a beacon light in the path of female education; and although possessing the advantages I have referred to, the

stamina to work upon must have been already existent, directing her attention to that subject which became the vocation of her life, winning for her honor and fame. The advantages alluded to were the teachings and companionship of her father, Captain Hart, whose readings and conversations, by cultivating and strengthening her intellectual powers, aided the growth of that one idea, influencing her whole life, to inaugurate a general system of education, such as now blesses our land, by which women could be elevated to an equality with man, by the development of every mental gift, and fitted to occupy that position assigned by the Creator, when at birth bestowing a brain of mental caliber amply strong to cope with man in any effort wherein physical strength was not required. Captain Hart had been promised by his father a liberal profession. The death, however, of that parent, set aside the purpose; necessity rendering it obligatory to abandon all thought and hope of entering college; instead, to become the protector and support of his mother and sisters. Noble is the record left to us of the performance of this trust. Descended from Puritan ancestry, he never faltered, nor turned aside from the rugged path duty had apportioned. Steadily he pursued the tenor of his way, even after relentless time and death had freed him from those sacred obligations, and a family of his own were growing up around him; all day he worked; each hour had its duty, yet there were still some odd corners of time to be found, wherein to enable the thoughtful, studious man to read his favorite authors. Locke, Berkeley and Milton walked the fields with him, or engrossed by the evening fireside. In that old New England farm-house, when the day's labor was suspended and "darkness fell from the wings of night," and all the petty, distracting cares of the day folded "their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stole away," the family would gather round the large old table, where could be found room for all, and read-

ing formed the delight of those consecrated hours. Occasionally a neighbor would drop in, when religion, history, and politics were freely discussed,—the children as much interested in these animated conversations as were their elders.

In the old town of Berlin there were two parties, the Liberals and the Standing Order. Captain Hart belonged to the Liberals, not choosing to believe in persecution for opinions which could never become more than speculative. This liberalism, and the freedom with which he expressed his views, cut him off from the sympathies of most of his townsmen, who regarded him as little better than an infidel. Being Church treasurer, he paid the taxes for two men whom he regarded as unjustly imprisoned through the rigor of the old Puritan laws,—they had refused support to the minister. This action did not serve to commend him more highly; and being aware he was not only unappreciated, but doubtfully regarded, he withdrew entirely from Church communion, although still retaining the highest respect for all Christian institutions, yet ever continuing free-spoken and true.

The mother of Mrs. Willard (a second wife) was "practical, economical, industrious, sagacious, charitable; an admirable manager and helpmeet, a type of those old-fashioned New England wives, who believed in duties rather than rights, and who kept alive the fire of her domestic hearth by her loyalty and love." Thus passed life in this quiet neighborhood. All worked, prayed, and read. There was no superfluity of riches possessed by any one, nor any extreme of poverty existent; all were comfortable; all alike enlightened, and desirous of self-improvement. "In Summer they toiled like bees; in the Winter they meditated like sages. They were lofty, for they believed in the God of Abraham and Moses and David and Paul."

In the above description we possess the key-note to the formation of the character of the two sisters, whose beautiful lives it is my desire to place before



my readers. It was truly a puritanical, but most pure, unselfish, wholesome moral atmosphere that surrounded the childhood and early womanhood of these lovely sisters,—Emma Hart, born February 23, 1787; and Almira, born six and a half years later. Both were sent to the district school; and the mental food lacking there was supplemented by the instructions so pleasantly given of evenings by their father. The high order of mind both possessed was strengthened by the mental aliment upon which they were nurtured. Amid the industries of this farm-house, there was no leisure for frivolities, for the reading of unwholesome sensational novels; or for indulgence in sentimental fancies and idle dreamings. Instead was the active needful family duties,—the baking, the churning, the brewing, the mending, the making; and, for intellectual refreshment, the reading of all that was good and attainable. We are informed that Emma Hart, before she was fifteen years of age, "had acquired all the knowledge taught at the public school," as well as reading, in the interim, Plutarch's "Lives," Rollin's "Ancient History," Gibbon's "Rome," and the most famous of the British essayists.

Being of an enthusiastic temperament, Emma now determined to make available to her benefit the advantages to be derived from attendance at an academy under the superintendence of a Dr. Miner, a most accomplished scholar, a graduate of Yale. Emma Hart remained two years at this institution, devoting every talent and energy to the accomplishment of her indomitable purpose to attain all the knowledge possible, so as to become fitted for the sphere so ardently longed for.

Upon retiring from Dr. Miner's academy, she was aided and encouraged by an intimate friend, a lady of wealth and influence, besides being much her senior in years, to open a school for village children. This suggestion was adopted, and proved the first step in that career of usefulness which continued, with only

a slight interruption, for forty years. Almira, her beloved sister, who afterward assisted in her labors, became her first pupil. Youthful as Miss Hart was at this period, the admirable discipline she maintained, united to the executive ability already so conspicuously displayed, very soon made this village school spoken of as a model, commanding the admiration of the neighborhood; yet its duration was short,—merely through the Summer months.

Assisted by her brother, a portion of the two following years were spent at Hartford. The school there was kept by Mrs. Royce and Miss Patton. These ladies permitted her to alternate the hours between study and teaching, thereby developing energies hitherto unknown even to herself.

Soon after, Miss Hart was given the charge of the school in Berlin, where she had attended as a pupil. The success that attended her instructions was unexampled, and her reputation as a teacher spread so rapidly that she had only attained twenty years of age when three prominent institutions proffered invitations to come and teach for them: Westfield, Massachusetts; Middlebury, Vermont; and Hudson, New York. After consideration, she decided to accept Westfield, as nearest home. The salary received was, however, a disappointment, being wholly inadequate for the labor required; and yet that labor did not equal the young teacher's ambition. After a few months' sojourn, Miss Hart bade adieu to the beautiful town and old famous academy, to the exceeding regret of every one with whom she had come in contact.

Middlebury was the next field of labor. By solicitation she now assumed the entire charge of the school; nor is there need to say her efforts were a brilliant success.

An unforeseen circumstance now occurred, which appeared a closing forever of her career as teacher. Winning as Miss Hart was in manners, attractive in person, of fine culture, she soon

attracted the regard of Dr. Jno. Willard, Marshal of the State of Vermont, who, though many years older than herself, still felt that his heart was young, and cherished hopes of long years with this lovely woman, whom he trusted to be able to win for his wife. In the sweet certainty engendered by these hopes, he made proposals of marriage to her. In a letter written by Mrs. Willard to her step-son, some years later, she explains a few of her reasons for marrying his father; he (Frank Willard) having at various times impugned her motives for so doing:—"My standing in society was good as his; my income, arising from the exercise of my talents, of which I was fond, was more than sufficient for my support. My brothers in Virginia were wealthy, and anxious I should live with them. Your father was not rich, and he always told me so. Perhaps, if all the men in the world had stood before me, at my disposal, I might have loved some one else; but in youth one must love; and was there any one in Middlebury that I should be so likely to love as your father? Indeed, Frank, I often think you undervalue your father. In several respects he is a man peculiarly calculated to gain a woman's affection; and he certainly deserves and possesses mine." It was with these feelings and sentiments Dr. Willard's proposals had been accepted; and the years of their union, though not devoid of trial, were, nevertheless, beautiful and peaceful, their love being founded upon mutual respect and esteem; their sympathies in science, politics, and religion being identical, so that they became co-workers, without the young wife neglecting any domestic duty, nor friendship of her youth. No woman ever existed more true, earnest, and sympathetic by nature than Mrs. Emma Willard.

The readings of history commenced in early youth were still continued with undiminished interest; nor did she ever cease to cultivate those distinguishing traits of character which imparted to her so strong an individuality, and which re-

mained hers to an extreme old age; namely, "Sincerity, independence, fearlessness, policy, kindness of heart, and good sense." From Mrs. Willard's diary, kept during her two years' residence in Middlebury, we gain a faint glimpse of her inner life; are told how she dreaded calumny and misrepresentation, which the delicate sensitiveness of her nature made her anticipate as the lot of all humanity; yet learn that rarely did such o'ershadow her. Her enjoyment of society was intense; she attended balls and parties, mingling with youthful zest in these gayeties; her longings for heart commune, sincere friendship, were intense. She tells us of her meeting with Rev. Merrill, the classmate of Webster, and her pleasure in the intercourse, and the attention she met in the social circles she frequented, which so gratified her *amour propre*. Her dreams of success in literature were a foreshowing of the future. Then is given a list of historical studies, literary labors, painting, writing poems, interviews with celebrities of the day—the Starrs, Swifts, Chipmans, Latimers, Frosts—all of which are of interest.

During Mrs. Willard's early married life, cares and trials gathered thickly. Dr. Willard lost his office, and they were obliged to practice the closest economies, while burdened with all the anxieties consequent upon straitened means. Nor was this the only trial the devoted wife experienced at this period; the reverses met with, involving financial difficulties, occasioned Dr. Willard to make long absences from home. This was a severe grief to his wife, upon whom devolved the entire management of home affairs; yet worn down with care and anxiety, with a young infant, not a murmur escaped her lips or pen, to make him she loved less hopeful. To that which she recognized as inevitable, she submitted with patience, cultivating a cheerful spirit, and displaying in the management of her husband's affairs the most consummate prudence and economy; systematically dividing her duties between care of her



young son and prosecution of the farm business.

We can not fail of perceiving Mrs. Willard's life was not one of ease; instead a labor, surrounded by a discipline God ordained to fit for future usefulness, to strengthen judgment; and that, while performing duties, her keen appreciation of the genialities of society should merge into the intense desire for the elevation of her sex, and the wisdom born of earnest thought and reflection; so that hereafter, when the hour sounded for her to put her hand to the plowshare, there would be no turning back, no fainting by the way; but, with *Excelsior* for her motto, onward, ever onward, in the glorious career after adopted, and so nobly filled for nigh half a century; becoming, in the truest acceptation of the word, a pioneer of female education in this great country, forming plans based upon ideas created by her surpassing judgment, and knowledge of the wants and necessities of her own sex. To relieve her husband from his embarrassments, and with his full consent, she took the initiatory step in the fulfillment of that purpose so near her heart. She had long thought of the advantages of founding an academy for boarding female pupils, and to endeavor to enlist the favor and patronage of politicians and celebrated men to aid in the enterprise, so that funds should be granted by the Legislature,—as the plan proposed would be too great to be effectually carried out by private individual effort. This was an experiment in this country encompassed with difficulties, weighted with responsibilities; yet, believing the plan feasible, her enthusiasm never flagged. She felt she was eminently fitted for an educator; besides, in the gratification of her ardent desire to benefit women, was combined the other motive of relief to her husband, who, fully appreciating the nobility of soul prompting her efforts to inaugurate a new system of education, also that she possessed the experience, energy, and tact necessary for its success, entered into the project with almost equal enthusiasm

with his wife, joining hands with her in treading that rugged path, wherein he not only discerned a necessity, but a perfect adaptedness.

To state simply the boarding-school at Middlebury was a success, would be relating naught of the energy and ability this remarkable woman expended upon her plan of education, or of the active labors, which were soon rewarded by an attendance of seventy pupils in a very brief space of time. No exertions were spared, no attention deemed too arduous, to make the school all that was designed. Twelve hours a day, on an average, were spent in teaching, and, when preparing pupils for examination, even fifteen hours were cheerfully devoted to that purpose.

Of vigorous health, mental as well as physical, Mrs. Willard appeared defiant of fatigue, and, when not engaged in teaching, was "perpetually investigating some new subject, with the object of bringing a new class of studies into her school." No subject was introduced as a lesson to the classes without a thorough understanding of it. Inquiries by the pupils were encouraged, nor was Mrs. Willard ever tired of replying and explaining, only becoming wearied when the pupils' interest appeared to flag. Particular attention was bestowed upon strengthening memory, and conversation introduced, by which a facility of imparting ideas in a pleasant, easy, genial manner was attained.

Mrs. Willard believed it important females should be taught to understand the working of the human mind; and also, far as finite reason permitted, nature in her laboratory and throughout all her works; natural philosophy equally with domestic instruction. She advocated honesty and truth in treatment of those young girls intrusted to her care, never flattering them, either to themselves or their parents, whatever might be their rank and position in society. Her only aim being their improvement, she deemed that best gained by pursuing a plain, direct course; when required to do so,

speaking of faults so they might be amended, nor ever bestowing praises upon perfections they did not possess. With the multiplicity of duties pressing upon her time, Mrs. Willard still continued her extensive correspondence, not only with her family and intimate friends,

but to various distinguished and eminent persons, whose acquaintance formed, their friendship was retained during life,—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, George Combes, Dr. Dick, Rev. E. W. Hooker, and a long list besides.

MRS. H. S. LACHMAN.

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## HOW WE BREATHE.

"**H**E died for the want of breath." How often have you heard that expression? Have you ever asked yourself why the person referred to, whoever he may have been, did not die before? Why did he continue to breathe as long as he did breathe? or, to speak of some one whom you know better than the rather vague personage who died for the want of breath, why does your Aunt Jane or your Cousin George breathe? To be personal, why do you breathe? Like the little boy's whistle, it "breathes itself." Your will has nothing to do with the operation. You put out your hand and drop a penny into the poor man's hat because you will to do so, and you very properly receive credit for your generous act; but you do not, by any effort of the will, suck in air and gently blow it out again, as you think you do, else how do you continue to "suck" and "blow" when you are asleep, not to speak of many other times when it would be equally impossible for you to exercise your will in reference to this matter?

"It whistled itself" was a prompt and cheap invention, but it is as truly a fact that it breathes itself. Let me ask you a question that may seem to you far removed from the matter of breathing. When some "smart" boy placed a stick all a-fire upon some young innocent's hand, did the victim of the trick take his hand away because he willed to do so? No: the mind had nothing to do with the action. The movement was a reflex

action. Perhaps, however, I had better tell you what a reflex action is; for, you see, this is a case where examples are not very instructive. I might refer you to the pinch one gave you, and say that the sudden twitch you gave in return was a reflex action; still you would not know what a reflex action is. When the fire touched the hand, it injured a nerve. Now, a nerve is—but if I go on explaining every thing, to the last word, when shall I arrive at the end of my explanation of reflex action, not to speak of that of breathing? A nerve, in a word, is a bundle of little fibers, bound together something like the fagots in *Æsop's* story of the old man and his seven sons, to illustrate the moral, "In unity there is strength." One-half of the fibers carry news in one direction, and the other half respond to the message, and carry back aid. The nerves serve as a means of communication, similar to the telegraphic wires, between any portion of the body, as a station, and the brain, the main office. You receive an injury in any part of the body. An impression is conveyed by a portion of the fibers of the nerve to the brain, and you are conscious of a pain in the part injured. Immediately there goes back, by the other portion of the fibers of the same nerve, the motor-power that takes your finger from the stove, for instance. All this is done quicker than you could wink; so quick, indeed, that it is accomplished before, I may say, you are necessarily conscious of any



pain. You do not will to take your finger away. Had it been your foot instead of your hand, you would, I think, have taken it away even if you had no brain, or, what is the same thing, if your spinal cord had been cut. At any rate, I know a frog will make a similar movement, if acid be put upon his foot, after all communication with the brain has been destroyed. Such movements are called "reflex." They are not preceded by the will, nor do they come into our consciousness. They may have either the brain or the spinal cord for a main office. The movement of the frog mentioned had the spinal cord, the movement of a whale, of which I read in a newspaper, had the brain, as a main office. A whale having been struck by a harpoon, the brain immediately sent the dispatch, "Jerk tail and upset boat." I understand what you are thinking of. You think, the whale was not struck in the tail, and, consequently, from what I have said, the dispatch would not be sent there. Well, that does force me into a tight place; for I ought to have told you that some nerves are entirely composed of sensitive fibers, while others are made up of motor fibers; that there will be a sensation of pain in one part of the body, and, as a result, motion will involuntarily take place in another part. If it be a fact that the blow which the whale gave the boat was guided by the will, then it was not produced by a reflex action. Nevertheless, the whale's introduction into this paper has enabled me to tell you that some nerves are wholly sensitive, and some wholly motor, in their functions.

I said an impression may be conveyed from one part of the body, and motion, as a result, will occur in another part. Such is the fact in breathing; for, although I have not said much directly concerning your "sucking" and "blowing" air, still you will soon see. I have been preparing the way. Breathing, then, to come back to our subject, is accomplished by a reflex action. The telegraphic lines in this case have peculiar

names; the one conveying the information is called the pneumogastric nerve. Pneumogastric! Whew! what a long word! True, but this nerve is a very long nerve, and so has a right to a long name. This line is direct, and has its main office in the lowest part of the brain, near the base of the skull, at the end of the spinal cord. If this main office should have a sign put up, indicating the station, it would bear the name *medulla oblongata*. You may remember that name, if you want to surprise any of your friends with a hard word. We might call this nerve the grand trunk line, only that we usually apply that term to railroads instead of to telegraph wires; but, as the telegraph so generally accompanies the railroad, we may, I think, call the pneumogastric nerve the grand trunk line. This line, endowed mainly with a sensitive function, passes down the neck, sending off branches by whose aid we swallow; it also supplies the lungs and the stomach. The return route—the motor line—is not as direct. The *medulla oblongata* sends its aid, in the nature of a muscle-moving influence, down the spinal cord for about half its length; then the influence—if this influence were really electricity, as in the case of a veritable telegraphic wire, we should even then have a name only of something of which we do not know the nature; hence we may call whatever goes down the spinal cord an influence—then, this motor influence, I say, passes off the spinal cord by two sets of subordinate lines, that have rather strange names,—but names are nothing; if you only remember the general direction and function of these lines, you may call them what you please. I will, however, give you the terms by which they are known. One set is called the phrenic nerves; the other set, the intercostal. These lines lead directly to the ribs and the diaphragm, respectively.

Phrenic, intercostal, diaphragm! That miner in California, who read the dictionary in course, until he came to some words as long as a "string of sluice-

boxes," gave up his literary labors, you think, on account of phrenic, intercostal, and diaphragm. Briefly, then, phrenic means pertaining to the midriff, or diaphragm; and diaphragm itself means a partition; while intercostal signifies between the ribs.

Stop reading a moment, and observe what is going on within you as you breathe. The chest expands and the abdomen protrudes. These are the most obvious occurrences. The first is accomplished by the intercostal muscles, animated by the motor influence carried by the intercostal nerves, pulling up and apart the ribs, thus expanding the chest; as a hoop much larger than a barrel, and hung obliquely upon it, will allow a much greater expansion to the barrel if it be raised to a horizontal position. The second is produced by the same power, acting through the phrenic nerves and animating the diaphragm, or membranous partition that is stretched across the body below the heart and lungs and above the stomach and liver, as a cloth partition might separate our barrel into two parts. This membrane is not stretched "as tight as a drum;" it extends upward in an oval form, like the bottom of a glass bottle, into the cavity above. This diaphragm descends by the action of the muscles which radiate from its center, like the diverging lines in a spider's web. Of course, you know now that these muscles are moved by the motor influence of the phrenic nerves. By the movements of the ribs and the diaphragm, the chest is expanded. The pressure upon the lungs being removed by these movements, the air rushes in. I do not think I need tell you the philosophy of that operation. A few examples will serve us here. Every boy has made a leather "sucker." Whether you all understand the principle upon which the sucker acts, I am not aware, but I do know this: the smallest boy is thoroughly convinced that the sucker sticks. I would ask you, who have studied somewhat of natural philosophy, what makes it stick, if I did not know you would say, that

the air, that presses upon the leather with a force of fifteen pounds upon every square inch of the surface of the leather, makes it adhere; that the counter-pressure is removed by excluding the air, which fact is shown by the adhesion of the leather to the stone. By this atmospheric pressure we raise water in a pump, as perhaps you know. This air seeks entrance at every crevice, being pressed in by the superincumbent air, extending about fifty miles above the earth's surface. By the same pressure, a phial will hang upon your tongue when you have sucked the air from within it. An opportunity for this pressure to manifest itself is furnished when the ribs are extended and the diaphragm depressed. The air is pressed into the lungs.

Let us turn our attention to the sensitive nerves associated with respiration. The cranial nerves (of cranial nerves, I forgot to say, there are twelve pairs) is, as I have said, a long line, and sends off numerous branch lines to way stations. I shall deal with it as a direct line from the brain to the lungs. Its filaments in the lungs penetrate to every part of that organ, visiting the branches of the bronchial tubes in their minute divisions. The windpipe at its lowest part separates into two tubes, namely, the bronchi; these lead to the lungs, and are there almost endlessly subdivided. The subdivisions allow the air which is pressed into them to penetrate to every portion of the lungs. These tubes are bronchial tubes, and bronchial means pertaining to the windpipe. The air is thus separated from the blood by a thin membrane only.

How do you feel, supposing that you hold your breath? An oppressive sensation. So I supposed, Tell me what has taken place? "The pneumogastric nerve conveyed a disagreeable impression to the brain." Quite right. You need not tell me how you became conscious of the sensation to which the impression gave rise. Impressions, you remember, are all with which we have to deal,—messages sent to the main office and motor



energy returned. Consciousness and the will have, necessarily, nothing to do with reflex action.

"What is it that affects the numerous branches of the sensitive nerve in the lungs?" The blood circulates through the veins and arteries. I will not tell you in this paper why or how it circulates. I only say, in reference to the blood, that, during its circuit from the heart by the arteries to its return by the veins, it becomes impure. It is sent by the heart to the lungs to be renovated. This vitiated blood desires oxygen for its purification, and it goes to work quite systematically to secure it. The contaminated blood comes into contact in the lungs with the filaments of the pneumogastric nerve, and sends an impression to the medulla oblongata. The blood, in fine, telegraphs to the main office, "Send me some A No. 1 oxygen immediately." There is some rapid work in the main office; for instantly, a motor dispatch is sent by the spinal cord to the junction of the phrenic and intercostal nerves, thence by these to muscles of the same names. The chest is con-

sequently expanded, and the air fills the lungs as previously described, and the message of the blood is answered. The oxygen asked for is furnished. This constitutes an inspiration. You know how you feel when you have been running a long distance at full speed. You are weak, your strength is diminished, your muscles are relaxed. Reaction must follow action. At this point in breathing, the blood is satisfied. It no longer affects the sensitive nerve. The motor stimulus ceases. The muscles, in this instance, having been exerted, become relaxed. The intercostal muscles having lost their tension, the elasticity of the cartilages draws the ribs downward. At the same time, the muscles of the abdomen force its organs up against the diaphragm. As the diaphragm rises by this pressure, the phrenic muscles having become relaxed, the lungs are compressed, and the air is expelled. This is an expiration. The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts. Inspiration and expiration are all we have to explain. Thus we breathe.

E. F. CARR.

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### THE WANDERING JEW AT THE GRIMSEL.

ASSUERUS, not long after the beginning of his lonely wandering, came to the Alps, over which his fate impelled him to journey. He chose the pass of the Grimsel. Very fair and fertile lay the heights of the Alp-land. Pretty villages nestled amid groves of fruit-trees, and the forest aisles were resonant with the sweet song of birds. The white clouds of an azure sky floated kindly over blushing fruits and fragrant flowers. It was a scene of Paradise. Assuérus had wandered through many a vale, climbed many a mountain height: none elsewhere seemed so fair. The villagers came out of their homes and kindly greeted him.

They brought him wine pressed from the grapes that decked every hill-side,—grapes into which the sun had poured his glowing fire. The fullness of life and beauty were all around him, and a thousand influences chimed with the voices of the hospitable people, and entreated him to rest.

But his unhappy fate still impelled his feet toward the north. "Alas! alas!" he cried, "while every root and leaf, every bud and flower, may grow and *rest* in a home of beauty and of blessing, I, a dry and withered bow, broken from its trunk, am blown ever hither and thither by the cold breath of my doom. Ah! I alone repelled with scorn the 'Lord of Life;' now I wan-

der till he come again, and bid kind death release me."

Many centuries were passed. The desolate Jew came again into the mountain land. His feet, which knew no resting, had wandered in every clime. He had traversed the Pyrenees, and longed to tarry with the hermits in their secluded cells. He had passed on into the realm of the Moors; flitted, ghost-like, past the moonlit spires of the Alhambra, and under the olive-trees on the banks of the ancient Iberus. He had walked unharmed among the prowling beasts of the African peninsula; and even the wild people of the desert had sped him on his way under the burning sun. Anon the ice-rain of the North Sea had beat upon his head, and the ruined temples of the Druids, in far-off Icolmkill, had shared his troubles and sheltered his weary frame. Yet ever in his remorseful memory lived one oasis-thought,—the heavenly beauty of the Grimsel. And now he resolved to taste again one drop of the joy of life which flowed so freely in the uplifted vale. And he journeyed hither. A smile almost awoke in his seared heart, as, already in fancy, he heard through the rare atmosphere the music of welcoming voices. But while his steps insensibly quickened in the long upward journey, dark presentiments stole over his spirit. Whence came those somber forests of sighing pines, covering the sharp sides of cliff and scar? The cry of the owl echoed through deep chasms. Had his brain at last gone wild? Was his beautiful oasis-thought only a deceitful mirage? Soon he saw a cluster of huts in the distance. Taciturn colliers dwelt there and plied their dusky trade. They shared with him their black bread, and beer made from the sap of the young fir-tree. Sadly Assuérus ate and drank, then left the colliers, and, followed only by their wondering eyes, went into the mourning pine forest, that seemed ever answering the questions of the Autumn wind. Then, in the pain of his heart, he cried aloud, "O, brother of the cypress-tree, thou hast

need to brandish thy needle weapons against friend and foe, for thou canst die. So old—so old thou art, that wooing breeze of Spring can tempt thee to no pleasure. Thou watchest all the Wintertime, while younger trees renew themselves with sleep; but to all thy watching an end will shortly come. To me thy life seems but an idle hour in the long day and night whose hours are centuries. Still, to expiate my crime, I wander on, for I alone repelled with scorn the 'Lord of life.'"

The shades of the wide forest closed around him; but as he journeyed over the rocks and along the bed of the darkened river, he closed his sad eyes and saw again in memory the ripe grapes and the flower fields; heard again the singing birds and welcoming voices; and a feeble hope sprang up and ran along by the side of the self that ever pursued him,—a hope that murmured, "Mayhap, when again you come, new bloom and beauty will gladden these rocky steeps."

The ages paused not. For over eighteen hundred years the world's wanderer had gone up and down the earth. Like a weary specter, he had glanced along the Ganges shore, and beheld how the power of the despised Nazarene had penetrated to its fertile vales. He had heard the name of Christ in the lands of tamarinds and palms. The shadows of the eternal Pyramids had fallen over him, and, looking into the face of their strange hieroglyphics, he had sought, but ever in vain, to read the secret of rest. In every land he beheld the conquests of the religion of Christ, and that, with its all-conquering spirit, went wealth and wisdom, peace and joy. Now again the feet of the Wandering Jew tread the familiar paths of the Alp-land. Again heavy forebodings oppress him. The Summer-land of the Maienwand has become the upper pasture for Alpine herds, and the hardy rhododendron lives in the early home of the fig-tree. Still up he climbs, in the face of the awful glacier,—mother of the mighty Rhone. Alas! all is changed. No trees, no grasses, are



on these heights. His vale of Paradise is bounded by barren crags and mountains of snow that never melt, while rivers of ice spread their remorseless fingers over the old-time garden dells. He struggles onward. His weary feet are cut by bare, sharp rocks, for the pine and fir trees have lived their lives and departed, as long ago vanished the oak and the vine. On all the wide summit no trace of life appears. Desolate Winter, old and gray, stares from every side at the intruder who thus dares to invade his realm. Assuérus reaches the border of the "Lake of the Dead," and, still leaning upon his staff, sinks trembling upon a rock. As if his last cherished hope had fled, terror looks from his dark eyes as he gazes at sterile mountain and creeping avalanche. In the cold, still lake at his feet, as cold and still, lie the corpses of Austrians and French, who climbed these heights to shed each other's blood in the fastnesses of nature. Ah, could he but lie down at their side! His lips are parted in the bitter pain of his surprise. Each creeping century has drawn its line across his lofty brow; another is being graven there. His thin, aquiline nose is restless with intensest feeling. Eager watching has doubled and redoubled the power of those deep-set, piercing eyes, since first he wandered here. His hair is long and white as the never-melting glacier snows above his bare head, and the waving blanched beard falls low upon his mantle. Long, long he sat and sighed and wept in anguish; then, goaded on by his relentless fate, again he grasped his knotted staff, and, wrapping about his form the cloak that had fallen on the crag, clambered onward and downward between the snow-capped peaks. A house of stone appeared below him, in the desolate embrace of riven cliffs. It was the Hospice of the Grimsel. With a shudder of pain he hastened by, for he had tarried too long on the shore of the "Lake of the Dead," and may not rest again. Here and there he began to see tufts of coarse grass and fringe of prickly heather, from which

even the wild goat would turn away. He crossed the dusky Aar,—a refugee from the glacier's grasp,—and his heart was too sad for words. Fragments of beetling cliffs, huge boulders, tossed from the heights above in the nameless convulsions of nature,—fit playthings for the Titans who have warred against heaven,—were strewn along his path. Only when he stood, in the evening twilight, above the black gorge into which leap, at the same instant, the dusky Aar and the spray-veiled Aerenbach, did the solitary wanderer find words. The outposts of the once-prevailing pines still lingered here; and Assuérus raised his voice above the clamor and moan of the waters, and called to them again:

"The avalanche has passed me by, O forest sentinels, and yet I war not against them. Touched with the spirit of prophecy, I tell to you, that, when for the fourth time the Wandering Jew shall seek the Grimsel, the Alpenrosen and the pine shall have disappeared. The voice of the river will be hushed. The spray, that now recoils from the cruel rock, will murmur no more its protest of pain. A glacier, vast and awful, will spread from the Grimsel heights far down, over valley and river-bed, even to the borders of the Briens See. Then over the boundless ice, with heart as cold in its despair, I shall take my way, for never again on earth will note of joy enter this burdened spirit. Yet listen, winds, with the ice-ting in your touch; cease whispering, trees; for I, your elder brother, do proclaim,—this night of Winter shall one day break into the glad morning of Spring. These snows shall melt, these glaciers fall, that avalanche shall cease to threaten, and these chains of ice be all unlocked, when He, the Lord of Life—whom I with scorn denied—again returns to earth. In the new Summer morning of the world, sin and sorrow will be banished, and the blossoms of joy abound. Then, at last, my heavy doom will be lifted, and the knees of the wandering Jew will bow before the Savior Judge,—and even he will rest.

ELLEN M. SOULE.

## ACQUAINTANCE WITHOUT INTRODUCTION.

"I DO N'T know what to do about that Mrs. Thornton, I am sure," said Mrs. Harding, after sitting a full half-hour before her pleasant parlor fire, in a brown study. Her husband was reading his "daily," and wore the look that characterizes men who elevate their heels, and lose their identity in perusing the latest news. A deep-drawn sigh and the tapping of an impatient little foot half aroused him.

"Do? yes—well—" and Mr. Harding summoned his thoughts from Cuba.

"You have noticed the young couple that sit just before us in church?" queried his wife; "well, they have been there every Sunday for months. She comes to the prayer-meeting occasionally, and I have met her once or twice elsewhere. Last Sunday we happened to be standing face to face, and she gave me *such* a look,—as though she was homesick or grieved,—a real pitiful expression, that has haunted me ever since."

"Well, why did n't you speak to her?" inquired Mr. Harding.

"Speak? why, I've never been introduced. How could I speak?"

Her husband gave a little sniff of disapprobation.

"O, you women! It is too bad, Annie, that you are so afraid of each other. I know that you've got the kindest heart in the world, and yet you did n't dare to give that little woman one word of comfort."

Mrs. Harding rallied to defend herself.

"But you would not wish me make advances to *strangers*. I can't tell but I might speak to some one who is not—is not *nice*. You need n't laugh; this Mrs. Thornton looks nice, but it is n't just the thing, now really it is not, for one to speak before one is introduced."

Mr. Harding let his paper slide to the floor as he said, earnestly: "Now, Annie, how foolish! Your standing in society is secure; and you have no reason to fear contamination from any lady whom you

meet at church and prayer-meetings. I dare say Mrs. Thornton is homesick, just as she looked, for they have n't been in town long."

"Why, do *you* know them?" interrupted Mrs. Harding.

"I've met Thornton several times going into B——, and have put him in the way of some business in his line. But I never had an *introduction*."

"Well, how do you do it? what is the first step?" asked his wife, rallying from the playful rebuke.

"O, we sat together in the car, and I said, 'I saw you at church yesterday. Stopping in Breezeville, now?' He said he was, and gave me his business card; said he knew me by reputation, and—well, we got to talking of matters in general, and since then we have had a chat nearly every week."

Mrs. Harding laughed at this business-like explanation, as she said:

"But I can't ask his wife if she is stopping in Breezeville, for I know it already; and have known her name even, since one Sabbath when I happened to see their hymn-book open at the fly-leaf. Dear me! why has n't Mrs. M'Pherson or some other lady given me an introduction?"

"Mrs. M'Pherson is not the one to look to," said Mr. Harding. "Do you know, Annie, I'm afraid our Church is getting to be very cold and aristocratic. The leading ladies, Mrs. M'Pherson and a dozen like her, sail in and sail out each Sabbath without one word for any body outside their little circle of friends. I have laughed to myself to see you ladies bow to each other as you pass down the aisles. Perfectly automatic. I'll warrant there is n't a ribbon misplaced, or a fold of silk wrinkled, in the operation; and, after all, take you as *individuals*, and you are all good, warm-hearted Christians, I suppose."

Mrs. Harding shook her head sadly.



"I do n't know about that; I am afraid there is n't much goodness about it. My conscience troubles me terribly sometimes, especially at communion seasons, when I melt all down and think I love every body. But here we are, hedged in by our habits and customs; and we grow formal and unsocial without realizing it. How can I do any thing to change it? And how can I ever meet that little woman again without changing? That is the question that puzzles me."

Her husband glanced at the clock. "It is only half past seven now, Annie, and, if I were you, I would go and see Mrs. Thornton. They live only in the next street,—third door below the brown church,—and the moon shines beautifully."

Mrs. Harding hesitated.

"Do n't you think we had better talk it over a little more? Perhaps I can get Mrs. M'Pher—"

"Now please, Annie. You may do much to-night, but to-morrow is not yours," interrupted her husband.

In a few moments Mrs. Harding had donned shawl and hat and left the house. It was nine o'clock when she re-entered the parlor; and, as Mr. Harding glanced up, he saw that her eyes were suspiciously red.

"Well, she did not turn you away from her door, I conclude," said he.

"O, I am so glad I went over!" was the fervent reply, as she drew a low rocker close to her husband's side. "When I reached the house, and had rung the bell, I could not think of one word to say. But she greeted me cordially, although she seemed a little puzzled; and then I told her just how the expression of her face had haunted me since last Sabbath. Then—will you believe it—she got hold of my hand and burst into tears. And I opened my arms, and there we were, two women with no introduction, crying together like mother and child. Well, she took me into her little sitting-room, and there was the loveliest baby in the cradle; its hair curls just as Robbie's did before we cut it. And then she told me

all about how homesick and lonely she has been. Just think of it! They have lived in Breezerville six months, and not a lady—among the Church members, I mean—has called. The neighbors are not of our congregation; and, O, she has so longed for the friendly greetings she used to have at home. It all came out, little by little, until she said that last Sabbath was the most trying day she had had. Her heart was almost ready to break for the want of warmth and comfort in the Church. Now, you know, I never should feel like that; but I could see just how natural it must be for a little sensitive woman like her to depend upon such things. And is n't it a shame that Church members can grow so careless and so selfish?"

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Harding, thoughtfully. "I have been thinking about it since you went out. We expect our minister to look after the strangers; but one man can't do it all. He can't give a home atmosphere to the Church; and I tell you, Annie, that's what we want. I have seen such churches; there was one down where I lived once, at Minus, you know. There was n't a bit of frescoing inside, or stained windows, or any such thing, but you could n't go into that meeting-house without feeling at home. Why, you could almost feel hands reached out to shake yours, so to speak; and after service, every body smiled and bowed, in a quiet fashion that took my fancy wonderfully. The preaching was n't so great; but it was the friendliness of those good Christians that kept me there, when, without it, I should probably have wandered away, as so many other young men have."

"But it is so hard to bring about any change," said his wife. "I see it all, and wonder that I have been indifferent so long. As I look at it now, the feeling, or lack of feeling, that we have exhibited, seems so un-Christlike. But what can I do? If I should stop next Sabbath to speak with that sweet-faced old woman in the queer bonnet, as I've wanted to many a time, she would be surprised, and

every thing would be so awkward. And if I should shake hands with some of those shop-girls, why, Mrs. M'Pherson would grow frigid with astonishment."

"And Mrs. M'Pherson was a shop-girl herself once! She forgot it, though, a long while ago. But, Annie, if a thing is wrong, it is wrong. And where is there room in the Church of Christ for the display of wealth or station or pride? Our being members of the Church makes us all brothers and sisters, members of one family, does n't it? And if so, how thoughtful and considerate we ought to be, for the sake of Him to whom the Church belongs," said Mr. Harding.

"Ah, yes! May be if I try to reform, the way will open. I must be different, for one does n't want many lessons like to-night's."

And then they were silent, thinking how best to carry out resolutions newly formed.

Mrs. Harding expected to be misunderstood at first. And so she was; for the looks of surprise that met her first attempts to be "social," were unmistakable. But in time the old lady in the antiquated bonnet, and the bright-faced shop-girls in the corner pew, learned that the kindly greeting of each Sabbath came from the heart. In time, too, the genial, loving spirit that Mrs. Harding tried to exhibit in all Church relations, made its impression upon others; until many of the old barriers melted away, little by little, and the warmth of home life was felt in the house of God. Seeing the change so slowly wrought, and realizing how much it is needed in other places than Breeze-ville, Mrs. Harding wishes that her example might be followed by others, who, she thinks, could do much more good than she has done.

MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

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### "THE MASTER IS COME."

THE Master may come at *sunrise*; when pearly dewdrops glisten;  
And Spring, in her robes of beauty, is bringing flowers for all;  
And the lark sweet notes is singing, to which we love to listen;—

The Master may come at sunrise,—and pleasant will be his call.

The Master may come at *noontide*; when every pulse beats high,  
When the golden ears of promise make every heart rejoice;  
When the purple clusters ripen, beneath an azure sky;—

The Master may come at noontide; and welcome will be his voice.

The Master may come at *sunset*; may come at the hour of rest;—  
When all life's cares and labors and sorrows are at an end,  
When the day is softly fading amidst the effulgent west;—

The Master may come at sunset, and come as a wished-for friend.

The Master may come, and call thee, in tone as tender and low  
As that of the mother arousing her child, that has slept awhile;  
And only thyself, it may be, the message he brings may know;  
But thou wilt arise to meet him, and welcome him with a smile.

Or the Master's call may be sudden, a call that all may hear;  
Swiftly crossing the mountain, he may in thy presence stand;  
But his thrilling touch, and his accents, will waken no sense of fear.

"Here am I!" thou wilt say, with gladness, and eagerly stretch thine hand.

"The Master is come," "*The Master!*" Ah, there is the secret charm;  
If thou from thy heart canst say it, if he is thy Lord, thine all;  
At morning, at noon, or midnight, his footsteps thy thoughts will calm,  
And sweeter than heaven's own music will be the Master's call.



## UNDER A CLOUD.

Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? — *Richard III.*

OF what and why dost thou complain,  
O cynic, on this Summer day?  
That pleasure's ever twin to pain,  
Lean Winter sexton to sweet May.  
The bursting of thy bubble schemes,  
The transient clouds in Summer sky,  
Realities that mocked thy dreams,  
Albeit you pass the lesson by?

You say the roses all have thorns,  
In Summer, lilies lose their hue;  
The bell that rings on bridal morns  
Tolls sadly for the funeral too.  
That virtue often threadbare goes,  
While pampered vice on purple lolls;  
That braggart pride usurps the knolls,  
And modesty in shadow throws.

That gold on earth is paramount,  
Disclaiming love and kindred ties,  
While honor is of small account,  
And dowerless beauty pines and dies.  
That privilege delights to cramp  
The energies of those who toil,  
And that the Church is like a lamp,  
Fast waning from a lack of oil.

That justice from his linen folds  
Peers out with treacherous eyes askew,  
To grasp with greed the proffered gold,  
And tamper with the balance true.  
Then, knitting up his brow in haste,  
As some poor pauper wretch draws nigh,  
Gives honesty the ready lie,  
And vows virginity unchaste.

Thus moralizing on the times,  
You hold your way by marsh and fen,  
Venting in misanthropic rhymes  
Your spleen upon all things and men.  
No pleasure in your sunken eyes,  
Dull orbs that never gaze to read  
The glittering story of the skies,—  
Still blinking over sect and creed.

The tide has both its ebb and flow;  
Youth laughs while age is growing gray;  
Sweet flowers beneath the frozen snow,  
Unchilled, await the May.  
Honey and gall alike we find;  
Sweet-brier with night-shade twined we see.  
Take, cynic, which thou wilt, but leave  
Some honey for my friends and me.

## LIFE'S VOYAGE.

THE sun shines in the eastern sky,  
On the sea its splendor pours,  
And a ship is sailing into sight,  
And it comes from distant shores.  
Sweet music make the flapping sails,  
As into port it steers,  
And from the shore, the pleasant sound,  
A welcoming of cheers.  
A little life is welcomed in,  
A bark from unknown shores;  
Upon the world it casts its freight  
Of precious goods and stores.  
Sweet music make the welcome words,  
"To thee a child is given;"  
We hail it, as the ship is hailed,  
A blessing sent from heaven.

The sun sinks in the western sky,  
The evening faints in night,  
As the ship sails out to the unknown seas,  
And soon is lost to sight.  
Sad music make the flapping sails,  
As sea-ward far it steers,  
And dimly faint the shadowy masts,  
Seen through a mist of tears.  
A weary life goes sinking out,  
And it drifts to a distant sea,  
And its goal is the everlasting shores  
Of wide eternity.  
A voyage made by ships and men  
Across an ocean vast,—  
The goods and ills of life and death,  
The future and the past.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THERE is a wail of discontent arising just now in all parts of Italy, from the defective, distorted, or neglected education of the women of the land, whose training has been almost exclusively received in the convents and from the priests. Throughout all Italy, it can scarcely be said that there are any higher schools for girls; and the lower ones are so weak in their standards, or so absolutely contemptible in their whole management, which is that of the lower clergy, that from them issue any thing rather than full-grown women. They are like tender plants neglected in a barren garden, whose growth almost belies their origin. There is no sign of genuine womanhood, no enthusiasm for the good, no real love of country; in short, no wholesome education. All is simply French training! The ignorance of the greater portion of young Italian women is said, by their own authorities, to be almost incredible, and age makes them no wiser, because they have no means of gaining real instruction. They know nothing of God, and nothing of the world: nothing of God, because the Italian girl is simply taught to love the Madonna and her Child; nothing of the world, because scientific, geographical, or historical knowledge is not taught in schools for young girls. Their very fingers are allowed to be idle, except in those accomplishments which will enable them to shine in the presence of visitors. They can embroider, or make fancy bead-work, but rarely know the least thing about household or culinary matters. *Per contra*, they are very adepts in the giddy maze of the dance; if one sees them in the ball-room, they are evidently in their sphere, and where they expect to make men happy. To skill in this line, add that of song and the piano, and one has about exhausted the

curriculum of their studies and their aims. And this has been the training of Italian women for centuries, so that the mothers can only impart such knowledge to their daughters.

While unmarried, the Italian girls lead a sort of Oriental life of exclusiveness; and thus their whole aim, or rather that of their parents, is to have them fortunately married, that they may take their place in society, but not in the home. Until marriage, they are scarcely allowed to speak to a man. The education of the sexes is not merely separate, but even male teachers are seldom allowed to enter the convents, as these schools for girls of the higher classes are called. After marriage, they assume a looseness of demeanor toward men which is in striking contrast with their girlish experience, and which leads them to be coquettes and flirts with all the men whom they meet in society. In their intercourse with men, they have no charms of mind to display, and therefore are obliged to fall back on those personal attractions which are calculated to lead them beyond the lines of propriety. From childhood up, they are the prey of the worst superstitions, to which even the most refined and cultivated yield, and to these they become the slaves. They are thus without ambition, and with no appreciation of higher aims in state or society; and they consequently become willing instruments in the hands of the priests, for whom no means are too base, if they thereby can only serve their caste and the Church. One can scarcely conceive the strength which the Church of Italy finds in these women. They alone support the priesthood, and with it the Papacy: were these to depend on the men of Italy for their strength, they would sink and disappear in a night. There is just



now, among the more intelligent Italians, a cry for help from this slough of despond; but whence shall it come? The reply given by Napoleon the First to Madame Campan contains the key to the situation. She asked the emperor what was yet wanting to a perfect and sound education of girls? "Mothers!" was his reply. But just there is the difficulty in Italy; they are ever standing at the beginning of a circle, which by moving brings them always around to the same spot. It will be a long, long time before a noble race of women can be trained up that will bear worthy sons; for this, and no other, is the task and duty of Italian women, who thus have the future of their country in their hands. It will take many years to make their hearts sanctuaries, and their homes refuges from the storms of life. The Italian language, like the French, has no word equivalent to our word "home." Italy has this word yet to create, and it belongs to the mothers of the future to perform this beneficent task; and this they assuredly can not do until the men arise and wrest them from the hands of the priests.

A GREAT many French *litterateurs* make a specialty of the study of the female character, and seem to delight in giving to the world their "female portraits." Not a few of these latter are a disgrace to the men who delineate them, as they are a shame to the sex that sits for them; as is the case of most of these productions from the pen of Alexander Dumas, Jr., who leaves even his father behind in the audacity with which he openly discusses the most delicate or the most sacred subjects. We notice a new candidate for these honors, in the person of Jules Louri, who has just published a book of "Female Portraits," which he denominates "Psychological Studies." This latter title is at least creditable; for it indicates that the author grants to his subjects the possession of souls, else how study them? Many of these French writers seem to handle their themes as if women were simply bodies created for their lusts, or their amusement. Louri's "Portraits" are mostly drawn from antiquity, and we think by no means the purest sources, at that. But he uses them for quite a noble purpose, because he shows, by their career and their influence, the evil

effects which they exerted on society, and thus endeavors to teach the French of the day the dangers to which they are exposing themselves by worshipping the frail women who form the theme of so many a romance, and point so many a tale. It is no credit to the French nation that it has so great affection for tarnished reputations, while many worthy and self-sacrificing women in the cause of humanity are passed over in silence. The author gives a brilliant *resume* of the manners of the higher classes of French society in the eighteenth century, and develops many interesting details not hitherto familiar to the world. He clearly proves that the female society of that period exerted an immense influence on the revolutionary era which followed, and thus teaches his countrymen a useful lesson. The world has been quite inclined to attribute most of these dire results to the study of Rousseau and Voltaire, and has given to the women of the period but a small place in its attention. His portraits of the daughters of Louis XV he heightens by an interesting collection of letters that were found in the possession of private individuals, and which throw a peculiar light on the *coteries* of the court of Versailles, and the internal life of the royal family. In both of these, it is remarkable how large a part is played by the Jesuits of the day; these pests of modern society seem to have made themselves a passage to the very firesides of royalty. The relation of poor Marie Antoinette to her aunts is depicted in the liveliest manner, proving her to have been a victim in her family circle as well as in the political complications of the time. Few women have had a sadder history, and one which seems to have been more entirely at the play of fate. In the foreground of all these discussions, we again perceive an unusual tendency to discuss the soul-life of these distinguished ladies, whereby are developed, at times, some very peculiar characteristics of these so-called daughters of the house of France. Madame Pompadour must, of course, have a place among these "Portraits," or the collection would be imperfect to a Frenchman. She is here represented as having been the center of a brilliant circle of artists and literary celebrities, and as having held her court in complete subjection to her views of

art, literature, and politics. This she did by becoming, to a certain extent, a sort of Mæcenas in her way to the artistic and literary circles which surrounded her, and to which, by her soul-power, she was able to give tone and form.

THE most contemptible cheats of society are the adulterators of articles of food and the poisoners of our daily nourishment. Since the days of wooden nutmegs, the Yankee nation has received at the least the palm in this respect, and it has been generally understood that no nationality could surpass it in making the worse appear the better substance. But we see that we have common sufferers beyond the seas, and that the good housewives of the Father-land are not without their trials in the effort to procure genuine articles for their kitchens and tables. Their oft-repeated laments in this line have brought to their aid the services of a practical physician and chemist, who has given to the world for its edification a treatise of the food of society and the ways and means of its adulteration, together with the impurities that are likely to be mixed with it. It is not, in one sense, a very satisfactory book to read; for, unintentionally doubtless, it operates on sensitive stomachs somewhat like the old-time arguments against beer-drinking, by a disgusting delineation of the impurities likely to be drawn in for its production. The manufacture of certain articles is treated of *in extenso*, especially wine, brandy, and beer; and we thus learn that, in the lands where these liquids may be said to be indigenous, they have no more retained their purity than with us. It is now scarcely possible to obtain pure wines on the very soil and in the vineyards where they are grown. Vinegar, milk, and oil receive large treatment, as well as bread, butter, cheese, and lard, to say nothing of extensive treatises on tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, etc. Even preserved fruits are not free from deception, and Turkish figs have too frequently neither seen the land of the Moslem nor the tree that bears the fig. The Germans are becoming quite disgusted with this business, and are calling on the authorities for relief by means of police regulations and severe punishment; and the object of this critical analysis of the articles of food, with the tests

by which to discover their adulterations and impurity, is to teach the housewives of the nation how to discover for themselves the cheats practiced on them.

WHAT is called "Social Democracy" has invaded the circles of laboring women of Berlin, and been making them quite uneasy. Just what this term implies, it is not easy to explain; but, to our own mind, it signifies a general dissatisfaction with whatever or whoever is more prosperous than ourselves. The basis of it is, that property is theft, and that he who possesses any thing ought in justice to share it with his neighbor. There is in Berlin a Social Democratic club composed of women, who make it their business to meet frequently to discuss their wrongs, and seek methods to extort justice from society. Not long ago, it was discovered by the police that the subjects for discussion for some time were the wrongs of servant-girls, and that certain female demagogues were so effectually stirring up this class as to disturb very seriously the peace and comfort of families. The officers of the society were therefore arrested, and brought before the authorities. They appeared in all the glory of blood-red sashes and ribbons, as indicative of their political principles; and their speeches, in the Berlin dialect, which is very peculiar and amusing, entertained a large audience, drawn together by the novelty of the occurrence. The ladies, through their president, utterly denied any revolutionary intentions, and declared that they were engaged in a purely philanthropic endeavor to give moral elevation to family life, by explaining to the girls that they are every bit as good as the fine ladies who employ them. To this end, Social Democratic lecturers were employed to enlighten them, and every effort was made to give them a due appreciation of their rights. One object of the association was to afford the girls amusement, by having frequent pleasure excursions with the Social Democrats of the other sex, that they might learn the new religion by association. There was a good deal of humor in the proceedings, but also much to give cause for serious reflection; at least so thought the court, for it fined the leaders for the crime of stirring up ignorant girls to be antagonistic to their employers.



## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

—THE United Presbyterian Church at their recent General Assembly considered a memorial from Mrs. S. Hannah, of Pennsylvania, which looked to the formation of a Woman's Missionary Board. Miss Elizabeth Gordon and Miss Golaway have been sent as missionaries by this Church during the past year.

—The annual reports of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the different denominations speak volumes in praise of the efficient manner in which the ladies carry on the work in this comparatively new field of labor. At Philadelphia the Presbyterians report an increase of auxiliaries, and the large monetary balance in hand of \$2,103.30. A great work has been accomplished on both hemispheres by this Society. The Western (Methodist Episcopal) Branch at Des Moines reports as balance in hand \$803.78; also marked success in their labors. From the Baptists assembled in Chicago, at their Spring convention, we gather evidences of progress and unanimity in the great mission work. The Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Branch shows a membership of 4,500, and the sum of \$6,517.29 raised during the past year. This Society supports schools for girls in India, China, and Mexico, and has appropriated \$2,000 to the hospital at Pekin, which is under the care of Miss Dr. Combs, medical missionary, sent there from Philadelphia. The New England Methodist Episcopal Branch, convening in Boston for their sixth annual meeting, reported favorably in respect to the establishment of auxiliaries, and encouragingly of that very important feature of the work, the sending out of female medical missionaries. At the Philadelphia meeting noted above, a Misses' Auxiliary of the Branch was accepted and recognized. Mrs. Wheeler, of New York, gave an address on woman as an evangelizing agent; and Mrs. Benton, late from the Presbyterian Board in Syria, related soul-stirring facts with respect to the degradation of women in that country, and the almost insurmountable obstacles to Christianizing them. Mrs.

Benton has a course of lectures ready for delivery bearing upon these points.

—Perhaps the most interesting of the Spring reunions of this department of woman's mission work was in the calling together, at Baltimore, the executive committee of the Methodist Episcopal National Society. There were present three delegates each from the New England, New York, Western, North-western, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Baltimore Branches. The monetary reports exhibited a financial ability seldom accredited to the sex, in the keeping of the disbursements within the bounds of the receipts; an example which it might be well for their masculine friends to follow. The usual reports and resolutions were presented and adopted. The most important resolution was that which was adopted, in answer to a request from the ladies in India, that they should be allowed to come home at the end of five years for one year's furlough. At one session Mrs. Dr. Newman addressed the ladies. *The Heathen Woman's Friend* was recommended for larger circulation, and its editorial management commended. On Sunday the pulpits of the fifty Methodist churches were opened to the delegates (unordained though they still are forced to be), and sermons and addresses of great power and of marked ability fell from feminine lips upon the ears of conservative Baltimore. Reporters, who "can never see any good come out of Nazareth," speak of indifferent preaching, but the pen of such judges is usually dipped in gall when they have occasion to write of a woman as a lecturer or speaker. The Monumental City extended social privileges to the lady visitors with an unsparing hand, what with drives and receptions, and the providing of elegant lunches and sumptuous dinners in rare hospitality.

—The thirty-first annual meeting of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of New York was held at the Five Points Mission House during the month of May. The reports give a very satisfactory account of

the large and well-ordered Sunday and day schools, and of the varied and successful labors for the elevation of the poor in that part of the city.

—At the Miami Congregational Conference that met recently in Cincinnati, full half of the sixty delegates were of the sex to which New England Congregationalism, though in other respects a very model of a republic in government, would deny a seat and a vote in any deliberative assembly. It is stated, however, that Dr. Lord, Pastor of the Bethany Congregational Church at Montpelier, Vermont, has taken a bold and novel step, in suggesting, at a public meeting of his people, that four women be appointed deaconesses; and the Church has voted to follow his suggestion. There is a good deal of curiosity to see whether the lady members of the Church will be invited or permitted to vote.

—\$20,000 has been donated to establish a department for instruction in English at Phillips Academy.

—Dartmouth College has received a gift of \$10,000 from Mrs. Whitehouse, of Suncook, New Hampshire.

—A legacy of \$1,000 has been left to the Adams Female Academy, in Derry, New Hampshire, by Mrs. Philip Nowell.

—The Fletcher Free Library, established by two ladies of Burlington, Vermont, will be opened in that city during the present year.

—The Providence Conference Seminary, at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, has received \$1,000 from a Christian lady of a dissimilar sect.

—Mrs. Lydia Maria Childs has notified the West Boylston (Massachusetts) library of \$100 willed to it by her husband, who was a native of the town.

—Mrs. Dickinson, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, whose estate is worth about \$75,000, has willed most of her property for educational purposes in that town.

—Mr. Seth Tisdale, of Ellsworth, Maine, has, by will, provided that the interest of \$50,000 shall be annually devoted to assisting needy young persons of both sexes, in obtaining such an education as they may care to seek.

—England and America exchange helpers in evangelistic work, and London sends to the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the high-church diocese of New York, two ladies to conduct daily meetings.

—Mrs. Dr. Wilson, of Cincinnati, has presented to Lane Seminary a marble statue, life size, of Mary of Bethany, in the act of anointing Jesus. The work was made in Rome, after a model designed by the donor.

—The widow of the late Thomas Emery proposes to build for the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati, a new structure, on the corner of Sixth and Elm Streets. Mrs. Emery proposes to give from \$75,000 to \$100,000 for this object.

—While the noble men and women of our country are endeavoring, as noted above, to facilitate the means of acquiring an education, their senators and representatives in Congress assembled "impose a wanton and foolish tax upon knowledge," by doubling the postage on transient newspapers, magazines, books, and pamphlets. The post-office being in a degree a means of diffusing intelligence, the act "has elicited a chorus of indignation from all parties throughout the country."

—Although the Supreme Court, in supreme contempt for its former handiwork in the rendering of the Dred Scott decision, "that the term citizen has always meant one that had the elective franchise," has decided that the Fourteenth Amendment ("which declares all persons born or naturalized in the United States to be citizens thereof"), does not confer the right of suffrage upon women, the leaders of the movement continue to memorialize legislatures and constitutional conventions in respect to the granting of the right. Maine declares that no constitutional right to hold office is conferred upon woman, but that the legislature may authorize her to hold any that that body may create. Wisconsin gives her the privilege of contesting by election for certain school offices in district, town, or county; while Providence, Rhode Island, puts all of its organized charities under the almost exclusive direction of women, whereas, twenty years ago, they were, as a rule, in the hands of men.



## ART NOTES.

THE edifices of a country are the positive, visible, and permanent expressions of the civilization of its inhabitants. . . . It is not the result of caprice, or the change of transitory fashion, that is alone, or even chiefly, represented by the architecture of a country. As the convolutions of a shell, the spiny processes that guard its mouth, or the rich and delicate colors that bespeak its character as the home of life, convey to the naturalist positive information as to the nature of the animal which, in the dim laboratory of the sea, surrounded its soft flesh with a cuirass of porcelain; so do structural fabrics reveal very much of the race that reared them. Thus we are taught at once to recognize former states of society by the position, no less than the form, of ancient buildings. We can tell whether the building race lived in a constant state of warfare and siege; man defending himself by megalithic walls against the attacks of wild beasts or wilder men; or whether stately windows, open to the sunlight, illumined a life lapped in luxury and ease. . . . We can tell, from architectural relics, very much as to the religion of a people: whether they worshiped, like our Teutonic forefathers, in the shades of dense forests, and surrounded by the simplicity of nature; whether they reared temples of such symmetry and polish as to show that, with them, the good was inseparable from the beautiful; whether they hewed caves, or piled up pyramids, to preserve the embalmed body for the return of the soul, after its long sleep of five hundred years; or whether they brought chapel and oratory, with their tinkling bells, to the door of every inhabitant of sparse hamlet and dense urban district. . . . From evidence afforded by the selection of site, we can conclude that the intelligence of early races was, of some of them, not only cultivated, but tempered by the presence of that perception of the beautiful which is the fountain of poetic and plastic art. . . . When we measure and estimate the enormous blocks of stone that have been perched, as at Baalbec, on lofty elevations, to which it would task the utmost efforts of

the engineering science of the present day to rear them, we are driven to adopt one or other of two alternative hypotheses: either the original megalithic builders were a race possessed of physical powers far superior to any now known to exist among mankind, or they are the masters of an organized system of labor which betokens a very high condition of mechanical knowledge, as well as of political constitution.—*Edinburgh Review*.

—The British Museum has recently been enriched by an accession of some old and precious musical manuscripts. There are in the collection quartets and sonatas by Joseph Haydn, written by an amanuensis and corrected by himself, between the years of 1784 and 1817; also some letters of Haydn to W. Forster, music-printer, in 1787 and 1788; and a bill of lawyer's costs in business connected with transactions of Haydn and Forster, 1781–1788, etc. Then there is a Greek Sticheraron of the seventeenth century, for the services of the year, with musical notes; Greek hymns of the same date, with musical notes, for services from February to the octave of Whitsuntide; Greek liturgies and ordination services, A. D. 1664, with miniatures in the old binding of velvet; and some seventeenth century hymn tunes of the Greek Church.

—The *Nation* gives a pleasant review of one of the latest of Mr. Ruskin's pamphlets, "Proserpina: Studies of Wayside Flowers, while the air was yet pure among the Alps, and in Scotland and England which my Father knew." Discursive as Mr. Ruskin's late writings are apt to be, and with indications of weariness and restlessness which give pain to readers conscious of their obligation to the writer, this little book exhibits in a delightful way Mr. Ruskin's unrivaled fineness of perception and truth of immediate vision. It is not a methodical, mechanical treatise, but it contains much exact information and poetic suggestion concerning plants which every lover of flowers is glad to get, and would not easily find elsewhere. The frontispiece is worth study; it represents the common heath blossoming

and stricken in days. It is a beautiful piece of draughtsmanship, beautifully engraved, and might serve as a lesson to those students of drawing who are being discontented with the lifeless and ill-drawn patterns of Mr. Walter Smith, and the infidelities to nature of Mr. Prang's admired cromolithographs.

—By the sudden death of M. l'Abbe Cochet, Director of the Rouen Museum of Antiquities, French archæology loses one of its originators. He published several important works, and his archæological studies have made him the life and soul of French societies for antiquarian research.

—A beautiful soldiers' monument was unveiled at Beverly, New Jersey, the 28th of June. It is cut from a single block of marble, quarried near Carrara, Italy, and is of uniform tint, and fifty-eight feet in height.

—Dr. Edward H. Clarke, in a late address, says, in defense of public parks: "The more rational amusements replace the more harmful ones. The circus will be poorly attended when the park is made attractive."

—The June *Portfolio* has some very fine illustrations from Gérôme's "African Hounds," and the frontispiece is an admirable etching of Sir Joshua's "Angels." The other etchings are from Constable and Albrecht Dürer. Whoever would get an idea of the fine points of a picture rendered by this beautiful process of etching, can nowhere find them more perfectly illustrated.

—The Papal Government possess a very beautiful museum of chalcography, founded by Pope Clement XII. This museum, the richest of any known in engravings, has been much neglected of late years, especially since the taking of Rome by Victor Emanuel. The Italian Government has just ordered its reorganization upon the plan of the chalcographic museum of the Louvre, and has made an annual appropriation of forty thousand francs. This museum possesses nearly five millions of engravings.

—We wait with much interest the proposed exhibition of woman's contributions to the Decorative Departments already promised from the woman workers of New York and New England. If the late exhibition in Boston is a specimen of what can

be done, then may we hope much at a more favorable time. Their report of paintings on tiles, panel-work, tiny designs in white holly-wood, mirror-frames, table tops, and sconces, illuminated and illustrated with rare skill, is very encouraging. Much of this, and in other departments, can compare well with any done in the Old World.

—To the often repeated question, Why do we not have a great school of art grow up in America? the late critic in *Scribner's Monthly* says: "What our young artists need is absolute disenthralment from the influence of strong individualities in art, and a determination to see things for themselves. They must yield themselves to the influences of their time and their home, look into the life and nature around them for themselves, and report exactly what they see in the language natural to their own individualities. . . . Nature, as she speaks in America, to those who listen with their own ears, and report with their own ingenuities; life as it is embodied in our own political, social, and religious institutions; life as it is lived upon our own soil, and in our own homes,—these are the basis of an American school of art."

—Increase of travel gives corresponding increase of life at the different European museums. Whitsunday week the total number of visitors at South Kensington Museum was 34,992. The average number of the corresponding week in former years is 28,064.

—A memorial obelisk to commemorate the gallant behavior of the faithful natives who fell fighting at Lucknow for the English, during the mutiny, is ordered by Lord Northbrook, and nearly completed. It is to be erected in the Autumn by Mr. Lewhillim, a Calcutta sculptor.

—The Viceroy of Egypt has given permission to the English Government to transport the famous obelisk called "Alexander's Needle." But being practical men more than artists or archæologists, the Government think the transportation of a single stone 300,000 kilogrammes in weight, and very brittle on account of its great height, would be very expensive; and, although not refusing the royal present, hesitate taking it to England.



—The Princess of Wales, who is entering upon the rôle of British fashion-leader, has introduced a monogram costume, upon which the arms and mottoes of her house are embroidered, on the sleeves, waist, and drapery. The nobility are generally imitating the fashion, and probably dresses covered with the devices from the shields of ancient families will soon become quite the rage. An English contemporary suggests that those who are not of an ancient family may embroider sleeves, corsages, and skirts with mottoes like the following: "*Dum spiro, spero*" (while I breathe, I hope), from which one may infer that the wearer is a hopeful Naomi; while the fortune-seeking maiden will have inscribed on her girdle, "*Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout*" (love does much, but money does all). In any event, a proper motto for such gowns would be, "*A grand frais*" (very expensive). When they are worn in our own fashion circles, they should be embroidered with maps of the big bonanza regions, or petroleum barrels overflowing; mottoes, "Dad struck ile." Mr. Lo, holding a bunch of cigars, and smoking the pipe of peace, with a sleeping revenue officer in the background, would be an appropriate design for Mr. and Mrs. Tobacco King; while an embroidered

government contract, representing how fat pickings were obtained, would properly embellish the monogram robes of others of our fashion-leaders.

—By the princely gift of money and property amounting to between four and five millions of dollars by an unknown benefactor, those poorly supplied with worldly pelf, but who have an abundance of rich musical gifts, will soon have opportunities for the best of college instruction in music. A "free college of music" is to be erected on one of the sections set apart by the New York Central Park Association for the art museum. We wait with interest to learn the name of the founder of this great and magnificent scheme.

—In Gotland, an island of Southern Sweden, of about twelve hundred square miles' area, are found ninety-seven churches, dating from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, and only six of these churches are in ruins. From this we can form an idea of the value these representatives of mediæval times possess for those singularly isolated Northerners. The architecture, altar screens, crucifixes, wall-paintings, stained glass, etc., are all of mediæval workmanship, and preserved with great care.

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## CURRENT HISTORY.

A LETTER from Maracaibo, May 29th, gives an account of an earthquake at Circuta, in New Granada, on the 18th. The first shock leveled every wall in the city, burying in an instant 8,000 people out of a population of 10,000. Several not killed subsequently died from injuries, and many were murdered by robbers, who plundered in bands. The shocks continued, and the fires burned much property. Those saved fled to the neighboring country, and encamped. When the news reached Maracaibo, two steamers were sent with food and clothing to the sufferers by the American Consul and the people; also a corps of physicians and a committee to disburse aid. The Governor

sent soldiers to protect the people. Reports from San Cayetons, Santiago, Gramolote, Arboteda, Cucutella, and San Cristabel, all aggregating a population of 20,000, confirm the previous accounts of the destruction of life and property in those places. The shock was felt at Bogota, and other places.

—For several months terrible volcanic eruptions have been occurring in Iceland. For seven weeks before Christmas the inhabitants were terrified by subterranean noises, like thunder, which extended through nearly two-thirds of the island. Early in January followed earthquakes in all directions, and at last an old extinct volcano near

Vatrayuskud opened, and for four weeks continued to eject immense quantities of liquid fire, lava, ashes, and a muddy fluid mass at boiling heat. The village and some smaller hamlets and farms within a radius of twenty miles were destroyed, and over a thousand people had to flee for their lives. After four weeks this volcano ceased, but at that moment another extinct volcano, nearly a hundred miles away, near Myvatu, sent its burning mass upon the peaceful habitations around. This eruption lasted for several weeks; the village of Myvatu became a prey to the fiery elements, and the whole country for more than fifty miles around was devastated. More than eight hundred of the people are reported as having been rendered homeless. Early in March there seemed to be a general upheaval of the earth in the whole central portion of the island; new mounds, as it were, rose to the surface, some to the height of several hundred feet and over one thousand feet in diameter at the base, amid tremendous shocks of thundering beneath. They split open at the top, and vomited forth their burning contents upon the surface around them, covering a distance of two hundred miles. Ten thousand people are said to be homeless, and the remaining forty thousand inhabitants of the island are too poor to afford them support. The world-renowned Geysers have, for the first time in their history, ceased to flow. Instead of water, they now emit hot, gaseous smoke and ashes in gigantic columns.

—On June 4th, 20,000 pilgrims visited the shrine at Paray le Monial. The Archbishops of Paris and Orleans were present.

—The overflow of the Garonne, June 24th, in France, furnishes a catalogue of appalling disasters. In the flooded districts bordering its course, two thousand persons are said to have perished, nine hundred of whom perished in Toulouse alone. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants of Toulouse are deprived of the means of subsistence. In the St. Cyprian quarter, eight hundred houses have fallen, and, for the sake of safety, the remainder are to be destroyed by bombardment.

—A dispatch to the *London Standard* from Buda, Pesth, dated June 22d, describes

a terrible thunder-storm in that city. The lightning was incessant, and hail fell in such quantities that the roofs of houses and the surrounding hills were covered two feet thick with ice. The water fall was extraordinary. Torrents swept through the streets of Buda, carrying men, vehicles, and every thing movable, down into the river. Many houses were suddenly flooded and destroyed before their inmates could escape. Five hundred inhabitants are missing, and at least one hundred have been drowned, or killed by falling walls. All traffic on railways is interrupted.

—June 11th, a royal decree was issued, promulgating a convention between Italy and Switzerland, which establishes the boundary between the two countries in accordance with the award of the arbitrator, Mr. Marsh, Minister of the United States.

—June 16th, in the Chamber of Deputies to-day, General Garibaldi's bill for the improvement of the Tiber passed, with slight amendments, by a vote of 198 to 57.

—June 24th, Kammergericht convicted Count Von Arnim of abstracting State papers from documents intrusted to him, and sentenced him to nine months' imprisonment.

—Advices from China state that several English and Russian ships of war are about to start on river voyages of exploration to the interior.

—A special dispatch from Vienna to the *London Standard*, dated July 2d, reports that the peasants of Deva and vicinity, in Transylvania, have revolted against the nobles, and defeated a battalion of militia. Many persons have been killed, including two judges. Regular troops have been sent to the scene of the outbreak.

—Alfonso is not the most popular of monarchs. A republican movement now threatens to disturb his reign; besides Don Carlos is persistent and moderately successful; his army now musters nearly 100,000 men. The Princess Windischgratz has recently sent him a present of 300,000 florins. June 9th, General Saballs defeated the Alfonsist troops at Blanco after two days of fighting, capturing their guns and stores and one hundred and forty prisoners; and General Gamundi captured Caumera and eight hundred pris-



oners. June 21st, Don Carlos entered Castile in strong force, and was well received every-where.

— A public library of 20,000 foreign volumes has just been established at Yeddo by the Educational Board.

— Advices from Yokohama, of May 23d, state that the Japanese financial estimate for the first half of the current year shows a surplus of \$4,000,000.

— An attack was made, on May 1st, upon the American Methodist Episcopal Church, in Kiukiang, in consequence of a quarrel arising from the superstitious belief of the natives that their children were maltreated by the missionaries.

— The Chinese authorities openly declare their determination to exterminate the aborigines of Formosa. The latest plan of invasion adopted is by destroying the interior forests, by igniting bales of cotton saturated with oil. Many valuable camphor groves have already been destroyed. In direct encounters with the savages the Chinese thus far were worsted. A great typhoon visited Hong Kong, May 31st. The steamship *Poy-anz* was wrecked near Maco. One hundred and twenty-four lives were lost, one hundred and fifty junks were destroyed, and much damage done to property in Canton.

— The general supervision of the contributions to the Philadelphia centennial has been placed in the hands of Okubo Tasmite, Minister of the Interior. Several additional miles of the Osaka Railroad were opened on May 1st. Great activity continues in regard to Corean affairs, but no result is yet made public. New and valuable lead-mines have just been discovered in the province of Satrana. The first lot of new trade dollars were issued from the Osaka mint on April 24th, and are already in circulation.

— The ancient city of Cætoberga, in Portugal, submerged by the sea with all its inhabitants in the fifth century of our era, is to be disintombed. The sea has within some years receded, and left the buildings covered with sand, but free from its irruptions. The city was first Phœnician, then Carthaginian, then Roman; and excavation is expected to reveal remains contemporary with Dido. A Frenchman, M. Blin, has

purchased the seven thousand five hundred acres, and is going to work directly.

— The South Kensington Museum has lately acquired some very valuable Japanese bronzes, consisting principally of tazzas of eighteenth century work, and one fine bird made in the sixteenth century, authenticated by the name of the maker, well known in Japanese annals.

— According to the *Sohlesische Zeitung*, the total number of post-offices in the entire Russian Empire, both in Europe and Asia, is three thousand two hundred. In London alone (reckoning the pillar receiving boxes) there are five hundred and thirty, and in England and Wales (exclusive of Scotland), nine thousand two hundred and eighty.

— Among the eleven hundred and ninety-six painters and four hundred sculptors who exhibited in this year's Salon, thirteen hundred and eighty-five were born in France. Of these, four hundred and sixty-four painters and one hundred and twenty-two sculptors, or more than a third of the number, are Parisians.

— Some curious experiments have been made in France to test how far the humidity of the atmosphere is affected by forests. Two sets of instruments for recording humidity were provided, one in a forest, and the other in the open air a short distance off, each set being placed about fifty feet from the ground. The records show that, during the first six months of 1874, more rain fell in the forest during each month than in the open field; the total rain-fall in the forest was seven and a half inches, and in the open field a fraction less than seven inches. The difference each month was favorable to the forest.

— The Pope has determined to put into execution his long-cherished plan of placing twelve statues around the cupola of St. Peter's, in conformity with the designs of Michael Angelo. Each statue will be assigned to a different sculptor; and it is said that the selection will be made so as to exclude all artists who were not domiciled in Rome prior to 1870, and all those who have opposed in any way the cause of the Pope.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

TERTULLIAN'S IDEAL OF A WOMAN'S DRESS.—"Let simplicity," says he, "be your white, chastity your vermilion: dress your eye-brows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your ear-rings; and a ruby cross the front pin in your head. Submission to your husband is your best ornament. Employ your hands in housewifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made with the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity."

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE. — In the Greek Anthology, there is a pretty epigram of Archias which has been thus neatly translated into English verse:

"Lysippe's babe had crawled on hands and knees  
Close to the margin of a dizzy rock,  
When lo! her heedless boy the mother sees,  
And with a mother's pangs receives the shock.  
To stir was death! Great Jove, what shall she do?  
Sure some kind deity around her watched:  
She bared her breast; it caught the prattler's view,  
And from the brink th' unconscious victim  
snatched."

This epigram has been translated, or rather imitated, by the poet Samuel Rogers, thus:

"While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,  
See! to the last, last verge her infant steals;  
O fly! yet stir not—speak not—lest it fall:—  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there."

We have seen this incident made the subject of a painting, in which the artist depicts the unconscious danger of the babe, the speechless terror of the mother, the instinctive baring of her breast, and the quick answering glance of the child as it turns to creep back to the maternal bosom. There is a moral in both the epigram and the picture which we need not suggest to our readers.

"CUTTING A DIDO." — This is a phrase older than most people imagine. Do you call to mind the story of Dido, Princess of Tyre? Her husband, Acerbas, priest of Hercules, so runs the legend, was murdered for his wealth by the King Pygmalion, brother to Dido. The widowed princess succeeded so well in hiding her sorrow that

VOL. XXXV.—18\*

she was enabled to escape from Tyre, bearing with her the wealth of her husband, and accompanied by a number of disaffected nobles.

After a variety of adventures they landed upon the coast of Africa, where Dido bargained with natives for as much land as she could inclose in a bull's hide. Selecting a large, tough hide, she caused it to be cut into the smallest possible threads, with which she inclosed a large tract of country, on which the city of Carthage began to rise.

The natives were bound by the letter of their bargain, and allowed the cunning queen to have her way; and after that, when any one had played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido." That was almost three thousand years ago, and the saying has come down to our day.

THE PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.—The three balls suspended from the doors or windows of a pawnbroker's shop have been humorously enough described by the knowing ones, as signifying that it was two chances to one that the articles pawned would never be redeemed; but in fact they are the arms of the Lombard merchants who gave the name to the street in London in which they first dwelt, and who were the first to lend money publicly on chattel securities. From them the sign has been introduced into America.

ANCIENT MS. OF VIRGIL.—The ancient copy of Virgil preserved in the Vatican at Rome is considered the finest illuminated manuscript in the world. It contains fifty paintings, five of which, however, are very badly defaced. One of these, still bright and clear, represents Achates and Æneas inspecting the works undertaken by Dido for the beautifying of Carthage; and another, King Latinus receiving the ambassadors of Æneas. Mechanics and artisans at work, the instruments they used, and the sculptures they wrought, are here preserved for the modern eye. This manuscript is supposed to date back to the fourth century.



THE "FOUR POINTS."—One of our Lutheran exchanges, an advocate of the General Council, thus humorously summarizes the difference existing among the various branches of Lutherans in this country. It presents some others of the "four points."

I. *The four points of the compass*: 1. North; 2. South; 3. East; 4. West.

II. *The four points of the globe*: 1. Europe; 2. America; 3. Asia; 4. Africa.

III. *The four elements of nature*: 1. Earth; 2. Air; 3. Fire; 4. Water.

IV. *The four states of man*: 1. Innocence; 2. Sin; 3. Grace; 4. Glory.

V. *The four points of the catechism*: 1. The Commandments; 2. The creed; 3. The Lord's Prayer; 4. The sacraments.

VI. *The four points of the Missourians*: 1. No Chiliasm; 2. No secret societies; 3. No exchange of pulpits; 4. Close communion.

VII. *The four points of the General Synod*: 1. The definite platform; 2. The anxious bench; 3. The Dry Tortugas; 4. The Lutheran Observer.

VIII. *The four points of the General Council*: 1. The Word of God; 2. The Confessions of the Church; 3. Justification by faith; 4. Charity.

PROVERBS IN LITERATURE.—Among the quotations in common use, "Dark as pitch," "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," are found in Bunyan. "By hook or crook," "Through thick and thin," are used by Spenser in the "Faerie Queen." "Smell a rat," is employed by Ben Jonson, and by Butler in "Hudibras." "Wrong sow by the ear" (now rendered, "Take the wrong pig by the ear"), is used by Ben Jonson. "Turn over a new leaf," occurs in Middleton's play of "Any Thing for a Quiet Wife." "The moon is made of green cheese," is found in Rabelais. "To die in the last ditch," which is popularly supposed to have originated in the South, during the late Rebellion, is traced to William of Orange, who once said: "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin,—I will die in the last ditch."

ANTIQUITY OF BEER.—We have evidence of the use of beer for more than two thousand years. The Grecian poet and satirist,

Archilochus, who lived about 700 B. C., and the Grecian tragedians, Æschylus and Sophocles, who lived about 400 B. C., called it *wine of barley*. Diodorus, of Sicily, who lived about the time of Julius Cæsar, mentions beer in his history. Pliny, also, about the middle of the first century after Christ, speaks of this beverage in several places in his natural history. He says that in Spain it is called *celia* and *ceria*; in Gaul and in other provinces of the Roman Empire, *cerevisia*. The Egyptians are said to have invented beer. Afterward beer was unknown in Egypt until the French army introduced it anew. How far the beer of the ancients resembled the modern article, we do not know. The word *beer* was derived from *bibere*, to drink.

FIELDING'S PORTRAIT.—It may not be generally known that the likeness of Fielding, prefixed to the various editions of his works, is an ideal one. Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face," which he accordingly did. "For Heaven's sake, David, hold," said Hogarth; "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so, while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterward finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits that we now have.

IRON IN ANCIENT EGYPT.—We are relieved from any doubt as to whether iron was in use three thousand four hundred years ago, by the discovery of a wedge or plate of iron imbedded in the masonry of the great Pyramid itself. This instructive relic, like the half-fused magnifying lens found at Pompeii, throws much light on questions of early workmanship. It has been a great puzzle to those who attributed the first use of iron to a date not much more than two thousand nine hundred years back, how such sharp and well defined hieroglyphics could have been cut by the ancient Egyptians on porphyry, granite, and the hardest stone. From the certain proof that iron had been produced and wrought in the age of King Cheops, five thousand four hundred years ago, we can better understand how the innumerable and exquisitely sunk

symbols and figures were wrought on tombs, temples, and sarcophagi. And more than that: from the great similarity in the mode of treatment that prevailed, from the time of the Ptolemies back to the very earliest known Egyptian inscriptions, we have something closely approaching a proof of the use of iron as far back as the fifth Egyptian dynasty, if not in the time of Moses himself; that is to say, six thousand three hundred years ago.

DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.—Had Queen Elizabeth lived in our day, her extravagance would probably be far more extensive than it really was, for the royal maiden knew little of real luxury. During her reign, people could not eat meat on Wednesday and Saturday, except in case of sickness, and then a license must be obtained: one object of this prohibition was “the sparing and increase of the flesh victual of the realm.” They had eggs, butter, honey, and cheese, but almost no vegetables except a coarse sort of beans and peas; the former being sometimes, in case of scarcity, ground with grain for the bread of the poor; but it was so unpalatable that even beggars refused it when there was a possibility of getting any thing better. Herbs of all kinds went into the pottage of the poor, which had not always so much as a bone to give it a relish. And these herbs—bitter, often—helped to flavor meats and fish. Wheaten bread was scarce, the poorer classes using a combination of bran and meal. The popular drink for men and women was ale. We read that royal Bess consumed her full share of this beverage. Certainly she had no other inducement to become guilty of excess in appetite, and was thus justified in making the most of her privileges, perhaps.

MISPRONUNCIATION.—It is possible that some one who reads the title of this article may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce *cí* like *sh* in shun. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting *etiquette* on the first, instead of the last, syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to any thing wrong, was greatly surprised when I mildly suggested to him that *aspirant* should be accented on the penult; while my musical niece mortified me the other even-

ing by pronouncing *finale* in two syllables. I heard my geological friend the other day explaining the *subsidences* of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second, instead of the first, syllable. The same mistake happened the other day to my friend, the President of the Reform Society, who spoke of the *vagaries* of certain people, by accenting the first, instead of the second, syllable. He also announced that I would deliver an *address* that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says that he left school at *recess*, accenting the first syllable; and he was loath to believe that, whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the President of the Debating Club, who is a great student of “Cushing's Manual,” tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the *precedence*, by accenting the first, instead of the second, syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a *cupalow*. She should consult the dictionary for that word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents *coadjutor* on the second, instead of the third, where the accent rightfully belongs.

#### ANTIQUITY OF LIFE-PRESERVING FLOATS.

A correspondent writes to the *London Times* that the crossing of the channel by Captain Boyton calls to mind the verses of Lycophron, in which the poet describes how Dardanus, at the time of the deluge of Deucalion, having his body wrapped up in a dress of skin inflated as a leathern bottle, swam with the aid of one paddle from Sans to the coasts of Troy, where he built the town of Dardania.

Mr. Alfred Smee writes to the *Times*: “The use of inflated bags of air for the purpose of crossing the water is even more ancient. Among the Nineveh marbles in the British Museum, there is a *basso-relievo* showing the manner in which the Ninevites crossed the water. An inflated bag, probably made of the skin of an animal, is strapped round the body immediately above the hips, and on this bag the man supports himself, while he propels himself with his hands. At the other end of the bag, which extends to the chin, there is a mouth-piece for inflation.”



## SCIENTIFIC.

THE EVOLUTION OF MYTHOLOGY.—At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, M. A., read a very interesting paper on Mythology. He maintained that the evolution of mythology was the reverse of what the facts of physical evolution might suggest. It was not from beneath upward to higher things, but rather from the grand in nature, that the human mind had arrived at the association of mystical meanings with the stock and stone, plants and animals, which figured so largely in popular mythology. Sacred animals were consecrated as symbols of the higher phenomena. Flowers and plants derived their potency from connection with solar or lunar influences, still represented in the belief that to be healing they must be gathered at certain holy times, or at certain phases of the moon. It was also maintained that the gods were personifications of power, and immoral; they were gradually divided into good and evil, the demoniac powers being for a long time not diabolical, but personifications of hunger, thirst, and the dangers and impediments of life. The idea was combated that men had ever worshiped purely evil powers. The legend of Eden was held by Mr. Conway to be inexplicable by Semitic analogues. In India were found the myths of serpent-guarded trees and the apple of immortality; and the curse on the serpent, which had puzzled theologians, was explained by the theory of transmigration.

DISCOVERY OF A DEPOSIT OF AMBER.—A large deposit of amber has been discovered in the Kurische Haff, near the village of Schwarzort, about twelve miles south of Memel, in Eastern Prussia. It had been known for many years that amber existed in the soil of Kurische Haff, from the fact that the dredgers employed by Government, for the purpose of clearing away the shallow spots near Schwarzort that impeded navigation, had brought up pieces of amber, which, however, were appropriated by the laborers, and no particular attention was paid to the matter until recently. According to the re-

ports of the English consul at Memel, some speculative persons made an offer to the German Government, not only to do the dredging required at their own expense, but also to pay a daily rent, provided the amber they might find should be their own property. The proposal was accepted, and the dredging immediately commenced, and the work has increased until one thousand laborers are now engaged in carrying it forward. The ground covers an area of six miles in length, and a yearly rent of 72,200 thalers is paid by the company to the Government.

AN ARTIFICIAL ISTHMUS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—It is suggested to form an artificial isthmus between England and France, leaving a narrow space in the center for the passage of ships. The expense would not be much greater than in the boring of a tunnel, and the advantages in some respects much greater.

ULTIMATUM OF HEAT.—A flame burning in condensed air gradually increases in brilliancy with the compression, till at last it becomes as brilliant as the flame of phosphorus in oxygen. But if the pressure be still further increased, the process of combustion is retarded, and the flame becomes smoky. From this it would appear that the temperature of combustion increases with the pressure up to the point of dissociation of the hydro-carbon gases of the candle. Hence the conclusion that it is an error to estimate the temperature of the sun at several millions of degrees. Sainte Claire Deville holds that 2,000° C. is the highest possible temperature.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF COCOA.—The nutritive constituents of cocoa correspond very closely with those of beef, and largely exceed those of milk and wheaten flour; hence the importance of this substance as an article of food. In this respect it differs widely from tea and coffee, which are perhaps rather condiments and stimulants than foods, or flesh-formers. From a table carefully drawn up by Mr. John Holm, of the Edinburgh Chemical Society, it appears that "although

one-half of the weight of cocoa consists of cocoa butter, it still presents 20 per cent of albuminoid material, as against 4 per cent in milk, 20.75 in beef, and 14.6 in wheat. In addition, it contains starch, which is present neither in milk nor beef, but in smaller proportion than in wheat." The value of cocoa is thus apparent, and fully justifies the high eulogiums which have been passed upon it.

**VOLCANIC PHENOMENA IN ICELAND.**—The volcanic disturbances in Iceland, which began several months ago, at the latest accounts were still as active as at the beginning. In early Spring the Dyngjufjöll was incessantly vomiting fire; the eruption was steadily spreading over the wilderness, and the whole region of the Myvatn Mountains was one blazing fire. So large a district of the surrounding country has been covered with ashes that the farmers have been obliged to remove in order to find pasture for their flocks. In April, a new eruption had broken out in a south-easterly direction from Barfell. A party went out from Laxardal to explore, and upon approaching the place of eruption, they found the fire rising, from three lava craters, on a line from south to north, which it had piled up around itself on a perfectly level piece of ground. A shock of earthquake was felt at Spezzia, Italy, on May 20th, and the editor of *Nature* suggests the possibility that the various shocks which were felt in Italy a few weeks since were connected with the Icelandic phenomena; generally, any volcanic commotion in Iceland occurs simultaneously with volcanic or seismic phenomena in Italy.

**ANCESTORS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.**—Charles E. De Rance, in one of his papers on Arctic Geology, points out some of the many striking resemblances between the modern Esquimaux and the paleolithic man of Southern France. These two peoples, separated so widely in time and space, were alike in their artistic feelings, and methods of incising, on tusks, antlers, and bones, representations of familiar objects; alike also in their habit of splitting bones for marrow and accumulating them around their dwellings; in their disregard for the sepulchers of their dead; in their preparation of skins for clothing, and in the pattern of the needles used in sewing them together; alike also in their feeding

on the musk sheep and the reindeer, and in countless other characteristics. It is well-nigh impossible to resist Professor Dawkins's conclusion, that the Esquimaux is the descendant of paleolithic man, who retreated northward with the Arctic fauna with which he lived in Europe.

**DEFECTS OF THE HUMAN EYE.**—The human eye, because it is practically achromatic, has been supposed to be absolutely so. But it is not difficult to show that the organ is somewhat deficient in this respect. The subject was recently discussed in a lecture by Professor H. M'Leod, at the London Physical Society, and the lecturer cited many facts to show that the eye is not achromatic. Thus, to short-sighted persons the moon appears to have a blue fringe. In using the spectroscope, the red and blue ends of the spectrum can not be seen with equal distinctness without adjusting the focusing glass. A black patch of paper on a blue ground appears to have a fringed edge, if viewed from even a short distance; while a black patch on a red ground, when observed under similar conditions, has a perfectly distinct margin. An experiment was exhibited by Professor M'Leod to show the relative distinctness of a dark line on grounds of various colors. A wire was so arranged that its shadow traversed the entire length of the spectrum, which was thrown on a screen by an electric lamp. Viewed from a short distance, the edges of the shadow appeared to be sharp at the red end, but gradually became less distinct, until at the blue end nothing but a blurred line remained.

**IRREFRAGABLE GLASS.**—M. Bastie, of France, has seemingly succeeded in bringing before the public an article which will be of very great practical value. It is glass of a highly resistant character, the temper of which is obtained from a chemical bath to which it is subjected when hot from the furnace. At the last meeting of the "Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures," a number of experiments were made upon it which are quite noteworthy. Thin plates of the material were thrown on a tiled floor from the height of three meters without injury. They were then flung with violence about the room and against the walls, and held over gas jets, without fracturing.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## ROOMS TO LET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LEARNED people tell us that the whole tree consists of mere cells, as a great house does of larger and smaller rooms. Some of these are six-cornered, others roundish or flat, and others still are long and reed-shaped, according as they form the pith, wood, bark, leaves, blossoms, or fruits of the tree. These cells are always so small, and they are really so insignificant that they are seen only through a magnifying glass, yet they are obliged very often to receive and hide strange guests. Their purpose is to preserve the life-blood or sap of the growing plant, to let it flow through the plant, or store it up for future time. But here come, borne by the wind, tiny seeds of fungus, which fasten themselves to the tree by delicate hooks, or sticky slime, begin to grow and press through bark and wood, and luxuriate on the life-blood of the tree. Outside, lichens and mosses take possession of many cells of the bark, and send inward their fine, clinging threads, in company with the roots of the twining ivy, as if the tree existed only for their sake.

Upon one branch a mistletoe has settled, and with its bushy growth and evergreen leaves, reminds one of the countless multitude of parasitic plants which in the magnificent tropical woods take up their abode upon the boughs of the myrtle and fig trees. Some of these attach themselves merely to the forks of the branches, and let their long white air-roots hang down like beard. They are quite harmless guests, as they suck their nourishment out of the moist air, and one may well believe that the splendid orchids and other climbing plants consciously adorn with blossoms the tree that bears them, as a child winds about the mother, upon whose arm it rests, wreaths and nosegays. Other parasites, on the contrary, like our native mistletoe, are not so harmless, and live on the bounty of their host with whom they have established themselves. They are too easy-going in their habits, to wring, for themselves, their daily bread from the nigardly soil.

A gall-fly lets itself down upon a leaf of the oak-tree,—a pretty, slender thing, with small body and brown, shining feet. It is busily seeking a place for its children, and it knocks and says to the tree, “Thou hast so many, many leaves, wilt thou let one of them to me and mine?” And the tree has nothing against it, for great trees are generous. So the gall-fly bores a small hole in the outer coating of the leaf and lays a little egg in it. The sap comes streaming in to heal the wound in the leaf, and builds a house for the little worm inside. Here the tiny thing lives in the midst of its food and grows larger every day. The sappy, round gall-apple grows with it, and becomes yellowish green or rosy-cheeked. But, stop! Here comes a second guest, a saw-fly, and asks after a room to let; bores through the gall-apple, and lays its eggs right in the little room of the other. When these are hatched, they eat up the little gall-fly worm, go to sleep in the gall-apple, and never leave it till they go with wings.

Between the branches a young, strong spider has spun her pretty web. Like a lord, she sits proudly in the middle of it, feeding upon incautious gnats, and rejoicing in her safety and success. But there comes, all at once, a jerking of the outer threads, and, behold, a giant of her own species is seen lurking on the edge of the web. This old spider had lived further down among the bushes, but her web had been many times destroyed, and she had no material for the spinning of a new one; so she comes here asking, with a wild look, “Any rooms to let?” The young spider does n’t stop long to consider the matter when she looks upon the long, rough, hairy legs and poisonous feelers of the giant, but flees at once out of her castle and leaves it to the newcomer, while she spins elsewhere another hunting-place.

The tree takes good care of its children, and fits up with special painstaking little rooms for them. The fruits are furnished with thick shells for protection, and a supply of oil and meal for the nourishment of the germ resting within. But in many of these

carefully provided nurseries, unbidden visitors have come to lodge, worms and weevils, which consume the food of the germ, as well as the germ itself. The tree has still many fruits, however, and its roots send forth, besides, many vigorous shoots.

But now sounds through the wood an oft-repeated, shrill call. The woodpecker is asking for rooms to let, store-rooms especially. With sharp beak it pursues the fleeing worm into the tree-trunk, and with its pointed, barbed tongue, draws it forth. Then it hacks still further, first a horizontal passage into the firm wood, then a perpendicular. Later, it widens it beneath, makes a pleasant little room of it, lays its eggs here, and raises its young ones. But the next year come the starlings, the wrens, and other little feathered dwellers of the forest, and look for pleasant homes in which to rear their young. The woodpecker's hole is just right for them. They take possession of it, and the woodpecker, this industrious, skillful carpenter, hews out for himself a new one. But for these little birds the opening is much too large. The wren is much swaller, so she walls up a part of the room and entrance with clay and mud, and leaves only room for her small body to slip through. There are very often very passionate struggles among the smaller birds for desirable rooms, one seeking by stratagem or force to dispossess another; and even when they have been successful enough to conquer the rightful owner, they do not always long retain undisturbed possession. The wonderful cuckoo brings to them sometimes an egg to care for; and it sometimes strangely happens that when the hatched cuckoo in the strange house has become large and strong enough to wish to go forth to care for itself, behold the door of the house is too narrow. He can only stick out his head and cry, "Hungry! hungry!" In this pitiable case he remains, fed by his foster-parents and other neighboring birds, till, haply, a hunter comes and sets the prisoner free.

In tropical lands the birds in the nests have much worse visitors. Tree-snakes wind themselves upward, and, in spite of the cries and desperate attacks of the old birds, devour the young ones. Then they often remain a week long in the conquered nest, till new hunger drives them forth to seek

new prey. With us the pine-marten acts no better, while down on the floor of the forest, their relatives, the weasels, visit the dwelling of the mice and the ermine, as well as the home of the rabbit, and play a similar part. In the bee-hive the wax-moth takes up its abode, and the ant-hill harbors a whole multitude of the larvæ of different kinds of beetles.

In the empty snail-house, out of which a hungry raven drew the owner, lodges now a whole family of centipedes and wood-lice, while into the empty snail-houses of the sea the hermit crab presses his soft, yielding body, and another, much smaller, parasite-crab takes lodgings between the shells of living shell-fish.

But one of the most wanton fellows in this business of taking unwarranted possession of others' houses is the fox. He does almost nothing, his whole life through, except to drive quiet dwellers out of their own homes. Yesterday he emptied a partridge's nest, to-day he scratches a mouse family out of its home; now he consumes a humble-bee's nest, with its occupants and provisions, and again he visits the fowls in the farm-yard. Disliking to take the trouble to dig for himself a hole, he roguishly asks the badger for his, teases and torments him with all kinds of roguery and vexatious conduct, so that at last the badger snarlingly leaves his roomy, comfortable dwelling, and prepares for himself a new one. The cunning victor then stretches himself comfortably in the pleasant room, till the hunter's terrier or the spade disturbs him, and puts an end to his sport of driving others out of their own homes.

#### WASHING THE CLOTHES.

THIS is the way we wash the clothes:

See the dirt and smoke and clay!  
Through and through the water flows,  
Takes and drops them far away.

THIS is the way we bleach the clothes:

Lay them out upon the green;  
Through and through the sunshine goes,  
Makes them white as well as clean.

THIS is the way we dry the clothes:

Hang them on the bushes about;  
Through and through the soft wind blows,  
Draws and drives the wetness out.

Water, sun, and windy air,

Make the clothes all clean and sweet;

Lay them now in lavender,

For the Sunday, folded neat.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

AMONG the remarkable men produced by Scotland, and she has produced many in every department of science and literature, Dr. Guthrie stands prominently forth as a representative of Scotch talent in the pulpit. The second volume of the *Autobiography and Memoir of Dr. Thomas Guthrie*, by his sons (albeit we have not seen the first), is a stout duodecimo of about five hundred pages. (Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Dr. Guthrie has been long and prominently before the public in his published works, and is well known by readers on both sides of the Atlantic. In the acts and debates of the ten years' conflict that resulted in the disruption of the National and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland, Dr. Guthrie bore a flaming part. He was hot for secession, he seceded with the seceders, he traversed the kingdom as the agent of the seceders to get up a "Manse Fund," to supply residences for those ministers who had voluntarily turned themselves out of the parsonages belonging to the State Churches. He started out to raise fifty thousand pounds, and in one year raised one hundred and sixteen thousand! over half a million of dollars for this purpose. His next great work was social and national, and not denominational—the foundation of the ragged-schools. For a quarter of a century, Dr. Guthrie was the soul of this noble enterprise. Parliamentary aid in support of these schools was of course bitterly opposed by the Irish Romanists, who would rather their children should go to the devil than be saved by a Protestant institution; and one Lucas, member for Meath, expressed the sense of Rome in all parts of the world, when he said in reference to the ragged and vicious hordes of the large cities, for which Rome will do nothing herself and will allow nobody else to do any thing, that "the moral nature of the children sent to such institutions as that presided over by Dr. Guthrie would be more perverted than they would be if left on the streets!" in other words, any amount and style of Roman Catholic debasement and villainy is better than the lightest

impression of virtue from any Protestant source! This is the virus of Rome, the world over, in reference to the moral reformation of her debauched masses. Dr. Guthrie was a power in the pulpit, on the platform, in his books, and in the editorial chair. Few men have done so much work and done it so well. His biography, judging from the half we have seen, will be grandly stimulating to those who study grand natures and grand doings for their own advantage.

BYRON and CARLYLE were our pet authors in college days, forty years ago. The former had a strong hold for a time. The satire which made him famous colored some of our prejudices, especially toward the "Lake poets," indelibly, but his reign was short. For the author of "Sartor Resartus" we have had a life-long reverence, and we have read his successive works with ever deepening wonder at his peculiar genius and inimitable ability. Two essays, the one historical and the other critical, are just published by the Messrs. Harper. *The Early Kings of Norway* is a work written in the peculiar style that distinguished the great "censor's" Frederic, Cromwell, and French Revolution, from all other pictures of the same persons and periods. In his prologue the author calls the work "rough notes of the early Norway Kings hastily thrown together," to supply a defect in English histories, in which, Rapin excepted, "next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse." His hero-worship, hatred of "liberalism," contempt for modern democracy, are as conspicuous at threescore and ten as they were forty years ago.

His critical acumen is as lively as ever over *The Portraits of John Knox*, of which he gives a half dozen, with their histories, and reasons for accepting or rejecting. Portraits of great historical personages are as rare as reliable biographies. Witness the efforts to portray Knox, Shakespeare, and Columbus. In the "Somerville Portrait," Mr. Carlyle finds a head worthy of his conception of the great Scotch reformer, and

so it seems to us; but readers must judge for themselves. Any old bone will do for him who is dying for a relic to worship; any likeness will pass for that of a popular hero, especially if the name be written under it. The question with which Carlyle concludes his critique silences all objectors: "If it is not John Knox, who is it?"

A NEW and beautiful edition, the "sixth thousand," of Dr. George H. Whitney's *Hand-book of Bible Geography* (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati); one of the completest, most compact, and useful volumes we know of, always needed on the study-table of the preacher and the Sunday-school teacher.

THE Messrs. Harper deserve the thanks of the public for placing *Livingstone's Last Journals* within the reach of every reader, by reprinting from their elegant library edition a new, "complete, cheap, and popular edition," at half the price of the thicker volume. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE Harpers send us another edition of the *Political Economy* of J. E. Cairnes, LL. D., Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in London University; "a new edition of lectures delivered in Dublin more than seventeen years ago." (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE singularities of French character and manners have been often described; never more accurately and graphically pictured perhaps than in a little work entitled *The French at Home*, by Consul Albert Rhodes. (Dodd & Mead, publishers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) French character, French culture, French taste, French politeness, French cookery, French art, French badinage, and French desire for military glory, are all well-handled by one who has resided among them, and used his eyes and opportunities for observation, and who, then, better than all, knows how to tell what he has seen in a most effective manner. In certain things the French are the teachers of mankind. It is pleasing to our vanity to learn that they ape English manners,—certain classes among them, as certain among us ape every thing French. There are natural barriers which neither race can pass. An Englishman or American can not be a

Frenchman, and a Frenchman makes a very poor Englishman. Much of their culture is, by the confession of this writer, purchased at a terrible moral discount. And while we might be willing to allow French influence to smooth off some of our Saxon and Puritan ugliness and angularity, we rise from the perusal of the book thanking God that we have power, if we lack grace; that we have the stability essential to religion and good government, if we lack elegance, and burning thirst for "glory." We like the French for many things, but who would be a Frenchman!

*Ocean Born; or, the Cruise of the Club*, by Oliver Optic, a pretty volume of the Yacht Club Series. (Lee & Shepard, New York.)

*Outline of Church History*, by John F. Hurst, D. D., a convenient manual, full of the two most important aids to historical study,—chronology and maps. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

THREE beautiful volumes, in one box, of the Home Story Series,—*Vacation, Fireside*, and *For Little People*, by Augusta Larned, with illustrations. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

*Doing and Dreaming*, by Edward Garrett (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati); a story of thought and work, sad in its delineations and tragic in its outcome.

*The Physician's Wife*, a novel, by Helen King Spangler. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)

*The Italians*, a novel, by Frances Elliott. (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*Little Brothers and Sisters*, by Emma Marshall. (Robert Carter & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FICTION.—Harper & Brothers' household edition of the works of Charles Dickens—*Our Mutual Friend*. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

PAMPHLETS.—*Boston University Year Book*, vol. II, 1875, William F. Warren, D. D., LL. D., President; *Annual of the Syracuse University*, 1874-5, E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D., President.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

1775.—The celebration of the centennial of American Independence is at hand, and the periodicals of the country are reprinting history to refresh the memory of the elders and to kindle patriotic enthusiasm in the minds of the rising generation. What were the causes of the separation of the colonists from the mother country? One was that an ocean three thousand miles broad had rolled for a hundred and fifty years between the American settlers and their British progenitors. Many of their fathers were driven out from England, and had no reason to cherish any very affectionate remembrances of the land that gave them birth. Five generations had been born on American soil, severed from royalty, nobility, State and Church religion, European poverty, luxury, and wealth,—a new people, with new language, new habits, new ideas, expansive as the forests and lakes and mountains of the broad country which gave them birth, as free as the eagles of its clear air and blue skies, or the red rovers of its fathomless woods.

The exciting cause of this rebellion was the accession to the British throne in 1760 of a boy of twenty-two who had high ideas of kingship, generated or strengthened by a foolish mother, who never tired of iterating the counsel, "Be king, George." How much the periodical fits of madness to which he was subject from youth had to do with his constitutional obstinacy is not apparent, but it is certain that George III was as perverse and unable to learn as a Stuart or a Bourbon. Green says, "He had a smaller mind than any English king before him save James II." "In ten years he had reduced Government to a shadow, and in twenty had forced the colonies of America into revolt and independence, and brought England to the brink of ruin." The proposition to tax the colonies was first broached in 1764; became a law, with the royal assent and signature in 1765. Instant ferment in the colonies compelled the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766. In 1767, taxation measures were renewed, repealed again in 1770, except the duty on tea, which was retained merely to assert the right of the mother country to tax the colonies. In 1773, the

schooner *Gaspe* was burned at Providence, Rhode Island, and, in December of the same year, seventy white "Indians," headed by a sachem of the Narragansetts that Hubbard's "Indian Wars" makes no mention of, "Ok-noo-ker-tunko-gog," emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the Winter waters, because Parliament chose to levy a tax of six cents a pound on it. Parliament retaliated with the Boston Port Bill, a sort of blockade of New England's commercial capital. America responded in a general Congress, which met in Philadelphia in 1775. Rebellion seemed imminent, and Governor Gage, backed by British troops, took the initiative, fortifying Boston and seizing the military supplies which the alarmed and aroused colonists had prudently begun to accumulate. On the night of April 18, 1775, the royal governor sent a force of eight hundred men to destroy some military stores at Lexington and Concord. The militia of the country turned out to defend them. At five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, Major Pitcairn opened the ball of Revolution by firing on the American forces. Eight were killed and the British proceeded to Concord, where a severe skirmish ensued, in which the English were forced to retreat, harassed by shots from the outraged citizens from behind walls and barns and houses and trees and fences, after the manner of an Indian ambushade, till they reached Charlestown, with sixty-five killed, a hundred and eighty wounded, and twenty-eight made prisoners. The Americans lost proportionately; and thus ended the first day of this seven years' drama. In brief space twenty thousand men closed around Boston. Britain sent ten thousand men, and three of her best generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton; and the raw yeomanry of the rural colonies began soldiering in earnest.

It is not necessary to describe, much less to glorify, the Bunker Hill butchery. It stirs the blood to a patriotic fervor to read of the pluckiness of a handful of militia intrenching themselves behind extemporized earth-works in the face of a British fleet and

thousands of British veterans, holding their ground till their ammunition gave out, and opposing clubbed muskets to bayonets when they were at last driven from their fortifications; but who thinks of the howls and cries of anguish that went up from a thousand British households, when the news of the terrible slaughter that twice rolled the storming forces down the hill reached the mother country? Thanks to sparseness of population, want of resources, and the prudent style of campaigning adhered to by the careful Washington, the War of the Revolution, compared with European wars or our late war, was a bloodless conflict. It had but few pitched battles, and these mere child's play compared with a hundred bloody collisions of the late Rebellion. We were forcibly struck with this fact years ago when we followed the reading of Botta with that of an account of Bonaparte's campaign in Italy. It seems sad that needed social and moral revolutions can seldom be brought about in this bad world except by strife and bloodshed. Our fathers stood

"On Bunker's height  
And wrote our dearest right in blood."  
  
"The British ball,  
The saber's thirsty edge,  
The hot shell shattering in its fall,  
The bayonet's rounding wedge,—  
Here scattered death; yet scale the spot,  
No trace there ye can see,  
No altar; and they need it not  
Who leave their children free!"

DR. ABBEY AND HIS WRITINGS.—The appearance of the article, "Protestantism and Romanism Contrasted," in the April number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, gives us the opportunity we have wanted for some time, to say a few words concerning its author. Richard Abbey is a Southern Methodist preacher, a "self-made" man, and a somewhat voluminous writer on topics more or less controversial. He was born in Genesee County, New York, sixteen miles west of where Rochester now stands, in November, 1805. Thence, he floated, first to Pennsylvania, thence to Illinois, and thence to Natchez, where he found himself, at raw twenty, dollarless and friendless. In 1830, he engaged in business, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, married soon after, studied law some, but did not practice, became a class-leader, and, in 1844, a local

preacher; in 1856, a member of the Missouri Conference, and Agent of the Book and Tract Society at Vicksburg. The Southern General Conference of 1858 made him Financial Secretary of the publishing house at Nashville, in connection with Dr. J. B. M'Ferrin, which position he held at the time of the occupation of the city by Union troops, in 1862; and there he remained till 1866, when he became presiding elder in his own Conference. In 1872, he was sent to Washington, to advocate the claim of the Church South against the United States Government, for the use of the premises of the Book Concern during the period of the military occupation. Mr. Abbey's opportunities for early education were slender, and his school training meagre and defective; but, as in the case of many other Americans, will and industry made up largely for the lack of advantages; and, considering his circumstances, he has met with fair success.

The first work of his that fell under our notice was a useful pamphlet, entitled "Baptismal Demonstrations," of which we have scattered many copies at points where the submersion question needed a settler. The next book of his that came to our hand was the "City of God," briefly reviewed in the *REPOSITORY*, December, 1872. Since then we have seen all, or nearly all, of Dr. Abbey's publications: "Letters on Apostolical Succession;" "A Controversy with Bishop Greene, of Mississippi," 1855; "The Divine Assessment for the Support of the Ministry," 1855; "Strictures on Church Government," 1856; "The Creed of all Men," "The End of the Apostolical Succession" (a newspaper debate), and "The Church and Ministry," a lecture, in 1860; "The Divine Call to the Ministry," 1867; "Diuturnity," 1866, takes issue with Millenarianism. "An Inquiry into the Ecclesiastical Constitution," 1860, is followed, in 1868, by "Ecce Ecclesia," which is probably the one of Mr. Abbey's productions that will outlive all the others. It was published anonymously; and the *Methodist Quarterly* made the very flattering mistake (to the author) of attributing the work to the pen of Dr. Deems. His latest book, "City of God," 1872, is a volume of negative criticism. Pulling down is never so agreeable as building up, and Mr. Abbey



sets himself at the ungracious task of pointing out the misstatements, often seen, of orthodox ministers on the Church question.

Dr. Abbey's pet theory is, that the Church commenced its existence in the suburbs of Eden, and that Christ founded a new dispensation, but no new Church. The two works last named are well worthy of a place in every minister's library, so full are they of instruction and suggestion on the Church topic, a topic on which every one, in these days of Romish and High-church pretension, needs to be well informed. Dr. Abbey is analytical, argumentative, dogmatic, intense, energetic, and illustrative. To a thinker, a reader, a man of books, his style is objectionable, on account of his proneness to repetition. This "line upon line," which is intolerable to a man who needs to be told a thing but once, whose mental acumen and discipline are such that he catches a thought before it is half framed into a proposition, may be, and doubtless is, a virtue and a recommendation in a teacher who writes for the masses, mind which is reached and impressed mainly by drill and reiteration. The article in the *Quarterly* is a fair specimen of Dr. Abbey's style and drift, and should introduce his fuller works to thoughtful readers.

HOPE.—The hope that when woman votes there will be no more wars, no more political corruption; that the great "unwashed" will go to the polls in Sunday clothes, and vote in stand-up collars and white kids—is quite too pleasing a fancy for indulgence. What female legislators would do with free love and polygamy,—whether they would endure or wink at the one, and abolish the other,—might depend somewhat on the consideration whether legislatures were purified, or woman corrupted, by the new association. It would bring a very millennium of politics, if the presence and influence of woman should do away with "repeating," ballot-box stuffing, bribery, intimidation, quarrel for spoils, jobbing, lobbying, rings, and the thousand protean forms of political corruption. Will the coming age bring these reforms?

PASTOR'S AID.—An ingenious, convenient, and cheap little manual has been devised by Rev. R. Harcourt, and published by our Agents, in which to keep a pocket record

of members' names and residences, and the number of calls and visits made. It has also pages ruled for a record of Church officials, periodicals, and committees; and, at the end, the Ritual for baptisms, burial, and marriage. We have rarely seen such a neat little *multum in parvo*. Such a pocket companion would have steaded us some years ago, when, being called to perform a marriage ceremony, we hastily took down from the library shelf what looked like a Methodist Discipline, but which, when we opened it before the expectant couple, proved to be a Dutch camp-meeting hymn-book! We had to extemporise on that occasion.

HINT TO PREACHERS.—Doctor Guthrie, at the time of the great agitation in the Church of Scotland, thirty years ago, was speaking constantly, night after night. His regimen might suit lecturers or conductors of protracted meetings. He says: "I never stood an expedition half so well as this. Before facing the night air (it was January), and after sweating like a horse, I always drink a great dose of very hot water, qualified with a little milk, which keeps me in a glow till I get home. I have never spoken less than two hours. I am beginning to think that I will, after the trial of this nightly work, be a capital itinerant preacher, and will match Whitefield himself. The real secret is, eat plenty, lie eight or nine hours in bed, and, above all, *drink nothing stronger than cold water*."

It is poor policy to eat after night speaking, but, judging from experience, nothing is more soothing to excited nerves, and refreshing to tired organs, than lemonade, hot or cold, according to the season.

STAR CONFERENCE.—One or two cities in each Conference have one or two star churches, and every Conference has one or two star preachers, who supply the star churches by means of transfer. We suggest that the next General Conference erect the star churches into a Star Conference, and circulate the star preachers by the regular action of episcopal appointment. As it is now, star itinerants seldom remain long enough in one place to secure election to the General Conference. The Star Conference would be entitled to its proportion of delegates.

But being all stars, the election would be apt to be as lively as the lovely times the Protestant Episcopal dioceses have over candidates for cathedral thrones.

**WORKING TO THE END.**—The disciples of mammon know no "dead line." A New York correspondent says: "A. T. Stewart, a man of seventy-four years, and nobody knows how many millions, in his devotion to hard work, is like several other old New York millionaires. Moses Taylor is always laboring. Vanderbilt, now eighty, is at his office daily, and is harder pushed than any of his clerks. William B. Astor, who is over eighty, attends closely to the business of his vast real estate. George Law and Daniel Drew are each seventy-six, but do not abate a jot of their active work. Peter Cooper, aged eighty-one, is regularly at his office in the Institute building. Edward Matthews, who has reached seventy-five, keeps a close eye on his Wall-street realty. At seventy-eight, Charles O'Connor is up to his ears in legal papers, though he avoids, when possible, attendance on the courts." Why may not preachers and teachers and literary men work to seventy and eighty as well as millionaires?

**DISTINGUISHED DEAD.**—Dr. Dallas D. Lore, editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate* since 1864, died suddenly, of paralysis and apoplexy, at his residence on the borders of Owasco Lake, near Auburn, New York, on Sunday, June 20th, aged sixty years. We were first introduced to this worthy servant of God and the Church by his friend, Davis Goheen, while in the Presidency of M'Kendree College, in 1847, at the time of his appointment as missionary to South America. In the *Lebanon Journal*, the parent of the *St. Louis Advocate*, which we edited, 1847 to 1850, we published several letters written by brother Lore from Buenos Ayres to his friend Goheen, which were read with peculiar interest at the time. We first met the Doctor at the dedication of the new church in Auburn, and shared the hospitalities of his excellent wife and his beautiful home. Since then, official relations have brought us frequently together, and we have had constant occasion to admire his character and ability, and can say, in the words of one of his eulogists, "He was an

able preacher, a sound theologian, a thorough Methodist, and a liberal Christian gentleman, and uniformly succeeded in every department of Christian labor to which he was called." Dr. Lore leaves an excellent wife, and two sons and two daughters of uncommon ability, who will do what in them lies to make up for the loss of the talented father to the Church and world.

Charles Collins, D. D., President of the State Female College, died July 10th, at Memphis, Tennessee. He was born in Maine in 1813; graduated, valedictorian, at the Wesleyan University in 1837, in the same class with Drs. Curry, Sewell, and Wentworth; was President of Emory and Henry College, Virginia, till 1852; President of Dickinson College till 1860. He served the Methodist Episcopal Church fourteen years, and the Church South twenty-three. As men get their epitaphs where they do their work, his, like that of Bishop Soule and John C. Breckenridge, will be a divided eulogy. Being South at the time of both secessions, the ecclesiastical of 1844, and the civil of 1861, with a Northern residence between them, Dr. Collins was obliged to wear the rôle of the "Northern man with Southern principles," and, like the traveler in the Satyr's cave, to use hot or cold breath to suit circumstances. He matured early; "got his growth," as classmate Sewell once said, while the rest of us were yet boys. We were associated with him at Dickinson from 1852 to 1854. He was a hard worker, frigid and unsympathetic as an orator, given to the physical, rather than the moral suasion, style of discipline,—a sort of Stuart and Bourbon administration, that keeps its subjects chronically on the borders of rebellion. Readers of the *REPOSITORY* will find a beautifully engraved portrait of Dr. Collins, with sketch appended by Dr. Clarke, in the number for July, 1860.

**M. RÉNAN IN THE LECTURE-ROOM.**—A correspondent of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, writing from Paris, gives the following description of M. Rénan in the lecture-room:

A few days since, in the lecture-room of Rénan, whose reputation has filled the literary world, there were only two who seemed to have come as students. He was lecturing



on Solomon's "Vanity of vanities," in connection with a variety of languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, etc. He is quite a curiosity, physically as well as mentally. His longitude (that is the most appropriate word) is about five feet, possibly a little more, and his latitude about the same. His legs are very short and not very large, his arms after the same pattern. His immense head is set decidedly forward, with scarcely any trace of a neck. The lower part of his face is much fuller than the upper portion. His nose is large, and the extremity somewhat too highly colored. His bluish-gray eyes, with a general downward tendency, now closed, now half open, and now glaring with all the fire of his great mind streaming through them, are the most conspicuous features. His forehead is full over the eyes, but recedes rapidly; and his head, though quite broad, is not very much elevated above the ears. His hair, somewhat thin in front and on top of his head, is about an equal mixture of dark-brown and gray. He takes his seat, opens an immense copy of an old Polyglot Bible, looking as if it might have been the first one ever published. He reads the Hebrew, strikes upon a construction which does not please him, throws in his emphatic emendation, becomes more and more earnest and full of gesticulation; he reaches what he esteems a palpable error, he bursts out with a half-laughing half-deriding ejaculation, with a rapid succession of "ah! ah!" He sways back and forth, throws his index finger down on the word as if he would blot it out. He pushes back his chair, hurries to the blackboard and writes Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, or whatever the case may require; and if any author may have advanced an opinion antagonistic to his, it is a luxury to him to shake him to pieces.

GENESIS OF PHILOSOPHY.—This is the title of an address before the Young Men's Christian Association at Winchester, Virginia, last month, by Rev. B. Arbogast, Principal of Valley Female College, and printed in the Annual Catalogue of the institution for 1875. It is very erudite, and is to be followed by a series of addresses on the same subject, which the author will doubtless then collect and make into a book.

We would be pleased to notice his lecture at length, but have room only for a paragraph or two. Speaking of colleges and universities as being the progeny of the Church, he says:

"Of the 315 colleges in the United States, 208 belong to the Church, and most of the others are managed by Christian professors, and are under Christian influence. Of the presidents of these colleges, 171 are ministers of the Gospel, and more than 400 professorships are filled by clergymen." The author "is tired of that species of cant which persists in the attempt to put religion and culture in a state of antagonism. They are not related as two genera. Religion is the genus of which culture is the species. A Church can no more exist which ceases to culture its people than a Church which ceases to practice charity, or to observe the Ten Commandments."

THE *Methodist Quarterly* for July came to hand about the middle of that month. As usual, it introduces the reader to a wide range of thought and literature; advises him of what the wise and good of both hemispheres are thinking and doing. Few volumes of equal capacity are so full of thought in all directions, to any mind that wants to think; or so full of suggestion to an intellect that is capable of taking and profiting by a suggestion. To the owner of few books it is equivalent to a library.

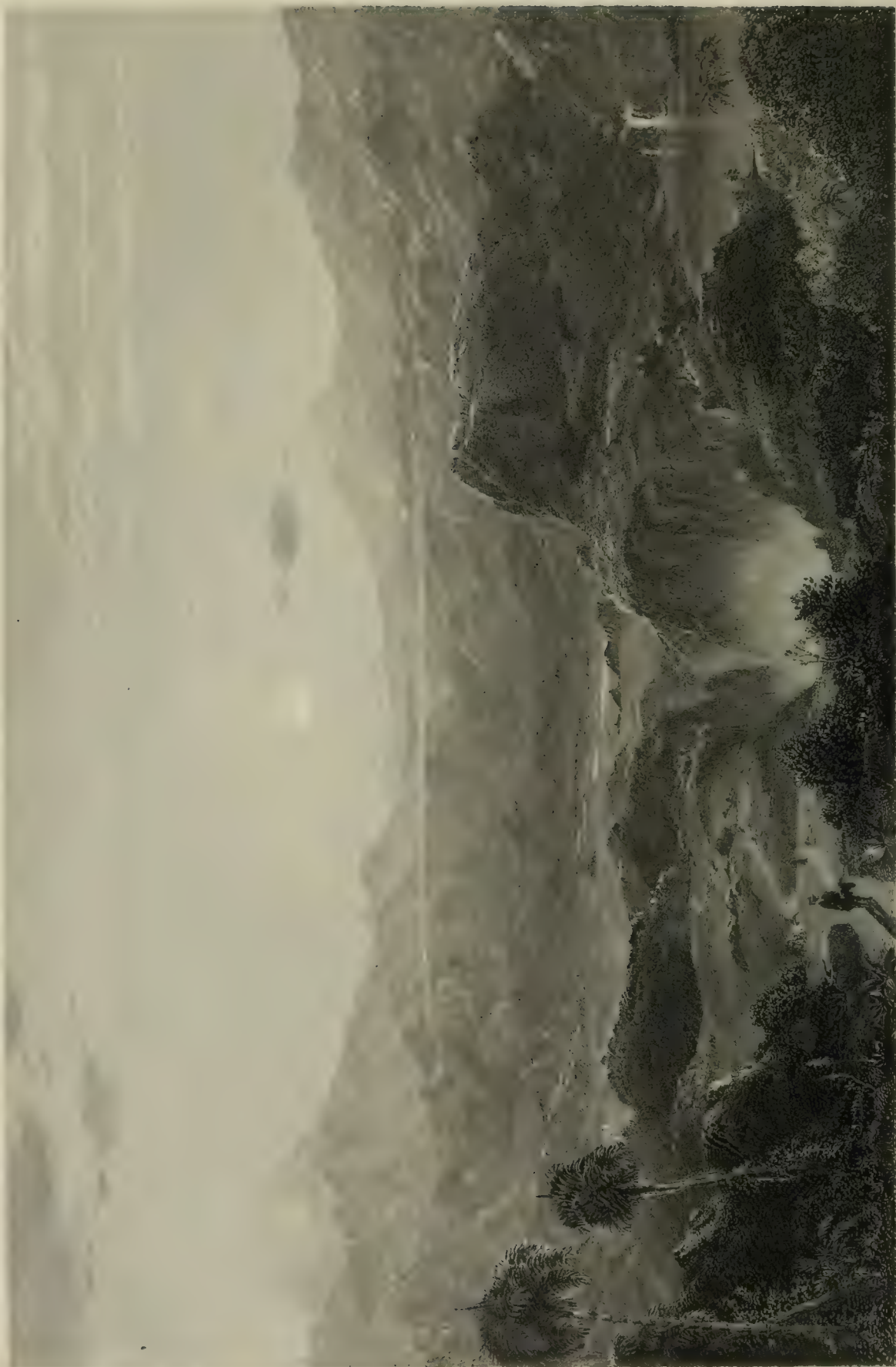
OUR PICTURES.—The telescopic views of the moon present scarcely any scenery more wild and desolate than our view of rocks and caverns. Where these are located, or whether the artist has made up the piece from his own imagination, we are unable to answer; but as barren a soil and as rocky a field it is easy enough to see without going far from home.

For pets, we can well enough endure dogs, but save us from monkeys! More ugly, mischievous, freaky, litter-loving beasts it is hard to find; and if the householder, whose dining-rooms Master Jocko has invaded, and whose dinner he is sharing, were wise, he would dispose of him and his dog in some better quarters.

THE British Parliament adjourns two hours on Ascension Day, and twenty-four for the sake of the Derby,—a sign of progress!













THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1875.



THE OLD FRENCH POWER IN AMERICA.

SECOND PAPER.

TO bring within the compass of a few brief magazine articles a subject so extensive as that suggested by my title, and one so replete with interest to the student of American history, is a task of no small undertaking. The difficulty lies not in the collection of the raw material, but in the sorting out of that which is poor and worthless, so as to leave only the valuable and more interesting portions. I must, therefore, pass over the ground rapidly, leaving out as far as possible the mere commonplaces of history. One of the principal points to be aimed at in this, as in all studies of historical subjects, is to keep in mind ever the fact of God's government over the world. The development of civilization in the New World is especially illustrative of great Providential designs, the consideration of which has a peculiar pertinancy as we approach the centennial year in the life of the great republic. If we look into the outward world of matter, we can not fail to discover how the planet itself was fitted up for the abode of living beings such as we are. So, if we view the moral world, we may see equally a constant working toward a definite end. If God is the controller of all physical force, he is surely not less the governor of all moral force. It would be poor logic to admit his government over the less, and rule him out of the greater.

VOL. XXXV.—19\*

Almost simultaneously with the settlements at Jamestown, in Virginia, and at Plymouth, on the rocky coast of New England, the French began their settlement of Canada. The city of Quebec was founded by Samuel de Champlain in 1608, just twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock; just sixteen years before the Dutch founded the colony of New Amsterdam, subsequently named New York; just one year after the English settled at Jamestown. The Dutch called their settlement "New Amsterdam," after old Amsterdam in the Father-land. The English named the region of which Jamestown was the focal center Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Captain Smith had explored the North-east, and called it New England, a name subsequently confirmed by Charles I; and in the same spirit Canada was occupied and named "New France." The affixing to portions of this continent the names of the old was perhaps one of the most natural things in the world; and yet it seems almost a prophecy of the determination on the part of some to implant here the social seeds which have grown so rankly in the soil of the Old World's society. Instance the anti-sabbath movement, practical rationalism, and particularly Romanism. The reader may keep in mind that, through all the formative period in the



political life of this country, Popery was persistent in its efforts to gain the dominancy over all other powers, and in this it has not changed.

Previous to the year 1600, notwithstanding a full century had passed since the main coast, from New England to Florida, had been discovered by the Cabots, no permanent settlement had been made by the English. In the year 1534, Cartier, sailing under a commission from the King of France, turned his ships into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, hoisting his colors, took possession of the whole region in the name of the then reigning monarch, Frances I. Then, in the following year, he ascended the river as far as where Montreal now stands. But the real founder of the French colony in the New World was Samuel de Champlain. This noted character appeared upon the stage as the *employé* of a company of French merchants, who had at first in view nothing but the accumulation of wealth, by carrying on the fur-trade with the Indians of North America. The prosecution of discoveries, and the establishing of settlements on the "River of Canada," the St. Lawrence, was a very natural result, and was a subsequent thought.

Right here, at the start, we meet the question of religion. The settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth represented the Protestant faith, that at Quebec the Catholic, and we shall be able to see, all the way through, not only the designs of the French monarch, but, at the same time, the combined zeal and trickery of the Jesuit. We may here get a glimpse of the settled policy of Rome; and, while we may admire the zeal and bravery of her agents, we can not but condemn the evil spirit which then, as well as now, moved her to action.

One gets some idea of what one brain can do when fully aroused, how it may foment the brain of the world, as in the case of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit order. As no accurate history of Christianity can be written without naming Martin Luther, so any history of

Romanism during the last four hundred years would be imperfect if it were to leave out the name of Ignatius Loyola. At the date of the settlement of Quebec and the adjacent region, Jesuitism was in its infancy, but still its influence was felt, and it was a powerful ally to the French civil power in whatever it must undertake.

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was born of noble family, in the year 1491. His family relation gave him a place at the court of Ferdinand, as a page, from which he entered the army as a soldier of fortune. He is said to have been possessed of a fierce and reckless spirit, ambitious of distinction, and served in the army of his prince with marked bravery. At the battle of Pampeluna, Loyola was severely wounded in both legs by a cannon shot, and was borne from the field to his home, in his ancestral valley of Loyola, where he slowly recovered. His strong will was manifest by one incident. The wound in one of his limbs, in the healing process, was likely to leave him a deformed cripple for life, a thought which the fiery young soldier could not brook; and accordingly he summoned his surgeon, had the wound reopened, and a portion of the bone sawed off to suit him. During the time, he beguiled the days and weeks of his vacancy in the perusal of books. He became especially interested in "The Lives of Saints."

Up to this time, Loyola had dreamed of knighthood, of armies, and wild adventures. Now his imagination became inflamed with the idea of spiritual knighthood. He first planned, and subsequently executed, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the purpose of aiding in overturning the infidel power which held the sacred city. And he seemed just about as willing to die a martyr in the cause as to succeed in the undertaking. Again he returned to Spain. The Catholic mind hates any thing new. It lives in the past and forgotten ages. It even hated the plans of the one who, of all others, was determined to be the founder of the most thorough system of

propagandism the world ever saw. In 1526, Loyola began to gather adherents, but was, strangely enough, sent to prison, by order of the Inquisition, on suspicion of witchcraft. The year 1528 found him released from prison, and a diligent student in Paris. Here he found those who were ready to follow in his footsteps; and here, in the subterranean chapel of Montmartre, in 1534, was formed the famous "Society of Jesus," which order was confirmed by Pope Paul III, in 1536; and Ignatius Loyola was its first chosen general.

In person he is described as of middle stature, olive complexion, bald head, eyes of fire, indomitable will, and very sincere. He affirmed as his solemn belief that he was moved by a holy inspiration from heaven to carry on his work. In his whole nature there was a wild commingling of ambition, enthusiasm, and zeal. We get a view of his peculiar spirit as we see him, half recovered from his battle wounds, hobbling on his crutches to the shrine of Montserrat; there impetuously throwing all his hopes of knighthood at the door of the Church, and hanging up his sword and lance forever, but only in the end to win more lasting fame, and wield a wider influence in the spiritual army of the Pope than he could have done on the bloody fields of Ferdinand.

The discovery and occupancy of Canada, by the agents of the French monarch, offered a wide field for incipient Jesuitism. Its machinery could here be set in motion, and Popery could make great headway. So that Jesuitism in its rapid marches was only the pulsations of the brain of Ignatius Loyola.

As we go back to read over the history of these early days, we are plunged into a period of agitation. It was then the principal study of tyrants to devise means to suppress any uprising of the people against unjust and oppressive laws. A single will then bound fast the felt rights of the millions. Kings claimed a divine right to rule the states, and the Pope claimed an equal right to rule the king. Each claimed a *jus divinum* for every

political act, however it encroached upon the liberties of mankind. All the while, half smothered to be sure, the spark of liberty still burned in the breasts of the people. Spread through all the walks of life, on farms and in shops, in the hearts of the masses the manly instinct of liberty, civil and religious, did not only exist, but would rise up and assert itself.

It was during the reign of Elizabeth that the Puritans came upon the stage. Then followed persecutions the most dire and bitter. The queen drove many of her subjects from the realm, hoping to deter those who remained, and thus by force to secure their loyalty to the English crown. Both England and France had colonial possessions in America, which could not help but feel the influence of all these bitter controversies which were going on in the home governments. It was undoubtedly the plan of Providence to break that influence, and to raise up a people who should be free from the fetters which bound men in the Old World; and to this end the events of a century clearly pointed.

England occupied the Atlantic coast, but did not extend her actual settlements more than a hundred miles into the interior. The English seemed to have but little of that spirit of adventure which characterized the French, and especially the priests. The English Puritan in New England was just as hostile to Romanism as he was in Old England.

The French settled to the north and west of the great Lakes. New France was the rival of New England. Still, at this period, it was only a trading region. Merchants were more interested in the country than politicians. The Frenchman, by an instinct of his being, loves glory, and especially the glory of France; but, at this period, there was but little field for the exercise of national pride. On the other hand, while the Jesuit loved France, he loved Rome more; and there was a magnificent field offered here in which he could win favor, and lay the foundations for future spiritual supremacy. For the space of fifty years, Quebec,



Montreal, and Three Rivers were the only places of any consideration. But then the country every-where, to its extreme points, was occupied by the Indians. Many of these tribes were very powerful; and in the planting of settlements, whether by the French or English, the Indian was an element always to be considered. The French, especially, were not slow to discover this element and utilize it. The merchant needed the friendship of the savage, and the savage could be friendly if he wished to be; and so the French merchant conciliated the good-will of the red man, as far as it was possible. But the Jesuits saw in the Indians the road to power over all the New World, and were not slow to avail themselves of it.

The tribes which appear in view most conspicuously, in these times, were the Hurons, who occupied the territory contiguous to Quebec, the Algonquins and Abeniques, who lived along the river St. Lawrence. These tribes were peculiarly accessible to the French trader. Here was a foothold at once, and a combination could be formed which would advance the French interests in North America rapidly.

Very soon after the establishment of the settlement at Quebec, the Jesuits planted their standard along with that of the merchants, or traders, and it became as much a missionary station, for the promulgation of Catholic doctrines, as a trading-post. The mission attracted attention at home; and not a few were ready to devote both life and fortune for the ecclesiastical conquest of the dominions of the red man. For a time all went on smoothly, while it was mainly a trading-post,—but by and by Canada assumed colonial proportions; then conflicts began between the Church and the civil power, to the great injury of the very people whom the Jesuits proposed to benefit. The Jesuit was then just what he is now, an assumption. The Pope claimed to be superior to the king, and the law of the Jesuit missionary was deemed above the law of the French

monarch. Aside from these minor issues, the policy of the French was of three-fold nature: First, the monopoly of the fur trade by the company of which Champlain was the chief agent; secondly, the extension of the French colonial possession over the whole of North America; thirdly, the universal spread of the Catholic religion. This latter was a prime motive. Richelieu was then Prime Minister of France, and he was a most zealous Catholic,—a bishop, a cardinal, a minister. The charter of New France included nearly the whole of North America, from Quebec to Florida, “granting all the rivers which discharge themselves therein, the great river of Canada, or which throughout those vast regions empty themselves into the sea, both on the eastern and western coasts of the continent, with all the harbors, islands, mines, and rights of fishery.”

Under the mere pretense of carrying the Gospel to the heathen, Romanism sought universal domination in the New World, as the foregoing language of the charter of Richelieu pretty clearly sets forth. The present territory of New York was then occupied by the celebrated Iroquois, or Five Nations; namely, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. They were on territory to which the French had no claim whatever, and yet they made endeavor, by force of arms, and by Jesuit missionary efforts, to possess themselves of the country, with French institutions and the Catholic faith.

I have at least intimated that the road to political supremacy, in the New World was through the priest. The Jesuit could reach the savage heart as no other agent could. The tribes were scattered all over the continent, and yet were connected. The main object was to reach them. To conciliate the Huron and Algonquin tribes was a very easy task, but to bring into subjection the powerful Five Nations was not so easy. The very next year after the settlement at Quebec, in 1609, Champlain joined his few men, equipped with fire-arms, to a band of his confederate

tribes, and gave battle to the Mohawks, one of the tribes of the Five Nations. The thunder of the fire-arms for the first time fell on the savage ear, and struck terror for the moment to the savage heart. The attack in all its details, as related by Champlain himself, was only a cold-blooded murder, inspired by no motive that either God or man could approve. But still he did not gain the advantages over the foe he expected, and, indeed, only hedged up his own way in the future. The thoughtful chiefs of the Five Nations saw the policy of the French.

We almost wonder that the French did not gain a more permanent foothold on American soil than they did. They had all the machinery of government, civil and ecclesiastical. They had much more of the spirit of adventure than their rivals. They had all the peculiar power which belongs to priestly domination. If I were to answer the question, I would say that God had other plans for this great country than those which fostered the faith of the Catholic religion. The Jesuits were too wily to succeed, even with the Indians. The crafty red man understands that game himself, and needs no rival.

That Jesuitism did not overrun the whole country may be attributed to that rock wall which it met in the famous Five Nations. They were the most powerful of any of the tribes, the enemies of the Hurons and Algonquins. They constituted a confederation of tribes long before the confederation of the States. They were intelligent and brave. Their counsels were characterized by gravity. Among their chiefs were orators and statesmen, beyond what would be expected among savages. They read the Jesuit; they saw in him a cunning politician, one bent on the exercise of power. So, between the aggressive French on the one side, and the commerce-loving Dutch and English on the other,—between the wily Jesuit on the north, and the Protestant on the south,—stood the mighty Iroquois, whom God raised up as a barrier in the way of Louis XIV, Richelieu, and the Pope, against a spirit which aimed at perpetuating in the New World the religious bonds and persecutions of the Old. But for that wall I can see how the French Jesuit might have gained the ascendancy, and how the course of events might have made New York what Lower Canada is now,—but God is in history.

J. H. M'CARTY.

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### SHAKESPEARE'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE time is at hand when poetry, history, and science shall succeed the sickening surfeit of novels, and people shall turn from the well-thumbed volumes of fiction to those thought-laden works whose lids have so long been covered with the dust of neglect. May, the day come, and that speedily, when every lady in this fair land shall place Shakespeare and Milton, Motley and Tyndall, upon her table, beside Madame Demorest, that she may ornament her mind as well as her body.

Shakespeare so combines the amusing with the instructive that the common people gladly hear his dramas, and the wisest find ample food for reflection and discussion. No other human writer affords such an inspiration to thought and expression. His greatness as a dramatist lies in his causing us to forget our own joys and sorrows in the joys and sorrows of his people. His greatness as a writer lies in his life-like portraiture of human nature, and in his condensation of thought.



The "Merchant of Venice" was published about the year 1600, and is supposed to have been written two or three years before. Some of the material has been traced back to an Italian novel, written in 1300, published in 1500; also the incidents of the bond and of the caskets have been found in an ancient collection of tales, called the "*Gesta Romanorum*." It contains many characters, of whom Antonio, the merchant; Shylock, the Jew; and Portia, the heiress, form the nucleus. The scene is laid in two places,—Venice, and Belmont, the heiress's country seat.

Antonio, who hath many argosies at sea, is introduced at once. Many traits in his character are worthy of contemplation,—his integrity, his devotion to his friends, his constant desire to use his riches to assist his neighbor, and his care to rescue the usurer's victims. His mind is ill at ease, as if feeling the premonitions of some coming calamity, and his friends attempt by gaiety to cheer him. Gratiano says:

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come. Why should a man whose blood is warm within, sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? and creep into the jaundice by being peevish?" And "I do know of those that therefore only are reputed wise for saying nothing. Fish not with this melancholy bait."

Gratiano does not mean to be thus "reputed;" for Bassanio says of him, that "he speaks an infinite deal of nothing, and that his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff."

Gratiano, Salanio, and Salarino are of minor importance; but serve, like the background of a painting, to bring out the motives, thoughts, and sentiments of the leading characters. The clever and sprightly Salanio and Salarino seem to be of more importance than Gratiano, as they make their tongues run for good ends, in gathering and giving information.

Bassanio, Antonio's bosom friend, for whom he would have sacrificed his life,

claims a goodly share of attention. The worst side of his nature appears first, and, although he proves himself more worthy than he promises in the early part of the play, yet there are many objectionable things about him. He has the character of a spendthrift. He professes a strong attachment for Antonio, but is already his debtor for much, which he has spent like "a willful youth." He says, "I have disabled mine estate, by showing a more swelling port than my faint means would grant continuance." Still he desires more, that he may continue that extravagance, hoping to make a favorable impression upon the heiress. If successful, he expects, with her wealth, to get clear of all the debts he owes. Such characters are true to life, but are not admirable. 'Tis his most redeeming feature that he has good friends.

It is said there is unity in variety, and although Shakespeare often breaks over the rule of dramatic unity of time and place, yet he always produces a variety which is unity, by so concentrating the interest upon the action of his principal characters, that time and place are of no consequence. Bassanio's eulogy upon Portia so excites the desire to know her, that distance disappears unquestioned, and we are delighted to find ourselves listening to the heiress in her own home, as she discourses with her maid concerning the will of her father, the lottery of her life, and her own inability to act. She says:

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

She gives us sharp criticisms upon her suitors: Of one, "I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth." Of another, "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man." Again, "He's a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with

a dumb-show?" From the first, Bassanio seemed to her worthy of praise. We can, when we review her character, throw the mantle of charity around him; if *she* could love, *we* can endure. Where love reigns, reason is often silent. Love covers a multitude of faults.

This manifestation of Portia's interest in Bassanio prepares us for the following scene, in which Bassanio begins to make ready for his "secret pilgrimage." Shylock, the Jew, takes a prominent part in this scene. Avarice at once appears as the strongest element in his character; the next, his religion. He says of Antonio, "I hate him because he is a Christian; but more, for that, in low simplicity, he lends out money gratis, and brings down the rate of usance here with us in Venice." His hatred had been increased by Antonio's oft-repeated insults, which the Jew takes good care to name over to him when he applies for money in behalf of Bassanio. But Antonio is nothing daunted by his rage, tells him he is like to do the same again. "If thou wilt lend this money," says he, "lend it not as to thy friend, but lend it rather to thine enemy."

Then Shylock, in seeming merriment, asks him to seal to the bond, that, if he break, he shall have the right to cut off one pound of his flesh in what part of his body pleaseth him. To which Antonio seals, thus binding himself to his enemy, to give Bassanio a rival place with Portia's suitors.

Meanwhile, suitors swarm from all quarters to sue for Portia's hand; but when made acquainted with the manner by which she must be obtained, and, especially, when informed that they would be required to promise never to woo another woman, they all scatter to the four winds, except two. These, the Princes of Morocco and Arragon, more determined than the others, demand to be led to the caskets. The Prince of Morocco, although his complexion bears "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," stands as fair as any comer for Portia's affection. He is dazzled by outside appear-

ance and unlocks the golden casket, to find therein written:

"All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told;  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold;  
Gilded tombs do worms infold;—  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscrolled.  
Fare you well! Your suit is cold."

Prince Arragon, less influenced by show, chooses the silver casket, whereon was inscribed: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." Still he fails, but he fails as many another, resting his claims on merit alone, hath done, before and since.

The second act is padded with makeshifts, to allow Bassanio ample time for his prolonged and elaborate preparations, unequaled, unless by our "American princess, with her twenty-two trunks." Would that all seasons of waiting were as well seasoned! Yet the mind will at times ask, Are not all things now ready for Bassanio's departure? The diversions are: Gobbo's ridiculous attempts at wit and endeavors to reconcile his conscience with his desire (his part serves to prove Shylock as niggardly at home as in his business); Jessica's elopement with Lorenzo; and Shylock's confused rage at her flight with his jewels and ducats, and "fled with a Christian."

Behold, the fullness of time has come. Bassanio's arrival is announced at the palace of the heiress. He comes in splendor, laden with rich gifts, and Portia's weakness appears. How she could be led to Bassanio "by the nice direction of a maiden's eyes," is very strange. She bids him choose, and waits, with bated breath, the result.

Bassanio outdoes himself in his comments upon the caskets. He must have been inspired by her. He rejects both gold and silver, as making too much outward show. Says, "the world is still deceived with ornament. . . . Thou meagre lead, thy plainness moves me more than eloquence, and here choose I." But look! "fair Portia's counterfeit"



is locked in the casket of lead. This meritorious action, according to the testamentary proviso of her father, makes him the successful suitor.

Portia, with all her wisdom, displays her womanhood in her speech committing herself to him. She is at once as wise as the wisest, and a very woman. She is strong in mind, and not strong-minded. She says:

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more  
rich;

That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of—something; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractic'd:  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; then happier in this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted."

Gratiano and Nerissa, serving as a mirror for Bassanio and Portia, desire that their nuptials should be celebrated at the same time. In the midst of their happiness, the news of Antonio's misfortunes comes to them. Portia bids Bassanio fly to his release. Bassanio shows that he has some sense of honor by expressing his willingness to give up even his scarcely won wife, if thereby he might effect Antonio's rescue. Portia's affection for her husband impels her to obtain a letter of commendation from Bellario, disguise herself, and with her maid hasten after him.

"To err is human;" and it seems Portia exhibits her humanity in leaving the impression at her home that she is going to remain at a monastery until Bassanio's return. Might she not simply have said that she was going upon business?

Shakespeare prepares the way for her to enter the court, dressed like a doctor of laws, by representing that the duke had sent for Bellario to come and decide this case, and he sends her in his stead.

She proceeds to reason with the heartless Jew. Heavenly eloquence falls from her lips; she says:

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy."

But it moves not Shylock. He says:

"My deeds upon my head! I claim the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond."

Portia is very careful to pin him to the exactness of his bond, by suggesting to him that it would be best to have a surgeon at hand to stop Antonio's wounds, lest he bleed to death; but Shylock can not find that in the bond. He will have neither more nor less than the bond. Revenge just now is a sweeter morsel to him than money, for Bassanio has offered him in vain ten times the amount of the debt. Portia assures him he shall have his bond, and directs Antonio to prepare to give him his due.

In Antonio's farewell address, he exhibits his entire unselfishness and resignation! But stay! Shylock is here informed he is to shed no blood, and, if he take one-twentieth part of a scruple more or less than one pound, his life and goods are forfeited; for the bond calls for one pound of flesh only.

The Jew immediately desires his principal, and release. How natural it is that he should become suddenly sick with fear, when he sees the justice, for which he so unmercifully pleaded, recoiling upon his own head! Mark the difference between his manner and Antonio's when his life is in danger. Antonio has on the whole armor of God, therefore fear can get no hold upon him; Shylock has no mediator between himself and his Maker, therefore terror takes the color from his lips, and fills his entire frame with such an ague that, even after he knows his life is pardoned, he is unable to remain, but says,

"I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am  
not well."

Thus we see baffled avarice and revenge take his hateful presence out of sight, while conscience shakes all his members as he goes.

Shylock is the most wonderful representative character in dramatic literature. His whole being savors of Judaism. His avaricious scheming propensity only represents the Jewish nation, which has dealt in money ever since the time of Christ, and to-day is said to rule the money-market of the world. But he is obliged at last to surrender his golden idol to the hated Christian.

Antonio is a symbol of a true Christian and staunch friend; but how many can be found who wear the name of Christ that are examples of such a cross-bearing Christianity?

Some critics think the fifth act superfluous, but Shylock's conduct in the fourth act fills the mind with so much

indignation and disgust, Portia's matchless reasoning raises the feelings to so intense a pitch of excitement, and Antonio's gentle yet manly resignation so enlists all our sympathies, that the mind must be let down from its tragical height, or the impression left upon it becomes too gloomy for comedy.

The fifth act carries the reader or listener out of the realm of controversy into a world of harmony and love, to which the bridegrooms, so suddenly and violently separated from their brides, hasten with speed. The temporary difficulty about the ring serves to inform the husbands of the part their wives took in the leading collision of the play, and to steal away the painful anxieties of the trial scene; and, finally, the news of the return of Antonio's ships completes the happy termination of the drama.

M. J. WHIPPLE.

## RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME.

THE municipal council of Rome, at their meeting in April, 1872, instituted an Archæological Commission, to which was intrusted the rights and duties which the city may have to the monuments discovered in the excavations. It was composed of four members of the council and four archæologists, among whom were Commendatore Rosa and Signor Castellani.

The field opened for the labors of the Commission was as vast as it was important; the city having reserved in some places the absolute right over the discoveries, in others a partial right, and again a simple surveillance of the excavations: and it was necessary to provide for taking designs of the edifices for their preservation, when they were worthy of it; for the transportation and arrangement, in the Capitoline Museum, of the ancient objects of art extracted from the excava-

tions; and for the enlargement of the museums. The Commission determined to print a quarterly bulletin to describe and illustrate the discoveries, and record every thing which, in the progress of the excavations, would throw light on the history and topography of the city. The articles of this magazine, written by learned archæologists, are extremely interesting. One of these describes a statue, recently discovered, of Hercules as a child, which is considered very rare. It, together with a statue of the Earth, was discovered last Spring, at Campo Verano, the cemetery of the city. The circumstances of the discovery were peculiar, originating from the prosecution of the municipal works in the cemetery. Both statues were found within an ancient inclosure, the greater part of which is still preserved. The place may be seen, near the grand portico at the foot



of that rock, anciently cut in sepulchers, which fronts the right side of the church, occupying the center of the cemetery. This is supposed to have belonged to the residence of some ancient religious society, a similar ruin existing at Ostia. The buildings of such colleges were frequently decorated with statues and images of gods, presented as votive offerings by the inmates. This statue of Hercules is of life size, representing the son of Alcmena and Jove in childhood. It is the same representation of the god, of which the Capitoline Museum possesses a fine example in the colossal statue of green basalt, discovered on the Aventine. The child deity is represented under the type of Hercules the Conqueror; that is, in an attitude of repose, and holding in his hand the apple of the Hesperides, regarded by some as his last labor. The lion-skin, which seems too rough for his tender limbs, covers his head and back, and is tied on his bosom by the skin of the legs. The little Alcides leans on the club reversed, placed under his left arm, which is somewhat extended, as he holds out the fatal apples, while the right arm is bent upon the thigh. On the youthful face, which already has a heroic expression, is stamped a smile full of ingenuousness and joy, which expresses the satisfaction he feels in the possession of those terrible instruments.

The value of this beautiful sculpture is increased by the attribute of the bow, rare in the statues of Alcides, which, placed in its quiver with the arrows, hangs on the left side of his person. This statue, which recalls the Hercules of Lysippus, must have been copied from an original of rare excellence, and may be considered a fine representation of Grecian-Roman workmanship. There is another similar statue, but of inferior execution, in the same museum; from which coincidence it is inferred that there was a model common to both. This statue has only slight repairs, on the left arm and lower part of the club. It was found lying on the ground, and surrounded by some architectural fragments,

probably of the niche which had contained it. Within the same inclosure, in the ancient cemetery,—which is also the modern one,—was found a seated statue of the Earth, which may be said to be unique. It was seated within a little chapel, over the arch of which was the following inscription: "*Terræ Matri sacrum. Aulus Hortensius Cerdo deæ piæ et conservatrici meæ donum dedi.*"

The chapel is of a quadrangular form, of brick-work, with marble cornices, and about sixty inches high. The aperture of the niche was forty inches wide, and was formerly closed by iron railings, the ends of which are still seen. The statuette and chapel were attached to an ancient wall, which had the cap still preserved, proving that they were in the open air. The statue has been placed in the court of the museum, on the right of the fountain ornamented by the colossal statue of the Ocean. It was necessary to destroy the wall to which it was attached, in order to remove the statue, but this has been rebuilt, by the care of Signor Castellani, imitating the ancient structure, which was first built of brick, and then covered with stucco painted a dark red color.

The Latin inscriptions offer rare dedications to the "Mother Earth," and she is sometimes also called *genitrix* and *parens*. A base, in cubic form, of another statuette of this divinity, was found in 1867 at Ostia, among the ruins of a religious edifice; but, although the inscription remained, the statue no longer existed.

We find the title of mother given to the Earth in the inscription of this sepulchral stone. Although the symbolical image of the Earth is often seen in bas-reliefs, it is rarely found in statues. In the bas-reliefs of the sarcophaghi and imperial cuirasses, it is generally represented recumbent and half nude, with the cornucopia, the bull, cherubs, and other analogous emblems. Sometimes it emerges from the soil, holding out a child with the arms. But the Mother Earth, figured in the form of a dignified

matron seated on a throne, like the statues of Cybele and sometimes of Ceres, is a monument which the sculpture of the Roman epoch has not yet offered us, and it is by great good fortune that the city museum of Rome has become the possessor of so rare a specimen.

This goddess, which was an allegory of the fruitful bosom of the earth, that receives the seeds and matures them, symbolized the principle of origin and growth. She had thus, almost exclusively, the title of mother and generator. She is here represented seated, to indicate the immovable nature of the terrestrial mass; and is dressed in a tunic, held at the waist by a ribbon. The head is covered with the ample matronly veil, which descends on the breast, and goes down to the knees. She wears on the hair a crown of wheat, her most precious gift, and the most welcome food of the human family. She rests the left arm on a long scepter, or cane, surmounted by the flower of the pomegranate, the emblem of fecundity. The right hand, which was wanting, has been restored, with the plate,—the appropriate emblem of a propitious and benevolent divinity. Her feet rest upon a cushion. The style and execution of this statue are very fine, and it is probable that it is an imitation of an image of the Earth venerated in some temple of Rome, perhaps in that celebrated one which the goddess had in the Carine, in which the Consul Publius Sempronius made a vow during the war with the Picenti, in the year of Rome 484, and of which the ancient catalogue of the temples and monuments of Rome has preserved a record.

The ancient edifice where the statues of Hercules and the Earth were discovered is supposed to be the ruins of a religious college and cemetery. The character of these two divinities would not be opposed to such a conjecture. Hercules, in fact, as the conqueror of Cerberus, and, returned from the infernal regions, seemed to promise to the dead a second and happier existence; while, to demonstrate the close relations of the Mother

Earth with the shades, it is enough to remember the words of Varro, who said that "she gave birth to all, and then reclaimed them at their death." It was also the custom to invoke her together with the gods of the infernal regions, and the living recommended the dead to her care; as an inscription, for example, found in the Via Labicana, in 1861, shows. The words of the ancient epitaph are: "Mother Earth, who art almost a relative of the Manes [or domestic gods], we have given to thee the body of Fortunatus. Weigh lightly on him, and see that his ashes are sweetly shaded."

Another of these inheritances from the past, which are constantly being found in Rome, and which is the subject of an interesting study (the greater part of which I translate), by Cavaliere Carlo Visconti, is a colossal foot with a Tyrrhenic sandal. It is exquisitely sculptured, in Greek marble, and was found on the Appian Way, in June, 1872, before the ancient church of San Cesario. At the depth of about nine feet were found some ancient walls, which seemed to have formed a square cell, in the middle of which lay this piece of sculpture. Mixed with the earth were some human bones, and some polygons of stone, belonging perhaps to the pavement of the Appian Way, but removed from there. If the foot of which this is a part had been entire, it would have measured .86 of a metre,—a metre being forty inches. It was not, however, broken by a fracture of the marble, and should not be called a fragment of a foot, but rather the anterior part of one, as it was originally sculptured thus divided in the middle. There is little doubt that this belonged to one of those ancient statues of which only the extremities were sculptured in stone or marble, whilst all the rest was wrought in wood or gilded bronze. This appears more clearly from the fact that the posterior half of the foot is not finished, and diminishes out of proportion; showing that, from that point, the foot itself was hidden under the dress, and inserted in the material which formed the drapery



of the figure. The foot has the Tyrrhenic sandal, described by Pollux thus: "Tyrrhenian, the sole of wood four inches thick; golden ribbons, because it was a sandal; Phidias put it on Minerva." The thickness of four inches mentioned by Pollux agrees well, in regard to proportion, with the sole of this sandal. There are some holes on the bottom of it, which show where the golden ribbons were fastened, by small nails, and then carried around the upper part of the foot. We know that as shoes were a symbol for men, rather than women, so the use of the sandal belonged rather to women than to men. In the museums of Rome, for example, the Pallas of the Villa Ludovici, and the beautiful statue called "Modesty," in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, wear the Tyrrhenic sandal. The high sandal was also a symbol of tragedy, and we often see the tragic muse wearing it. On the sarcophagus lately discovered in the Vineyard Casali, on the Appian Way, which represents Pallas with the Muses, the figure of Melpomene has sandals which would correspond to the height of eight, instead of four, inches. Besides that the sandal is generally worn by women, other signs showing that this is a female statue are, the delicate form of the foot, and the fact that more than half of it was covered by a dress. It was probably the statue of a goddess; the colossal size indicating a deity, and the sandal a woman.

Pliny writes, that, on the Minerva of the Parthenon, Phidias had sculptured combats of Centaurs and Lapithæ. This is imitated here, as the artist has sculptured marine subjects around the sole. The composition begins at the left hand, with two dolphins, who face each other. A Triton, without beard and with coarse features, follows, who with the right arm holds a rod, while with the left he raises and carries a kind of sieve, or net, filled with fishes. On his frisky tail is seated an Amorino, or winged love, who holds with the right hand a lighted torch, and with the left a crown. Another dolphin swims in company with the Triton. Be-

tween this and the succeeding group flies a second Amorino, furnished also with torch and crown. Then comes a bearded Triton, with the hair dressed in the ancient Greek style. This one holds in the right hand a rudder, which is supported on the shoulders, and in the left a rod. The tail is bestridden by a third Amorino, who holds on with his left arm, while in the right he holds a stick. The next group is an Amorino, who, leaning over the dolphin, brandishes a trident against a small fish in the water, and holds a crown in the left hand. Similar Tritons and Amorini are represented all around the sole of the sandal. It is supposed that the rods are used to beat the water, and drive the fishes before them, which the gleam of the torches attract in the darkness of the night.

This beautiful bas-relief is in Greek taste, and is remarkable for the grace of its composition, the purity of its design, and delicacy of its execution. We understand why an accessory part, like the sole, should have been wrought with such accuracy and minuteness, when we remember that the feet of the colossal image were the part which were first seen in drawing near to examine it.

From the finished and elegant style of this fragment, it is believed that it is the work of a Greek master, after the period of Alexander. It may be a statue of Isis, whose worship was very general in the Roman Empire from the beginning of the imperial period. She was considered by the Egyptians as symbolical of the Nile and the seas, and therefore regarded as protectress of commerce and navigation. For this reason her temples were usually built in the emporiums. The superstition of Isis and Serapis, imported from Egypt about the time of Sylla, gradually insinuated itself, and was finally established with all the honors of worship. Various colossal statues of Isis existed in Rome, fragments of which may still be seen. The great trunk, in the Piazza San Marco, popularly called Madama Lucrezia, was part of a statue of Isis; also the great veiled head,

distinguished by the lotus flowers, which is in the Museo Chiaramonti of the Vatican. The chief proof, however, that this was a statue of Isis, is from the locality in which it was discovered, on the right of the Appian Way, before the church of San Cesario, which is near the baths of Caracalla. The Imperial Catalogue mentions an Isis Atenodoria near the baths of Caracalla, and in the Appian Way, which, instead of being a temple, as some have thought, was more probably this statue of the goddess, several other monuments being mentioned in the same way which are known to have been statues, and not temples. But, whether temple or statue, it is certain that about this spot existed a monument sacred to the Isis of Atenodoria. Another proof of this is in the fact that, in the sixteenth century, the sepulchral inscription of a priestess of Isis was discovered near here. The name of Atenodoria is thought to have been given to this statue from having been made by the celebrated sculptor Atenodoro, of the school of Rhodes, who, together with his father, Agesandro, and his brother, Polidoro, made the marvelous group of the Laocoön. The fame of the Rhodian master makes it probable that the statue

might have been called by his name to indicate it as a work of great value, like the "Jupiter" of Phidias, and the "Venus" of Praxiteles.

The Laocoön is supposed to have belonged to the most successful period of Rhodian sculpture; that is, from the time of the successors of Alexander until the imperial period of Rome. As we know that the worship of Isis and Serapis was rapidly diffused along the coasts of Asia Minor and Greece, where, from the supposed influence of those deities over commerce and navigation, it was received with great favor, it is not strange that an artist of this school, which was then flourishing, should have made a statue of this divinity.

It can not, of course, be affirmed certainly that this colossal foot is the work of Atenodoro of Rhodes, but all of its characteristics, as well as the spot where it was found, render it probable. The marine figures cut in the sandal suit the nature and character of Isis; the place of discovery coincides with that which the ancient catalogue ascribes to a monument of Isis Atenodoria, and the purity of style and elegance of execution are similar to the character of that Greek school.

SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

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## THE TWO SISTERS, MRS. EMMA WILLARD AND MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS.

### SECOND PAPER.

THE year 1814 was marked by Mrs. Willard as an era, it being the year her sister Almira (afterward Mrs. Lincoln Phelps) adopted a like profession as herself, becoming a teacher in the town of Berlin, Connecticut; she has since, both as teacher and author, won deserved laurels. Almira was deeply loved by Mrs. Willard, consequently the interest was deep and soul-felt. Two years previous to this embarkation, Mrs.

Willard had made strenuous exertions to secure for this dear sister a position in Westfield Academy,—in the most laudatory terms praising her efficiency as a teacher, and varied accomplishments.

By reading Mrs. Willard's letters, to whomsoever addressed, we see in all the impress of the one ruling, dominant thought controlling her life,—the advancement of women, the development of their every faculty, to help them for-



ward, plan and work for them; success being her best reward for all exertion. Looking ahead, she saw clearly how infinitely the next generation were dependent upon the present to carry out nature's plans, and, as it were, re-create woman, mind and body, as God designed her,—man's co-worker and equal. These sentiments were very clearly expressed to this favorite sister, who at this time became co-laborer with her.

It was in the year 1818 aspirations for a wider sphere of labor assumed definite form; to further the object contemplated,—namely, to secure the sanction and encouragement of influential men, whose efficient aid would best advance the prosperity of the institution by demanding the required help from legislative bodies,—she formed correspondences with many of the leading men of the day,—President Monroe, Judge Crafts, Judge Fisk, General Van Schoonhoven, and many others. In the letter written to President Monroe, plans for improving the education of women,—by instituting public seminaries, under the inspection of those who, whilst watching over the public weal, might be made to see, by adopting this proposed measure, they were truly promoting the happiness of mankind,—were given in clear and full detail, assuring of her unwavering faith in their ultimate success; “for which she was willing to faithfully labor, holding all sacrifice light so this great good became accomplished;” declaring that “neither love of domestic ease, nor ties of consanguinity and friendship, would prevent her leaving the abode of her youth, to embark reputation and happiness in this cherished scheme.”

We are thus led to observe, that, half a century ago, the suggestion of a public seminary for the education of females, under the supervision of public men, was an entirely new idea, originating with Mrs. Willard. Since that period, we are all aware how the scheme has developed, and with what glorious results, in attaining, through public seminaries, the end which Mrs. Willard aimed at and so

labored for,—the perfection of woman's nature: for which intent was expended the devotion of a life, thereby imparting an impulse by which the standard of female education was raised, and woman's intellectual faculties developed, in a rate of progression that goeth steadily on without cessation, and ever will, till she has reached the topmost round of the ladder.

The plan of education which this highly gifted lady proposed, of a public seminary under a board of trustees, was presented to the Legislature of New York in 1819. We have not at present the space allowed us to give in full this plan, which treated of the defects of the then present system, the principles upon which education should be regulated, and the sketch of what a female seminary should be. This plan was so favorably received that “the seminary removed from Middleburg to Waterford in the Spring, was incorporated, and was reported by the committee a sum of five thousand dollars for its endowment.” It was not, however, favorably viewed or acted upon by the members, although receiving encouragement to hope on by many distinguished men, amongst whom were Governor Clinton, of New York, who, in the second year of the existence of this infant institution, warmly recommended it to patronage, concluding with these words:

“As this is the only attempt ever made in this country to promote the education of the female sex by the patronage of Government; as our first and best impressions are derived from maternal affection, and as the elevation of the female character is inseparably connected with the happiness of home, and respectability abroad,—I trust you will not be deterred by commonplace ridicule from extending your munificence to this meritorious institution.”

Through the efforts made, a bill finally passed the Senate, granting two thousand dollars: it failed, however, in the Lower House. This failure to receive legislative aid was a keen disappointment to Mrs. Willard. She almost lost hope,—

not believing it possible to carry on the school successfully unless it were to become a state institution. She expressed vehemently her feelings of indignation and disgust for the ignorance and parsimony that denied aid and protection to the infant seminary. Dr. Jno. Lord, in his "Life of Emma Willard," quotes thus her words regarding the intense pain and disappointment she experienced: "I felt it almost to frenzy; and even now, though the dream is long past, I can not recall it without agitation. Could I have died a martyr in the cause, and thus have insured its success, I should have blessed the fagot and hugged the stake." Although failing to achieve the purpose so nobly aimed at, all expectations of assistance from the Legislature dead, still her efforts elicited encouragement and sympathy from some of the best men of the nation; and the course pursued, of laying the plan before the Legislature, proved wise and judicious, as it was thus brought prominently before the public. It was not, however, judged wise to continue at Waterford after the refusal of the Legislature to patronize the seminary, as Mrs. Willard, in her efforts to raise the workings of the institution up to her standard, had already overburdened herself with severe labor; for though there were many teachers employed, still all the various branches taught came directly under her personal supervision, which rendered her duties extremely arduous.

Overtures had been made by the people of Troy to remove the seminary to their city, in consideration of the superior advantages they were able to offer; they proposing to further the plans and carry out the object which the Legislature had been vainly petitioned to do. Before, however, consenting to their proposals, the people of Waterford were notified of what was in contemplation; but as they were unable to do that which was required for the welfare of the institution, the removal was decided upon. "The corporation of Troy raised four thousand dollars by tax; another fund was raised

by subscription; they also erected a brick building, sixty feet by forty, three stories above the basement, and the basement raised five feet above the ground, containing a dining-room, kitchen, and laundry." These eligible arrangements inspired Mrs. Willard with new hope. Elated with this encouragement, once more she believed in the possibility of legislative aid. After Troy furnishing the building, how could they longer refuse? But refuse they did, notwithstanding the representations and influences brought to bear upon the subject. In the early Spring, the removal to Troy was made, and a very short time proved the wisdom of the change. From every section of the country, daughters of the best and oldest families in the States were sent to enjoy the benefits and advantages of Mrs. Willard's seminary. Their number, and the confidence their parents reposed in her, was, to her ardent nature, rich reward. She was at this period but little above thirty years of age, of fine physique, abounding in mental energy, health, and experience; beautiful, attractive, and intellectual. A corps of teachers were employed, many trained by herself, so that education at Troy Seminary became "complete and extended."

In every sense of the word, this gifted lady merited the respect and admiration awarded to her. Few teachers in those days sought, as did she, to strengthen and draw forth the latent powers of mind of their pupils; to develop their every intellectual faculty; to prove to the world that the female mind was capable of logical reasoning, of grasping and elucidating abstract science; that, the advantages once set before them, they were zealous to acquire more than a superficial knowledge of mathematics; and, more than all else, for the noble generosity prompting to educate gratuitously those who were unable to pay for education. More than one hundred and fifty ladies owe to Mrs. Willard a debt of gratitude for instruction, which they can never repay. She estimated the number of pupils she had had under her charge as five thousand; of



this number, five hundred became teachers, and proportionately one-half of those this benefactor of her sex received into her school and instructed without present pay. Dr. John Lord says, the cause of Mrs. Willard's success was, that, at the outset, her ideal was formed, and, of course, a high one; her aim was not to make money, but a good school and good scholars; she loved her school and was devoted to her profession, and though, necessarily in an enterprise of such magnitude, environed with difficulties, cares, and anxieties, the strong arm of her husband upheld her when trials pressed too heavily; her home was happy, and her domestic life serene and beautiful.

A few words now with regard to the beloved sister Almira. As she still lives, in perennial age, care must be taken not to obtrude into the sacred privacy of her beautiful life. Some years she had been the honored wife of Mr. Lincoln; since, she had waded through the stormy waters of affliction; but, ere the waves closed over her head, crying, as Peter did, "Save, Lord, or I perish," she was heard by Him without whose knowledge "not even a sparrow falleth to the ground." Mr. Lincoln left her a widow in 1823, and the following year she joined her sister at Troy, taking charge of the government of the school-room and day pupils, having sole charge during Mrs. Willard's visit to Europe, in 1830. For this position she was eminently fitted, and ably sustained it, rendering great assistance for nine years; imparting to the school new impulse and vigor, especially in the scientific department, being of like studious habits with her sister, and delighting in the study of geology, chemistry, and botany,—an admirable work upon which she wrote and published whilst established at Troy, and since extensively used in all of the best schools. The affection between these two sisters was of the most confiding and trustful nature, their intercourse never having been marred by a reproach or unkind feeling; the same beautiful sisterly love remaining till death's separation, by removing the

elder from this world's strife, when, in the fullness of years, she was ripe for the harvest.

Both were unselfish, pure, and true; both, experienced teachers; able, talented authors (chiefly of educational works); refined, courteous ladies; and of exceeding grace and beauty,—a beauty that beamed like a halo on the serene brow of Mrs. Willard as she lay in her coffin, and still retained by Mrs. Lincoln Phelps (she remarried after the decease of Mr. Lincoln) in every lineament of her lovely, placid face, though more than eighty Winters have blanched the soft brown curls to silvery whiteness; but the soul that looks forth from the bright, undimmed eyes is as youthful in thought and feeling, the intellect as vigorous, the heart as overflowing with generous impulses, as in those early years at Troy. Spending an evening in company with this lovely old lady, at her daughter's residence, I casually mentioned the case of an indigent lady, a teacher formerly, who seemed to have been the sport of fortune; then aged, an invalid, alone in the world, poor and helpless. Instantly her interest was roused. A teacher! and in want! how attentively she listened to my replies! and as I was bidding adieu, slipped a handsome donation into my hand, whispering, "Tell her it is from a teacher." It was in 1831 she formed a second marriage, with the Hon. John Phelps, a prominent citizen of Vermont.

Her marriage, however, did not prevent her continuing her educational labors, first, at West Chester, Pennsylvania, and, after, assuming the management of the Patapsco Institute, at Ellicott's Mills, Maryland.

But, as there is "no day without clouds, into all lives some tears must fall," another and heavier trial fell upon this devoted Christian lady. Mr. Phelps died in 1849; through this heavy bereavement she still, with heroic courage and resignation, continued to preside, with distinguished success, over Patapsco Institute,—following her sister's example by nobly fitting many young

girls for the profession of teachers; many whose circumstances wholly precluded them from all educational advantages, which they would have been entirely deprived of, a loss intellectual as well as pecuniary, but for her lavish generosity,—until called upon to bear a yet heavier cross. Jane Lincoln, her young, loving daughter, was instantly killed by her side, by a railroad accident, near Burlington, New Jersey. A moment before, as the cars rushed on, she had made a remark to her mother; the next, there was a crash, a hush, succeeded by shrieks and groans,—and the pure soul had fled. There was no visible mark of injury, no disfigurement of the fair face; with the shock alone, the spirit had fled to heaven. This severe affliction induced Mrs. Lincoln Phelps to relinquish all that had heretofore seemed the business of her life, retiring to a quiet home in the city of Baltimore, where she still resides, with a daughter and married son, as ever, dispensing to all her friends graceful hospitality. The sundering of the ties that had held Mrs. Lincoln Phelps to Patapsco Institute were very painful, yet, pre-eminent as had been her success there, she felt the time had arrived to lay down the wand of office; not that her interest in the institution was lessened, but that overwhelming grief for a while bore down her bouyant spirit; the cross lay too heavily upon the loving mother heart to at once rebound. For the eminent labors of this lady as an educator, and for her meritorious and useful works upon botany, chemistry, geology, and natural philosophy, the distinguished honor was conferred upon her of membership in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, she being the second woman upon whom ever this honor had fallen.

To return to Mrs. Willard. Her duties and cares increased; already too arduous, now, in 1825, they became tenfold more. It was in this year death separated her from her tried counselor and dearest friend, her husband. Since the opening of the Troy Seminary, Dr. Willard had

been sole manager of the pecuniary affairs, as well as counselor and physician, thus relieving his wife of a weight of care and responsibility, which she was now obliged to assume. Worn and emaciated with grief and long watches by her husband's bedside, Mrs. Willard still would not allow sorrow to conquer her; however heavy the bereavement, it could not crush the indomitable will and energy, which, united to a wonderful vitality, enabled, after a period devoted to sorrow and mourning, return with olden zest to the performance of duties that needed her superintending attention. Once more at the helm, she imparted new life to the surroundings. Every detail of business was scrupulously cared for; the finances of the establishment arranged so as to result profitably and without loss; no debts were contracted; all bills paid semi-yearly.

This able management, united to revenue derived from her books, soon poured wealth into her purse; yet, with its possession, the generous spirit remained unchanged. Hospitality at Troy Seminary was regarded by its mistress as amongst the first of virtues, and ever markedly displayed in the reception and welcome accorded to friends and strangers. The guests who flocked there were legion; for, at this time, Mrs. Willard's name, as a distinguished teacher and author, was widely known abroad as at home. Her correspondence included many of the most able men and women of the day.

Many of her letters to her son John, then a cadet at West Point, evince the fondest parenral solicitude. The advice and counsels they contain would form an excellent manual, which, if well read, would prove a warning to many another mother's son, to protect from evil ways and learn to love virtue, by having the love and fear of God before their eyes.

Both these sisters, whose memories it is good to perpetuate, were lovely in Christian character, as in their entire lives; both Episcopalians in belief, who, whilst liberal in doctrinal views, were



strictly orthodox, neither running into the extreme of ritualism, nor its opposite: loving truth, and the forms of worship their Church prescribed, not alone for their simple beauty, but that they harmonized with their feelings. This liberalism of creed prevented the entrance into the school of any sectarian influences; no pupils were constrained to enter into any other worship than that which had been taught them from infancy; Presbyterianism, or Romanism, all were permitted free indulgence of their separate creeds, without any effort being made for their conversion. This policy proved so successful that it secured for Mrs. Willard the respect and esteem of the different clergymen in the city of Troy; who each vied in paying her attention, and obtained pupils from all sections of the country, irrespective of creed. So firmly and deeply did she establish her broad and liberal policy, that, from that time to this, the Troy Seminary has never been suspected, even, of sectarianism.

In 1827, leaving the Seminary in charge of Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, Mrs. Willard made a visit to Europe, forming there many delightful acquaintances, — Madame Belloc, Mrs. Opie, Madame de Manbourg, — and had the distinguished honor of a call from General Lafayette, who, when he visited America, in 1825, had accepted an invitation to Troy Seminary, where he had been enthusiastically welcomed by its founder, who had written a eulogic hymn in honor of the patriotic hero, which was sung by a chorus of young ladies, her pupils, affecting the General to tears, who begged for three copies, to present to his three daughters as a gift from Mrs. Willard. Her stay in Europe was limited to six months; during this time, she saw much of General Lafayette, who treated her as a sister; and it was through his influence many favors were granted to her not usually accorded to strangers; foremost in this list were opportunities of visiting the schools under the patronage of Government, for the education of young ladies of rank. Dr. John Lord informs us,

she "returned to Troy and her labors with recruited health, experience, and added interest;" bringing with her books, pictures, and works of art, to beautify the home she loved.

Once more to use Dr. John Lord's words as illustrative: "These were the years of gratified ambition, almost of glory; for the reputation of the institution was established, and upon a firm basis." Further on he relates, — when a young man, he was to lecture at Troy, in the hall of the Court-house, and that forty or fifty of the young ladies of the Seminary, with their teachers and Mrs. Willard at their head, formed no inconsiderable part of the audience. He relates vividly his impressions of the school,—the girls so graceful, teachers so accomplished, and the "principal a queen." He then describes Mrs. Willard, as "a beautiful woman, with great benignity of manner and imposing address." Again, he says: "I remember full well the half turban and half cap which was so becoming to Mrs. Willard; the elegant black dress and laces which adorned her rather large figure; the gracious smile which softened the solemn austerity of executive habits, and the egotistic pleasantries which made her natural and attractive, although subject to unfriendly criticism. Never was there a franker woman. Never did a woman seem to enjoy her labors and duties more than she. Never was one prouder of the friendships she had made and the hearts she had won. Never did I see a more generous appreciation of intellectual excellence. Never did I meet with a person more hospitable and genial. She lived, as it appeared to me, in rather an unusual style for a teacher, with horses and carriages, and an army of servants; with pictures in the parlors and works of beauty and taste,—souvenirs of her European travels. She appeared to be the patroness of all that was good and beautiful. She seemed to be almost adored by her pupils, and revered by her teachers; and the whole institution shone, to my eyes, in blended harmony and glory.'

Mrs. Willard's second visit to Europe was made in her sixty-ninth year, accompanied by the dear niece whom she loved as a daughter, Jane Lincoln. In 1855, the same heavy grief overshadowed both sisters; this dear Jane, to whom she was so fondly attached, being killed by the railroad accident before alluded to. Though time at length drew his mellowing fingers over the sore, even as the ivy covers and binds together some noble ruin, this lovely niece was never forgotten or unmourned for. Friends who knew her intimately say each day she became more lovely in face and manner, more affectionate, more gentle, more generous would have been impossible, but more tolerant of the faults of others, tenderly sympathetic and fervidly religious. Her love for young persons appeared to increase daily, and by a subtle magnetism, she drew them all to her. Though so far advanced on life's pilgrimage, she was never idle; the mind so well disciplined retained its pristine activity; every hour had its work, reading and writing busily as ever; even contemplating writing a history of the late war, a labor friends finally dissuaded from undertaking; and a third voyage to Europe was a pet plan in her seventy-sixth year. A long eloquent letter to Mrs. Lincoln Phelps explained her desire for and object in this visit, which was, however, never made.

Most persons at an advanced age seek rest, but Mrs. Willard, vigorous to the last, believed in action; if she had any infirmities, she utterly forgot them whilst traveling, and writing to her friends. In 1864, she was journeying home from Baltimore, when the train in which she had taken passage was captured by the rebels, just beyond Gunpowder River. She was treated with great respect, yet, like the other passengers, obliged to travel afoot a long distance, at noon-day, under a July sun, to reach the water to take a boat to convey her to the steamer for Havre de Grace. Though the heat and travel indisposed her for a while, her usual health was not materially affected.

Up to her eightieth year, she pursued her literary labors. Ever young and progressive, at eighty-two she was still strong enough once more to visit Baltimore. But the next year found her not here; for "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken;" "the dust returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit returned unto God, who gave it." After eighty-three years usefully spent striving to make others happy, she "rested from her labors." Mrs. Willard was deeply mourned and regretted by a large circle of friends, and the pleasant reunions of grandchildren and great grandchildren, nephews and nieces, that were wont to meet of Sunday evenings around her hospitable board, felt that interest there was forever gone.

One of Mrs. Willard's most scientific works was a "Treatise on Respiration." After much thought and reflection upon the subject, she became convinced (so she writes) "that the ultimate physical cause which produces the circulation of the blood is chemical, or, in other words, is animal heat, producing an expansive power of the lungs." Infinite were the pains she took to establish this theory, based upon such admirable reasoning, fully believing it could be proved by the most logical demonstration, "that the chief motive powers of the blood were located in the lungs, and that the heart performs a very subordinate office in propelling it." Harvey's idea and subsequent theory was, "that the heart was the only organ of circulation." Mrs. Willard theorized: "It is into the lungs, and nowhere else, that breathing introduces atmospheric air; and it is there that the oxidation of carbon, or animal combustion, takes place. Thus must caloric be imparted to the blood in the lungs. The blood in the lungs must therefore expand; and if it expands, it must move; and if it moves, it must, from the organism of the parts, move to the left ventricle of the heart, into which the valvular system opens to give it a free passage, whereas the valves of the right close against it."



This Willardian theory, though not established by anatomical proofs, has not yet met with the consideration and inquiry its importance deserves; perhaps a little jealousy, among medical men, mingles in the indifference with which it has been regarded,—that a woman should have made the great discovery with which all their science and erudition failed to crown the labors of one of their number.

Mrs. Lincoln Phelps still lives, in perennial youth, blessing with her example and counsel those who love and revere her. As much as ever, she enjoys, and enters into with interest, the current topics of the day; her mind is as young and active as it was a score of years ago. Still, as then, she passes many hours each day at her writing-desk, engaged in

literary labor; as she gracefully says, in a preface to a late work of hers, she “offers to the public, for the family library and home circles, the volumes whose materials are gathered in life's winter from the autumnal fruits of the author's labors.”

Last Summer her health was sufficiently vigorous to make with her two daughters a long journey East, visiting the familiar scenes of her early labors, Hartford, Troy, and other cities; fêted every-where, literary reunions gotten up for her pleasure, and every one vying to do her honor, I need not say her enjoyment was intense. God grant her life be yet spared many years, that the light of her countenance may continue to gladden our hearts. MRS. H. S. LACHMAN.

#### TYNDALL'S LECTURE ON FOG SIGNALS.

“SURELY, science is becoming fashionable,” said my friend, as we sat last evening in the theater of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, watching the crowds of elegantly dressed people eagerly scrambling for the best seats. And all this to hear Professor Tyndall on the “Acoustic Transparency and Opacity of the Atmosphere,”—the first of what are called “the Friday evening meetings before Easter.” It reminded one of Parisian days before the French Revolution, when scientific lectures were crowded with noble and fashionable women; when the eloquence of the human tongue made even the dry bones of anatomy irresistibly attractive to the gay beauties of the capital.

No one is admitted to the Royal Institution except by ticket; and no one can procure a ticket except he be a member or friend of a member. Our tickets informed us that the doors would open at eight o'clock; but long before the hour

the main hall and stairways were filled with scientific epicures waiting for the feast, though the feast would not begin till nine. This gave ample time for the exchange of friendly greetings and unfriendly jostlings, and a thorough examination of toilets. As we looked around, we could not help indulging in just a little of the quaint philosophy of that quaint philosopher, Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and wondering if even Professor Tyndall's scientific self-possession would not forsake him, were he to enter the theater and find his audience in the simple toilets of their forefathers. Is science, too, then, based upon clothes? Ah, queer old Teufelsdröckh, you are like Dickens's people, one is reminded of you every-where. But our German “Professor of Things in General” departs, as our English Professor of Things in Particular enters.

Since Professor Tyndall's return from America, he has been experimenting upon the acoustic properties of the at-

mosphere, in connection with coast signals, under the auspices of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House; and the lecture last evening embodied the results of these experiments. He first called attention to the startling fact, that, during the last ten years, two hundred and seventy-three English vessels have been lost in fogs, to say nothing of the property and human life that likewise must have perished. He said the danger is especially felt upon the American sea-board, "where trade is eager and fogs frequent." He then spoke of his reluctance to undertake the experiments. Owing to the great difficulties in the way, and the great length of time which he thought would necessarily be consumed, he had little or no hope of satisfactory results; that, whereas a scientific man can usually impose his own conditions upon the material with which he experiments, shutting it up in a witness-box, examining and cross-examining the evidence, it is exactly the reverse in dealing with the atmosphere,—its conditions are imposed upon the experimenter; Mohammed must go to the mountain. Wind, rain, hail, cold, clouds, fogs, and vapor must all be counted in, and accounted for,—enough to perplex the wisest philosopher. But supported ably by the Elder Brethren, and especially aided by the engineer, Mr. Douglas; his assistant, Mr. Aiger; and the secretary, Mr. Edwards, he accepted the work, and began observations on the 19th of May, 1873. The Professor then made us familiar with the situation by reference to the beautiful maps of the English and the French coasts of the Channel, which had been executed for him by the engineering department of Trinity House. The very ship in which he sailed had its place on the map, while the signal whistles and trumpet were on the table before us. The sound signals were stationed at South Loveland, a point on the English coast just east of Dover. They consisted of three guns (an eighteen-pounder, a howitzer, and a mortar), also, a steam whistle, an air whistle, and a trumpet.

The first day's experiments gave the maximum distance of three and a half miles for the trumpet,—both steam and air whistles were abandoned. June 3d, the maximum was nine miles. Still the Professor was not satisfied. He had heard that Holme's horn (the one in use), an improvement upon that of Dayball, the inventor of these horns, could be heard from twelve to fourteen miles; nor could he understand why the maximum on the 19th of May should be but three and a half, while on June 3d it was nine miles. Again, on the 19th, a gun was heard much farther than the whistle, and all agreed at that time, that guns were the best instruments for signals. But between the 19th of May and 3d of June, it was found that sometimes the trumpet was heard farther than the guns, and *vice versa*; evidently, the cause lay in something outside both guns and trumpet, to which as yet there was no clew. The Professor, in common with the rest of mankind, had always supposed that sound could not travel against the wind. But the wind of the 26th of June told a different story. The sounds were heard distinctly at nine and a quarter miles, the greatest distance yet reached, and the wind in a contrary direction. A well behaved wind, indeed, not to carry away sound, as all adverse winds have done since the world began!

July 1st presents another perplexity to our perplexity-solving Professor. He had always heard, and fully believed, that fog deadens sound. In times of fog, the decrease of the acoustic power of the air had been measured by the gradual disappearance of the end of a pole planted in the ground. In other words, it has always been held that the "optical and acoustical transparency of the atmosphere are parallel." The 1st of July taught a different philosophy. Pregnant days these. While the coasts of England and France were crowded with Summer resorters, lounging upon piers and verandas, or lazily dipping themselves in the sea, close by was a thinker, breathing the same air, looking upon the same



sky and sea; but each breath, each cloud, each wave, was questioned as it passed, and each told him something never heard before, because, perhaps, no one before ever had listened.

On this July day the fog was dense, the white cliffs of South Loveland were entirely hidden; and doubtless the loungers were drawling out to each other, "A nasty day;" while the American steam whistle was making itself audible at the distance of twelve and three-fourth miles, sounding "like the bellowing of a bull," in the words of the man at the station. Farewell, deaf fogs, ye are among the things that were! But in twelve hours the maximum distance at which the same whistle could be heard was only four miles. Said the Professor, "I looked at the barometer, I looked at the thermometer, I looked at the hydrometer, and I took the direction of the wind; but no cause could I find for this sudden opacity." There was something somewhere; and *what* was that something? and where was that somewhere? He said, "I do not know that there are special arrangements made for relieving one's anxieties, but certain it is that an answer to my wants was close at hand."

In 1708, Dr. Durham announced to the world that sounds are clear just in proportion to the clearness of the atmosphere, and the announcement has never been questioned. But as the wind of the 26th of June blew away the theory of contrary winds, so the sun of the 3d of July dissipated the clear atmosphere theory. There was not a cloud in the sky, the air was at rest, the sea was still, yet the 3d of July was a day of complete acoustic darkness. At the distance of two and a half miles from the shore, though the puffs of smoke from the guns were plainly seen, no gun, howitzer, mortar, nor all combined, could be heard. Here the Professor acknowledged his senses failed him, and his imagination rode forward as his champion, to help him conquer the unseen. And the man of science seemed very willing to be taken up. He seemed to have more

faith in his champion than ever the old English kings had in theirs. Perhaps the Professor may have heard it said that "when thy father and mother [that is, thy clay, or thy five senses] forsake thee, the Lord [that is, thy spirit] will take thee up." So, in a certain sense, was the Professor taken up; though he named it imagination. He said some had thought him too poetical, when he had suggested the influence and power of the imagination in unfolding scientific truth; but it is well known that poetical minds often become marvelously clear when grappling with scientific problems. He believed in the sacred use, not the scandalous abuse, of the imagination. Possibly the Professor may have learned this lesson of the "Opium Eater," who says: "The mere understanding is the most to be distrusted faculty in the human mind. Yet the great majority of people believe in nothing else,—which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes." Thus these two, De Quincey and Tyndall, separated by all the distance that lies between the metaphysical and the physical, meet upon common ground, both agreeing to ignore the understanding in the *great* problems of philosophy. Thereby admitting that the poet is the true philosopher.

He next placed upon the table two small bars of steel, and bade us look at them. To the touch, sight, smell, taste, and hearing, they are just the same. The senses can go no further. "But imagination has gone further. Faraday, who has made this place immortal,—what but the imagination of Faraday discerned the difference in the unseen currents that go circling round these particles, giving to this piece of steel the mysterious power of the magnet, while the other piece is powerless!" This climax was received by real American cheers, instead of English "Hear! hear!"

And now all who possessed sufficient imagination to see the air as it was on that July day,—not as it appeared to be, but as it was,—were invited to go with the Professor on board the *Irena*. Those whom nature had passed by as unworthy

this gift of the gods, this air-architecture, a modification, we think (though "without prejudice," as the lawyers say), of the "Châteaux-en-Espagne" faculty,—all such the Professor, too, passed by as unworthy to become philosophers, hence unworthy of a place on the deck of the *Irena*. Before we embarked—(we felt ourself invited, though we were not in opera dress, a fact we had somewhat lamented in the early part of the evening, and had consoled ourself with the satisfaction of having one in our Saratoga; we now thought we would look even better than our neighbors out at sea; and our native prairies had done somewhat for our imagination, and we thought we had seen skies over Lake Michigan that could bear comparison with this wonderful sky of the English Channel; so we considered ourself invited)—before we embarked, the Professor called attention to two kinds of sulphur: the one in crystal; the other, powder. The crystals are transparent to heat, while the powder is opaque, because the heat is wasted in echoes, by reflection from one particle to another. In the same way, powdered iodine is a barrier to heat, not by absorption, but by reflections; while a plate of iodine is transparent, because it forms a continuous whole. Humboldt knew the same thing of snow and pounded glass. And Humboldt also observed that the sound of the Orinoco was much louder by night; not according to popular belief because night is more quiet than day, for the wild beasts of that region make night hideous with their howls and cries; but, as Humboldt thought, because the stones on the grassy plain between him and the river were hotter than the grass during the day, and the sound was thus lost by reflections; whereas at night the temperature was more equable among these objects that transmitted the sound, hence the greater clearness. Professor Tyndall thought this a good explanation, but said he preferred to see the place for himself before fully indorsing the theory.

It was now his purpose to show, that as the sulphur and iodine powders reflect

heat, and possibly the stones and grass of the Orinoco plain reflect sound, so there are pure aerial reflections, and the existence of such reflections has never before been shown.

While standing on the deck of the *Irena*, pondering why this clear day is so deaf, we feel the intense heat of the sun, and we realize,—after the Professor has told us,—that the effect of such a sun beating upon the sea, must be to fill the air with minute vapor; that this atmosphere, thus clear to the eye, is actually turbid, flocculent; and that some particles of this vapor must be warmer than others. Here, then, are the conditions for multitudinous reflections and wasting echoes. And this is the mental picture which our imagination painted, after the artist had told us how.

There soon came an opportunity for testing the truth of the picture. A single cloud, as if sent for the purpose, came between the ship and the sun. Of course, under its shadow the distillation of vapor would comparatively cease, and under its shadow the guns were distinctly heard at the distance of three and a half miles. Now, the Professor thought that as the sun went down, if his theory were true, the sound must increase. So we all followed the sinking sun, and, sure enough, at the farthest post of observation, twelve and three-quarter miles, the guns boomed gloriously. The Professor then calculated the intensity of the sound at the two and a half miles point, where no sound could be heard while the sun was shining, and found it to be forty times louder than at the twelve and three-quarter post.

Returning to the lecture-room flushed with victory, the Professor performed an exceedingly delicate experiment, to prove, if more proof were needed, his theory of aerial reflection. The experiment consisted in transmitting sound through gases of different density. The instrument consisted of a long rectangular box of wood, the sides of which were partly of glass, in order, the Professor said, that the audience might see what was going



on, and that he did not introduce any thing into the box, as some experimenters in these days might do. (Laughter.) This box was open at each end, and the top was perforated with twenty-five tubes connecting with a reservoir of carbonic acid gas (very heavy); and the bottom, by another twenty-five, that connected with a reservoir of coal gas (very light). This box was supported by a pair of braces; at one end was placed a flame, so sensitive to sound that it would jump at a word. At the opposite end, in a padded box with a single aperture, was a bell, rung by electricity. At first, there was nothing but common air in the box, and when the bell was rung at one end, the flame at the other danced a perfect jig. Then the Professor asked his assistant to turn on the gases, at the same time expressing his doubts as to the success of the experiment. Allowing just a moment or two for the passage of the gases, the flame immediately straightened itself up from a little dancing Jack into a tall, motionless, orthodox steeple. The audience could not forbear to cheer, and up and down went the steeple; the flattery quite upset it again. Two or three times the experiment was repeated, with perfect success; and mentally we returned a vote of thanks to the only child we had ever known to "show off" when its fond parent wanted it to. Thus was pure aerial reflection perfectly proved, and for the first time.

One would have supposed that this was enough to satisfy even Professor Tyndall; for had he not overthrown the time-honored faith in "contrary" winds, "dark" fogs, and "clear" weather? But now we are introduced to our fellow-countryman, the American Siren, sent to Professor Tyndall by the Light-house Board, at Washington,—another proof, said the Professor of the *hatred* which the Americans have for us. (Cheers.) This Siren is a very tall Yankee invention, trumpet-shaped, with a revolving cylinder having radial excavations. It is worked by steam at a pressure of eighty pounds. Professor Tyndall says it is the

most efficient of all signals in use. The sound is a prolonged explosion, and is able to overcome all sounds of the sea. And by means of this Siren, another time-honored theory of sound was exploded. For one hundred and sixty-five years, scientific men have believed that rain deadens sound. The first day the Siren was used at South Loveland, the Channel was visited by the blackest squall the Professor had ever seen, and the rain fell in torrents, mixed with hail. "The deck of the ship was like a river, in which the hailstones swam." He said he had witnessed great storms in the Alps, but this was the most severe storm he had experienced in all his life. Determined not to lose this opportunity of testing the opacity of rain, he sent up his signal for the Siren, and the sound was heard perfectly several miles distant (we have forgotten the exact number). Thus did America, guided by an Englishman, overthrow another old idea.

In summing up his experience, Professor Tyndall said he was perfectly satisfied that it is not water in the shape of rain, hail, fog, or snow, but in the form of vapor, that is acoustically opaque. His experiments on the Mer de Glace proved to him conclusively the acoustic transparency of both ice and snow.

In conclusion, he would say that the last great fog of London, which is still looked upon as an unmitigated evil, was to him a "special providence." Under that "ink-sea of vapor, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth," he stood serene on the banks of the Serpentine, telegraphing to the Trinity Brethren, who were discoursing sweet sounds on the Thames.

The most vivid picture, in our own mind, of that fog is the astonished face of the old man at the Monument, our party being probably the only human beings who had ever wished to go to the top of the Monument in such a fog. His surprise gradually developed into a fatherly smile, and he assured us of his willingness to allow us to go up, but was afraid we could not see the city; that we

would only waste our money (twopence). He said we better come some other day, when it was clear.

While we were thus abroad seeing sights, when it was an optical feat to see your hand before you, Professor Tyndall was abroad hearing sounds. And he observed that the street sounds of cabs, trains, omnibuses, etc., were wonderfully clear, and that his own signals on the Serpentine were four times louder *during* than *after* the fog. The Professor closed his lecture by explaining Professor Faraday's opposition to efforts made some years ago to investigate this same subject of fog signals.

It seems that at one time Dr. Robinson proposed to the Trinity House that an investigation should be made. It was opposed by Professor Faraday. Thereupon a correspondence began, in which Professor Faraday was accused, among other things, of want of humanity. Professor Faraday placed the whole correspondence in the hands of Professor Tyndall, "and," said the Professor, "did me the honor to ask me if I did not think his course justifiable; giving as his reasons, not the

expense, nor the difficulties of the investigation, but his want of confidence in the method proposed, namely, a committee of investigation. Professor Faraday knew that so vast a scientific problem could not be solved by a committee; that it needed the personal attention of some individual devoted to science." Upon these grounds, Professor Tyndall indorsed his position. Had Dr. Robinson himself proposed to investigate the question, Professor Tyndall said he had no doubt that Professor Faraday would have sanctioned the effort, and advised the support of Trinity House; "for no man more than Faraday deserves the name of being humane."

At half past ten, we bade adieu to bells, flames, maps, whistles, trumpets, sirens, and the Professor, who through them had so eloquently spoken the truths he has conquered from the hitherto unconquerable kingdom of the air. His prayer for light in the acoustical darkness was most abundantly answered, in a time most marvelously brief, and all this without a "gauge."

SARAH HACKETT STEVENSON,

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## MARIE ANTOINETTE IN LETTERS.

IT would seem that the French nation will never tire of rehearsing the checkered history of the most unfortunate of queens. Long ago it was thought that her sad story was told; but it is not so. Again and again the chroniclers return to the charge, as new sources present themselves from which to gather information or draw conclusions.

This time it is a collection of letters containing those secret ones between the mother, Maria Theresa, and her ambassador at the court of France, and also many of the letters between mother and daughter, for the Austrian Empress aspired to control the French Queen through

her maternal authority, and always in the political interest of the Austrian empire. By the marriage of her youngest daughter with the Dauphin of France, she thought to have effected a masterpiece of state-craft. Austria had ever been more fortunate under the banner of Venus than while following the standard of Mars, and this was thought, in the beginning, to be no exception to the case. The Empress was a model wife and mother in many regards, but, in this union, she will ever be censured for sacrificing the connubial happiness of her offspring for the advantages that might accrue to her state; especially, as it was



so evident in this matter that she cherished a passionate hatred to the nation to which she gave her youngest child, whom it is thought she ardently loved.

This excellent mother, who knew so well how to value the bliss of a happy marriage, wedded her daughter to a man who was generally regarded at the court of Austria as an idiot, as can be proved by the chronicles of the period. It was expected of this young and inexperienced woman that, after the death of Louis XV, she would take the reins of state in her hand, and govern France according to the dictates received from Vienna. For this purpose, Maria Theresa had appointed the astute and reliable Argenteau her ambassador to the French court, and had very especially made him the counselor and protector of her daughter. The very special and the highest aim of this project was to obtain satisfaction and revenge of Prussia by involving France in the Austrian policy to punish Frederick the Great for the indignities which he heaped upon Austria.

But no mother ever made a greater mistake than did this imperial matron on this occasion. She knew the brilliant qualities of the young princess, who was married at fifteen, and ascended the throne at nineteen; but she had taken no account of her love of pleasure, which, in youthful spirit and too early independence, had been prematurely and excessively developed. In these letters, we have before us a detailed account of the Queen's career, from the first year of her new life. Argenteau was under bond to report to the Empress, by special courier, at least once a month. This duty he performed with a praiseworthy fidelity. His pen conceals not the minutest detail that might interest the mother concerning the youthful princess.

His first letter was of a very peaceful nature: The Queen is diligent at her music, has concerts in her apartments, and is passionately fond of billiards. An act of disinterested benevolence is related to the loving heart of the mother with evident satisfaction. But the gentle picture

does not remain without disturbing contrasts: The Queen seems in no way inclined to aim for political influence, and has made the acquaintance of several young noblemen who are not favorites of the ambassador. And then even a more unacceptable story is to be told: The frequent sleighing parties that leave Versailles give rise to some unpleasant gossip. The public begin to notice and find fault with this excess of amusement; and certain silly and false reports are current as to late suppers, and card-playing till far in the night, in the castle of the Duke of Chartres. But the worst information sent by the official reporter is the fact that the ladies of the court and the higher circles withdraw from the balls and parties of Versailles, and that none visit them unless they can not manufacture an excuse for staying away.

And thus, the further the story goes, the worse it becomes. Already it has become necessary to tell the mother of the financial embarrassments of the princess, for she herself had spoken to him about them, and had confessed that she knew not even their amount, but that she was greatly troubled at their existence. Argenteau had estimated them at half a million of francs, and had induced Marie Antoinette to sound the King about paying them from his own exchequer. It is interesting to know that the King did not refuse this, but, at the first mention of them, offered, with the greatest readiness, to pay the entire sum. He simply asked for a few months' time that, he might pay them from his private purse, without the knowledge or co-operation of the ministers. In a few days the King brought to her an installment of the sum, and promised the rest in regular periods, until the whole should be paid.

But the whisperings of these affairs reached the public ear in a false form. It was said that the Queen, in her embarrassment, had applied to the royal treasurer, who replied that the state of the treasury would not allow him to advance money from it, but that from his private fortune she should have what

she needed to pay debts of honor. This extreme kindness of the King almost took the form of gallantry toward his wife, and, in connection with the admonitions of the ambassador, should have sufficed to restrain her from further improprieties; but she did not in the least allow these to influence her. Indeed, Argenteau can not refrain from writing, that the Queen does not even use this money to pay her obligations, but is rather inclined to employ it in new ventures, and more reckless gaming.

In short, the thirst for play becomes an uncontrollable passion in the Queen, and seems to grow stronger in proportion to her ill-luck in the end. Colossal sums are thus daily, or rather nightly, absorbed at the gaming-table. Her obligations threaten to overwhelm her; so that the funds which she formerly devoted to acts of benevolence are sacrificed to this passion, and she is fast losing her reputation for goodness of heart, as the streams of her mercy dry up. Scarcely a night passed without heavy play, and the house of a friendly duchess was thus turned into a gambling-hell. The Queen did not hesitate to surround herself there with a company of adventurers that did no credit to her name or rank. The ambassador becomes at last disgusted with the ease with which so many appeared in the presence of the Queen, with little regard to the dress or the etiquette that her presence demanded, and at last can not refrain from severe reprimands to his royal ward, and a full and frank confession of the whole to her mother, Maria Theresa.

We can well imagine how these reports must have wounded the mother's heart; and how deeply she felt it is seen in the fact of the immediate visit to Paris of the Emperor Joseph, brother of the Queen. The latter met him, naturally, with mixed feelings, because she could easily divine the object of his unexpected visit. The joy of seeing him was neutralized by the anxiety so clearly depicted on the brow of the earnest monarch. The public, of course, demanded

the reason of his presence in the French capital, and were assured that it was neither to observe nor to criticise, but simply for the personal pleasure of seeing a loved sister, and making the closer acquaintance of the nation whose Queen she had become by adoption. But he had counted without his host in this matter; his hope was vain, and the unavoidable soon became too patent to be concealed from the sharp eyes that surrounded the court.

The Emperor, who had traveled under an incognito, alighted at the palace of the Austrian ambassador to France, who quickly informed him of all things relating to Marie Antoinette. The following morning, he proceeded to Versailles, to see his sister, who mostly resided there, it was supposed, to be free of the peering eyes of the Parisians. He declined the offer to accept quarters in her palace, but made the condition that his private residence should be in such communication with it that he could at any time have private and unobserved access to the apartments of the Queen.

The first conversation with the queenly sister lasted, according to the letters of the ambassador, from which all these particulars are derived, some two hours, and nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of this interview, after so long a separation. By his genial good nature and frankness, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the young Queen, and two remarks were specially calculated to win over her timorous and suspecting heart; he acknowledged to his sister that she had charms which he would gladly see in his own wife, and also that, in case she were in misfortune, he would take her back to himself and their mother, the Empress. Harmless as this latter observation might seem, it evidently had allusion to an anxious care of both brother and mother,—that the time would soon come when such an act might be acceptable, because it was evident that there was already a distance between her and the King.

Marie Antoinette was touched at this



kindness of a brother from whom she had expected only reproof, and she was thus led to open to him her soul without restraint on this delicate point, as well as about all her habits, her amusements, her passion for play, and her associates. The brother received these revelations kindly, and reserved a discussion of a more serious nature for another interview. After this conversation, the Queen presented her brother to the King. They embraced, and the King evidently endeavored to appear cordial, while the Emperor, with his gentle spirit and grace, soon won over the King to his intimacy. And, in the same way, Joseph gained over the French ministers whom he visited.

According to Argenteau, the first impressions made on the Emperor by the King were favorable, for he writes thus: "The King is by no means without culture, though he clings to his opinions with tenacity rather than conviction, and seems evidently to desire what is just and right." The general impression of the Austrian court that Marie Antoinette had married a fool, doubtless made Joseph write thus to his brother Leopold: "Louis is a little weak, but he is not a fool; he has ideas and judgment, but there is an apathy of body as well as of mind." The surprise not to find him a "fool," but rather capable of a certain judgment, was evidently gratifying at Vienna, where he had become the subject of jeers.

In a few days, Joseph found an opportunity to have the first serious conversation with his sister. He unrolled before her a striking picture of her condition, of the dangers by which she was surrounded, and of the apparent levity with which she was allowing herself to be drawn into a vortex of demoralizing amusements. He pointed out to her the inevitable and frightful consequences for the future, and called her attention especially to her neglect of the King, to her companions, and her absence of all serious occupation, as well as to the great danger in her passion for cards. The Queen frankly acknowledged that

her brother was right in his opinions, and declared that a time would come in the future when she would follow all his good counsel. That this time had not yet come was plainly seen in the course of the week following. At the earnest request of the Queen, the Emperor accompanied her to an evening party at the house of her favorite princess. He was astonished at the low tone and easy bearing of the company. He saw them playing at cards; and heard, with his own ears, in presence of the Queen, the insinuations made to the lady of the mansion as to the honesty of the play. He was so disgusted at this that he declared to the Queen that the house was little else than a gaming-hell, in which he would not stay. They left the place together; and he learned afterward that the Queen had returned at a later hour,—at which he felt aggrieved and insulted.

Disappointed that his kind advances had not been kindly met, he altered in feeling and bearing toward his sister, and his private interviews now, according to the letters of the ambassador to the mother, became stormy in the extreme. He and his ambassador had laid down a plan of attack that they had hoped would capture and reform the Queen, but Joseph now allowed himself to be carried away with his feelings, and his intended tone of mildness and friendship would suddenly turn into rudeness and harshness. Violent censures fell from his lips, and stormy scenes were created, that were totally antagonistic to the plan of the campaign. The ambassador seems to have observed in this trouble all the tact and coolness of the diplomatist. While he assured the Emperor that in this way he must surely fail of his purpose, he sought to quiet the Queen by affirming that these reproofs were but the outbursts of the purest brotherly love and anxiety. Her Majesty would grant that this might be the case, but declared that his advice would be of no avail until he had departed, because she was unwilling to give the appearance of being under his influence.

These letters give us a strange glimpse into the manner in which the Emperor finally accosted his sister. One day there was a conversation between them as to the propriety of inducing the King to take a tour through his realm, with a view of conciliating the people by showing himself to them. Joseph had suggested the idea; and the Queen had taken it up, and pressed it on the King. But the Emperor was of the opinion that, in case of such a journey, the Queen should not accompany him, because she would be of no use to him. And this position he supported by censures regarding her too easy bearing toward the King, and her disrespectful language, and, especially, at her want of deference, etc. On another occasion, he forced the Queen, in presence of certain courtiers, to seek the King and pay him certain attentions, which so annoyed her that she kept for a time out of his way.

But the most injudicious thing which the Emperor could do was to impart to his sister certain written instructions as to her proper demeanor to the King. These were quite long and special, and presented to the Queen her duties in detailed order: first, as a wife to her husband; and, secondly, as queen to a king. Direct reproof was avoided, but rules were laid down, and she was requested to test herself according to them, to see if she were fulfilling the duties of her rank.

Having thus done all that he could to carry out the instructions of the imperial mother, Joseph left his sister, in hopes that his presence would in some measure correct the evils that were making his sister so unpopular at the French court. But in a little while the ambassador could not refrain from writing, that, however complete the instructions had been, they had failed of their purpose. The Queen had promised, on receiving them, to follow them to the letter, but was continually engaged in the effort to prove that she had in no way violated them. The Queen, however, gave to the diplomatist the assurance that she would by and by

improve, and give her relatives and friends no more anxiety. But this intention lasted only so long as the memory of her brother's visit remained bright. For a while, she attended to her music, and read (ominously) the "History of the English Revolution;" she paid greater attention to the King, and would even listen for half an hour to political disquisitions from the ambassador.

But all good intentions vanished with the waning impression of the brother's visit, and, with the commencement of the Winter season, the Queen began a career still wilder than ever. The reports of the ambassador to the old Empress now begin to be more blunt and direct than ever; all euphemisms and circumlocutions cease. "The Queen moves in the society of mixed and badly dressed people. The Queen plays daily, and loses large sums. The Queen has thrown the instructions of her brother into the fire. The Queen returns so late at night that the King, in order not to be disturbed, has changed his sleeping apartment. He likes to retire early, and to rise early, and he never knows when the Queen will return; so that he thinks it best to put himself to no inconvenience. In the season of balls, the Queen, night after night, will stay out until four, five, or six o'clock in the morning, without the presence of the King. Her health is failing, and she no longer seems to think of her usual deeds of benevolence. Through the influence of the Queen, her favorites are put into places of financial trust, or loaded with presents, to the disadvantage of the more worthy. And as for the people, they murmur." . . .

But in vain were all the representations of her faithful guardian, who was not slow, when occasion permitted, to show the inevitable dangers of this mode of life, the financial embarrassment of the private treasury, the fermentation among the easily excited people, and the consequences of her coolness and neglect in regard to the King. In this latter respect, Argenteau was careful to call the attention of the Queen to the fact, that,



if she left the King in solitude, he might be tempted to seek the society of other women, and have his heart permanently alienated from her. If this were once the case, all would be lost, except her bitter regret that she had not profited of the opportunity to secure the King when the power was in her hands. And even sharper words were said by her guardian in regard to the improprieties of her gambling propensities, which had gained over her so much influence that hours which she should have given to the etiquette of her position were devoted to this passion. The only reply that the Queen had to make to all these reproofs was the silly and unworthy one that she needed these things for pastime.

In the first years of her residence in France, she paid some attention to the warnings of her aged and gifted mother; but even these had now lost their power. This was owing partly to the fact that they were always interlarded with dry political disquisitions, and extended hints as to how her personal and social influence might enhance her national influence to the advantage of Austrian policy. All these efforts, from various sources, to bring the Queen to a due sense of her responsibilities were in vain, until she became a mother, and gave to her husband an heir, and to the nation a succes-

sor to the throne. This happy event altered for a time nearly all her relations;—no more card-playing, no more idle promenading in the avenues of fashion, no more balls, and, especially no more of the offensive sleighing parties, which had given rise to so much scandal. For a season, the Queen lived only for the future and the demands of maternal love.

But this happy change was of short duration, because it came too late. Her long course of indifference to the usual proprieties of her position had alienated the nation, and evoked a fearful Nemesis, that would not be quieted, and which hurried her on to a bitter punishment, such as few queens, wives, or mothers have ever been called to succumb to. That her fate was sad, and her punishment unduly severe; no one will deny; but these letters, revealing, as they do, her most familiar and her weakest moments, prove that she was not condemned, as is often said, solely for the sins of royalty. Her own early frivolity alienated a people that were ready to censure because of her nationality; and the political intrigues of the mother, who would have drawn the French nation into her own strife with Prussia, sufficed to complete the alienation of France from Marie Antoinette, and lead her to the scaffold.

WM. WELLS.

## A SONG OF LOVE.

I 'LL sing you a song, my love,  
     I 'll sing you a song,  
 And it's all about the old Summer times,  
     When the days were long.  
 It's all about the old sunny times,  
     When the flowers grew,  
 When we walked underneath the linden-trees,  
     I and you.  
 And I 'll sing it so sweet, my love,  
     I 'll sing it so sweet,  
 That you'll think of the pleasant scented  
     hour,  
     When we used to meet.

You'll think of the leafy-laden bank,  
     Where the blossoms blew,  
 When we talked underneath the linden-trees,  
     I and you.  
 And I 'll sing it so sad, my love,  
     I 'll sing it so sad,  
 That you'll think my poor heart's full of pain,  
     When it's only glad.  
 You'll think that it's full of foolish pain,  
     When it's only true  
 To the days when we walked by the linden-  
     trees,  
     I and you.

## ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

## SECOND PAPER.

N O sooner had Frederick's armies withdrawn, than the indomitable Milanese rebuilt the overthrown cities of their allies, and took a well-deserved vengeance on those faithless states which had made common cause with the oppressor of Lombardy; and Frederick garnered as the only fruits of his expedition the undying hatred of his name and house, and the greatly extended power of the Milanese league. Frederick saw it was necessary to begin anew the conquest of Lombardy, and the Spring of 1157 brought a mighty German army upon Italy, swarming through every Alpine pass from the Tyrol to the great St. Bernard. Frederick began the campaign by an attempt to crush Milan. The walls of the city were of vast extent, and as they were protected by a wide ditch filled with water, it was impossible to assail them by the battering-ram and testudo. The Emperor blockaded the city by placing a division of his army at each of its seven gates. After a lengthened siege, the Milanese were by famine forced to a surrender. Frederick, fearing to drive so powerful foes to despair, imposed moderate conditions. An oath of allegiance to the Emperor and nine thousand marks of silver were required from them, and the Emperor undertook on his part to negotiate a peace between the rival factions of Lombardy. This success over Milan enormously increased the Emperor's prestige, and, flushed by the obsequiousness of the Italians, he repented having granted that city such easy terms, and began to pick a new quarrel with her. He sent envoys to the little city of Crema, her ally, to destroy its ramparts. The envoys were quickly ejected from the town, and Milan and her ally were both placed under the ban of the empire. Frederick besieged Crema with his whole army; but for six months the devoted

little city resisted his utmost efforts. This siege is infamously notorious, by reason of a deed of atrocity unusual even in that savage age. The Germans had constructed a huge moving tower which they advanced against the walls. It was protected against the missiles of the besieged by a thick covering of rawhides. But it appears the engineers of Crema had succeeded in constructing several *mangani*, or catapultæ, of extraordinary power, by which enormous masses of rock were hurled from the ramparts. To protect his tower from these, Frederick had recourse to an almost diabolical expedient. Some children of Crema were in his hands as hostages, and it occurred to him that he might advantageously use these innocents as a protection for his moving tower. As the huge pile approached the walls, the wretched Cremasques saw its frame-work covered with their little children. We can scarcely fancy the dreadful struggle in the minds of the besieged, as the tower moved within range, between love of their children and of their country. Their patriotism prevailed, the engines were loaded, the catapults were discharged, and the rocks rushed through the air. The tower was so shattered that it had to be withdrawn into the German lines; but nine of the innocents had been crushed to atoms, and others of them were fearfully mutilated. The heroism of the citizens did not receive the success it deserved, and soon after this hideous tragedy they were obliged to surrender at discretion. Frederick permitted them to leave the town with as much of their property as they could carry on their backs; the rest was pillaged and destroyed.

Frederick next turned his attention to Milan, and, after meeting with a desperate resistance for nearly two years, once more forced that great city to surrender.



The whole population was ordered to leave the city. They obeyed and trembled, and encamped in huts around the walls, awaiting permission to re-enter their beloved city. In ten days came the final sentence. The city was to be razed to the ground; Milan to be blotted from the roll of nations. Her neighbors, with their usual shortsighted jealousy, entered *con amore* into the work of demolition, and completed their work within a week.

All Italy now lay at the feet of the German conqueror; but the majestic spirit of liberty still stalked among the ruins of Milan, and formed the inspiration of a mighty coalition, which, before many years elapsed, drove Frederick a fugitive from the peninsula. Uneasiness under the German yoke and a spirit of fierce impatience was kept alive by the galling yoke of the *podestas*, officers appointed by Frederick to rule the subject cities. Taxation was increased sixfold, and two-thirds of the harvest was annually abstracted from the miserable cultivators of the soil. At length, in 1167, only five years after the destruction of Milan, the Veronese took the important step of sending deputies to all the aggrieved cities, inviting them to a council in order to concert measures of defense. This was the origin of the "Lombard League," most famous in Italian history. An alliance for twenty years was contracted, and the cities agreed to support one another against any infraction of their lawful privileges. They showed the sincerity of their zeal, and committed themselves to encountering the wrath of the Emperor, by resolving to rebuild Milan. Without delay, the work was begun: the choked-up ditch was cleared out, and the demolished ramparts restored; and soon the great city of Milan was again in existence, and ready to renew the war. While in the north of Italy this formidable opposition was being consolidated against Frederick, he himself was besieging the Pope in Rome. But the pestilential atmosphere of a Roman August wrought fearful havoc among the Ger-

mans. They perished by thousands, and many of the survivors, thinking the plague to be a blow from heaven in response to the maledictions of the priests, forsook the camp for the cloister, anxious by a tardy penitence to deprecate the vengeance of heaven. Frederick, with a mere handful of soldiers, threaded his way to Lombardy through enemies whom his weakness emboldened. Probably hoping that the prestige of his name would awe them, he placed all the members of the Lombard League under the ban of the empire. But the cities saw that his resources were not equal to his pretensions; and he soon found that the spectacle of a German emperor ordering a city to submit, and obliged to run away upon the first evidence of its hostility, was calculated neither to confirm his dignity nor to inspire respect. He, accordingly, resolved to retire secretly to Germany, and accomplished his retreat with great difficulty, losing all his hostages on the way.

For six years after this success, Italy was free from a foreign foe, and the various states occupied themselves in incessant quarrels, and occasional wars against one another. But, in the Fall of 1174, Frederick once more led an army through the Mont Cenis pass; and the Lombard League again flew to arms, and opposed a firm front to the invader. He laid siege to Alexandria, a new city, which owed its existence to the League. The elements fought against the Germans; torrents of rain fell, filling the rivers to overflowing, and turning the surrounding country, where the Emperor had to pitch his camp, into a pestilential swamp. Frederick, contrary to the advice of his generals, persevered with the siege throughout a rigorous Winter, although his army melted away daily, through the effects of cold, hunger, and desertion. When the siege had lasted four months, the Emperor was startled by news of the near approach of the army of the League. Knowing that he could not much longer maintain the siege, he made a last, and shamelessly perfidious, attempt to

capture the city. He had just completed a subterranean gallery from his camp to the city; and now he offered the besieged, for the celebration of a holiday, a truce; under cover of which he introduced his soldiers by night, through the gallery, into the town. But the fraud met with the ill success it deserved; the strange soldiers were quickly perceived; the garrison, furious at such treachery, flew to arms; all the Germans who had entered were either slain or hurled over the ramparts, while those still within the mine were overwhelmed with earth and stones.

The next day, Frederick, despairing of success, broke up his camp, and retreated toward Pavia. On his way, he met the army of the League, drawn up in battle array; but they, not wishing to take the initiative in hostilities, allowed him to pass unmolested. After some unavailing attempts at negotiation, the two armies met again, and one of the most decisive battles of the Middle Ages, that of Legnano, ensued.

The Milanese composed the greater part of the confederate army. Two companies of the *élite* of their cavalry had been formed. One of these, called the "Company of the Carroccio," was intrusted with the protection of the sacred standard of the Commonwealth. The other, known by the ominous name of the "Company of Death," was composed of nine hundred men, whose backs no enemy had ever seen, and every man of them knew he was marching to victory or death. The onslaught of the Germans was furious. The first company wavered for a moment, and were forced back against their sacred car; the enemy pressed them so closely that the consecrated standard, the palladium of the republic, was in imminent danger. But the "Company of Death" saw the peril. With arms outstretched toward heaven, they renewed the oath of devotion, and rushed upon the enemy. The charge was resistless, and in a few minutes the battle was decided. The Emperor was thrown from his horse, and buried under a heap of slain. The German army

broke and fled. For eight miles they were pursued by the victorious Lombards, and many, seeking to escape the sword, found death in the inhospitable waters of the Ticino. For several days it was supposed that Frederick was dead, but he succeeded in escaping unrecognized to Pavia, where he found the Empress already in mourning for his loss. The Emperor was so crippled by this battle, that he was compelled to substitute crafty diplomacy for open force, and he met with some success in disuniting the components of the League. It finally, however, proved too wily or well-compacted for all his efforts to disintegrate, and in 1183 the memorable treaty of Constance established the independence of the Lombard republics. Seven years later, Frederick, heading a Crusade in his old age, was drowned, while crossing a small river in Armenia.

About this time, the terms "Guelf" and "Gibeline" begin to take a frequent place in Italian history. The factions and their names took their rise in Germany, from party conflicts between the ducal houses of "Welf" and "Wibelingen." Transferred to Italy, the parties became Ghibellini and Guelphi; the former denoting the supporters, and the latter the opponents, of the imperial authority in the peninsula. The pope is generally found upon the Guelf side, as the antagonism between the Papacy and the emperor was constant; the former claiming dominion over the thrones of the world, and the latter refusing to recognize any such claim. Upon the death of Frederick, each of these factions brought forward its candidate for the imperial purple: the Gibelines nominating Philip of Swabia, a brother of Frederick; the Guelf nominee being Otho, Duke of Aquitaine. Besides these aspirants, there was Frederick II, infant grandson of the late Emperor, who was supported by a considerable party.

Rome at this juncture was favored with Innocent III as pontiff, during whose reign, Gibbon says, "the successors of St. Peter attained the full meridian of



their greatness." He entertained the very highest notions of the dignity of the Holy See. His ambition does not appear to have been personal, but he devoted himself wholly to the exaltation of Papacy. "As God," he writes, "created two luminaries, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night, and as the latter shines only by the reflected beams of the former; so has he ordered that the imperial dignity should be but the reflection of the papal power, and wholly subordinate to it." So able and ambitious a man did not fail to avail himself of so favorable an opportunity as was afforded by this strife for the empire, to advance the interests of the Papacy. Having established himself on a firm basis in the city of Rome, he bound the Tuscan cities in a firm league, "for the honor and aggrandizement of the Holy See." Constance, mother of the youthful Frederick, and Queen of Sicily, had, when dying, appointed Innocent guardian of her son; and the ambitious pontiff availed himself of this nomination to assume the regency of Sicily.

In 1208, the assassination of Philip of Swabia, by a private enemy, terminated the interregnum, and Otho, without further opposition, ascended the imperial throne. He immediately proceeded to Rome, and received the imperial crown from the hands of Innocent. But the friendship between the spiritual and temporal chiefs was of short duration. The Pope claimed extensive districts of territory as a reward for his patronage; but the Emperor, very plausibly, pleaded his oath to maintain the prerogatives of the empire, and not to alienate its possessions, as good grounds for refusing the claim of his Holiness. They separated in anger in a few days, and Innocent set up Frederick, his young ward, as emperor, in opposition to Otho. The latter at once declared war against his new rival; but, before he could accomplish any thing decisive, he was recalled to Germany by a threatened French war. Next year, in the tremendous battle of Bouvines, his army was annihilated, and his power

destroyed, by Philip Augustus, King of France.

Frederick now stepped into Otho's place as temporal chief. Hitherto, peace and friendship had existed between him and the Pope; but no sooner was Otho's influence destroyed, than Frederick became, *ipso facto*, an object of jealousy to the Papacy. Besides, Frederick was by no means inclined to be a too submissive son of the Church. With the stubborn valor of the house of Swabia, he inherited from Guiscard astute policy and profound dissimulation. His character was by no means immaculate, but, as Hallam says, "if he had been a model of virtues, such popes as those with whom he had to contend would not have given him respite while he remained master of Naples, as well as of the empire."

In 1216, two years after the battle of Bouvines, Innocent died, and was succeeded by Honorius III. This ecclesiastic had been Governor of Palermo, and thus a subordinate of Frederick; but, as soon as he was seated on the papal throne, he took good care to show that the deputy of Palermo and the successor of St. Peter were two very different individuals. Shortly after his accession to the Papacy, he wrote a somewhat peremptory letter to Frederick, requiring him to resign the kingdom of Sicily to his infant son, Henry; and, on the death of Otho, he refused to place the imperial crown on Frederick's head, except on condition of a promise that he would march immediately to the Holy Land on a new Crusade. With the latter demand Frederick complied, but unexpected difficulties delayed his promised expedition. Sicily was overrun by Saracens, who were constantly receiving reinforcements of their kindred tribes from Africa. The young Emperor subdued them, after some hard fighting, and adopted the prudent policy of offering them a new and permanent settlement in his dominions, subject only to the conditions that their district should be inland, that they should take an oath of allegiance to him, and that they should

always hold themselves in readiness to serve in his armies.

Meanwhile, the affairs of the Christians in the Holy Land were daily becoming worse. Unfortunately, the papal legate, Pelagius, took it into his head that he had the right to act as commander-in-chief of the Crusaders; and the result of his generalship was, as might have been expected, the almost total annihilation of the army. Honorius endeavored without intermission, both by menaces and prayers, to induce Frederick to undertake the promised Crusade. At last he hit upon an expedient for enlisting the Emperor's private interests in the cause. His first wife was dead, and, by the Pope's advice, he now married Yolanda, daughter and heiress of John de Brienne, titular King of Jerusalem. However, the alliance was not at that time very promising, inasmuch as his father-in-law's capital city was in the hands of the Saracens. Frederick gave himself with much zeal to the projected Crusade. The armies of Germany, England, and Italy assembled at Brindisi; but the burning climate of the south of Italy destroyed the health of the Northern army, which had been encamped during the Summer months on the shores of Calabria. A frightful epidemic broke out; Louis of Thuringen, the German commander, died; and Frederick himself was taken so seriously ill, that, judging it hazardous to proceed, he disembarked his surviving soldiers, and postponed the Crusade till the following year.

About this time, Honorius died; and the new Pope, Gregory IX, was so greatly infuriated, on hearing of the abrupt termination of the expedition, that he took the extraordinary course of fulminating, without any citation or previous notice whatever, a bull of excommunication against Frederick, on the grounds of his not having undertaken the expedition, according to his engagement, at the appointed time. Frederick lost no time in protesting against this hostile proceeding.

He wrote to the other European sovereigns, complaining of the treatment he had received; and he ordered the priests of Naples and Sicily to pay no attention to the interdict. Besides this, to expiate, or at least to palliate, his remissness, he proceeded vigorously with preparations for the Crusade of next year; but the Pope regarded this as a new offense. A man who was actually under sentence of excommunication, and yet had the effrontery to appoint himself commander of an expedition for the recovery of the Holy Land, was, in Gregory's opinion, a fit and proper person for a Crusade against himself; and, accordingly, he sent an army, commanded by Frederick's own father-in-law, to ravage his Sicilian territories. In the Holy Land, also, the papal officers did every thing in their power to thwart the Emperor. The Patriarch of Jerusalem laid every place he arrived at under an interdict, and Frederick was obliged to consent, that, even in his own camp, orders should be given, not in his own name, but "in the name of God and of the Christian republic." But, in spite of all hinderances, Frederick extorted from the Soldan of Egypt, who was then in possession of Jerusalem, a favorable treaty. Jerusalem was regarded, both by Christians and Mohammedans, as a sacred city. The former venerated the Holy Sepulcher; but, to the latter, the Temple of the Jews, said to have been one of the stations of Mohammed on his journey to heaven, was the object of adoration. The treaty satisfied both factions, by providing that the Temple should be left to the Mohammedans, and that the Soldan should give up to him the rest of the city. This remarkable treaty, which was stigmatized by the Pope as "an execrable crime," was speedily followed by Frederick's return to Italy; where he soon succeeded in effecting a reconciliation with the Church, by the simple process of expelling the papal troops from his Neapolitan States.

GEORGE C. JONES.



## THE NEW JERUSALEM—TWO VERSIONS.

## ENGLISH—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

1. Hierufalem, my happy home!  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joyes when shall I see?
2. O happie harbour of the faints!  
O sweete and pleafant foyle!  
In thee noe sorrow may be found,  
Noe grieve, noe care, noe toyle.
3. In thee noe sicknefs may be feene,  
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe fore;  
There is noe death, nor uglie Devill,  
There is life forevermore.
4. Noe dampifh mift is feene in thee,  
Noe colde nor darkfome night;  
There everie foule fhines as the funne,  
There God himfelfe gives light.
5. There luft and lukar can not dwell,  
There envy bears noe fway;  
There is noe hunger, heate, nor colde,  
But pleafure every way.
6. Hierufalem! Hierufalem!  
God grant I foon may fee  
Thy endlefs joyes; and of the fame  
Partaker aye to bee.
7. Thy walls are made of pretious ftones,  
Thy bulwarkes diamondes fquare,  
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,  
Exceedinge riche and rare.
8. Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles doe fhine,  
Thy verie ftreets are paved with gould  
Surpafing clear and fine.
9. Thy houfes are of yvorie,  
Thy windowes cryftal cleare,  
Thy tiles are made of beaten gould,  
O God! that I were there.
10. Within thy gates nothinge doth come  
That is not pafing cleane;  
Noe fpider's web, noe durt, noe duft,  
Noe filthe may there be feene.
11. Ah! my sweet home, Hierufalem,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joyes that I might fee.

## SCOTCH—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

- I. O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?
- I'. O happy harbour of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil!
- II. In thee no sickness is at all,  
No hurt nor any sore;  
There is no death nor ugly sight,  
But life forevermore.
- II'. No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,  
No dull nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.
- III. There lust nor lucre can not dwell,  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
But pleasure every way.
- III'. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Would God I were in thee!  
O that my sorrows had an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!
- IV'. Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,  
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,  
O God, if I were there!
- V'. Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine,  
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,  
Surpassing pure and fine.
- VI. Thy houses are of ivory,  
Thy windows crystal clear,  
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold  
Where angels do appear.
- VII. Within thy gates no thing can come  
That is not passing clean;  
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,  
No filth may there be seen.
- VII'. Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,  
Full sore I long to see;  
O that my sorrows had an end,  
That I might dwell in thee!

12. Thy faints are crowned with glorie  
great,  
They see God face to face;  
They triumph still, they still rejoyce,  
Most happie is their case.
13. Wee that are heere in banishment,  
Continuallie doe moane;  
We sigh and fobbe, we weepe and weale,  
Perpetuallie we groane.
14. Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,  
Our pleasure is but paine,  
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,  
Our sorrows still remaine.
15. But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
As that to them a thousand years,  
Doth seeme as yesterday.
16. Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are  
Most beautiful and faire;  
Full furnished with trees and fruits  
Most wonderful and rare.
17. Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes  
Continuallie are greene;  
There grow such sweete and pleasant  
flowers  
As no where else are seene.
18. There is nectar and ambrosia made,  
There is muske and civette sweete;  
There manie a faire and daintie drugge  
Are troden under feete.
19. There cinomon, there fugar grow,  
There narde and balme abound;  
What tongese can tell, or harte containe  
The joyes that there are found!
20. Quyt through the streetes with silver  
found  
The flood of life doe flow;  
Upon whose bankes on everie fyde  
The wood of life doth growe.
21. There trees forevermore beare fruite,  
And evermore doe springe;  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore doe singe.
22. There David stands with harpe in hand,  
As Master of the queere;  
Tenne thousand times that mann were  
blest  
That might this musicke heare.
- VIII. Who there are crowned with glory  
great,  
And see God face to face;  
They triumph still, and aye rejoyce,  
Most happy is their case.
- VIII'. But we that are in banishment,  
Continually do moan;  
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,  
Perpetually we groan.
- IX. Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
Our pleasure is but pain,  
Our joys not worth the looking on,  
Our sorrows aye remain.
- IX'. But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play  
That unto them a thousand years  
Seem but as yesterday.
- X'. Thy vineyards and thy orchards,  
So wonderful and fair;  
And furnished with trees and fruit  
Most beautiful and rare.
- XI. Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continuallie are green;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant  
flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.
- XII. There nectar and ambrosie spring,  
There musk and civet sweet;  
There many a fine and dainty drug  
Are trod down under feet.
- XI'. There cinnamon and sugar grows,  
There nard and balm abound;  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
The pleasures there abound.
- XII'. Quite thro' the streets with pleasant  
sound,  
The flood of life doth flow:  
Upon whose banks on every side,  
The trees of life do grow.
- XIII. There trees each month do yield their  
fruit;  
Forevermore they spring;  
And all the nations of the world  
To thee their honors bring.
- XIV. There David stands with harp in hand,  
As master of the queir;  
A thousand times that man were blest  
That might his music hear.



23. Our Ladie finges Magnificat,  
With tunes surpafsinge sweete;  
And all the virginns beare their parte  
Siting above her feete.

24. Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose finge;  
Saint Auguftine doth the like;  
Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their fonges to feeke.

25. There Magdalene hath left her mone,  
And cheerfullie doth finge  
With blefled faintes, whose harmonie  
In everie freete doth ringe.

26. Hierufalem! my happy home!  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joyes that I might fee!

XIV. There Mary fings magnificat  
With tunes surpassing sweet;  
And all the virgins bear their part  
Singing about her feet.

XV. "Te Deum" doth Saint Ambrose sing;  
Saint Austin doth the like;  
Old Simeon and Zacharie,  
Have not their songs to seek.

XV. There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
And cheerfully doth sing  
With all blest saints; whose harmony  
Thro' every street doth ring.

XVI. O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end;  
Thy joys when shall I see?

## GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

### SECOND PAPER.

WE have till now considered Savonarola solely as a reformer, we must now study him as the founder of the new Florentine republic; for an event was at hand that was, says Gibbon, to change the face of Europe. Lodovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, had called Charles VIII, King of France, to the conquest of Naples; and the young prince had gladly accepted his invitation. Italy seemed to the French another promised land. The warriors dreamed of fame and glory; the learned, of the new world of science and art that would be revealed to Europe; the soldiers coveted the riches of the princely palaces, the beautiful sky, the verdant fields. Strange as it may seem, this foreign invasion, so fatal to the peninsula, was desired by most of the Italians, as an alleviation to their miseries. It was necessary, indeed, that Italy, not able to conquer any more, should be conquered in her turn. She was afflicted by premature old age, while around her flourished young and strong nations, to which she was to convey the

seeds of civilization. And thus began that long series of calamities, that was to desolate this country for so many centuries, and destroy its commerce, its culture, and its liberty.

On the 22d of August, 1494, Charles entered Italy. Fortune smiled upon him. The Lord of hosts, writes Comines, seemed to protect this enterprise, undertaken with so little chance of success. Crossing Savoy, Piedmont, Liguria, the French King found himself on the borders of Tuscany, in a barren country, shut between the sea and the fortresses of Sarzana, Sarzannella, Pietra Santa, belonging to the Medici. His position was full of dangers, and a watchful enemy could easily have taken advantage of it. Piero, instead, panic-stricken, hurried to the French camp to sue for peace. Terrified by the King's cold and severe reception, he not only basely surrendered to him his three fortresses, but promised to pay a large sum of money, and to consign Pisa and Leghorn into his hands, until the close of the war.

The news of the surrender of these strongholds which had cost the republic so much blood and money, while honorable terms could easily have been obtained, excited the exasperation of the people to the highest degree. Strong men began to gather in crowds on the piazzas, and rusty arms were brought forth from their hiding-place. Sixty years of tyranny and corruption had not extinguished altogether the valor and patriotism of the Florentines, and their enthusiasm was incited by Pier Capponi and Savonarola. Piero de Medici, meanwhile, confiding in Charles's protection, had hastened to restore peace to his capital, but was refused admittance to the Old Palace. The great bell of the tower rang out the tocsin of alarm, and the people mustered with whatever weapons they could find to drive out the Duke. Piero was soon galloping for life on the road to Bologna, while the gates of San Gallo closed on him forever.

The name of the Medici became forthwith a reproach, never uttered but with execrations and menaces. The beautiful pictures and statuary once contained within the gardens of San Marco were scattered wide over the world. Houses were destroyed by popular rage, sacked and burned, and many of the chief citizens driven from the city. No blood, however, was shed, for the Signoria threatened severe penalties; and Savonarola, who knew how dangerous was this popular effervescence, preached constantly peace, union, and charity:

"Hearken! the sword is come; the prophecies are fulfilled; the punishment begins. The Lord himself guides these armies. Florence, cease thy songs and dances; it is now time to weep over thy sins. Thy sins, O Florence! thy sins, O Rome! thy sins, O Italy! are the cause of these scourges. . . . Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is near."

On the 17th of November of that same year, the King of France made his triumphal entry into Florence, greeted on all sides by loud acclamations. Palace de Medici, now Palazzo Riccardi, had

been gorgeously arrayed to receive the royal visitor; here he was lodged, with his whole retinue, and the rest of the day was passed in joy and revelry.

Preparations of another sort had, however, been made secretly, both by the government and people; for, notwithstanding their faith in Fra Girolamo's words, fear and distrust predominated in them. If Savonarola was the soul of Florence, Pier Capponi, a stanch republican, a valiant warrior, was its right hand. He it was that had secreted within the walls the soldiers of the republic, and had filled every house with warlike materials. And when Charles VIII persisted in his unreasonable and exorbitant demands, saying at last, "I shall order my trumpets to sound," he it was who snatched the copy of the dishonoring conditions from the hands of the secretary, and tore it in pieces, exclaiming, "If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells."

This heroic action had a remarkable effect upon the King of France; he consented to sign the treaty, which preserved the honor, as well as the safety, of the city, and accepted the protectorship of the liberty of Florence. And on the 28th of the same month, Savonarola's importunities persuaded him to leave Tuscany, and to resume his march toward the Romagna.

The departure of the foreign army caused great satisfaction to the Florentines, and they now hoped that a new and glorious era would begin for them. The payment of the heavy subsidy to the French, and the war against Pisa and other rebellious cities, opened up a dismal prospect indeed; and they saw the necessity, therefore, of re-forming government on a broader and stronger basis, by which corruption might be arrested.

It was on this occasion that Savonarola first became conspicuous as a political leader. Before the death of Lorenzo de Medici, he had always been alien to politics; but now that liberty was at stake, now that strong parties divided the city, he felt it a duty to himself to enter the



struggle, and fight for the right cause. He was not led by mere ambition, he did not seek petty gratifications, but was impelled by the spiritual necessity of guiding the people, and by the promptings of his friends, who could get no measures carried without his aid; for men of high birth and public position had now espoused his doctrines and ideas. His sermons were becoming, therefore, political incidents, which attracted not only his partisans, but his enemies also, ready to lie in wait for grounds of accusation.

In the vast area of the cathedral, Savonarola invited the magistrates and the people, with the exception of women and children; and before this numerous assembly he made four important propositions: reform of customs; fear of God; fidelity to the popular government; public good preferred to private passions and interests; general amnesty to every one, extended even to the payments of fines; the constitution of a new form of popular government, advising the choice of that of the Great Council of Venice, with some slight modifications. His powerful influence surmounted all difficulties, and, in his daily sermons, he began to discuss with rare ability the various fundamental laws of Florence. He reformed the taxes, which had been a cause of great discontent; establishing the *fordiaria*, which obliged every man to pay the tenth of the proceeds of his landed property. He advocated the Law of Appeal, for the greater security of the citizens' lives. He established a *Monte di Pietà*, to alleviate the misery of the people. Every-where, indeed, even in the language of the laws, which from Latin changed to Italian, we find the molding hand of the democratic monk.

It is impossible to deny the political greatness of a man who gave new life to a corrupt people, and established a constitution that challenges the admiration of ancient and modern writers; that is praised by Guicciardini and Macchiavelli. He did not, it is true, create these institutions. They were the result of time and of the conditions of Italy, but he had

the force of impressing them on the mind of the Florentines, in order to promote their good. He knew full well the heart of man, and that the first instrument of tyranny is the corruption of the subjects. Therefore, he endeavored, by purity of morals, to restore liberty and religion, to prepare the way for the renovation of the Church and of the world. This was Fra Girolamo's sublime end; this was the glorious work for which he labored day and night; and for this we must reverence him, though he could not free himself entirely from the weaknesses of human nature, and forsook sometimes the Christian simplicity after which he had striven through years of his youth and prime. The Italian chronicles of the fifteenth century can boast of few men as great as he; none perhaps in the political history of the republic of Florence.

Savonarola continued thus his perilous mission with renewed perseverance. He believed the Florentines to be a second chosen people, and for their salvation he was ready to stake his life. No one could resist his passionate words; no one could escape that massive influence which came from the energy of his emotions and beliefs. He became master of the people. The choicest spirits of the age, the most cultivated men, heard him and were converted. The most refined ladies changed their unchristian life, renounced their finery, and dressed with scrupulous plainness. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages and towns, the rude mountaineers of the Appenines, at day-break would enter the city by hundreds, where they received a generous hospitality, to listen to his voice. They had a blind faith in the Frate's divine message, in his supernatural claims, in his denunciatory visions, and believed him to be in direct correspondence with God. The *Tiepidi* tried in vain to ridicule these devout disciples, christened by them *Piagnoni* (mourners); and these names designated henceforth two different parties of morals, politics, art, and literature.

Paganism, as we have already said, predominated in all the Italian cities. In

the histories, Christ was called the son of Jupiter; and the nuns, vestals. In the schools, Tibullus, Catullus, *Ars amandi*, were explained and studied. In the pulpit, the Gospel was forgotten entirely for Aristotle and the Platonic doctrines, while pictures of immodest design were placed on the altars. The Prior of San Marco censured with great severity this dangerous mania; and, addressing himself particularly to the young, advised them to study the Gospel and Bible, and to conform to the rules of Christianity.

It is not to be wondered if this exalted mind, under the poetic sky of Italy, contemplated with delight the idea of regenerating art, and of raising again beauty to its celestial origin. For him, the true, the beautiful, the good, were peers. This blessing was not refused to him, and he saw the lads and striplings, the hope of Florence, crowd around his pulpit as a promise of better days. For them, ranges of seats had been raised high against the walls of the Duomo; and these youths, once so riotous and mischievous, were now accustomed to join together, and sing divine praises composed by their prophet, and by him adapted to music which represented formerly frivolity and immorality. Thus were renovated poetry, music, and science; thus was formed that generation of men who fought greatly and endured greatly in the last struggle of their republic.

To the shows of the *Carnasciale*, to the imitations of the triumphs of Camillus and of Paulus Æmilianus, had been substituted a more sacred kind of merriment. On Palm-Sunday, the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem was represented. It was indeed a sight of beauty. As the long stream of slight young figures in white garments with red crosses, and olive wreaths on their heads, moved through the winding streets, followed by multitudes of monks and laity, the mocking smile disappeared from the lips of the *Tiepidi*, swayed by a new and subtle emotion. The needy were not forgotten; for the master insisted continually on the necessity of charity, and taught that it

was the duty of the rich to live simply for the sake of the poor. He told the people, "that God would not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs, and that the Church was best adorned with the gems of holiness and the fine gold of brotherly love."

Public and private charity were most needed at the time, for misery and famine were desolating the city. Florence, threatened on all its borders, was in dire necessity of food and soldiers; and, notwithstanding the Frate's declaration that Heaven took special care of his chosen people, certain ships of Marseilles, laden with corn, had been driven away from the coast of Leghorn by terrible gales. Charles VIII had also left Italy; and Florence, faithful to the last to her fickle ally, had refused to join the Holy League formed by the Pope to drive out the French from Naples. Enemies, therefore, surrounded her on all sides, and within the walls the disaffected were not few.

The murmurs became louder, as, in obedience to a mandate from Rome, Fra Girolamo ceased to preach. In this extremity, the faint-hearted felt the want of his strengthening influence; the strong, the need of his spiritual guidance. The Signoria, therefore, requested him to mount the pulpit again. He obeyed, and, at his beloved voice, despondency subsided and faith returned. "O Florentines," he boldly exclaimed, "be steadfast and wait; divine help will certainly come." This time, also, his prophecy was to be realized; and deliverance came when least expected. A strong wind drove the missing ships into the port of Leghorn with such violence and rapidity that the Venetians were not able to seize them. It would be impossible to describe the Florentine's delirious joy; the city bells proclaimed with a loud voice the happy event, and the churches overflowed with a devout multitude, who exclaimed, enthusiastically, "The Frate's words have saved us again!"

Who knows, however, when this unfortunate war would have ended, if Provi-



dence had not helped the Florentines a second time? A terrible storm destroyed the whole Venetian fleet, and the Emperor of Germany, who barely escaped being drowned, abandoned an enterprise in which, as he expressed himself, he was to fight against God and man. And Savonarola, taking advantage of these un-hoped-for successes, preached anew, with greater force than ever. He recalled the past dangers, the despondency, the mercy with which they had been saved, and exhorted every one to thank devoutly the Lord for his infinite blessings. He praised the popular government, and compared its different degrees of formation to the seven days of creation. He confirmed his prophetic claims, and promised to continue his sermons on the following Advent.

And thus closed this year, 1496, so momentous for Florence. The republic had overcome the most extraordinary perils, the popular party was master of the government, and Savonarola's name and authority were stronger than ever.

The reigning Pope, Alexander Borgia, hated, however, the mighty preacher, on whom his influence had been powerless; hated the liberal man who stoutly contradicted his private views. If Fra Girolamo had contented himself with preaching against the vices of Rome, against the abuses of Church and of states, Pope Alexander would have allowed him to speak as long as he wished. But when he opposed the return of Piero de Medici; when he refused to join the Holy League, and insisted on the maintenance of the popular government, with the wider view of universal regeneration,—he considered him a rebel, and, what was more, a dangerous one. At first, the Pope tried him with all the subtle arts dictated by prudence, offering to him even a cardinal's hat; but when the Prior refused his advances, Borgia resolved upon his doom. Between them it was now a struggle of life and death.

Alexander first forbade him the pulpit, then ordered him to Rome, and endeavored to destroy the independence of the

community of San Marco. But Savonarola succeeded in parrying these blows. He then attempted to make him fall into an ambush, in order to seize upon his person. This plot was defeated also; for the Frate's friends held it necessary that he should always be attended by an armed guard. Fra Girolamo had, therefore, lost all hopes of a reconciliation with this implacable foe, and was bent on interesting the powers of Europe toward the procuring of a General Council, that should settle this contest, reform the Church, and depose the Pope, if necessary. He hastened in consequence the publication of several of his writings, that were to diffuse his doctrines, and gain fresh adherents to his cause.

The month of January passed thus quietly, and Carnival was fast approaching its close. It might have been imagined that the old indecent masques would appear again in this day of revelry; but no: this was not to be in a city where Christ had been declared king. A new and unparalleled sight had been prepared instead. Troops of children went from house to house, asking that the *anathema*—objects of licentious luxury condemned by the master; such as immodest pictures, indecent books, gambling apparatus, ornaments of feminine vanity—should be given up them. These objects were collected in a pile in the midst of the Piazza, and set on fire, to the sound of trumpets and of bells, while the solemn notes of the *Te Deum* thrilled the very heart of a people once so corrupt and degraded. This was called the "Burning of Vanities."

The lovers of the antique and of the classic talk indignantly of this act of Savonarola, and consider him a superstitious, barbarous destroyer. If an ancient manuscript is found to be lost, if an edition of Boccaccio gets scarce, the fault is all laid to the Frate. We must repel these gross exaggerations. The man who joined to his convent a school, that his monks might exercise themselves in painting and sculpture; the man who bought the rich library of the Medici,

that Florence might not be deprived of the benefits of learned research; the man who inspired poets, and wrought a new and higher ambition in artists such as Baccio della Porta and Michael Angelo Buonarrotti,—could not willingly have burned statues and precious codes. And if the scholar laments the loss of a few volumes; if the philosopher deploras that human weakness often fights errors with other errors, and to fanaticism opposes another fanaticism,—history will answer that such was always the character of those strong personalities who are inflamed by a grand enthusiastic zeal for religion.

If we refer to this part of Fra Girolamo's life, when a whole city, a whole people, depended upon his words, we fancy him happy, and proud of his extraordinary successes. Yet his writings, his sermons, show clearly that his mind was depressed by grief and discouragement. Such powerful emotions exhausted his life and shattered his delicate health. The future looked indeed gloomy and dark to the penetrating eyes of Savonarola. In all his visions, he saw his own doom. When fortune smiled upon him the most, these sad presentiments grew even stronger; and in his allegories he often described to his hearers the sadness of his heart, and prophesied his violent death. The idea of martyrdom inflamed, however, his ardent nature. "O Lord, Lord," he would say, "I am weary; for the struggle is endless. Grant me this martyrdom! Let me soon die for thee! Lay me on the altar; let my blood flow, and the fire consume me, but let this people be saved!"

In the life and doctrines of this noteworthy man, we observe, in fact, a singular intuition of the future, which gave to his writings and words a wonderful power. We do not speak only of that political acumen so much admired by his friends, which made him announce beforehand the advent of the French, the banishment of the Medici, and other important events, but rather of that subtle insight that led him to foresee a near regeneration of mankind by means of re-

ligion, a vast renovation of society by means of blood. He seemed to divine the sad and fearful destiny of his beloved country, and described its future calamities with such passion that he anticipated them, and suffered already. How grand and imposing would this prophetic character of Savonarola appear, if it were not disfigured by those labyrinthine interpretations of the Scriptures, by those childish visions and allegories, in which he blindly believed! He had been subject to them from his earliest youth, and considered them divine revelations of the Almighty. It is difficult, indeed, to account for these apparent contradictions in a man of such piety and learning.

The patient observer will discover in Fra Girolamo two different and distinct natures: one tending toward progress; the other receding toward the past, with its superstitions and aberrations. This depended in great part upon the peculiar conditions of the age; for the only difference that we can find between Savonarola and his most famous contemporaries is, that they attributed to an occult power what he ascribed to supernatural and divine causes. In thus humbling those noble and vast intelligences by the contrast of their sublime faculties with these gross superstitions, Providence teaches us a terrible and solemn lesson, and reminds us forcibly that we are only weak and sinful mortals.

The Prior of San Marco was now preaching in the Duomo his last course of Lenten sermons, and was preparing the people for the calling of a General Council, and the impending struggle with the Pope. Excommunication, he knew, was imminent; but he would defy it. The Florentines had greater need than ever of the voice that could infuse into them faith and patience; for famine continued to desolate the city, and the plague was expected. Discontent was also spreading within the walls. The defection of Charles VIII had wrought harm to the prophet, and his enemies were attacking him on all sides.



Savonarola had never been able to uproot entirely the religious indifference of the Florentines. More than the reformer, they venerated in him the founder of their republic; and if they defended him with such courage, it was because the Pope favored the restoration of the Medici, while the Frate represented the cause of liberty. But the day in which Alexander Borgia, who did not himself care much for religion, should succeed in dividing these two causes, triumphant hate would rise against the courageous monk, who would thus lose a great part of his prestige and authority.

Rumors, meanwhile, had spread from Rome of a new Medicean plot. Piero de Medici, with thirteen hundred men, was marching toward Florence; but was repelled, after a short conflict. Many of the chief citizens were accused of complicity with the tyrant. Some made their escape; others were imprisoned, and condemned to death. These condemnations were fatal to the liberal party. The Pignoni, who had urged the execution of these bloody sentences, lost a great deal of their credit, and awoke fierce, deep hatreds; while Savonarola, who had become more and more strict in his views of resistance, who had in some measure sanctioned this severity, by refusing to exert himself to maintain the Law of Appeal, was called an intriguer, a false prophet, who saw in his visions only what would strengthen his own party.

These hostilities had begun to be manifest more avowedly from the day that the excommunication, some weeks before arrived from Rome, had been solemnly published in the Duomo. Great was the triumph of the *Compagnacci* (Evil Companions), as great the confusion of the Frate's friends, notwithstanding Savonarola's bold declaration that the excommunication was unjust and not valid. Happily, a magistracy favorable to the Prior of San Marco being elected, they wrote urgent vindictory letters to Rome, entreating the withdrawal of the excommunication. The

position of Fra Girolamo had thus been made more hopeful and quiet, when the death sentence and execution of the five Mediceans, stirred up afresh the storm of popular passions, and revived the hatred of his enemies.

The Frate was living, therefore, in the closest seclusion, occupied in writing with never ceasing activity, and in publishing his "Triumph of the Cross," in which he embraced nearly all the philosophical and religious learning of his time. This book, admired by famous divines, was not only an apology of the author's doctrines and life, but a vindication of Catholicism. Alexander VI himself could not have asked for a clearer profession of faith, for a greater submission to the authority of the Holy See. The Catholic dogmas were, in truth, never attacked by Savonarola. And though Martin Luther, in his Preface to the Frate's meditation on the Miserere, which he published in Germany, in the year 1523, pronounced him the morning-star of the Reformation, we feel obliged to declare that the Prior of San Marco never fought against the unity of the Church, but solely against that papal and clerical corruption which was destroying religion; against a wicked unbelieving Pope, who had gained the pontifical chair by bribery.

Inaction was, however, simply impossible for such a man; and, notwithstanding the Pope's defense, he again ascended the pulpit of the Duomo, on the first day of Lent. But Borgia threatening an interdict on the city, he retired to his church of San Marco, where the people still flocked to hear him. The faith of the Florentines in him had been greatly shaken by the sentence of excommunication; and now that their more vital interests were at stake,—their commerce endangered, their liberty menaced by the Italian princes,—they seemed to be wavering in their resolution to defend the man who had sacrificed every thing for their welfare. The Pope took advantage of these circumstances, and prevailed on the magistracy, composed now

of a party adverse to the *Piagnoni*, to forbid the Frate the pulpit forever.

On the 18th of March, 1498, Savonarola, by command of the Signoria, ceased his sermons, and took a sad but affectionate leave of his faithful flock. He had been preaching in Florence eight years,—eight years, in which he had ruined his health for the ungrateful people that now condemned him to silence.

In the life of individuals, as well as in the history of nations, there is an hour when an occult and irresistible power seems to change every thing around, when events even seem to turn against you. This moment had come for Savonarola. A letter he had written to Charles VIII, requesting him to summon a General Council to depose the Pope, fell into the hands of Borgia. The enraged Alexander swore that, by honest or foul means, he would be delivered of such a dangerous rebel. At his instigation, Francesco da Puglia, a Franciscan monk, challenged Fra Girolamo to prove the truth of his assertions by walking with him through the fire. If the Prior of San Marco came out unhurt, the divine origin of his doctrine would be demonstrated; if he perished, his falsity would be manifest. Savonarola refused this impious proposal; but Fra Dominico, his disciple, accepted the challenge. Notwithstanding his remonstrances, the trial was decided upon. The people were anxious for this unparalleled spectacle, and the Pope, the Signoria, the *Compagnacci*, urged an event in which they foresaw the ruin of their dreaded foe. Savonarola himself, by the continual repetition of his belief in a future supernatural attestation of his work, had furnished to his adversaries these means of destruction. The fatal pile is prepared. The monks are at their post; but, in the decisive moment, the Franciscans refuse to let Fra Dominico enter the fire with the Sacrament in his hand. A long dispute arises, and the irritated people shout scornfully. Suddenly a violent rain falls in torrents, and wets the heap of fuel.

The Trial of Fire will not take place; but Savonarola feels that the designs of his enemies are fulfilled, that his mission on earth is ended!

A guard from the Signoria escorted him safely to San Marco; but on the morrow the convent and church were besieged by an enraged multitude. Disregarding the defense of their Prior, the Dominicans fought fiercely, and the attack lasted till late in the night. Amid furious taunts and threats, Savonarola was dragged to the Old Palace, while several of his friends were murdered, and their houses sacked. Sixteen Florentine citizens, chosen among his bitterest foes, were his judges. The unfortunate man was tortured repeatedly; and yet nothing dishonorable could be found against him, not one single political crime, not one stain in his private life. The Pope himself was forced to retract his charge of heresy. The agony of torture—agony doubly felt by that sensitive frame, and which produced raving, says Villari—made him deny only those prophetic gifts, those supernatural visions, created by his exalted mind.

He was, however, condemned to death, with two of his disciples; and, the 23d of May, 1498, a gibbet, with three halters, rose on the Great Piazza. Savonarola marched to the scaffold with great fortitude and resignation; and as the bishop degraded him, saying, "*Separo te ab Ecclesia militante*," adding, in his confusion, "*atque triumphante*," the Frate answered, in a voice that vibrated through the whole Piazza, "*Militante, non triumphante; hoc enim tuum non est*." A few minutes after, he expired; the flames devoured his body, and his ashes were thrown into the Arno; but some of the most courageous *Piagnoni* could gather parts of these precious relics, which they preserved, and revered as those of a saint and martyr.

This political murder, if we can thus express ourselves, was deplored by the choicest spirits of the time. Pictures, medals, and books were published to vindicate the memory of the courageous Frate. Raphael, in the Vatican, painted



him sitting in the midst of the Doctors of the Church; and for more than two centuries, on the anniversary of his death, his followers would cover with flowers the place of his execution. In Florence his name never ceased to be popular; and if, after his death, paganism invaded again the national literature, the spiritual doctrines which he had preached were preserved by a few Christian artists, whose enthusiasm for art was linked with a deep veneration for their master and friend.

Savonarola was, indeed, the prophet of a new civilization. While Columbus was discovering new continents on the seas, he was opening new horizons to the

human mind. When the first courageously explored unknown oceans, the other searched from the pulpit the abysses of human passions. Both believed themselves to be messengers of God, sent to diffuse Christianity on earth; both had strange visions, that encouraged them to prosecute their divine mission; both were rewarded with the deepest ingratitude. Savonarola wanted to harmonize reason and faith, religion and liberty, and his work of regeneration is therefore closely connected with Dante Alighieri, and Arnold of Brescia, who first initiated that Catholic reform, the cherished wish of all the great men of Italy.

ELVIRA CAORSI.

### HOW I MADE THE SERMON.

THE making of a sermon is serious business to the novice in sermon-making. Every man has his novitiate, or, rather, his first experiment; and the writer's was made in a barn, in Woodstock, near Casenovia, forty years ago, under an exhorter's license, with (the now distinguished Dr.) Bostwick Hawley as preacher in charge. It was on Prayer, without a formal text, extempore, and hortatory; under the divisions, private prayer, social prayer, public prayer. The next trial was in a private house in Perryville, Madison County, New York; subject, Temptation. The opening sentence, so President Herman M. Johnson said, thirty years afterward, was "There is a devil." Orthodox surely, and taking the Universalist bull by the horns at the outset! A few extempore school-house hortations were the sole product of college days, the days when Abel Stevens was a flame of meteoric luster; when Wilbur Fisk enlightened all understandings with his cogent reasonings, charmed all ears with his nervous Saxon English, and melted all hearts with his sympa-

thetic and silvery cadences; when Joseph Holdich was college chaplain, and taught attentive neophytes the art of sermon-structure by his systematically planned, clear-cut, fastidiously chaste, polished, elegant, and incisive discourses. In his animated periods, his voice crackled like the straggling fire of a platoon, or the crash of a fusilade.

In those days the Calvinistic divines of New England were shy about asking Arminian preachers into their pulpits. They used, however, to invite Dr. Fisk to lecture on temperance. On one occasion, the Doctor went to fulfill an appointment of this kind in a rural town of staid old Connecticut, in the vicinity of Hartford, where the congregation had been accustomed to the ministrations of one man for the best part of half a century, and who thought their minister the chief light of the century. The Doctor, just then inaugurated as President of the new University of Middletown, was the guest of the good parson on Saturday night, and the arrangement was for him to lecture on the absorbing topic of those days,

Temperance, in the afternoon at the Baptist church, and in the evening, at the Congregational. Meanwhile, nothing was said as to how he should occupy the usual hour of service on Sunday morning. The settled preacher was charmed with his Methodist guest, his polished manners, his intelligence, and ready power of conversation on all possible topics. They conversed together Saturday evening and Sunday morning till the bells rung at the old orthodox hour, half-past ten, for church. Still nothing had been said to Dr. Fisk about preaching. At bell toll they started together for the "meeting-house." As they entered the portal, the preacher was called aside by one of his deacons, and, after a hurried consultation with a few of his chief men, returned to Dr. Fisk, and said:

"I am sorry, sir, I did not last evening ask you to preach to-day. My deacons say the people are anxious to hear you."

"I can preach if you desire it," said the Doctor, in reply.

"But you have no sermon with you."

"We Methodist preachers usually carry our sermons in our heads."

"Well, sir, if you *could* preach on such short notice, and would not deem such an invitation discourteous, it would oblige us very much."

"I can try," said Fisk.

And try he did, and preach he did, one of his most eloquent discourses, and wound up with a peroration that dissolved the whole audience in tears. Turning suddenly round as he ended, he asked the preacher sitting in the pulpit behind him to close the services. Tears were raining down the good man's cheeks, and with convulsive voice and sobs and gestures, he burst out:

"O no, sir! no, sir! I can't; please, sir, please excuse me. You close."

After prayer, he announced that Dr. Fisk would lecture on temperance in the Baptist church in the afternoon, and deliver the same lecture in his church in the evening; still wedded to the idea that the Doctor had a manuscript prepared for the occasion; whereas the fertile,

full-charged orator spoke for an hour and a half, in the afternoon, and as long in the evening, without repeating himself, or tiring the hundreds that hung breathlessly upon his strong thoughts and mellifluous periods.

About the time of our college graduation, the pastor of the Congregational church, in which we had passed our youth, influenced by social connections, invited us, novice as we were, to fill his pulpit of an afternoon. The sermon of the morning, from old-time custom, was the sermon of the day. It did not matter so much who preached or what was preached in the latter part of the day, and night preaching was not then in vogue. What to preach to a congregation of cultured Calvinists was a troublesome problem for one in his novitiate.

"Write a Fourth of July oration, and put a text to it," suggested a younger brother.

We gave them a plain talk on "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

It was perhaps the first time, but probably not the last, that we tore a historical passage of Holy Writ in two, wrenched it out of its connections, and gave it a forced interpretation, to suit our own fancy, or the supposed exigencies of the occasion. This mangling of the Scriptures, forcing phrases out of their true settings, taking as much of a passage as we desire for a motto, and leaving the rest to shift for itself, after the fashion of Lorenzo Dow's celebrated "top not come down," is common enough with sermon-builders.

A Roman Catholic priest ordered a workman to put Matthew xxi, 13, on a tablet over the front door of his church; but was horrified, when the stone appeared in its place, to find, that the conscientious workman had chiseled the whole passage into the marble, to say to all passers-by:

"MY HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED A HOUSE OF PRAYER, BUT YE HAVE MADE IT A DEN OF THIEVES."



Hundreds of excellent sermons have been preached from "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," a fragment wrested from a comparison between Christian purity and heathen impurity. If a sermon-maker wishes to pursue this comparison, the proper text to use is not the first of the apostle's remarks, but the last, "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness," a verse which includes the whole sense and the true scope of the entire context. "Go thy way for this time," the language of Felix to Paul, is the language of procrastination, and affords a good illustration on that subject; but whether one is justifiable in making it the basis of a discourse, as the language of sinners to the Holy Spirit, is doubtful. Yet so we used it, and so thousands of other juveniles have used it.

In September, 1846, we were *en route* for the Illinois Conference, diagonally across the State, north-eastwardly from St. Louis to Paris, in Edgar County, over broad prairies, guiltless then of human habitations, streaked now with railroads, and grown up to flourishing villages and cities, of which Mattoon is a representative specimen. At the close of the first day's ride (it took four to accomplish the entire distance), some fifteen or twenty preachers brought up at a log hamlet of half a dozen houses, where we were kindly billeted to stay over night,—somewhat crowded to be sure, as fourteen of us camped down on that one floor of the room which answered the purpose of sitting-room, dining-room, and best bedroom for the family, who, on that night, disposed of themselves, where and how, I never knew.

With such a deluge of preachers, somebody must preach, and the lot fell to the writer, and "Go thy way for this time," suggested itself as a fitting text for the congregation outside of the somewhat numerous clerical portion of the auditors. It was then and there, in reading over the celebrated encounter between Paul and Felix, that the absurdity of the dislocation of the passage from the rest

of the verse made itself apparent; an absurdity, surely, but not quite so glaring as that of a Presbyterian divine we once heard preaching an ordination sermon on the text, "Lord, it is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles," etc. He read the text thus: "Lord, it is good for us to be here *if* thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles!" and built his discourse accordingly.

Acts xxiv, 25: "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time: when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." This historic passage, which has often been obliged to yield up its *disjecta membra* to discourses on Righteousness, lectures on Temperance, and sermons on Judgment, as well as on Procrastination, presents

#### ST. PAUL AS A PREACHER

as its main or leading topic; and so we framed it in that Illinois log cabin, on that warm September evening, in 1846, with a sleepy crowd of tired preachers, who had ridden all day, dosing all around us, and a few tired and sleepy harvesters, glad, doubtless, when the sleepy homily was over.

Some time after, we repeated the discourse with more "liberty," at Nashville, when the stationed preacher, Rev. T. Magee, as we returned to the parsonage, said, "You borrowed that sketch from Benson's Sketch-book." "No, indeed; we never looked into Benson's Sketch-book, and have a horror of sketch-books generally."

He took down the book, and there it was, substantially the same outline! plagiarism implied or established, it mattered not which. I said: "Well, I will never preach the discourse in that form again." Rash resolution! no sooner taken than repented of, and renounced, for the good and sufficient reasons,—first, that *my* plan was my own; second, that no other plan could be legitimately made on the text, though made by a thousand independent

makers; and so the sermon has had a run of thirty years (next year) on the log-cabin plan. How nearly it resembles Benson's we will give those who have Benson's sermons or sketches a chance to observe. We have looked into nothing of the "Sketch-book" kind for a quarter of a century, though the study of sketches is by no means to be despised, or even underrated, by a learner.

To recur to St. Paul as a preacher, as pictured by Luke in Acts xxiv, 25. We have

I. THE MANNER, }  
 II. THE MATTER, } of Paul's preaching.  
 III. THE RESULTS, }

Paul's MANNER. "He reasoned:" We gather from Paul's history and epistles that this was the apostle's favorite manner. It is by no means improbable that he was one of the chosen champions of debate in the disputes with Stephen in the synagogue of the libertines. No sooner was he converted than he "confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, *proving* that this is very Christ." At Jerusalem he spoke boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and *disputed* against the Grecians. At Thessalonica, "where was a synagogue of the Jews," "Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days *reasoned* with them out of the Scriptures." At Athens, "he *disputed* in the synagogue." At Corinth, "he *reasoned* in the synagogue every Sabbath." At Ephesus, "he *reasoned* with the Jews," and *disputed* daily in the school of one Tyrannus. Before Felix, he followed the native bent of his mind and *reasoned*. Logical by mental constitution, the legal studies in which his youth was practiced fostered development in the same direction, and twenty years' practice on themes in which his whole soul was engaged added indefinitely to the keenness and momentum of his original powers.

I. He was an *intelligent* reasoner. The Scriptures were his basis, the Old Testament his principal text-book. The relations between the old and the new Ju-

daisms were themes of constant thought, study, and practice, with speech and pen. He knew every inch of his ground, and aimed to be "ready always to give to every man a *reason* for the hope that was in him, with meekness and fear."

2. He was a *persuasive* reasoner. He reasoned, not for victory, but for truth. While his logic reached the head, his earnest conviction of the principles he advocated affected the heart. He commanded respect and sympathy, even where he failed to secure assent. He disputed and *persuaded*. He was no dry, metaphysical reasoner, parading a dull show of argument before plain men that would confound Rhadamanthus, or send into soporific dreams the judges of the Supreme bench.

3. He was a *ready* reasoner. He reasoned extempore. He needed no "special preparation." He had his great theme, and relied on occasions to suggest texts and arguments, and to supply language and illustrations. His epistles abound with argument,—"*things hard to be understood*," St. Peter judged,—but argument intermingled with stirring exhortation.

Paul is pre-eminent among the writers of the Bible, and we believe the power he wielded in the pulpit was not inferior to that which he infused into his pen.

Not every preacher is a Paul or a Chillingworth. It is not treatises on logic (as we once vainly supposed) that will make a man a reasoner. Inspiration, nature, study, and practice were combined only once in the history of the world to produce a PAUL.

II. Paul's MATTER. Before Felix he discoursed on three topics, "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." At Athens, his topics were, "Jesus and the resurrection;" at Pisidian Antioch, the fulfillment of prophecy; before Agrippa, his own personal experience. What guided his choice on this occasion? We answer, the apostle's marvelous power of *adaptation*. He was ready for every occasion. At Philippi he threw himself upon his privileges as a Roman citizen. At Jerusalem the chief



captain is surprised at his knowledge of Greek, and the multitude at his fluency in Hebrew. He carries off the sympathies of the assembly by proclaiming himself a Pharisee. At Athens he preaches the true God from an altar inscribed "To the *unknown* God."

The topics used before Felix were by no means selected at random. Two of them belong to the domain of natural religion, and one peculiarly to the revealed. Jewish audiences would listen patiently to his narratives of personal experience, and with pride to his eloquent dissertations on Jewish history; but when he touched upon the universality of Christianity, they cried out, "Away with such a fellow from the earth; it is not fit that he should live." The Athenians gave him quiet audience while he demolished their systems of idolatry, but when he reached the doctrine of the "resurrection of the dead," the profane mocked, and the conservative said, "We will hear thee again of this matter." Felix heard him with tolerable equanimity on righteousness and judgment, but when he discussed the "judgment to come" he was disturbed, and broke off the audience.

The notorious life and character of this Roman ruler furnished ample scope for Paul's peculiar powers. The prince of Roman historians, the terse Tacitus, sums up the character of this mercenary provincial in ten words: With Drusilla, a renegade Jewess, the runaway wife of a petty prince, he was living in undisguised adultery. Felix was unrighteous; Paul discourses of righteousness. He was intemperate and incontinent; Paul dwells on temperance and chastity. He was a ruler and judge; Paul dilates on a "judgment to come."

III. The RESULTS of Paul's preaching, as depicted in the text, were of two kinds, immediate and ultimate. They differed with occasions. At Pisidian Antioch, at his second appointment, "almost the whole city came together to hear the word of God." At Athens "certain men clave unto him and believed."

Festus answers with a sneer, and Agrippa replies with a sarcasm; Felix trembles.

As Paul reasons of "righteousness," he has the undivided attention of his noble auditory. Under the head of temperance, he unveils, with the skill of a master, the vile lives of his hearers, and drags secret things to light with such masterly skill that Drusilla cringes to the temples. Felix is deadly pale. Finally, when he turns to the judgment to come, his voice rings like the tramp of the archangel. Felix quivers like an aspen! The immediate results look promising. Paul has visions of the conversion of the emperor's favorite, and of the lodgment of the Gospel in the imperial household. Vain hope! Transient expectation. The lips of Felix part. Is it to ask the apostle to pray for him? Nay; but to utter the chilling words that have dashed the hopes of so many a preacher to the ground: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee!" Another discouragement; another disappointing difference between the immediate results of preaching and the ultimate, so often experienced by preachers.

Was Paul tempted, like us, to throw up his commission, to feel that he was never called to preach? He might have been comforted by the fact that men turned their backs upon the teachings of the Master.

Several lessons suggest themselves:

1. We should preach like Paul—adapting our topics to our audiences—wind up with the "judgment to come;" and not be afraid of "too much excitement."

2. We must not be disappointed and discouraged at the difference so often manifest between the immediate and ultimate results of preaching.

3. Sinners should learn from the example of Felix: 1. The sin of procrastination. God's time is *now*. Why talk of any other season? 2. The danger of procrastination. The convenient season never came to Felix; he died as he lived. The "convenient season" will never come to you.

Such, reader, is our "plan" of the Benson-sketch, log-cabin sermon. It is not copyrighted. One has as good a right to it as another. Its main outlines are as stereotyped as the language of the verse on which it is founded.

It is not a little disgusting, though, to work a week or a month, digesting a

capital plan, and then find that somebody else has made the same before. Such was our case not many months ago. We wrought out a sketch on "When I consider thy heavens," that we thought perfectly original. John Wesley had the same! Ours went into the fire!

EDITOR.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### CHAPTER XI.

WE obtained judgment at last; which fully recognized our entire right, and assured to us a part of the moneyed debt, on the security of the contractor; but the formalities necessary to accomplish all the agreement could not be immediately finished.

Genevieve and I were always beating about to find out some expedients for living, finding them often by accident, haphazard, and never having in the cupboard bread enough for the morrow. My days were thus divided between some pieces of transient work, in settling up the accounts with the company interested, and in visits to the Palace of Justice.

Since then, I have often said to myself, that it would, perhaps, have been the wiser thing to have chanted the *De Profundis* over my old sticks and stones, and commenced life in a gentle, simple way, as does an infant just born. But I was fascinated by the few thousands of francs that were always looming up before me in perspective, and I could not give up my hope.

Some months thus passed away. I lost the habit of systematic occupation, and my life became in a measure demoralized. Instead of making headway among other, and a higher order of workmen, I found myself in the class of poor devils, who eat their dry crust within sight and smell of a savory roast, which seems to promise them always a rich

feast, and then turns away on its other side continually. In fact, I simply employed the present in constructing a latch for the door, that might serve in the future. As the crowning affliction of every other sorrow, the child now fell very ill. I was forced to go out in attendance on my business, and leave all the care to Genevieve; but the moment I was at liberty, I returned to her in breathless haste. The sickness did not lessen, but, on the contrary, increased, as the days wore on. I listened with bitter grief to the faint moans of the poor little creature, and to his stifled respiration. When his mother or I were bending over his small crib, he would stretch out his little hands, and look at us with an expression of loving supplication, as if he were begging a favor and help from us. Accustomed always to have his simple wants supplied by us, he believed we could also restore him to health. The sound of our voices, and the tender caresses we gave him, encouraged him for the moment; then the suffering rose above every thing else; he would push us away from his side, and his gaze seemed to reproach our inability to relieve, while the little body continued distorted by pain, and his cries pierced our very hearts.

At first, I tried to dispel the fears of the mother; but, at length, as the disease grew more and more obstinate, I did not feel capable of saying a comforting word.



I remained often in the same place, motionless, with arms crossed, dissatisfied with her despair, which augmented my own, and having no strength left to give Genevieve hope. The doctor, besides, would give no opinion. He would come to the cradle of the child, examine him in a hasty way, order what should be done, then disappear, without a word of consolation. He might as well have been an architect, looking after mortar and rough stone. Sometimes I felt as if I must, by the force of my two arms, stop him on the way, and cry to him only to speak, either to destroy our delusion, or take away our anxious care. But I could not find a time to carry out the plan. What, to us, was the source of so much anguish, was, for him, simply the day's ordinary employment.

O my God! those sad, sad hours passed by the side of that little bed! What long, what cold nights! How I sometimes wished that I were able to hurry on the hours, the sooner to reach the very depths of our affliction. Since then, I recall having somewhere read, that even this suffering is a benign blessing from God. In calling us to go through such scenes of anguish, he thus renders us less acutely sensitive to the last dreadful stroke. The grief that waits and fears and expects, makes the fatal end almost desirable; our thought hastens forward to meet it, and, when the blow falls, we accept it as a solace.

After a sickness of fifteen days, the child died. I was prepared for it, but it seems Genevieve was not; mothers never give up the life of those they have brought into the world. They can not believe in the possibility of being separated from their infants. This was to me the hardest trial. Day after day went by, and nothing could console the agony of my poor wife. I found her always seated before the empty cradle, or rearranging the little vestments of the dead, and covering each one with a tear and a kiss. I had reason to speak complainingly to her; she listened to all I said patiently, but without lifting up her head, like a poor

heart, of which the spring and elasticity is broken. This depression finally ended by drawing me into its gloomy maze. I yielded in my turn, and became indifferent to every thing about me. For long and successive hours I would stand before the window, drumming on the glass, and looking out at vacancy. We thus, both of us, sank into a state of benumbed sorrow.

We had not seen Maurice during the two years of his residence in Bourgoigne; but had been only told by some persons, that the venerable master-companion was launched in large and important engagements. Two or three times I conceived the idea of notifying him of my embarrassments, and asking if he would give me a lift of the shoulder. I can not tell what kind of pride held me back. Supposing him occupied with his extensive contracts, I felt less familiar and at ease with him. I feared, indeed, that he would suspect me of wishing to boast of our old friendship. To all appearance, then, we had somewhat forgotten each other, when, one evening, I saw the new contractor coming toward our lodgings; not in a carriage, as I should have expected him, but on foot, and a traveling blouse over his cloth coat. He advanced rapidly, and, without wasting any time in the ordinary courtesies of a visit after a long separation, announced that he had come to dine with us.

At the first glance, I discovered a change in the old friend. He spoke as freely as ever, his laugh had a somewhat familiar ring in it, yet the restlessness about him, never permitting an instant's rest in one place, and the multiplied questions which followed in quick succession, without waiting for any answer, did not seem like the calm, considerate Maurice of old. Every motion, and every loud word, appeared forced, and his gayety had a certain feverishness about it, quite different from his former self. We could scarcely make him comprehend when we told him of the death of our child; and when I desired to speak of my business matters, he interrupted

me by dwelling loudly on his own. He brought forward notes and memoranda, which he tried to explain to me, then begging me to put the whole in order. Although his manner to me was a little repellent, I still hastened to do what he desired. During the progress of the work, Maurice walked back and forth through the room, hands in his pockets, and whistling in a low key. From time to time, he stopped before the sheet of paper, which I had covered with numbers, as if he would divine the result without any delay; then he recommenced his monotonous walk again.

The calculation was long, intricate, and difficult to prove; when I had finished, I presented it to the master-companion, explaining as well as I could. The passive nearly doubled the active. At the statement, Maurice could not restrain an exclamation of wonder.

"Art thou certain of this thing?" demanded he, with an accent quite altered in tone.

I explained to him the process by which the result had been brought about. The first being the multiplied amounts of borrowed money, and the accumulation of interest thereon, of which he had never appeared to take account. The absence of adequate and systematic writings had evidently deceived him. He listened to my explanation, with his two elbows resting on the table, and his eager look fixed on my face.

"Ah yes, I comprehend, I comprehend," said he, when I had finished. "I have only opened my stable for all the horses they wished me to take care of, without thinking that the forage would ruin me. Thousand million devils! See where it leads, when one does not know how to make scratches on paper, nor understand his grammar. Those who have only their noddles for big ledgers ought to regulate matters from hand to hand, and not throw themselves on the mercy of waste paper. This is like the river, seest thou; one always ends by drowning himself in it."

I inquired, with much disquiet, if he

had no other resources than those of which I had just taken note, and if this one, but now looked over, was his entire balance-sheet.

"All, all!" replied he quietly. "Thou tellest me that it lacks twenty-three thousand francs? Ah, well! we will find them; they are somewhere."

"And how?" I persisted, more hopefully.

"When one declares that all can be settled," interrupted he with impatience, "that it is only necessary to see to the very depths of a thing,—the bottom of the well, as we say,—what more do you want? Now it is done. . . . Twenty-three thousand francs deficit. . . . Well, well, it is good. . . . It will keep. . . . Let us, however, in the mean time, get dinner, my old man; I am hungry as thirty wolves."

In spite of this last affirmation, Maurice scarcely tasted any thing; but, to compensate, he drank much, and talked still more, as if he was striving to forget himself. When we left the table, daylight was beginning to fade, and the long twilight to commence.

Maurice gathered up his papers, arranged them with some degree of order, looked over, for some time, the calculation I had made, as if he had been able to read and decipher it all. He said nothing, but it seemed to me that his hand trembled, as he held the paper. He placed at length the whole package on the chest of drawers, set off on his walk, back and forth through the room, once more, and finally halted near us, asking abruptly where our little son was. Genevieve turned toward him, uttering a cry of pain; I looked in his face as one stupefied. When the child died, we had written to him; and, on his coming in person very soon after, we had spoken of this loss without delay. He perceived his own distraction of mind, and pressed his head with his two hands, as if to recall his lost senses.

"Thunder! there is no more brains left above here," murmured he, with a kind of rage. "Pardon, excuse, my dear



friends. It is the fault of Pierre Henri; he has given me too much drink; but never mind. I would not be so hard as to forget your sorrow."

He seated himself, and remained for a time in a kind of half-stupor, as if faint from weariness or weakness. I then inquired again if his affairs troubled him.

"Why should they?" replied he roughly. "Have I made complaint? Have I asked any thing from you?" And then, suddenly relenting, he said in his naturally gentle speech, "Come, come! do not let us speak any more of business matters; let us hear of thyself, of Genevieve. . . . You are always happy, is it not true? When one has love, when one is young, and when one owes nothing! . . . Ah! if I were only your age! But what! we can not be now, and have been, at the same time; each in his own turn. I have already seen many of the companions of my time spin out their last thread,—thy father, Jerome; Madeline; and still many others. To the devil with melancholy! Let us live in joy till we die."

I was astonished at this wild, disconnected speech, because Maurice had not drunk enough to be agitated in this way. His pretended gayety did not reassure me; I perceived in him a wandering manner that distressed me. As he laughed to himself, without our joining in it, he soon ceased. Then Genevieve spoke tenderly of his children, who were still in the provinces, and with whom the small kind of commerce in which they were engaged had prospered. He listened, and, for some time after, spoke in praise of them; then, breaking off as suddenly, he rose with a desperate effort, and said, in a choked voice:

"Let me go with my friends; . . . there is cause enough; . . . the moment has arrived when I must depart to my work."

He sought about some time for his hat, which was lying just before him; handled it in a fumbling way, as if he could not find his head; made a step toward the door, then stopped to draw out his watch, which he laid among his papers.

"I would like to leave all these things with thee," he said to me, yawning. "I might perhaps lose them; here they will be more safe."

We tried to retain him, but he peremptorily refused. I then proposed to walk back with him to his lodging, which appeared to anger him still more, and he left the house very brusquely; but, half-way down the stairs, he retraced his steps.

"Go to! thousand devils!" said he; "let us not part with any harsh manner."

He then embraced my wife, pressed my hand in his, and disappeared. We remained on the landing-place, greatly affected and dismayed. When we could no longer hear his footsteps on the stair, Genevieve turned quickly toward me.

"My God! Pierre Henri, there is something the matter with him," she said.

"That is my belief, also," replied I.

"It must not be that Maurice is left alone."

"But he will be angered if I try to follow him."

"Let us go together," replied she, already tying on her bonnet, and readjusting her small linen shawl.

I hastened to find my hat, and we descended into the street. The darkness of night surrounded us, and we could no longer distinguish Maurice. We directed our course, however, down the first street-turning, and there, fortunately, we recognized the master-companion, who was following closely the line of houses. He walked along sometimes with rapid, and again with slower, steps, gesticulating wildly, and talking loudly to himself. But we could not well hear what he said. He followed several streets hap-hazard, retracing occasionally his footsteps, like a man who takes no heed of his way. At length he reached the market-hall, and from there he directed his course toward the quays.

Arriving at the bridge of the Châtelet, he stopped once more, then turned abruptly toward one of the wooden supports that led down to the river. Genevieve

pressed my arm with a stifled cry. The same thought flashed across both our minds. We ran forward together. The night had become black and gloomy; Maurice glided before us like a phantom; he darted under one of the stone arches of the bridge. When I reached it he had taken off his coat, and stood on the edge of the water, which dashed about the base of the pile, forming great foaming eddies. He heard us; as we came on, he tried to throw himself into the wave before we could reach him. I had just time to seize him around the body. Then he turned round with a malediction on the intruder, the darkness preventing him from seeing me. He soon recognized my voice, however.

"What art thou doing here? What dost thou wish?" cried he. "Have I not told thee to let me alone? Down with thy hands, Pierre Henri! Thousand thunders! I tell thee to loose thy hold of me!"

"No; I will never leave you more," cried I, making a great struggle to draw him on the high bank. He in turn made an effort to disengage himself from my grasp.

"But dost thou not yet comprehend, unfortunate boy, that I am ruined?" cried he. "I can no longer make honorable my signature. Cursed be the day when I learned to put it on paper! So long as I did not know how to write, I guarded my reputation faithfully; I did not intrust it to these notes, which may God confound! But now the thing is done; there is no retreat from it; there remains only bankruptcy or death. I have chosen. Do not interfere, Pierre Henri; in a moment's time I shall be where nothing can arrest me again; I am strong enough for it. In the name of God or the devil, leave me!"

He stamped with rage, and in spite of my resistance would have escaped me, when Genevieve threw her arms around his neck, and cried:

"Maurice, think of your children!"

It was like the stroke of a sharp instrument. The miserable man uttered a groan. I felt him stagger, then he fell

prostrate on the sandy shore. We heard him weeping? Genevieve kneeled down on one side, I cast myself down on the other, and we began to encourage him, mingling our tears with his. But I could find nothing of good to say, while each word from Genevieve went straight to his heart. It is only women who understand this science. The master-companion, but a moment since so terrible in his despair, was now only as a feeble child, incapable of resistance.

He now recounted to us, with half-stifled sobs, all he had suffered during the eight days that he had taken a clear view into his affairs. I understood perfectly that his incapacity for keeping accounts had been the true cause of his ruin. Carried away by the prosperous current of his agreements and contracts, nothing had occurred to warn him of danger, until he found it in his total shipwreck.

I took advantage of this same ignorance to persuade Maurice that all was not so desperate as he thought; that his position offered resources which were scarcely known to himself; and that he must stir himself about, accordingly, to clear up these possibilities. The master-companion was like many others who pretend to despise the art of writing and numerical figures, while, at bottom, they concede to both a secret power to which all must, sooner or later, render worship. We thus succeeded in leading him home with us, if not quite consoled, at least encouraged. In truth, the peril was only put back for a time. I knew that, at some future day, the frenzied thoughts would return. I feared, above every thing else, that kind of shame which gives these suicides an excuse and opportunity for their crime. From the dread of being considered idle good-for-nothings, they return to the former idea in a kind of raging desperation. Death is regarded as the only means of proving their courage, and to kill one's self is considered a self-glorification.

I forewarned Genevieve, who promised to watch over him without relaxation. To tell the truth, she alone could do so



without irritating Maurice; brave, manly hearts have no strength to contend against women or children. As for myself, I had enough to do in looking about to see what could be done to avoid another catastrophe. I spent part of the first night in again summing up the balance-sheet of the master-mason, and trying to assist myself in the investigation by recalling his acts and his own words.

But turn over the figures as I might, work out the calculations anew time and again, the deficit remained very nearly the same. In continuing the business engagement, there was some chance of his overtaking all loss, and exposing it for sale, as we say in the jargon of the workshop and lime-yard. But, meantime, he must have money, or its equivalent, credit; and where was he to find either?

I racked my brain to no purpose; not a subterfuge presented itself. I tried, however, for several days to procure for him some help, but all my attempts were useless. I was sent back from one to another with cold rebuffs. Seeing me take such an interest in the affairs of Maurice, these persons suspected me of interested motives, and I thus injured myself, without serving him. Nevertheless, I persisted in a resolve to fulfill my duty to the uttermost. The master-mason had fallen into a state of mute discouragement; we could expect from him neither search nor other effort in his own behalf. Whenever I endeavored to get him on his feet, he would simply reply:

"The cord of my legs is broken; leave me where I am."

And not another thing could I draw from him. I had reached the utmost limit of my ingenuity, in solving the problem as to the old man's future, when suddenly there flashed on my remembrance the rich contractor and architect who had once so encouraged me, and been the means of procuring me a liberal education in the several branches of our craft. I had often thought of him in my own embarrassments, but without wishing to ask help from his hand. I always recalled our first interview, in which he

had proved to me that success was always the recompense of zeal, industry, and talent. To go to him after this, and avow failure or shipwreck, was to concur in his creed, that the adversity showed negligence or incapacity. With or without reason, therefore, I had always recoiled from subjecting myself to such unjust humiliation; for Maurice, however, I had less scruples.

I feared that the millionaire had quite forgotten my personal appearance, but, on the contrary, he recognized me at the first glance. This was already something. Nevertheless, I felt anxious and troubled when he began asking the object of my visit. I had mentally prepared a speech, but when the moment came for uttering it, I grew confused.

The contractor comprehended, without words, that some bad business transactions were on the track, and that I had come to ask for money. I saw him frown, raise his eyebrows, and then shut his lips firmly, like a man who sets you at defiance. This action helped me to recover my lost courage.

"Be assured, sir, that I do not come to you on my own account," cried I, "but for the sake of a brave companion who has been as a father to me, and whom you know,—father Maurice. What he asks from you is neither an advance nor a sacrifice; it is only that you will save him the disgrace of a failure, without doing any wrong to yourself. It is the performance of a good action, which will perhaps never prove a benefit to yourself, but neither will it cost you any thing."

"Let us see," said the architect, continuing to look steadily in my face.

I explained to him rapidly the whole affair, without studying any set phrase, but also without losing the thread of my story, and as one capitalist discusses such subjects with another, his equal.

By the sole strength of will, I fairly rose above myself. He listened to every word, put several questions to me, asked for the writings that would justify the appeal, and dismissed me until the next day.

I left him, having but little hope. The thing seemed to me too clear for one to require time in answering, if there were any chance of acceptance. This adjournment, then, had no other end save to give to the refusal an appearance of careful thought. I returned, nevertheless, at the appointed hour.

"I have examined the matter thoroughly," said the architect. "Your calculations are just. I will take upon myself the responsibility of the affair. You can say to Maurice that he must come to me; he is a true man, and we will find some employment that will satisfy him."

FROM THE FRENCH.

### ONLY A WEE BIT BAIRN.

ONLY a wee bit bairn, but 't is bitterly hard to miss  
The tread of her toddling feet, the balm of her loving kiss,  
The grasp of her gentle hand, the touch of her soft, warm cheek;  
Blue eyes beaming with love, that the young tongue could not speak.  
They say she has gone before us, where little children go,  
To dwell in a garden of lilies, in garments white as snow.  
But we envy the angels our treasure, and wish her back once more;  
Her small, sweet face at the window, her laugh at the open door.

Only a wee bit bairn, with soft, blue bonny eyes;  
Ready to dance with fun, or bright with the light of surprise;  
Hands ever ready for mischief, mouth ever ready for glee;  
Voice like a cherub, at least so it seemed to her mother and me.  
Seraphs have given her welcome, coaxed her to enter the fold,  
Where lambs that are missing on earth are gathered and lovingly told.  
But our ears were so used to her bleating, we hear what no others can hear,  
The cry of a lost little child from some distant unseen sphere.

Only a wee bit bairn, with lamb-like innocent ways,  
But the lilt of her little voice will be heard to the end of our days.  
Blithe as a bee was our babe, and sweet as the flowers in May.  
Now she sleeps under the daisies with which she delighted to play.  
They bid us be patient and faithful, that God brings all things right,  
But we pine for her prattle by day, and her dear wee form at night.  
They say she is singing to angels—we want her to sing to us here;  
Could we tire of such music as hers in little more than a year?

Only a wee bit bairn, with pinky hands and toes,  
Teeth like the purest of pearls, lips and cheeks like a rose.  
Beautiful glossy hair, that curled like the shoots of a vine,  
And bound with a magic clasp her mother's heart and mine.  
They say she is happy—we feel it; but think that it hardly can be—  
Torn from her brothers and sisters, her loving mother and me.  
We gaze at the stars above us, and bow to the weight of our load;  
Perchance the same Hand that has scattered will gather the thorns from our road.

R. C. F. HANNAY.



## THE DIFFERENT WAYS OF FASTENING GATES.

WHEN one considers the interests that are associated with the gate-handle,—the flower-beds and vegetable-garden, for instance; the condition of the lawn; the respect of one's neighbors; and all the innumerable consequences, small and great, that flow from these,—one does n't wonder that Yankee ingenuity has invented so many varieties. George Eliot says, that "the existence of very insignificant people has very important consequences in the world. It can be shown to affect the price of bread and the rate of wages, to call forth many evil tempers from the selfish, and many heroisms from the sympathetic, and in other ways to play no small part in the tragedy of life."

In like manner, it can be shown that very important matters depend upon even the style of a gate-handle. I think it could be proved that a great many of the vital affairs of life are inseparably connected with this minor appendage of one's abode; but I will only mention the case of the worthy but bashful young man who had long loved a certain damsel without an avowal, who finally rode to the house one dark evening, fully resolved to declare his affection. But when he arrived at the gate, it proved to have such an obstinate or complicated fastening that, with all his efforts, he could not open it. At this cold repulse, the lover hesitated a moment, and gazed intently toward the curtained windows, then turned quickly away, and rode from the house, which he never ventured to visit again. A tragic gate-latch, truly! Picture the long days of weary crocheting in the father's house approached only by means of such an inhospitable latch; then the pale, faded cheek, and finally the maiden cap and spectacles. Let us at least fervently hope that she did n't hear the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the grave].

The variety of latches alone which

have been invented ought to have precluded the possibility of so melancholy an incident as the preceding, not to speak of the other ingenious devices that have been resorted to to keep the gate shut.

The earliest latch of my recollection was a wooden one, and the color of the oak, out of which it was roughly hewn. It was fastened to the gate by a loose wooden pin, and was nicely adjusted at the other end to the wooden catch fixed to the post. It was a latch which, when properly lifted, admitted you straight into paradise. Within was a gray, low-roofed, wandering old house, in the midst of an immense grassy yard. Near it was the well, with a gray curb, and high, slender sweep. Beyond were barns and pens and small out-houses innumerable. In the garden were poppies and four-o'clocks, a profusion of asparagus, and a tall pear-tree in one corner, that dropped very hard, tough-skinned fruit into a wilderness of currant-bushes and artichokes. In the house you would have found an erect, slender old woman in a white cap and long apron. She it was who ran out to lift the gate-latch when it was too high for us to reach, or, later, to extricate the small fingers that got caught in it, as the result of vigorous pulling when it was swollen from recent rains.

But serviceable as the wooden latch was, there came a day when it was supplanted by another, a strong steel spring holding an upright position, but with a well-curved handle. The steel latch was the inaugurator of a great change in the old place. Its sharp, vibrant ring when the gate shut was not more unlike the mellow music of its oaken predecessor than the appearance of the entire homestead was unlike its earlier aspect. The magic of the farm-house passed away, with the moss-grown clapboards, under the carpenter's hammer. After that, yellow sunsets on the low western gable were never so dreamily golden; the

grassy orchard lost something of its glowing color; the rare aroma of the premises evaporated, and nothing so subtly fine or so intimately cherished ever took its place.

Numerous as the gates of the farmstead were, scarcely two were alike in their fastening. The garden-gate was secured with a hook and staple, and this appendage was a sufficient protection to the vegetables that ripened within the inclosure. There was a grassy border as you entered, and then an avenue of hollyhocks, marigolds, bachelor's-buttons, and sweet-williams. This garden had a fine southern exposure; but this alone would not account for the early ripening of peas and lettuce and radishes, which I remember as characteristic. If the gardener was a choleric man, he was also an ambitious one, and liked to eat his early potatoes a month before his neighbors. After four o'clock on Summer afternoons, a flock of sun-bonneted children ran up and down the flower-paths, and plucked handfuls of blossoms. Or a more dignified company of elderly folk lifted the wrought-iron hook, and decorously talked of seeds and times of planting. More rarely, cousins from the city, with their beaus, leaned upon the gate and talked idle nothings. I remember that their discourse upon such occasions struck my childish mind as particularly flat and unprofitable, and I felt the intensest wonder what could interest them in such empty talk.

I said the hook and staple was a sufficient protection to the garden. It was, until Dobbin lost his innocent youth. When years brought him rotundity and leisure, he learned the ways of the farm, and how to unfasten the gate. Noiselessly he lifted the old hook with his nose, and stalked among the square beds with patriarchal independence. An estimate of all the consequences springing from this one hook and staple, and especially from its being put on the outside of the gate, would form an immense aggregate. The destruction of corn, squashes, and marigolds, was but the beginning of

a long and intricate chain of sequences. When Dobbin, in sad ignominy, left the premises a few years afterward, it was not by any means the last link. I sometimes fancy that there is vital connection yet with the staple of that antiquated garden-gate.

The great gate leading from the road into the yard was a ponderous, creaking thing, to open or shut which constituted an era in a child's life. Besides a hook and staple, it was furnished with an additional security in the shape of a stout wooden pin running into an auger hole. Woe to the careless person who left this gate open at the wrong time. The farmer's temper would not abide such negligence, and punished it with such voluble and resounding condemnation as was never to be forgotten.

Through this gate rode Sorrel and Black, in color mismated, but both high-spirited and fleet. At all times of day, and in all weathers, these ponies might be seen whisking up the little ascent inside the gate, drawing a doubtful-looking vehicle after them; sometimes a green-painted lumber-wagon loaded with farm products; sometimes a light sled of home manufacture, bearing a half-dozen children, muffled in buffalo-skins; or, possibly, a bevy of laughing girls,—for even a crusty bachelor likes to give the young folks enjoyment; and sometimes the new top carriage, shining with varnish and silver plate. The subsequent disreputableness of this vehicle, when years and hard use had done their worst, was then undreamed of. I remember the first time that it rolled in new magnificence along the country road. Death had come suddenly to a neighbor's house, and two of the daughters were away. The owner of the carriage harnessed up Sorrel and Black, and rode to "town" for the absentees, who should arrive there by train. In the gray of early twilight, with death so near, a solitary child is capable of receiving ineffaceable impressions; and when, in the gathering dusk, the carriage was descried, it was a powerful instinct which made the lilac-bushes a hiding-



place from which to look out upon the arrivals. The splendor of equipage, the confusing contradictoriness of human nature, at once so irascible and so kind-hearted, the awful mystery and irrevocableness of death, and its penetrating and overmastering sadness, were all represented in that vehicle as it sped swiftly past the old gray house. The mingled sense of all these things had a dominating power, and left an ineradicable mark. A few minutes after, when this strong impression was heightened by the sobs distinctly audible from the near house, the awe and fearfulness became insupportable, and it was a relief to run and open the great gate for the horses, who would presently be coming back. The driver was in a gentle mood, and his words of commendation for such light-footed readiness cheered and gave assurance to the disturbed mind. Then it was a pleasure to pull and tug at the sagging, heavy gate; and the hook was never dropped so carefully into the staple, or the wooden pin pushed with such painstaking deep into its socket.

There was a gate also leading from the large yard into a meadow west of the house. It adjoined the garden fence, and was fastened with a wooden "button," turning on a screw. It was not a frequented passage-way, as I remember; and a small family of docks annually grew up around it. With these large-leaved plants, imagination associated the little striped snake that made its appearance occasionally on the premises, much more readily than there was any occasion for, as it was not in the habit of coming to light from that quarter. Yet, somehow, it seemed the natural thing for a snake to crawl out from under those dark, unlovely leaves, open its dreadful little mouth, and dart out its tongue at me. In gloomy weather, it sometimes appeared inevitable; on sunny days, I forgot it.

If the fastening of that gate had been of iron material instead of wood, it would have rusted in the inaction and neglect that fell upon it. It was easy enough to

scale the fence in those days, if, in currant-time, the heavy-laden bushes had thrust themselves through the palings; or, later, to pick up the hard, pachydermatous pears that had fallen in the aftermath of the meadow. Those pears, hard as they were, softened into a superbly flavored fruit afterward, and helped to enliven many somber days of late Autumn, when the cold rains were beating wildly against the windows.

But a gate as memorable as any of them, and certainly as often swung upon its hinges, was the tall, homely portal admitting to the barn-yard, between the bars and the wagon-house. It had no latch of any description, or hook and staple, no button, and originally no pin, though, later, this security was superadded to the early fastening, in deference to the intelligence of Dobbin, who in time learned to open every gate on the premises. A chain was attached to it and to a firm support, from which was suspended a weight. When the gate was opened, it swung to without other aid, convenient for whoever should pass through laden with pail or basket. This gate was a good barometer of the farmer's mood. If it closed quietly after him, we knew that there was fair weather; but if it followed him with a quick resounding slam, urged by his strong arm, we took warning against impetuous tempests, and prudently hid in the currant-bushes.

Innumerable were the errands made through this entrance-way. The barn with its adjuncts was an inexhaustible treasure-house; the theater of endless interesting scenes. Even in the long Summer days, when the cattle were out to pasture, and the hens made their nests in every conceivable nook and corner out of doors, there was still fascination in that inclosure. The swallows nested under the eaves of the barn, and filled the yard with their mild domestic clamor. A large colony of them built their mud houses in this place year after year, and it was a perpetual delight to watch them as they flew, and dipped

and wheeled in circles, their steel-blue bodies glancing in the sunshine.

If you followed the lead of this self-shutting gate, and crossed the yard, and passed the bars at the opposite side, you were then at the beginning of a way, which, as I now remember it, was unlike any other in the world. This was the lane. It was a winding, grassy avenue, bordered by stone wall, fence, and hedge, with a furrowed cart-road in the middle of it, leading finally to an irregular little brook in the midst of swampy rock pasture. On a sort of wild ledge, where the brook was most wayward and capricious, first running into pools of small agitation over precipitous stones, and straightway subsiding into the gentlest calm, three or four butternut-trees grew in gnarly freedom, and scattered their nuts, in the season, with open-handed generosity, upon the rough ground. In September, the leaves gathered a mild radiance and strewed the grass and stones, or fell into the changeable brook, and so were borne to the swamp.

Oftener I tripped along this farm-way alone than with company, and it was a

rare day when the tall, erect old woman in the house decided to take a walk up the lane. When at last the sun-bonnet, and round cape were put on, and we had reached the gate, what a pleasure to open it wide, and hold it until she passed; and, if the bars were up, to let them all down, even the top one, that she might not need to stoop under. But what slow weary steps! How old she was! What a long time it would be before one should become such an old woman! I ran on ahead a hundred times and then ran back, before we reached the butternut-trees, and stood on the stone bridge that crossed the brook. And the way back was still longer and more halting, so that it was likely to have been a relief to her when the gate swung upon its hinges again, and we were walking down the house-path of the orchard, toward the kitchen door. Very soon these walks up the lane came to an end for her. Long ago this aged woman left the house-place, not to return, and passed through those "gates that are not shut at all by day," and that need no fastenings.

JENNY BURR.

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## LAKE CHAUTAUQUA.

THIS beautiful sheet of water lies in Chautauqua County, in the southwestern portion of New York, and is rapidly gaining in popularity among sensible pleasure-seekers. It is not Saratoga, Long Branch, or Rye Beach, with their queenly toilets, extravagances, countless fixings and frettings, but moderate, cheerful, and home-like in all its appointments. The lake extends, from Mayville on the north, south to Jamestown, a distance of twenty-four miles, and varies in width from one to three miles. Having an elevation of seven hundred and thirty-three feet above Lake Erie and nearly fourteen hundred above tide-water, it may

be termed highland as well as inland. Its shores are remarkably pleasing and picturesque, presenting alternate views of primeval forest and cultivated land. Delicate ferns of numerous varieties grow in profusion close to the waters' edge, tiny wild-flowers of vivid hues dot the sandy coast, and great trees completely overgrown with vines stand grimly up, like ghostly sentinels. Old and storm-beaten farm-houses are nestled farther up among the low, green hills. Fragrant pink roses cluster over the porches; "pinies" and "bouncing bet" bloom luxuriously in the front yards; and, beyond, the billowy wheat fields, like a sea



of undulating green, wave and shimmer in the golden glory of a midsummer sunlight.

Cattle, far off on the hills, rub their silky sides softly together, and gaze with lazy content through the clear atmosphere, as though they saw the quivering of green grass and heard the rustle of corn, so soon to bear its golden harvest. The many peninsulas, or "points," for which the lake is remarkable, add greatly to its natural beauty and variety of scenery.

Coming south twelve miles from Mayville, you arrive at Bemus Point, the "point" jutting fully one-half mile into the water, and covered with woodland to the very end. A large hotel is located here, commanding a fine view of the lake.

Next Griffith's Point is reached, where is situated the first Summer resort erected at Chautauqua. Sixty years ago, Mr. Griffith, grandfather of the present proprietor, cut his path through the dense forest, from Bemus Point, a distance of five miles only, and, after long days' hewing and journeying, arrived here, weary and fatigued, and pitched his tent directly back of the present hotel. The same great trees that protected him in his utter loneliness, long years ago, now afford luxurious shelter from torrid midsummer suns for many a blushing American bride and proud beauty. Could the old man sleeping there in the graveyard view the desolate, gloomy forest, where no human had laid foot save him, as it is to-day, I wonder would he marvel at the change?

The lawn at Griffith's Point lends a charm to all other attractions. Robins hop over its velvety surface, and modest little ground birds coo lovingly to their birdlings down in the tall lake-grass. A carriage drive from here to Bemus Point is truly exceedingly delightful. The road upon either side is guarded by huge trees, whose branches form an arch of brilliant green over head.

Nearly one mile across from Griffith's Point is Lake View. Many pretty cottages have been erected here, and the

new and elegant hotel commands an extensive view of the lake and surrounding country. West from Lake View, about eight miles, are the celebrated Panama Rocks, which, although they can not be said to be on the lake, are, nevertheless, a place of deep interest. The road runs over a mountainous and rugged section of country; mossy trunks hang over deep ravines; myriads of gay-winged butterflies poise daintily upon the slender stalks of bluebells and stately lilies; and, below, down among the trees, is snugly nestled the tiny village of Panama. Nearly one mile from here are found these rocks, which form one of the greatest mysteries in nature. It is not their magnitude alone that excites the beholder, but their shapes and positions are such that there is something human and almost horrible about them. They are not rugged, like the rocks before passed, but look as if they had been chiseled by the hands, weird monsters.

The principal points of interest are the "Devil's Bedroom" and "Kitchen," with fireplace and chimney attached, and the "Cradle Rock," which is so exquisitely poised that the weight of one person can easily start it in motion, although it weighs many tons.

Here our eyes were opened in admiration, for the sky was so purple-blue, while the rocks at hand were tinted with tremulous shades of blue and brown. At our feet the earth was covered with great star-thistles, and daisies nodded their graceful heads in the faint breeze. Beyond, we gazed into grottoes and chasms, deep and frightful, where is found perpetual snow. Was this a "goblin nook" or fairy world? Wild elfins are they, surely, who inhabit it. These wonderful rocks are thickly studded and interspersed with pure white stones, varying in size down to the smallest dimensions. Upon the top of huge boulders, tall trees loom up,—some of them having become twisted and contorted into every conceivable shape, in their strugglings with the stones for a portion of the fertile earth.

Bidding adieu to Panama, the tourist

again strikes the lake at Fair Point, where is located, on a regular scale, Palestine in miniature. The Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, Mount Hermon, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc., are represented minutely as possible. The design of this is to give the children a better idea of the places where the 'Savior lived and suffered.

It is here that the National Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school Convention meets annually. This work is under the supervision of Dr. Wythe, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, and very successfully is that gentleman carrying out the proposed plan. An extensive museum is also under the management of the Methodist Episcopal Church, containing books, maps, and relics from the Holy Land, which, together with its delightful loca-

tion, makes Fair Point a place of peculiar attraction.

Fishing in the lake affords endless pleasure and amusement to the hundreds who visit it yearly. The bays at or near the mouth of small rivers are generally the places where the smaller fish are found in greatest abundance.

Boating is never dispensed with, and as the lake is much longer than it is wide, yachting may be allowed during all kinds of weather. And nothing is more pleasing than to glide over the still waters in a row-boat in the early evenings, when the moonlight shimmers tremulously over the laughing waves. Steamers pass over the lake four times a day, stopping at all "points."

FANNIE E. LANDON.

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## HEINRICHSBAD.

APPENZELL-OUTER-RHODEN is seldom visited by the passing stranger. It is not on the ordinary route of travel; and yet this canton presents aspects of peculiar interest. It has an especial religious history, becoming Protestant when to be Protestant cost both blood and treasure. The Appenzellers were divided into hostile parties by religious feuds as early as the year 1597. It drew a dividing line through the ancient province. The shepherds of the mountain districts clung to the Church of Rome, and formed a separate canton. Those inhabiting the lower lands, that sweep down toward the "Swabian See" of Constance, became followers of the Reformers. And these Teutons of different blood have remained faithful to their history. A marked contrast, attributable to race and faith, more than to territory, divides the two peoples to-day, a contrast in character and condition. The former, poor, ignorant, superstitious, ill-clothed and ill-fed, seem to hover but on the

border of civilization. Forbidding the settlement of every Protestant, and Catholic as well, if not to the manor born, the world of progress is shut out. The costumes, the pastimes, the employments of their fathers, are retained. There are the feast-days and the wrestling contests, the coarse rye-bread and acid curds, and a proud disdain for the arts and industries that give prosperity to those with whom they were once allied. It is a mediævalism projected into the nineteenth century. The latter, just by their side, intelligent and industrious, cheerful and contented, have pushed civilization, or civilization has pushed them, to a much higher level. Comfortable homes appear. Each has his own acres for tillage and an independent hearth. The children are neatly clad, and upon every side is there evidence of thrift. The spirit of the age is felt. The entire land, whose mountain-sides furnish such scanty and hard-won subsistence that thirty thousand of the population must yearly emigrate



to permit the remainder to live, affords scarcely a parallel. No professional beggar waylays the traveler, renouncing honest industry for debasing mendicancy. In every house is heard the click of the loom. Far away, on distant hill-side or mountain-top, in the solitude of nature, amid beauty and grandeur, the hum of industry breaks the stillness. Here is a connection with the outer world. The far-famed curtains of skilled embroidery, and the rich wall tapestries of Spain and the Morganland, have their center of manufacture in Appenzell. The *arbeit* is farmed out to these isolated homes. Workers in muslin are in every household. The most distant parts of the earth pay tribute to the secluded canton; and a panic in Wall Street affects the Appenzeller in his mountain retirement.

In grandeur of scenery, Appenzell does not, possibly, compare with many other parts of this wonderful land, but it presents the peculiar characteristics of Switzerland. In full view is the Switzer's largest lake, and there is a well-nigh Italian vegetation. The soft pastoral scene, rich and restful, its stillness broken in upon by tinkling bell of kine and the rustic's peculiar notes, is bounded by the bold outline of a naked mountain ridge whose summits are covered with Summer snows. So much beauty is seldom seen within such narrow limits. There is a freshness of verdure with which the June of an English landscape can not vie. It lingers through the months of Summer into the late Autumn. Fields of ever-living green greet the eye at every turn, golden grain or garden inclosure not breaking the spell. It is one gigantic park, diversified by forests of pine and beech, and flowing stream; hill and vale and wild ravine, countless in number and varied in form, far as the vision extends; with here and there the picturesque, isolated Swiss home, dropped down into the ocean of green. And little tempting wayside paths, which the profane wagon may not enter, lead to these distant happy homes, from which the roar and the bustle of the world are forever shut out. From his

prospect point in the awful stillness, one looks up to the mysterious mountain-tops, peering through the cloud-veil, partly hidden, partly revealed, and down in the lengthening shadows, upon man-life more mysterious still. Upon lofty summits, either side the valley, as sleeping sentinels, stand the imposing ruins of castled strongholds, from which, a thousand years ago, lordly abbots exercised sovereignty over the bodies and souls of men. Liberty in Church and state, especially liberty *from* the Church in these modern days, is the brave mountaineer's boasted possession, dearly bought and jealously maintained.

The village of Appenzell, so widely contrasted from the characteristic *dorf* of Switzer and German, whose enchantment lies in distance, presents a Holland cleanliness. Here the commodious church finds place, which, uncontinental Europe like, is thronged upon the Holy day. Here is also the model building of school, the Switzer's pride, to which the law compels all infant feet to take their way.

Aside from the seething, whirling world, among such people and amid scenery of Sabbath serenity, finds fit place the Christian Home of Heinrichsbad. The virtue of its waters, as well as its natural beauties, had long since attracted the health-seeker. One Heinrich established the *Bad* for their reception. It had, however, outlived its prosperity as a bathing resort, and its founder sleeps with the countless generations in the ancient God's acre. The property, including buildings second to but one of a similar character in the country, was thrown into the market. It was purchased by a company of Christian gentlemen for Christian uses. There is no money in it. The desire of gain was not the impelling motive. An overburdened treasury, to which the profits of the institution or free gifts may have contributed, is healthfully depleted in the interests of the Lord's poor. From one *casse*, for this purpose, have been taken, during the present season, twenty-four hundred

francs; the consolidated offerings of benevolent friends. During the past week, an additional donation of a thousand francs has been received. The Home finds favor in the eyes of the Christian public. None are turned away because without this world's goods. The moderate prices are reduced; in some instances free entertainment is proffered, if circumstances so require. "Our association has no other purpose than the extension of the kingdom of God." On the world's highway, along which the multitudes journey to another state of existence, it is sought to provide a *herberge*, where many pilgrims may turn aside and rest awhile; a place of communion and intercourse for those who seek a better inheritance, even a heavenly; where new strength shall be received for the Christian's daily duty and daily contest, an increase of faith, hope, and love. And the catholic invitation is extended to every land, to the diverse confessions of faith, and to the varied stations in life. "Whosoever will, may come." As mind sharpeneth mind, so it is thought there will be a mutual quickening in the meeting together of kindred spirits, alike spiritually minded.

And they come, in accordance with the purpose of the founders: from Russia, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, the Rhine country, Württemberg, and the cantons of Switzerland; barons, counts, highest Church dignitaries, including the *hofprediger*, *consistorialrath*, and *domherr*; missionaries, pastors, students, authors, manufacturers, tradesmen, peasants; Lutherans, Calvinists, Reformed, Independents; one happy family, singing the same hymns, uniting in the same prayers, sitting at the same table. Many languages are heard, but one spirit animates the whole. It is a World's Evangelical Alliance, in perpetual sitting. Ministering to the body is not lost sight of in the higher ministering to the soul. This end is secured by the grateful rest, cheerful converse, the pure, bracing air of an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and in the usual

appliances of a Swiss Kurr and Bad Anstalt. The central building will accommodate ninety guests. There are three in addition; two in the immediate vicinity, and one upon a distant commanding summit. Rooms in private houses are also thrown open to visitors. In the tourists' season, the number will reach two hundred. Conversational and music salons, the characteristic smoking and beer *zimmer*, refreshment and reading room with library are for public use. A hundred acres of rich meadow land, diversified by hill and wood, are attached. The grounds are tastefully and attractively designed, pleasantly combining the French garden with the English park. Avenues of ancient trees, rural byways extending for miles over mountain and vale, shaded arbors and rustic seats, invite to a constant out-of-door life. The surroundings, in beauty and variety of scene, for the comfort and delight of the guest, are superior to those connected with any place of public resort within the writer's knowledge.

If we turn to the inner life, we find equal occasion for commendation. It is in the highest, happiest sense, a Christian Home. Love reigns supreme. A spirit of kindness, gentleness, and courtesy, pervades the entire household. There are good order, cleanliness, and quiet, with a well-served and abundantly supplied table. From hotel or *pension* life, it is an advent into a new world. The Swiss rapacity for the traveler's gold does not find place. The stranger's well-being is tenderly, sacredly regarded, converting the very term into a misnomer. Him, not his, is sought. There is the difference of the service of love and the service of greed. White-robed charity is the angel of the household, and there is a practical answer to the question: "Who is my neighbor?" A *Pfarrer* officiates in the capacity of House-father, and does not belie the name. The family meets together at the breaking of bread. In the afternoon is there the *gemüthlich*, German coffee, drunk, informal and soberly convivial; for life among these peoples means more



than to the dwellers of the New World, and time is respectfully taken for its wants.

From the Swiss breakfast of honey, milk, and coffee, and the sweetest and whitest of bread, for which Hungary has been laid under tribute, the guests proceed to the *gebetsal* for the morning *andacht*. These are occasions of greatest interest. In addition to the singing of a hymn of praise, usually such as has been in the use of the Church from the time of Luther, and prayer, the Scripture lesson for the day is read, from the *loosbuch* for the year, as prepared by the "*Bruder Gemeinde*," a devotional work in universal use on the Continent from palace to cottage. The pastor is carefully and prayerfully prepared. He is not only evangelical, but deeply spiritual, and fervidly earnest. Orthodoxy has not ossified his heart, or chilled his sympathy for his brother man. These instructions are valued by all alike. In the case of many, it is the attraction which has drawn them hither. One unacquainted with the average religious life and religious teachings among these peoples can form no conception of the interest on the part of the godly that attaches to such ministrations. The rationalist and even the infidel, in not solitary instances, occupies the pulpit to-day in these lands of Luther and Calvin. Not only the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, but the immortality of the soul and the very existence of a personal God, are called in question.

"I know of no other heaven but this world," said recently a prominent pastor in the Dome Church of a neighboring canton. He, therefore, exhorted his hearers to make the most of this life in regard of pleasure. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," cease to be, is the teaching of this modern spirit, in the garb of religion and clothed with the authority of the state. And this is the only teaching to which thousands and tens of thousands of troubled, sorrowing, burdened humanity are permitted to listen,—souls hungering for the bread of

life, to whom the unbelieving pastor at home gives a stone. Is it any wonder that such should seek a place where the enlightening and comforting truths of God's Word are opened up to them in faithfulness and purity, and that they should mark it holy ground? And they are here to-day; multitudes of them, inquirers after truth, in heart unrest. What rapt attention! Behold the anxiety of expression. What a hungry look! The impoverished higher nature, divinely made restless in its poverty, feels its want. How eagerly they drink in the words that fall from the lips of the loving House-father! The tears stream down their faces. Doubts are dispelled; difficulties are vanquished. The cloud is lifted that hinders a childlike trust in a loving personal Father. They write down the precious words, and go to their homes joyful and light-hearted. And they go bearing the torch of truth to lighten dark places. Upon leaving what has been to them a sacred place, in the words of one "a gate of heaven," the writer has beheld strong men weep like children at the thought of that from which they go, and of that into which they must enter.

A second *andacht*, social and familiar, at the evening meal, closes the happy day. A third daily service has also been held in the interest of the *Knechtschaft* of the household. They that serve are not forgotten. Opportunity is also given for private religious conversation, of which many avail themselves; and the intercourse is continued from the distant fireside by correspondence with the ever-working, never-wearying *Pfarrer*.

A prominent object of the Home is the "communion of the saints." It is peculiarly true of these lands at the present time, that solitary workers are here and there laboring in the interest of Christ's cause, in the different departments of Christian enterprise. The loneliness of the situation is painfully felt. If not opposition, indifference and distance meet them on every side. Lions in the way are real and numerous. There is no word of encouragement or sympathy, and

oftentimes but little apparent fruit of effort. The heart sinks in weariness; the inspiration to work loses force, and there is an unconscious relaxing in spirit and purpose. There is needed the *gemeinschaft* of believers for the strengthening of faith, the brightening of hope, and the increasing of the fervor of love. And these isolated ones are here brought together, they speak of their aspirations and disappointments, their trials and their successes. They take sweet counsel one with the other, and devise means for the further extension of the kingdom of God. They engage in mutual prayer; they study the Word of God in company; they discuss great practical questions of Christian life and Christian effort. Inquiries touching such issues are invited, and a time is set apart for the public conversation and elucidation, by the assembled wisdom and piety of the company. These are occasions of unwonted interest and profit, both for the workman and his work. The lone laborer feels no longer his loneliness. He goes forth with a new spirit to do and dare for the Master. He is borne on the prayers of brethren. He feels the inspiration of sympathy and of numbers.

Other blows are being struck; other fields of Swiss ruggedness are being cultivated. It is evidence of results wrought, of blessing received, that many, including those in the most prominent positions in the Church, and private Christians of noble rank, with other no less honored servants of their common Lord, give public expression of acknowledgment and gratitude for the refreshing and quickening influences of Heinrichsbad. A court preacher of Kaiser Wilhelm, with others well known in the Christian world, has just added his testimony in honor of the Anstalt. And as the guests come and go, each tarrying but a few days or weeks, none can calculate the amount of good accomplished throughout the year,—the many hearts that have awakened into a new life, and the many inspirations that have been enkindled for better work in the Master's vineyard.

Such a Home proves not only a blessing to the individual believer, but is looked upon as the hope for a general revival of religious life and religious faith. To the ordinary services of the Sabbath, and to extraordinary services at times held in the shaded grove, an increasing number from the surrounding country wend their way. Heinrichsbad is already a power for good. Its influence is felt far and near. Under its healthful inspirations, the timid become bold and the weak-hearted strong. It is not only a center for the *orientiren* of Christian thought and Christian belief, of which there is such need amid the shifting schools and systems of the present age; but as well a rallying place for Christian workers, not simply for mutual encouragement and stimulation, but also for concentrated, organized revival effort. Already have general assemblies been held of all believers, both within and without the State Church, to cultivate a fraternal spirit, and to inspire united action against the common foe. Five hundred have come together, upon these occasions, within the walls of the once fashionable bathing Anstalt. Such gatherings are as novel in these lands as they are auspicious of good. Another object in view is the community of sentiment in anticipation of a separation of Church and state; an event for which the Christian mind is becoming prepared, and which is looked forward to with hope. It is an event that seems not only inevitable, but approximate, particularly in Switzerland. There has just appeared from the press of Würtemberg a publication strongly in its advocacy. And it is thought desirable to bring together those of kindred belief, especially from within the State Church, that a mutual understanding may be had, and a nucleus formed from which shall spring an united, free, independent Church, when the consummation devoutly to be wished shall arrive. And it is to be hoped, and is already, to some extent, in contemplation, to establish other Homes of a similar character, and for a similar purpose.



Thus a co-operation will be secured, not only for the defense of the faith, but for its extension and final victory. St. Gallen, in full view as these lines are written, through its far-famed seminary, was a center of intellectual light in the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages. This institution is a center of spiritual light in the spiritual darkness of the nineteenth century. That was to preserve letters, to soften and refine the manners, to advance civilization; this takes a higher range: it touches the true man-life here and hereafter, the higher interests of the higher nature, and leads up to the Teacher God,—a seminary for faith conservation. It is a sad fact that such are needed in this age of the world; but it is a matter of congratulation, that, since necessary, such happy illustrations may be found. Upon the shore of yonder waters, the martyr Huss sealed with his life devotedness to the faith. The attacking enemy, together with the weapons of assault, are changed. It is not now by fagot and stake. And the enemy are they of their own household. It is within the Protestant Church that the hostile host is led. In portions of Germany, the very term orthodox carries with it reproach; with the head truth, there have been such inconsistency and earnestness-want in the life. Here the new Protesters have appropriated a more popular term. They are Reformers. And they would reform the Reformation by striking faith out. To these new lights, the old truths are antiquated and exploded dogmas. General religious awakenings are confessedly needed. They can not be looked for from a state Church, that tolerates infidel teachings, and which is increased antichrist. Therefore the necessity and the promise of a Heinrichsbad. In these days of resuscitated pilgrimages, it is well that there are shrines where true healing may be wrought, and a new devotion enkindled for the true and the good. It may be said with emphasis that a living religious institution is here. The House-father gives himself entirely to spiritual interests.

His is a consecrated life to loftiest ends. Man's higher nature is recognized. Its wants are met with a boldness and a persistence that bespeak deep conviction and experimental knowledge. It is not a negative school, a tearing down; but a positive, a building up. A religious atmosphere, cheery and bracing, pervades the whole. It is not simply pietistic and receptive, but is of an out-going, benevolent type, stamped with a missionary zeal, with a Christ spirit. While the writer pens these words in the shaded garden, the soft, loving voice of entreaty and instruction is heard; one seeking to bring another into the light and blessedness of the Christian hope.

Heinrichsbad may be said to combine the characteristics of camp-meeting and watering place, in some respects, with advantages over either. It is open throughout the year. Religiously undenominational, there is no inculcation of the peculiar doctrines of an individual Church. Not confessions of faith and uninspired formulas of statement, but the simple Word of God, forms the basis of the teaching. Effort is made to build up character, not a system. The great underlying truths of inspiration, the need of every human soul, are pressed home. No revivalist could be more direct, practical, and earnest than the House-father in his daily ministrations. His love seems never to grow cold, nor his zeal to abate. There is a sustained, warm religious life that is as remarkable as it is salutary. No peculiar teachings or extreme views are presented. The *Pfarrer* is not the leader of a school, but a follower of the all-loving, self-forgetting God-man. Illiberality and latitudinarianism are alike conspicuously absent. Culture and Christianity, cheerfulness and Christliness, go hand in hand. Many preachers, sitting at his feet, learn, as they have not, how to preach; and rest and the recuperation of the body are secured. The distractions and excitements, the fashion despotism of the popular resort, do not find place. Simplicity and unostentation are in the ascendancy. Good sense is

not ruled out. Appearance gives place to character.

Heinrichsbach is a monument of Christian enterprise and disinterested benevolence that would do honor to any country. One may traverse many lands more highly favored without finding its parallel. It reveals the fact, that, in a time of general apostasy, faith and love still animate many hearts; that there are

those who work and sacrifice, as well as pray "Thy kingdom come;" who devise wise and liberal means to this end; men who will preserve and disseminate the faith once delivered to the saints, and many times, and in these latter days, sought to be taken from the saints. All honor to the founders and sustainers of the model Christian Home of Appenzell! GIDEON DRAPER.

## THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

I. THE child has a right *to ask questions* and to be fairly answered: not to be snubbed, as if he were guilty of an impertinence; nor ignored, as though his desire for information were of no consequence; nor misled, as if it did not signify whether true or false impressions were made upon his mind.

He has a right to be taught every thing which he desires to learn, and to be made certain, when any asked-for information is withheld, that it is only deferred till he is older and better prepared to receive it.

Answering a child's questions is sowing the seed of its future character. The slight impression of to-day may have become a rule of life twenty years hence. A youth in crossing the fields dropped cherry-stones from his mouth, and in old age retraced his steps by the trees laden with luscious fruit. But many a parent whose heart is lacerated by a child's ingratitude might say,

The thorns I bleed withal are of the tree I planted.

To answer rightly a child's questions would give scope for the wisdom of all the ancients; and to illustrate needed precept by example would require the exercise of every Christian virtue.

II. The child has a right *to be let alone*. By which I mean he should have the sovereignty of his person, and immunity from invasion. It may be fine sport for grown people to victimize children as

they do; to tumble their hair with a clumsily caressing hand, pinch their cheeks or ears, tweak their noses, or playfully trip them up as they are crossing the room; to catch a timid little girl and toss her to the ceiling; or subject a sensitive, bashful boy to the ordeal of indiscriminate kissing. But every such act is an unwarranted liberty, and no less an invasion of personal rights than if practiced upon the highest dignitary of the land. In fact, it is rather more so than less; for the child can not protect himself, nor even show displeasure, without subjecting himself to rebuke. If there is any right that is inalienable, it is that of every human soul to the tenement with which God has invested it; to be safe from so much as the touch of a finger except at its own option.

The beauty of all our relations is marred by this coarse familiarity. We need to learn more reverence; to be reminded that every human form, whether of adult or of little child, embodies a thought of God; to hear anew the voice from the bush, saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

III. The child has a right *to his individuality*, to be himself and no other; to maintain against the world the divine fact for which he stands. And before this fact, father, mother, instructor, should



stand reverently; seeking rather to understand and interpret its significance than to wrest it from its original purpose. It is not necessarily to be inscribed with the family name, nor written over with family traditions. Nature delights in surprises, and will not guarantee that the children of her poets shall sing, or that every Quaker baby shall take kindly to drab color, or have an inherent longing for a scoop-bonnet, or a broad-brimmed hat.

IV. The child has a right to *companionship*. Not more surely does the plant turn its leaves to the light than does the child seek to share with the parent every thought and emotion. If your boy does not talk to you of his projects, of his successes at school, and his mishaps on the play-ground; if your little girl has nothing to say of her experiences during the hours that she is away from you, of the playmates whom she loves, or of the teacher who, to her thinking, is not quite fair; if, in a word, you have not your child's full confidence, be sure that it is your fault, not his; that you have somehow failed in your duty toward him; and you should not rest till you have bridged over the chasm, and placed yourself beside him as faithful counselor and tenderest friend.

But, while giving needed support, do not fail to recognize, in the clinging, dependent child of to-day, *the responsible man or woman of a few years hence*. Leave space between you for growth. Separate the young life sufficiently from your own to secure to it the conditions most favorable to its proper development.

The object to be attained is not the illustration of your theories, not by any means your pleasure or convenience, not even the embodiment of your ideal; but a recognition from the outset of a fact beyond you, a character to be developed according to the laws of its own being; the unfolding from a child of a self-centered, self-directing man or woman; the securing to a soul the power to make good the faculties of itself.

Do not forget that, *in all matters that*

*may with safety be left to the child, your office is merely that of counselor, not by any means that of autocrat.* Make him feel from the first that your government is only provisional, and that he is to fit himself as rapidly as possible for the sovereignty of his own life. Do not burden him with laws, nor hedge him about with orders, nor bind him with promises. Implant at the center of his being the desire to do right; and, having done this, be sure that you have provided for every emergency in the best manner that is possible for you.

You need not fear to tell him that the whole of life is a school for the learning of that one lesson; that you, as well as he, are often in the wrong; and that you, no less than he, need daily to kneel and ask God to forgive your mistakes and help you to become better. Not a pope, but a parent, is the child's need; not an assumed infallibility, but candor and integrity of purpose; not a guide who is never in error, but one who, in spite of errors, can command confidence. To be always near enough to give needed support, always far enough removed not to invade; and to consider first, last, and always, the best interests of the child,—these are the offices rendered extremely difficult by two strong elements of human nature,—the love of exercising authority, and the love of serving one beloved. "Ask no questions, but do as I bid you," is the language of the first; "I will do all for you," is the language of the second. Both utterances are selfish, and below the standard of a true paternity. "Do you realize that you belong to me? that but for me you had never been?" said a father to his son. "And had I been consulted, I would sooner *not* have been, than have been the son of such a father," was the bitter, but not inappropriate, answer.

The old barbarism still clings to us. We interpret too literally the term, "my child," and assume *ownership*, where only *guardianship* was intended. They are not ours, these young immortals; not wax, to be molded to any pattern that

may please us; not tablets, to be inscribed with our names, or written over with our pet theories. Images of God, filled with his life, consecrated to his work, destined to an immortality of growth and individual development, we may not confiscate them to our uses, nor prescribe their sphere, nor fancy that our care of their infancy has mortgaged to our convenience their after life.

Paternity imposes *duties*, it does not

merely establish *claims*. I confess I have little sympathy for parents who complain of the ingratitude of children. If the stream is muddy, it is safe to infer that the fountain was not pure. All talk about obligation is futile: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." If you would have love, be lovable as well as loving; if loyalty, be loyal; if large-hearted devotedness, be magnanimous in giving.

## FOR TIRED MOTHERS.

I HAVE sometimes said to myself, "There is no weariness like a mother's." But I suppose the lords of creation would pooh! pooh! and think, "Ah! silly creature, if you had only the care of our business—and I have two or three—you would for ever hold your peace." Still they have never been mothers, and so their pooh! pooh! does not amount to very much.

The work of tending and training children, although so important, yields but slow apparent results, and it does sometimes beget in one a restless desire for what we call a "great work," and a wish to satisfy our hearts with a little present success.

This patient, silent endurance behind the great scenes, preparing the figures for appearance, when those now acting on the world's stage shall have dropped quietly below the foot-lights, is so wearying, with so little present reward, that we can not wonder that mothers' hearts do sometimes grow sad and faint.

My story is from the life of a pastor's wife at the West,—the West of a few years ago, not of to-day,—the West when its homes were not favored with almost every city luxury, and the pastor's home not constantly visited by a loving and thoughtful people; but when life there was largely made up of inconveniences,

a great deal of hard work, a great deal of advice from the deacons' wives, and upon all, the blessing of the "full quiver."

But, in the all-wise providence of God, it fell out that my husband and I were located there, and God gave even us a large measure of his favor.

At that time the work of foreign missions was comparatively in its infancy, and a returned missionary was a person much sought after. Mrs. Vinton, the celebrated mission laborer, had just returned from Burmah, and was visiting some churches in our neighborhood, and my husband, with his usual zeal, was anxious to have her visit our church, and revive the sympathies of our people in missionary work. One day he came hurrying into the house, and handed me a letter, saying, "She has promised to come."

Without stopping to read it, I said, "Is she coming to our house?" "Why, yes," he said, "did n't I tell you she was coming to give us one or two addresses to arouse the interest of our Church in missionary work? She is just home on a visit from her great mission field, and is thrilling large audiences with her pathos and eloquence."

My good husband—his sympathy was largely with his work, and he had forgotten my overtaken frame, and that



one of our children just then was very sickly. But he had given her the invitation, and I must welcome her with Christian hospitality.

How well I remember my brooding about her visit! What a great work she was doing; how successful she had been, and how much people were praising her on all sides! What a brilliant career, mixed with but few trials!

These thoughts, hurrying through my brain, contrasted sadly with the view I took of my own position,—my humble means, scantily spread table; my few efforts for Christ, mostly interfering with my home duties; and then last I thought of that ailing boy. He had been ill with hooping-cough for three months. We had several times despaired of his life, and latterly I had been obliged to give up every thing, and carry him in my arms almost continually. I had hoped to be of some service in the Church of God, but how different my work from hers! And, again, my mind ran suddenly from a poor, tired, overworked pastor's wife, to a very successful missionary, home on a visit, and praised in all the churches. I am afraid that I had some hard thoughts of God, but I prayed for submission and contentment, and arranged my household for her coming.

When she came, she more than answered my previous ideas of her. She was a tall, commanding woman, very tastefully attired. Her hair, which was freely sprinkled with gray, was so dressed as to give her an Eastern appearance, and withal a majesty I could not but admire. During the evening she told us something of her work; of years of teaching; of hundreds converted; of churches and schools formed; and it did indeed seem as if the Spirit had descended in almost Pentecostal blessing.

On the evening appointed for her address to our people, every one was eager to hear her, and as I sat at the parsonage window and saw crowds press into the church, I wondered if any would be as impatient in staying at home as I was.

The next morning I was feeling very

far from rested, as was often the case. I tried to be cheerful as possible because of my visitor, but I need scarcely have made the effort, for her face and whole bearing were so calm and placid, that I felt rested as I sat in company with her. She drew her chair near to mine, and took out of a small bag a piece of plain knitting-work, which she "kept to fill up odd moments."

As I think of her now, and hear the pleasant click of those needles, I seem to recover a portion of the soothing they gave me then. Presently, after looking very kindly at me and then at my boy, she said: "I have been reminded of a part of my life in Burmah *so many* times since I have stayed with you."

"Indeed!" I said, and my heart stood still for a moment, and I wondered what in my weary life could remind her of such cheering success in God's work.

Seeing my surprise, she said: "During a part of my life in the jungle, one of my children fell sick with cough and a sort of jungle fever, and remained so for two years, and I had to tend and care for him so long, and the climate so increased the care, that at last I said in rebellion, Why not take me to Himself?"

I looked at her with a feeling that no words could convey, and renewed the conversation in only very broken sentences. How rebuked I felt for all the thoughts which I had indulged! In the midst of peril and the company of entire strangers, she had endured a trial similar to my own, and of far greater duration. How foolish for me to suppose that the trials of other Christians were less than my own! How we murmur sometimes, when we ought to be trusting in the goodness of our God!

Then immediately after how strengthened I felt! Who knows, I thought, but God may be preparing me for a time of labor and abundant reward? I took up my burden, and it seemed to have lost half its weight at once.

Since then labor has been abundant, and reward encouraging, but I am glad to go back and study that early lesson afresh.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE old city of Hamburg was the home of Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten system of instruction for children, and it has always held the front rank in the development and extension of its plans. And just now it is engaged in broadening the field of its operations in a way that may be interesting to our lady readers. The leaders of the system have always been accused of being too ideal in their theories; and to meet this, they have passed over into a very practical field of usefulness; namely, the development of a system that will aid the mothers intelligently with the children at home as well as in the school. One of the greatest trials of motherdom is to obtain kind and intelligent service for their little ones in the house, before they are ready to enter the kindergarten, or primary school, and even for those who may, for various reasons, not be able to attend any school away from home. These good apostles of the good cause are attracting much attention, and cultivating a field that has hitherto lain fallow; they are endeavoring to train a class of young girls who have been nothing more than nurses to be also, in a certain sense, teachers; and to bring with them into the home a certain intelligent training that will enable them to be useful aids to overburdened mothers. This system divides the Kindergarten teachers into two classes, those for the home and those for the school. So important have the former become, and so clearly has their utility been recognized, that nearly fifteen hundred have already been sent out; and the demand is ever on the increase. A good many have been inclined to ridicule the matter, and insist that it is enough to teach girls to be kind to children to make them useful in the home; but the increased demand in better families for those

who have had the training of the school, proves that their superiority is appreciated and acknowledged. These trained children's maids become intelligent and ambitious girls, instead of the mere mechanical drudges so frequently met with in their class, and there is now arising a demand for them abroad. Many of them have gone to Russia, Poland, England, and Italy. They go under a contract between the institution and their employers, so that their teachers still remain their protectors and counselors. The course of preparatory study lasts two years, and, in some instances, three, according to the age and abilities of the girls. They are not received under their sixteenth year, and are generally not acceptable if they are much older, because the sprightliness and vigor of youth are necessary to an interest in a work of this kind. During their course of study they visit Kindergartens, children's hospitals, and even asylums, so as to have as much practical information as possible in regard to the management of children under all conditions of life. The girls, almost without exception, go at their work with genuine enthusiasm, and full of inclination to profit by the experience of family life, without being turned aside from the precepts and teachings of their school. They are distinctly taught that they are to assist the mothers, and not take their place; to be in harmony with them, and not in antagonism, as is too often the case with the care-takers of the little ones. The girl has learned much that the mother does not know, and needs to know much practically which the mother alone can know, and she is taught to harmonize as far as possible all her interests with those of the household, instead of being antagonistic to them, as is so often the case with the children's nurses. Above all, an effort is made



to place the girl on a higher plane, that she may be made an acceptable member of the family, and find her attachments there, instead of seeking them and her associations with the servants of the household. The whole enterprise is, we learn, receiving much encouragement from ladies of high social influence, and bids fair to be a success and a source of mutual profit—to the mothers who long for kind and intelligent care of their little ones, and to poor girls of aspirations for improvement into a position that shall raise them above the common level of servants and menials. The authorities of the society keep up a correspondence with the pupils who leave them, and thus continue to shield and encourage them.

THE growing scarcity of animal food in Europe has so increased the price of the commodity that the poorer classes of the community are practically deprived of it, many of them seldom tasting of it more than once or twice a week. To remedy this lack, a strenuous effort has been made in Germany for several years to introduce the use of horse-flesh for the poor; because after the horse has had his day, as a worker, he may be fattened, and sold at a price considerably below that of the ordinary meat of the shambles. It has been rather difficult, however, to make it popular, although the police have taken great pains to have all the horse-flesh offered for sale previously inspected, so that none but good and healthy meat can be offered for sale. The Parisians have always kept pretty shy of it, although repeated efforts have been made to introduce it into the French cuisine. But the Germans forced them to resort to it during the state of siege when their food ran short, and they found it a much more juicy and toothsome article of food than they had expected; so that what necessity taught them, policy in some instances has continued. But horse-flesh needed the sanction of the epicures of Paris to make it fashionable, and a great effort has recently been made to secure this. A few prominent men placed themselves at the head of the movement, and arranged a grand "Franco-Anglo-American horse and mule banquet," presided over by an Englishman, who has made the consumption of horse-flesh the great labor of his life. Be-

side him sat the founder of the famous "Horse-flesh Committee of Paris," during the siege, who gathered a world of experience in his official career. Among other notabilities were former ministers of State, the adjutants of MacMahon, the President of the Republic, the director of the "Garden of Plants," and many nobles and journalists. About half-past eight the banquet began, by an invitation on the part of the presiding officer to proceed to the conflict between fact and prejudice. The first delicacy served was horse-broth with toasted bread-crusts. The novices hesitated to enter on the mysteries of hippophagy, and cast very suspicious looks into their plates; but, when they saw the veterans enter on the work with smiles, they gathered courage for the trial, and sipped the first spoonful with doubt, the second with confidence, and the third with the assurance that they had tasted that before in certain restaurants, but never dreamed of its being "*Bouillon a cheval*." They pronounced the dark-brown liquid, with floating crusts, to be equal to the best beef-broth extant. The next course in order consisted of smoked sausage of horse-flesh, and pastry covered with a hash of donkey's liver. The former was so highly seasoned that its peculiar flavor was lost, while the latter was declared a little too strong to be agreeable to all stomachs. As no French banquet is complete without fish, an effort had been made to procure a supply of sea-horse for the occasion; but when the queer fish came, it was discovered that they were all shell, and very tough-jointed at that, so that the sea-horse was not a success. The heavy dish of the meal was "roast horse," in English; in French, "*Filets de cheval rotis*." This was declared to have a taste between that of beef and venison. Then came a delicate "ragout," composed of the tongues of horses, mules, and donkeys. This was declared to be excellent; but the pearl of the table was a donkey fricassee, which in a gastronomic point of view was without fault, while the "*Filets de mulet*" were voted down and out. Among the beverages, besides the wines on the bill of fare, stood the fermented mare's milk of the Arabs, and fresh asses' milk and butter, while the salads were dressed with horse-oil instead of that of olives. These culinary pleasures were, of

course, supplemented by some of a more intellectual nature. The president congratulated the gentlemen and the *ladies* who had so bravely conquered public prejudice and appeared at and enjoyed the banquet. He deprecated the loss in food of the myriads of horses killed and thrown away every year because of prejudice, which, in England alone, would feed a million of men. The gay feast closed with an appeal to the guests to make propaganda for horse-flesh, in the interest of humanity, and the announcement that prizes would shortly be offered to those who would first open shambles for the sale of the flesh of the noble beast. Critics say that the banquet closed with a grand horse-laugh instead of the usual cheers.

AMONG the many conflicts that are now agitating European society to its center, no one, perhaps, is more sad than that between the Sisters of Charity and the governments, especially in Prussia. This Government has found it necessary, as a means of self-defense and preservation, to place the stern hand of the law on many true and devoted women, whose calling is benevolence, and who doubtless perform a deal of good for the race, but who commingle with it so many purposes of evil result, if not of ill intent, that their presence in any institution is equivalent to rebellion against the authorities. When Prussia drove out the Jesuits, she thought to have done with the matter of religious interference with the affairs of the State; but in this she was sorely mistaken. When they left, their work was transferred to many of the meek and saintly-looking sisters, whose very presence seems to indicate charity and benevolence, but who, in their devotion to the papal Church, make themselves the instruments of discord and unrest. In the elementary school, in the hospital, in all benevolent institutions, and in the privacy of the family, as they visit from house to house, their power for good or evil is immense; and what they teach or say is done with such kindness and gentleness that even enemies hesitate to find evil in it, while friends and partisans look upon it as inspired. But the insinuating character of their influence makes it so much the more dangerous where it is exerted; and thus the Prussians to their sorrow have found it. They wake up, so to say, to find them-

selves environed with a net-work of convents filled with sisters in dark or dusky habiliments, whose life is devoted to making propaganda for the papal Church by means that are the most effective of any in the list of human influences. Their gentle words, tender hands, and modest smiles, conquer where naught else would, in their care of the sick, assistance to the poor, and guidance of the young. And thus, with their noiseless tread and apparently harmless weapons, they have gained entrance into nearly every sanctuary of the land, and especially into the schools of the rising generation. Prussia hesitated before raising the hand against gentle women engaged in deeds of benevolence; but she has at last, in self-defense, found it necessary to interfere, and remove these women from the schools, and supervise their work in all the benevolent institutions. For this she is harshly blamed in many quarters; but her reply is, that these women have never been molested, and never would be, in their legitimate work of religion and benevolence; and statistics are quoted to prove that their influence is so great in political matters as to make them more dangerous to the State than open enemies on the platform or in the press. And their opposition is not of a partisan, but rather of a national nature; for all their allegiance is given, not to the head of their own nation, but to one who is the declared and open enemy of the rulers of the land.

THE Germans have always taken the lead in color printing, and seem likely to hold it. They are now printing, besides the most exquisite chromos, imitations of aquarelles, or water-colors, that are as delicately beautiful as any that leave the artist's own pencil. The best of these aquarelles are those of the Nile, by Werner, of which there is a large and choice collection. The fairy scenes of the marvelous river have never before been delineated by so masterly a hand in the original, or with such skill in reproduction. The lion-headed statues of Karnak, and the view of Cairo from the north, are said to bear off the palm. The cattle-pieces, which are not usually good in color-printing, leave nothing to be desired. Another skillful artist in this line is Leitz, who deals mostly in devotional pieces, such as the head of



Christ with the crown of thorns, and the famous Mater Dolorosa after Carlo Dolce. The imitations are so large and so perfect that they are being used in many churches as substitutes for the original, thus cultivating public taste up to a higher standard than can be obtained from the many inferior works in the poorer rural districts. Chromos

have lost much of their value in this country from the persistent effort to force on the market the most miserable daubs, as premiums for all sorts of enterprises; but the Germans have been desirous of giving a far higher character to their work, and have succeeded in retaining public favor for the art.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

IN days now happily gone by, school-teaching was the only occupation in which feminine brains were allowed to compete with masculine. In the line of hand labor, woman was restricted to the various duties of the kitchen, the laundry, the nursery, and the sewing-room. When she began to cast a covetous eye upon avocations thought to be out of her sphere, she was almost socially ostracized by her wealthier sisters, and sneered at by her indignant brothers. Even now, it is hard for a few of these brothers to refrain from insisting that she shall not emancipate herself from the kitchen; and occasionally the complaint comes from some learned source that too many women are employed in our schools; but it is useless for them to "kick against the pricks," as the "last census returns show the existence of more trades among women than one would suppose possible. Besides women farmers, there are forty-five female stock herders, five barbers, twenty-four dentists, fifty-seven editors, two hostlers, three professional hunters and trappers, five lawyers, five hundred and thirty-five physicians, ninety-seven clergywomen, seven sextons, ten canal women, one hundred and ninety-five draywomen, one pilot, four gas-stokers, thirty-three gunsmiths, seven gunpowder makers, sixteen ship riggers, with a large number of artisans, mechanics, inventors, telegraph operators, and teachers of navigation." Ladies who spend valuable time in cutting up calico into bits and sewing them together again, putting seven or eight thousand pieces into one quilt, find themselves highly commended by the press for their industry and ingenuity; while the

country looks askance at Mrs. Fitzgerald as a thriving Texas railway contractor; at the California lady, who, dealing in mining stocks, makes \$60,000 during the year; and at Mrs. Bryan, of Illinois, who took one hundred and twenty-two premiums on her cattle, amounting to \$1,150, at fairs last Fall. We admire far more the spirit of the "young woman in Illinois" who, on being told by her mother that she was good for nothing but to read novels, sawed a cord of hard wood in one hundred and five minutes, cutting each stick twice, than we should if she had passed the time in sewing "patchwork," an employment which may serve to amuse invalids and old ladies, but which scarcely pays in these days of cheap and serviceable blanketing.

—The voluble pen of some newspaper correspondent occasionally, though perhaps unwittingly, records the fact that society ladies are not always butterflies. These compliments occur at such rare intervals, that it may be well to present a few to the public in a more permanent form than that of the ephemeral daily. It is said that "Mrs. President Grant is one of the best of managers; the household of the Executive Mansion being run upon sensible, economical principles, because its presiding genius understands all about housekeeping, marketing, sewing, and shopping." "Mrs. Senator Dawes acts as her husband's private secretary, and he finds invaluable assistance in her quick, methodical ways and womanly shrewdness." It is also reported, *en passant*, that Mrs. Emperor William sets the Berlin

ladies a good example by dusting and "fixing up" her own room every morning. In an humbler walk of Washington life, we find that the intuition of the Treasury girls serves them well in the counterfeit business. And General Spinner, who has had twelve years' experience in the work, says they are worth ten times as much as the men for such business. "A man always has a reason for a counterfeit," says the General; "forty, may be, but he is wrong half the time. A woman never has a reason. She says 't is counterfeit because it *is* counterfeit, and she's always right; though she could n't tell how she found out if she were to be hung for it." Farther down in the scale of life, we learn that the colored people of Alabama own about seven million dollars' worth of property. The women of this section are reported to be much more thrifty than the men.

—Mrs. E. D. Cheney says: "I have yet to see the first woman whose health has been injured by a well regulated activity of the brain. I have known many instances where vigor of body was restored by earnest mental life; and I believe that more young women sink into invalidism, or die prematurely, from the want of adequate thorough mental training, than from any other one physical or mental cause." American girls, we are glad to say, are learning that the most thorough mental training profiteth nothing in connection with a diseased physical organism; hence, many of them are endeavoring to cultivate muscle as well as brains. Boating and equestrianism offer opportunities of which some Washington ladies were not slow to avail themselves during the past fashionable season. "The Misses Jewell handle the oars very gracefully," and "Miss Meigs is considered one of the best feminine strokes on the Hudson," while Miss Belle Richardson is said to be an accomplished rider. If health and help are ever to reach the almost confirmed invalidism of American women "they must come from above downward;" and, example being better than precept, these young ladies are acting as models for their countrywomen.

—It is now understood that A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire, has alto-

gether relinquished the idea of devoting the great iron building on Fourth Avenue, New York, begun several years ago, and long under roof, to its original purpose of a working-women's home. He is said to have discovered the plan to be impracticable; for working women would not enter it under such restrictions as are necessary. He tried to induce the women in his retail establishment to agree to go there, when the building should be completed, and they one and all flatly refused to do so. He is reported to feel bitterly disappointed at the result, because the Home was a benevolent scheme he had long cherished. His intention was to charge only a nominal price to the women,—just enough to preserve their feeling of independence; but the pride of poverty fears even the approach of charity.

—Of all the women who served in the war, in various capacities, only one was pensioned for physical disabilities,—Mrs. Isabella Fogg, of Maine, who was so seriously injured by a fall in Louisville, while engaged in hospital work.

—The sea-side home for the overtaken toiling women of Philadelphia, at Asbury Park, erected a year ago by the Woman's Christian Association, is already overcrowded. An appeal is making for means to add another wing.

—The ladies of Manistee, Michigan, have built a large house for the use of temperance workers. On the second floor there is a fine hall for entertainments and public lectures. The building cost some fifteen thousand dollars, and is all paid for, except about five hundred dollars, which the ladies expect to close out before long. The first floor has a reading-room and also a coffee-room.

—"One of the chief points of interest in the Minnesota University commencement was the fact that one of the graduates is a female, Miss Helen Mary Ely." Miss Ely takes the anomalous degree of "Bachelor of Literature." By unanimous vote of the class, she was chosen to deliver the valedictory address, as a distinction worthy to be bestowed on the first female graduate of the University of Minnesota.



## ART NOTES.

THE *Orchestra* has been discussing the conditions of progress in music as a fine art. It sensibly asserts that, "If we want to progress, we must eliminate all irritability of feeling; we must meet with calmness the most opposing thoughts, giving those who differ credit for rising above all personal interests and all party views. And, indeed, those who float with the stream, who have, so to speak, vested interests in set received habits of action and accepted modes of thought, can well afford to let reformers speak, knowing full well that the world is not so entirely wise that it can be changed and converted at will; and that history shows the utility of special lives has sometimes been completely lost to mankind by people not having the honesty to refrain from condemning what they had not the ability to understand. . . . We may divide musicians into two kinds, which two kinds must hold endless war until one or other be vanquished. These are the Realists and Artificialists: if the latter be right, the former sort are wrong, differing on first premises; for we put music in the highest order of things; we consider it as the using of an existing fact, originated by nature's God, and dimly discerned by us; while they of the other school of thought consider music as the sole demonstration of themselves by means of a fabricated contrivance; one kind believe in perfect, the other in equal, temperament. If music be another aspect of 'Nabob sauce,' then are our efforts vain; but if, on the other hand, it be as we consider it, then is it a thing worthy of every energy for its discovery and every effort for its defense."

— The death of Sir Sterndale Bennett has produced a profound sorrow in England. He was, without doubt, the greatest English musical composer of the present century. He was a man of excessive modesty, and to him his chosen art was all in all. It is said that he specially delighted in Cowper; and the resemblance in the spirit of these men has been remarked by those who have studied their characters most carefully. He

was even a greater favorite among the Germans than with his own countrymen. Such masters as Mendelssohn and Schumann delighted to honor him, on his frequent visits to their native land; and Ferdinand Hiller is said to have exclaimed on the occasion of the Bonn Festival, in 1870: "Look at him well, children. You will never see such a great man again." Bennett was an indomitable worker; he believed in conscientious composition, hence the comparative fewness of his productions. He used to tell his students: "Above all things be patient; be content to spend years in close, earnest study of the great masters; take Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, for your guides." After listening to Mendelssohn's marvelous organ-playing, he was asked how he had acquired such power. His answer was: "By working like a horse." And he was an ever-living exponent of his philosophy.

— The removal of the Italian capital from Florence to Rome is to tell on the relative attractiveness of these two art centers. A correspondent thinks this removal is not to be regretted by the Florentines, since the commercial spirit that prevailed while the court was there threatened to obliterate many valuable and picturesque objects that rendered Florence very attractive to the stranger. In Rome the process of demolition of old buildings still goes on, and it is greatly feared that the desire for innovation may tempt the Government to remove many monuments that have been inseparably associated with the Eternal City, and have long helped to make Rome *the* art shrine of the whole world.

— Sir Rutherford Alcock has been writing some very interesting papers for the *London Art Journal*, on Japanese art. He endeavors to apply the principle elucidated by a class of writers on art history, that where civil and religious tyranny has prevailed, the progress of the useful and elegant arts has been slow and laborious. He argues that if art consists only of painting and sculpture, as Ruskin maintains, then the Japanese have little claim to rank as artists. But if art consists in carving or painting natural objects, then

do they take very high rank ; since he thinks that they now daily produce, in metal and in ivory, works that may fairly challenge comparison with some of the best-cut medallions and statuettes of the Grecian and Roman periods. Sir Rutherford does not regard the Japanese inferior to the European in small figure delineation, clever grouping, and vigorous action, but, in regard to the sentiment and the type of beauty, they are greatly inferior ; and he suggests that one reason is the fact that there is among all Asiatic nations an almost total lack of beauty among the females. In nature around them they find beautiful objects to copy, and they do it very accurately ; but they search in vain for one among their females who can stand for a high type of beauty.

— At this season of camp-meetings, it is interesting to see in the *Illustrated London News*, of July 3d, a pleasant picture of an "American Religious Camp-meeting." It is represented very correctly.

— Professor Ritter, teacher of instrumental music in Vassar College, and author of a "History of Music," has lately made an interesting discovery, from a photograph of a musical manuscript, at Miami University, Oxford, in Ohio, where it lay concealed in an old volume of Aristotle, published in 1582. Its origin is traced to the twelfth century. Later, an Easter chant, traced to the tenth century, has been found. The characters are written without lines, which must have rendered the study of music most difficult and uncertain.

— The late *Athenæum* says that persons interested in ancient historical relics will be sorry to learn that the Parthenon of Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined. Tourists, every season, visit it, knock off limbs of statues, pull off portions of the frieze which Lord Elgin left, and clambering up, with hammer and stone break off bits of the Doric capitals. These capitals, it will be remembered, are painted with rows of leaves, which are supposed to be bent double under the weight of the architrave, and relic-hunters seem to be especially fond of chipping this portion of the masonry. "Not a fortnight ago," says the correspondent, "a tourist knocked off a finger of one of the finest statues, as he wished to add to his pri-

vate collection of curiosities at New York." The Greeks have determined to protect the building as much as possible, and to store up in a safe place the most interesting and valuable of the fragments of sculpture, which lie all over the place, exposed to rude winds, and men more savage than they. They have almost completed a museum at the back of the Acropolis, but the work has come to a stand-still for lack of money.

— Mr. Gladstone lately took part in a discussion which followed the reading of a paper by Dr. Schlieman, before the Society of Antiquaries, on Troy, and expressed a high estimate of the value of Dr. Schlieman's discoveries.

— The Emperor of Japan has just given orders to an Italian painter, for all the portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, in order to adorn his palace at Takio. He is also desirous of obtaining from Italy a sufficient number of artists to found an art-school in Japan.

— Art-industry in England is obtaining publicity by its genuine successes. Manufacturers of coarse pottery have united with schools of art, and produced a fine kind of earthenware, beautifully decorated with designs and paintings. Poetical and Scriptural subjects are represented, in colors that perfectly harmonize.

— Great interest is being created in London on the proposed establishment of free scholarships in the National Training-school of Music. At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Lord Mayor, were speakers, urging the early establishment of such scholarships for metropolitan students.

— The excavations of Pompeii were made unusually brilliant on the 14th of June by the presence of the Dowager Queen of Sweden. In the first chamber that was opened a number of women's ornaments were found, gold bracelets, silver ear-rings, glass, alabaster, and other vases. Near them lay the lock, hasp, and setting of the casket in which they had probably been deposited. In another chamber, apparently adapted for a triclinium, a bedstead was found, similar to the one now in the National Museum at Naples, which caused great excitement at



the time of its discovery; and in the same apartment two vases were recovered in good condition.

—A Royal School of Art needle-work was opened in July, at South Kensington Museum, by Her Royal Highness, the Princess Christian. The Queen has given her name as patron. The object is the revival of a nearly lost and beautiful art, that of decoration. This must be done by women, as this occupation is not unnatural to them, and therefore not irksome. If the desire among the wealthy classes for more beautiful needle-work will only result in supplying the great mass of poor, unemployed women of England with work, then will we wish it godspeed, and pray other royal families, reveling in these many palaces, and even the loved and honored of the one "White House," may yet join heart and hand in such noble art work.

—William Gibbs Rogers, the eminent English carver in wood, has recently deceased. He was the author of some of the best modern decorative work in Great Britain. In the year 1872, the Queen awarded to him a pension of £50 in the Civil List, as a recognition of the influence which he had on art decoration.

—A writer in the London *Athenæum* has a criticism upon the way artists make so many absurd botanical anachronisms in their most famous pictures. He says: "In the Royal Academy, in 'Anne Page and Slender,' Mr. Cope introduces the Tulipa Gesneriana, not known in England before 1577; the red Geranium, introduced in 1710; the Camellia in 1739; and the Chinese Primrose, in 1820. Mr. Bedford's posing his 'Hermione' between a lemon and an orange-tree reminds the critic that neither was known to the Greeks and Romans, or perhaps was never seen by Shakespeare himself. 'The first orange-tree was planted, it is said, in England (in Bedington Park) in 1595, and it was a century later before it became to be generally grown in England. The lemon was not introduced until 1648.' 'In flower pictures, artists habitually group together flowers which never bloom together, and habitually introduce plants of the New World into pictures of the ancient life of the Old World.'"

—The June number of the *Builder* gives us some art notes from the "Heart of Africa," from the pen of the intrepid traveler, Schweinfurth. He says: "The people within one hundred miles of the equator have a state of things peculiarly their own, and, artistically looked at, it is of infinite interest, for they have a system of ornamentation of their own, and of building, and house putting together, from which something might be learned, perhaps, even here. . . . The forms of the vases and drinking-flasks are noted by Mr. Schweinfurth as really artistic in form and ornamentation. . . . There is one very singular fact. It is very difficult to reproduce their simple art, and where this has been done by our most skillful work, it has proved very unsuccessful. . . . In the very heart of Africa, where books have no existence, and where man is in a primitive state, and where he designs and works out his thoughts in the simplest way, and without borrowing or copying, he guides his hand to fine artistic work. It is noticed that this simple and primitive system of ornamentation, found in this remote spot, is to be met with nearly the world over. It is a repetition of the same acts, a drawing of the same lines, finding a pleasure and delight in the zigzag, in cross-hatching, in evenly distributed dots and small circles, in squares side by side (as in a chess-board), in simple notches, and, indeed in all regular and repeated simple figures and geometrical forms. It is a world-wide language, and is worth the knowing something about."

—It is proposed to erect a colossal bust of Washington Irving in the Central Park, New York. Preliminary steps to accomplish the work have been taken by an association of ladies residing in New York, Brooklyn, and Westchester County, and it is said that a contract for the sculpture has already been made with Mr. Wilson Macdonald, author of the Irving bust erected a few years ago in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The bust will be placed on a granite pedestal, with four bronze figures representing Rip Van Winkle, an old Knickerbocker, and two others of Irving's original characters. The bust will be ready to exhibit at the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, in 1876, and after that event, will be publicly erected in the Central Park.

## CURRENT HISTORY.

ADVICES from Panama, of July 18th, describe a terrible mob and insurrection of the people of San Miguel, a town of forty thousand inhabitants. A great deal of discontent has been excited against the Government by its refusal to allow a pastoral of the Bishop of San Salvador, written in a tone hostile to the laws, to be read in the churches. There had also been considerable hostile feeling among the lower classes, owing to some regulations requiring dealers to use a new market-place. While matters were in this condition, a priest, named Palacios, preached a violent sermon against the constituted authorities, on Sunday, the 20th ult. That evening the mob arose, attacked the cabildo, and liberated some two hundred prisoners. They then proceeded to assault the small garrison, and took the Cuartel, killed Generals Espenosa and Castro, cut the former to pieces, and threw the pieces at each other; split the skull of General Castro, and threw him over a wall, where he was picked up by his mother, and died in three days. The garrison were nearly all assassinated, and many prominent citizens killed. After this the fanatic mob set fire to some sixteen houses with kerosene. Before the town was entirely destroyed, it fortunately happened that her British Majesty's ship *Fantome* was at La Union, when she landed her marines, which allowed the garrison there, united with some troops from Amapala, in Honduras, to march to the relief of San Miguel, and put down the mob. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at one million dollars. Later reports state that the Bishop of Santa Tecla and seven priests were secretly arrested, and hurried under a guard of one hundred soldiers to Port Libertad, where they were put on board a steamer and sent into Nicaragua. Bishop Carcamo and two canons have been expelled from the country, also Professor Rodriguez. It was discovered that similar outbreaks to that at San Miguel had been organized all over the republic.

—In consequence of reports circulated among the Herzegovinians, that it was the

policy of the Turks to extirpate Christians, the former rose in insurrection July 13th. Masses of insurgents surround the towns of Gasko, Nevensini, and Stalatz. Six hundred families have fled into Croatia and Servia, and twelve hundred have arrived in Dalmatia at different points along the frontier. July 23d.—The Herzegovina insurgents were attacked by Turkish troops Friday last, near Nevesigna, and a severe engagement took place. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. Saturday, the Turks made a sortie from Stalatz, and attacked the insurgents near Dabra. Four companies made an unsuccessful effort to flank the insurgents. The fighting lasted all day. The Turks fired Gorlitz. The Governor of Bosnia, July 26th, telegraphed to the Porte that the operations of the Turkish troops at Nevesigna and Belik resulted in the dispersion of the insurgent bands near those places.

—On July 10th, a steamer from Panama brought additional details of the great earthquake in South America. Cucuta is in ruins, not a single house remaining. The killed are calculated at five thousand. Rosario, San Antonio, Epachuo, San Juan de Ureno, San Cayetano, San Christobal, Tariba Labatera, La Grita, and the adjoining villages, are in complete ruins. Salazan suffered severely, and the adjoining country is nearly devastated. Chinacota, Chapo, Pamplona, Cucatila, Arbalas, Santiago, Gallindo, and Gramelote have also been great sufferers. The number of the dead in Cucuta is calculated at three-quarters of the entire population. The few families saved are on the outskirts of what was the city, but they will soon be obliged to retire, as the putrefaction of the dead will not allow them to remain. It is heart-rending to see the wounded, who have no care, and can not remain long alive in their present condition. Thieves and robbers swept down on the ill-fated city, and hardly a single safe has been saved from the custom-house. Pillage is general. Four hundred mules were killed in the streets, and, as there is no one to remove them, the



stench is becoming frightful. The storehouse at Puerto de Los Cachos was sacked and burned by bandits. In Piedecuesta the town-hall is destroyed, and in Pamplona the cathedral is in ruins.

—Further details of the flood in France announce the destruction of three thousand houses, and the loss of sixty million dollars.

—During the past year \$1,000,000 worth of coral was fished up out of the depths of the Mediterranean by the coral gatherers of Naples.

—The ballot system was introduced in Canada on July 7th. Votes for the election of members of Legislature for the Province of Quebec were cast in an orderly manner.

—Chinese advices of July 3d say several foreigners have been assaulted in Peking. The native soldiers who insulted the American consul and wife, and made hostile demonstrations against the British consulate at Chin Kiang, have been punished.

—The old principle of pope before king has, within the month of July, been practically abandoned by the Roman clergy in the German empire. Permission has been given to the priests and bishops to obey the ecclesiastical laws of the Government.

—The *Moniteur*, published in Paris, commenting on the insurrection in Herzegovina, says a very little time will show whether it is a false alarm, or whether a final conflagration in the Christian districts of Turkey has commenced. In any case, the situation is sufficiently serious to give uneasiness to European diplomacy.

—Advices from the Navigator Islands state that Colonel Steenberger, United States Commissioner, was cordially received by the natives, who adopted a constitution framed by Colonel Steenberger, making the monarch elective for a term of four years, to alternate between the two old families of kings, Malieloa and Topua. A representative of the former family has been elected as first king. Colonel Steenberger was chosen prime minister for life, and has accepted the position.

—The Methodist Church and mission schools in Chin Kiang were partly destroyed and robbed by a Chinese mob early in May,

and on the first Sunday in that month a proclamation was issued announcing that the offenders would be punished. They have been arrested, and the Government officials have voluntarily paid the full indemnity for the damage done. This is the first instance of the kind in Chinese mission fields. A good deal of official badgering and threatening is usually required to get them to do even justice to Christian Communities.

—The list of the German exhibitors at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition has been officially closed. The number of those who intend to exhibit in the art department is eight hundred, and the large manufactories on the Rhine and in Westphalia and Saxony will be specially represented. An imperial commissioner has been appointed to obtain more room for the German department in the Exhibition building.

—A council of delegates from all the Presbyterian Churches in Christendom met in Regent Square, London, July 20th, and on the 23d a constitution of unity was adopted. The name given to the new union is "Alliance of Reformed Churches throughout the World." All Churches are included which hold to the Presbyterian system and creed. The preamble of the constitution recites the objects of the Alliance, which are, to demonstrate the unity of belief among Protestants, organize mission work, promote educational and social reforms, and oppose infidelity and religious intolerance. The delegates in attendance numbered one hundred.

—The centennial celebration of Washington's assumption of the command of the Continental army was celebrated at Cambridge, July 3d. Flags of bunting were liberally displayed, and many private dwellings were elaborately decorated. National salutes were fired at sunrise and sunset, bells were rung, and points of historic interest marked by appropriate inscriptions. The streets were thronged. The exercises of the day consisted of a poem by James Russell Lowell, and an oration by Professor Peabody, of Harvard College. A prominent feature at the dinner was a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, speeches made by Governor Gaston, Senator Boutwell, General Devens, and others. In the evening fireworks and illuminations prevailed.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

OLD WIT. — "As for jest," says "large-browed Verulam," saying what many scores of others have said, if not said as well, "there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity." This is most true, and however prone we may be to violate it, we should not desire or dare to contradict it. But, because we see that there are some matters unfit for ridicule and jesting, there is no reason why we should suppose persons occupied with religion or matters of state to be incapable of a joke or witticism. We do not mean saints, statesmen, and magnates of to-day; every body knows that the frock does not of necessity silence the joker, and that, as for statesmen and magnates, legislation is becoming nightly more impossible without "great laughter;" but saints, statesmen, and magnates of hundreds, even thousands, of years ago,—the "ancients,"—men whose names stink in the nostrils of the school-boy, and are seen in the foot-notes of the man of research. Repartee is not peculiar to the moderns, any more than *bon mots* to the French. Musty classics can show epigrams as pointed, and sallies as lively, as the best things written or said by Rochester, or Sheridan, or De la Rochefoucauld, or Montesquieu, or Talleyrand.

There never was a more graceful rejoinder than that which the putative father of history tells of Croesus, carried off from his hoards, and dragged about among the lords in waiting of Cambyses. "Croesus," asked the crazy tyrant, "which is the greater man, I or my father?" The captive must have known that, if his adroitness failed him, he would probably be offered an immediate mark for the cimeter of the escort; but it did not.

"Cyrus," he replied, "was greater than you. If in other respects you were your father's equal, you will never have so great a son."

We might get a good many witty bits from this same Herodotus; but,—not to dwell on the airy impertinence of the reply of Amasis

to Patabemis, or the remark of the Spartan on the arrows at Thermopylæ, that he could "fight all the better in the shade,"—what can be better than the rebuke of Themistocles to the obscure rascal who grumbled at his honors, because they were paid, "not to the man, but to the Athenian?" "You, sir," said the hero of the day, "would not have worn them if you had been an Athenian; nor I, if I were a citizen of no better place than you;" or the repartee of Croesus to Cyrus, when the conqueror's soldiers were sacking Sardis,—*"They are pillaging your treasures,"* said Cyrus. *"Not at all,"* said his ready captive, *"they are pillaging yours."*

Philip and his son have been two rich mines for historians and story-tellers (the two are by no means synonymous), but they seem to have deserved their reputation for wit. Try them by brief specimens:

A friend of Philip's died. "He had lived long enough," said an officious comforter. "Long enough for him, but not long enough for me to repay him all the love I owe him."

England's "laughter-loving king" was humorously urbane, we know, even on his death-bed, and apologized for the unconscionable time occupied in his dissolution. Alexander preserved his faculty for saying a good thing as long. "Where are your treasures hidden?" he was asked. "In the purses of my friends;" and what more felicitous rendering of a trite commonplace can there be than his remark that "he owed as much more to Aristotle than to his father, as it is better to live well than to live."

Molière, it should seem, has been anticipated by Antigonus. It was not the great Frenchman who first discovered that no man is a hero to his valet. A flatterer said to Antigonus, "You are divine." "Ask my valet, he will tell you otherwise."

Here are more scraps for such a "table-talk" as might have been written by the Ilissus or the Tiber:

"If ever the people lose their senses," said Demosthenes to Phocion, "they will kill you." "If they recover them, they will kill you," was the reply.



Montesquieu says that princes ought always to do what is "*fort raisonnable*, and to *raisonner fort peu*;" and who was it who told the young cadet in the Indian civil service that his decisions would probably be right; but, did he attempt to defend them, his reasons would be sure to be wrong? Demosthenes said of Phocion that he upset by his logic what he set up by his rhetoric.

Carlyle's "speeches silvern, but silence golden," is only another version of Demosthenes's observation that we have one tongue and two ears, because we ought to listen twice as much as talk.

"Every body knows"—(a lying phrase introduced by writers as a half apology for repeating what a few know)—every body knows how the Conqueror, tumbling down as he sprang on the Sussex coast, rose with his hands full of sand, and cried, "By the splendor of God! I hold England in both my hands!" Was this original, or was he imitating Cæsar, of whom nearly the same words on a similar occasion are recorded?

The pinching shoe, it would seem, was proverbial in Rome. When astonishment was expressed that Æmilius Paulus should repudiate a wife both virtuous and well born, he pointed to his boots, the work, no doubt, of the most fashionable *cordonnier* of the day, and observed: "You can see that they are well made, but not where they hurt."

There is nothing new under the sun; and whenever any body says a good thing, let him reflect on the strong probability there is somebody else had said it before him.

**THE LOST ARTS.**—A great deal of nonsense has been uttered by sensation lecturers and magazine writers about arts which perished with the ancients. To trust in the lamentations of these wiseacres over the "lost arts," one would think we had fallen upon very degenerate times indeed. But none of these doleful stories are true. Cleopatra, no doubt, was a very fine woman; but she never dissolved pearls in wine. Archimedes was a great man in his day, but he never set fire to the Roman ships with burning-glasses, as the fable relates.

The ancients had no useful arts which we do not understand better, and practice more skillfully, than they did. The humblest American mechanic could teach the pol-

ished Greek and the cunning Egyptian sciences and arts of which they never dreamed. The ancients, indeed, did many wonderful things, which have not been since repeated; but they were only such things as are not worth doing over again. If we had occasion to build such a foolish thing as a pyramid, we would improve on our model in every respect; and, instead of keeping a hundred thousand half-starved slaves at the work for twenty years, we would turn it out finished in a few months. Vanderbilt, and a hundred others, would be willing to take the contract at a day's notice.

If any people, nowadays, lived in a condition like the ancients, they would be objects for sincere pity, and it would be our duty speedily to send missionaries among them. What a lamentable sight would be a nation of great mental vigor, half-clothed and poorly fed, tilling the earth with wooden plows, without soap, pins, friction matches, or India-rubber! How queenly would one of our factory girls appear to them! How magical the art of a Yankee clock-maker! Beggars, nowadays, with regard to the substantial comforts of life, fare better than ancient kings.

Our modern civilization is surely just what is suited for the welfare of humanity. The steam-engine, politics, electricity, morality, and every good thing, move on together harmoniously. We look back into the past, to note, as warnings, the paths of error which our predecessors trod, and we push on cheerfully and confidently, feeling that the present and the future are of the utmost importance to us.

**SHELLS AND CRABS.**—A "shell," in regatta parlance, is a boat about fifty feet long, twenty inches wide, and in the center eight or nine inches deep. It is built of cedar or paper, and weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. The paper boats came into fashion in 1868, but were soon rejected on account of their weakness. Moreover, their main advantage was their superior lightness, and the improvements in the manufacture of cedar boats have now reduced their weight to the new standard. The "shell," at its center, is a low canoe, in which six men sit. A single light board runs along the bottom. Their feet rest on this. The

sides of the shell would be broken by the touch of a foot. The section occupied by the crew is perhaps a dozen feet long. The nineteen feet of boat at each end of it taper gradually to a razor-like edge. Their depth, at the ends, is only two or three inches. This is a "shell,"—a long needle, broadened at the center just enough for a man to squeeze between the two edges. The boat, with the crew in it, lies a couple of inches above the surface of the water. The outriggers, on which the oars rest, are, of course, somewhat higher

A chapter on coxswains would be like the famous chapter on the snakes in Erin: "There are no snakes in Ireland." There are no coxswains. The bow-oar steers, and does so with his feet. Two wires run from the cross-piece of the rudder along the side of the boat and end in a narrow board, upon which the feet of the bow-oar rest. He has to do his full share of the rowing, and keep a sharp lookout over his shoulder besides, in order to sway the boat in the right direction by pressing on one or the other end of this foot-board. This is delicate and difficult work, but it saves carrying one hundred and twenty-five pounds of coxswain.

As for the mysterious "crabs," the reader can catch them anywhere. All he needs to do is to take a boat, try to make quick strokes, and put his oar so deep into the water that he can't get it out, or not deep enough to have the blade meet with any special resistance. In either case he will suddenly discover the handle where his stomach ought to be, and will probably fall over backward, with a very faint and sick sensation.

WORDS WILL NOT BE PUT DOWN.—Allusions to the introduction and changes of words meet us constantly in our reading. Thus "banter," "mob," "bully," "bubble," "sham," "shuffling," and "palming" were new words in the *Tattler's* day, who writes: "I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of 'mob' and 'banter,' but have been plainly borne down to my numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me." *Reconnoître*, and other French terms of war, are ridiculed as innovations in the *Spectator*. *Skate* was a very new word in Swift's day.

"To skate, if you know what that means," he writes to Stella.

"There is a new word coined within a few months," says Fuller, "called *fanatics*." Locke was accused of affectation in using *idea* instead of *notion*. "We have been obliged," says the *World*, "to adopt the word *police* from the French." Where we read, in another number, "I assisted at the birth of that most significant word, *flirtation*, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureate, in one of his comedies." *Ignore* was once sacred to grand juries. "In the *interest* of" has been quoted in our time as a slang phrase just coming into meaning. *Bore* has wormed itself into polite use within the memory of man. *Wrinkle* is quietly growing into use in its secondary slang sense. *Muff* we have read from the pen of a grave lady, writing on a grave subject, to express her serious scorn.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A RULE FOR SPELLING.—A great many people, and in fact the majority of those who trip themselves up by unfortunate spelling, oftener fail from a wrong transposition of the vowels "i" and "e," in such words as "perceive," "relieve," etc., than in any other way. An exchange remarks that there is no necessity for scratching one's head over this puzzling orthography. The simple word transferred its seat to the present location "lice" is the key to the position. The letter "i" always follows "l," and "e" follows "c," as in the word above given. Always this in your head, and you have it.

"TOTE."—The word *tote* is generally regarded as slang, and as sectional in its use. "We resent the indignity cast upon this word," says the *Mobile Register*. "We cling to 'tote' as the Anglo-Saxon nation clings to Magna Charta. It reminds us of our descent from a liberty-loving people, and preserves the memory of justice. The writ by which a peasant aggrieved in the baron's court was enabled to carry (*tollere*) his case up to the county court was known as the writ of *tolt*, commonly pronounced *tote*. The privilege which the humble farmer had of *toting* his case up from his own landlord to a less prejudiced court was dear to every Englishman. We will not surrender the word."



## SCIENTIFIC.

**FISH CULTURE.**—The artificial culture of fish has probably received more attention, and met with more satisfactory results, in this country than in any other. The processes by which it is carried on may not be without interest to our readers, and we make some extracts from a lecture delivered by Mr. Roosevelt, Fish Commissioner for New York. There are two divisions of fish in our country which are subjects of fish culture; to wit, the salmon tribe and the shad tribe. Under the former are included the salmon, the trout, lake-trout, the white fish, and the California salmon. The first thing to be done is to obtain the spawning-fish in proper condition. In the salmon tribe, the eggs, when in a perfectly ripe condition, lie perfectly loose in the abdomen, whence they may be extruded by gentle pressure. They are caught, as they fall, in a basin, and are vitalized by coming in contact with the milt of the males. As soon as the operation is completed, the eggs are placed in hatching-troughs. These are made of various materials, but are simply long, narrow boxes, twelve feet long by one and a half wide, and divided into compartments, to keep the eggs from crowding one another. Cold spring water, which has been carefully filtered by passing through several flannel screens, comes in at the head of these troughs, passes over the eggs in one compartment after another, and escapes at the lower end. By this means the greatest dangers to the life of the embryo are avoided. Sediments and confervæ, a family of water-plants, can not pass the screens, insects are kept out, and ducks and eels are disappointed of their prey. The eggs require about two months to hatch, with the water at a temperature of forty-five degrees. They demand constant care and attention, for if one egg dies or becomes diseased, it contaminates its neighbors. The advance of the process is, however, soon visible in the egg, either to the human eye, or under the microscope. And soon the fish-culturist will have evidence of his labors being successful. Some morning, on going to the troughs, he will notice broken egg-shells in the water,

and, on closer inspection, will observe wriggling nondescripts in the water, neither fish nor eggs, but compounded of both. When they once begin to appear, they come in thousands, in millions. The young need more water at this time, but require less care; yet still they must be watched. The young fish may be turned loose into the stream. If he is a salmon, after a few months he goes down to the sea, there to dwell and feed and grow, returning in a few months more, bringing from five to ten pounds of as delicious food as is to be found in the great waters. If he is a trout, he will make his home in the dark, shady nooks and holes, growing to half a pound in a year.

**THE SUNFLOWER PRODUCTS.**—The common sunflower is a native of tropical America, and there it sometimes attains the extraordinary height, for an annual plant, of twenty feet. It thrives in nearly every region of the habitable globe. It is cultivated to a considerable extent in the south of Europe and the north-west provinces of India. In the latter country, the sunflower is said to have a very beneficial effect in promoting the healthfulness of the region infested by malarial fevers. The seeds are valued as food for cattle, and an oil may be expressed from them which is scarcely inferior to olive oil. One acre of good land will produce about fifty bushels of seed, each bushel yielding about a gallon of oil. The seeds are also used like almonds for making soothing emulsions, and, in some parts of Europe, a food for infants is prepared from them. In tropical America, the Indians make bread of them. The Jerusalem artichoke is a species of the sunflower, and, like all sunflowers, a native of tropical America. It has a straight stem, eight or ten feet high, and produces flowers like those of the sunflower, yellow, but smaller. The thick, fleshy perennial root produces a large number of tubers not unlike potatoes. Though not as nourishing as the potato, these tubers are, when properly prepared, very palatable, and make very good soup. They are propagated like the potato.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Some accounts have reached us of the results of the observations made in Asia during the eclipse of the sun on the 6th of April. A writer in the *London Times* states that the results of these observations are well worthy of the time, labor, and thought expended on the whole attempt. Evidence of the highest importance, bearing upon the general nature of the spectrum of the coronal atmosphere in its upper region, has been obtained. He thinks there is evidence to sustain the theory that there is something at the sun like an envelope or atmosphere of hydrogen, something that is cooler, something that is confined to the higher levels of its own atmosphere, and which will not appear lower down, because the compound molecules which form it will be broken up by the higher temperature of the subjacent regions.

BOTANICAL.—M. Woronin, of St. Petersburg, recently read, before the society of naturalists of that city, an account of some investigations in relation to the cause of the disease known as "club-foot," found in the roots of different species of cabbage and turnip. The disease, which is common in England and some parts of America, has but just made its appearance near St. Petersburg. It has generally been attributed to the sting of some insect, but M. Woronin asserts that he has discovered it to be owing to the presence of a vegetable organism hitherto unknown. This new plant has not yet received a name, awaiting further study, to establish its position in the system.

COMPLEMENTARY TASTE.—At a recent meeting of the London Physical Society, Dr. Stone made a communication on the subjective phenomena of taste. He stated that some experiments he had recently made led him to consider whether there might be "complementary taste," as well as "complementary sight." He described the following experiments as examples of the kind of phenomena. If water be placed in the mouth after the back of the tongue has been moistened with moderately diluted nitric acid, the water will have a distinctly saccharine taste. If the wires from a ten-cell Groves' battery be covered with moist sponge, and placed, one on the forehead, and the other on the back of the neck, an

impression is produced which is exactly similar to that resulting from the insertion of the tongue between a silver and a copper coin, the edges of which are in contact. Dr. Stone showed that the induced current usually employed for medical purposes has not this effect; and he considered the results curious, as, so far as we know, they can hardly be the results of chemical action. Mr. Roberts mentioned an instance in which sudden alarm had been followed by the peculiar taste which results from the introduction of two coins into the mouth, to which allusion is made above.

BALLOONING.—A new steering balloon, by Smither, is being exhibited, suspended in the middle of the Alcazar, in Paris. The measurement is only six thousand feet, but the balloon is so light that, when filled with pure hydrogen, it must float. A considerable sum of money has been invested in it, and great ability has been displayed in the construction. Although no practical result in open air may be expected, it is a wonderful piece of clock-work. In connection with this subject, it is stated that, for several months past, a firm of engineers have been experimenting privately at the Crystal Palace with an aerial steamer of a novel and promising character, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. Experiments are stated to have proved the capability of two vertical screws, each twelve feet in diameter, to raise a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds; the steam-engine, with water and fuel, forming a part of the weight so raised, to the extent of eighty pounds. The power exerted by it is equal to two and a half horses.

THE VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.—Dr. Balfour reports some interesting experiments on the *Pionæa muscipula*, which he considers a carnivorous plant. He shows that the irritability under which the leaf contracts is resident in six delicate hairs, so placed on the surface of the leaf that no insect can avoid touching them in crawling over it. Chloroform dropped on a hair caused the leaf to close immediately; water had no such effect. Contraction only lasted for a considerable time; when any object capable of affording nutrition was seized it lasted for about three weeks, and the interior of the leaf gave out a viscid secretion.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## FLORIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

LITTLE FLORIE would be eight years old to-morrow, and her fond mother had promised her a company of six to take tea and spend the afternoon.

"You may invite just whom you please, daughter," her mother said; and as soon as lessons were over, she went out, accompanied by her nurse, to invite the company.

Ann, the nurse, thought, of course, that Florie would invite Fannie Morris, Jennie Snow, and two or three others with whom she often played. They lived in large houses on the next street, and thither Ann turned, expecting Florie to follow.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Florie. "The company I am going to invite don't live there. Those girls have lots of fun and many good times."

Proceeding in their walk, they came to an alley not very inviting in appearance.

"I am going to stop here," said Florie; and opening a rickety old door, she began to climb the stairs. Stopping at the top of the first flight, she knocked at the door on her right.

"Come in," was faintly heard.

Florie opened the door, and walked up to a little girl about her own age and size, who was sitting on a chair knitting. She held out her hand in the direction of Florie's voice, for poor Mary Grey was blind, the daughter of a woman who had done some sewing for Florie's mother.

"Mrs. Grey, I came to see if you would allow Mary to take tea with me to-morrow; 't is my birthday, and mamma has promised me a little party, and that I shall invite whoever I please. I will send for her, if you are willing."

"How good you are, Miss Florie!" the mother replied. "My poor child has but few pleasures, and I know she will enjoy her visit to you."

"I will send for her, then, at three to-morrow."

Bidding the mother and daughter good-bye, she tripped down the stairs and hurried along to another house not far distant, where a large boot hung out for a sign.

Nurse looked at Florie in amazement as she entered this little shop, where an old man sat mending shoes, and a poor little lame boy was propped up in a chair, trying to amuse himself with some bits of bright-colored leather.

"O Miss Florie!" exclaimed the child, "I am so glad you have come. Those roses you sent me a few days ago were beautiful, and I kept them just as long as I could, *but they would die.*"

"Never mind, Jamie; I have come to invite you to take tea with me to-morrow, and you shall have as many roses as you can carry home."

The little lame fellow glanced at his poor, deformed feet, and then at his crutches.

"Never mind, Jamie," the old shoemaker said, "I will carry you to Miss Florie's. I expect to go up in that direction to-morrow."

Florie now left for another home. Passing out of the alley and going into a little side street, she stopped at the door of a neat but poor-looking house, which was occupied by an old woman, formerly a nurse in Florie's family.

"O Miss Florie, it does me good to see your bright face; no one has been to read the story of the Good Shepherd since you were here, and my poor old eyes are of but little service now."

"Well, nursie, to-morrow will be my birthday, and you are to come and take tea with me, and then I will read to you, if you wish."

"The precious child!" said the old woman, "to think of poor old nurse."

"Good-bye, nursie; I am not through inviting my friends yet;" and beckoning to Ann, she walked on a few doors farther, and then stopped at another home of poverty. A weak-looking child came to the door, not much older than Florie, with a baby in her arms, crying as loud as he could cry.

"Why, Florie!" the child exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of seeing you!"

"Where is your mother, Amy?"

"She is washing; and the baby is so cross

I can't do any thing with him. I could not go to Sunday-school last Sunday because he was not well, and I am so sorry, for I knew my verses, every one."

"Do you think your mother will let you come and take tea with me to-morrow? It is my birthday."

By this time a poor woman made her appearance, wondering what such a fine little girl could want with her child.

"Please, may Amy come to my house to-morrow afternoon? It will be my birthday; we are in the same Sunday-school class, and I would like to have her."

"Certainly, miss, I have no objections;" and the mother and child were both pleased.

"Where next?" said Ann.

"To Mrs. White's," said Florie; "there is no one there but little deaf and dumb Tommy; I am going to invite him."

Florie ran in to Mrs. White's, made known her errand, and left, saying, "Bring him at three o'clock to-morrow."

"Now for home," said Florie; and hastening to her room the moment she arrived, she wrote a little note as follows: "Florie Swift sends her compliments to Mrs. Swift, and would be pleased to have her company to-morrow afternoon."

"Ann, take this to mamma, please, and wait for an answer."

Ann soon returned with a small piece of paper, on which was written: "Mrs. Swift accepts the invitation for to-morrow afternoon."

The next afternoon was bright and clear, and as three o'clock drew near, Florie began to arrange her table for the guests in the arbor. A large dish of strawberries stood in the center, on one side a large cake, and on the other a plate of biscuit. Cold ham and chickens were also provided, and a small bouquet of choice flowers stood by each plate.

"Your company is coming," said Ann, who was assisting Miss Florie.

Sure enough, there came old nurse with her walking-stick, and Jamie on the shoemaker's back. Ann had seated blind Mary, and soon Amy and the little mute Tommy appeared. Seating old nurse in a large chair brought out for her, she seated all the rest on her right and left. Mary smelled the flowers, and seemed to enjoy them. Mrs. Swift next appeared, looking somewhat as-

tonished at the company assembled. She greeted each one pleasantly, and took the head of the table. The good things soon began to disappear.

Tea being over, Mrs. Swift invited them to the parlor, where she played and sang for them. Each had a piece of cake and plate of ice-cream before leaving, and a bouquet to take home. All seemed to enjoy their visit, and left well pleased.

After they had left, Mrs. Swift asked Florie why she had invited such a company?

"Mamma, our teacher told us last Sunday that God said, Feed the hungry, lead the lame, and help the needy, or something like that. *That is what it means, anyhow.* Did I do right, mamma?"

"Yes, daughter, I was glad to see you do as you did. He who gives to the poor, lends to the Lord."—*American Messenger.*

#### FABLES.

AWKWARD END OF A FINE BEGINNING.—

"Now for some young greens! We have had poor fare long enough," said the Slugs and Snails, after the rain had refreshed the parched and thirsty earth.

"Now for the slugs and the snails!" said the Thrushes. "Not a dinner have we had these two months." And they fell to till only a solitary few escaped to their hiding-places, confessing that prosperity, however bright its promise, has its drawbacks in fruition.

FLYING ABOVE.—"Mother, mother!" cried the young Herons to the old Bird, "how are we to escape the hawks and the falcons? They are continually pursuing us!"

"My dears," said the old Bird, "they are, I know well, quick, powerful, and cruel, and greatly to be feared; but if you will only *keep the sky of them*, you will be safe. There's nothing like flying above your enemies!"

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.—"Who is a friend like me?" said the Shadow to the Body. "Do I not follow you wherever you go? Sunlight or moonlight, I never forsake you."

"It is true," said the Body; "you are with me in sunlight and moonlight, but where are you when neither sun nor moon shines upon me? The true friend abides with us in darkness."



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A PLEASANT book for Yankee readers is Mr. Samuel Adams Drake's *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast*. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke, Cincinnati.) The first chapter is devoted to the New England of the ancients, with a *fac-simile* of the first map engraved in New England, embracing Boston and its surroundings. Chapter second describes Mount Desert Island, the birthplace and early home of the late lamented Bishop Clark. Maine's coast and its islands are visited and illustrated—New Hampshire corners on the sea. Here we have "the ancient seat of the Winthrops, at Little Harbor;" the portrait of Sir Thomas Wentworth, with the interior of the mansion; a portrait of Benning Wentworth, for twenty-five years royal governor of New Hampshire; succeeded by his nephew John, who was royalist governor at the time of the out-break of the Revolution. Next comes Salem, Massachusetts, with its stories of witches and witchcraft; the birthplace of Putnam, and a picture of the old soldier in the uniform of a British officer. Marblehead is the next locality pictured, the birthplace of Elbridge Gerry, as well as of that word named from him for political chicanery, "gerrymandering." Next we have Plymouth, the "American Mecca;" "Pilgrim Hall;" Sargent's picture of the Landing; the "Rock," inclosed within an iron railing, and "1620" painted on its top; with incidents of Carver, Bradford, John Allen, and Miles Standish. Thence out to Provincetown, around the Cape to Nantucket, and across to Newport, on which the author has given us one of his most interesting chapters, particularly his description of the French at Newport during the Revolutionary war; Mount Hope and King Philip, New London and Norwich, with a picture of the house in which Benedict Arnold was born, and of the old Congregational Church, in which our youthhood was trained; Saybrook, and the tomb of Lady Fenwick.

The writer attempts—as Abbott did with Napoleôn, and Froude with Henry the Eighth—a sort of vindication of George the

Third. He says, "The American is now living who will see justice done the memory of George III. He was neither a bad king nor a bad man." He doubtless felt as badly over the loss of his American colonies as Bloody Mary did over the loss of Calais. No better justice can be done to George III than has been rendered him by Professor Green, of Oxford, in his short history of the English people, who, after saying that the young king managed to ruin the country, though he was neither profligate nor great, proceeds to add: "He had a smaller mind than any English king before him save James the Second." He characterizes him as dull, petty-tempered, and obstinate. After such justice rendered to an English sovereign, by an Oxford professor, no American needs try.

MESSRS. HITCHCOCK & WALDEN send for our notice in this monthly number a new and beautiful edition of *Temptation and Triumph*, with other stories, By Virginia F. Townsend; *Amy's Temptation*, by Mrs. S. E. Sells, a well-told story of domestic life and personal influence; *Lost and Found*, by Rev. W. S. Urmy, a lovely little book designed for the young; "The Lost Coin Found;" "The Lost Sheep Found;" "The Lost Son Found." *My Uncle Toby: his Table Talks and Reflections*, by an Attorney-at-Law. Useful thoughts uttered in taking style. Dialogue is more attractive than essay, and a personality much more easily retained in the memory than an abstraction. Uncle Toby will be popular with all classes of readers. (Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

It requires peculiar genius to make a successful school book, and the man who succeeds here does a great and useful work for his day and generation. Smith, Anthon, M'Guffey, and others achieved fame and fortune, years ago, in this useful direction; and their success led many to experiment who had a less measure of success, or failed altogether. Professor J. P. Ridpath, of the Indiana Asbury University, has ventured into this field with a school *History of the United States*, on a new and comprehensive

plan. For his text he is indebted to the ordinary authorities. He attracts attention and aids memory by copious illustrations. Geography and chronology are the "two eyes of history;" and this volume is full of chronological charts and maps of the country at each period of its existence, voyage and discovery, colonization, English grants, French, English, Dutch, Swedish, and Spanish possessions, territorial growth, and every other that will give the learner an idea of the state of the country, period by period, from the beginning. Chronology and maps are thus made a part of the study of the author, and they are a most important part, in aid of the young memory. It is a pity that artificial scaffolding, as the division of history into periods, should be necessary. As well attempt to divide the flowing Ohio into sections as to separate the current of events into fixed and definite sections. Much that is thus learned in school-days, in the domain of the arbitrary and artificial, has to be unlearned in future life. When able to stand alone we throw away crutches; the unphilosophical and unthinking mistake the crutches for the natural legs. The portraits of distinguished characters with which the book is illustrated are numerous, faithful, and well executed. We think the work will be both popular and useful in the sphere in which it is designed to serve. (J. T. Jones & Co.)

*The Lesser Hymnal* (Hitchcock & Walden; Nelson & Phillips) is a selection, from the standard hymn-book, of hymns in common use, supplemented by such as have become

popular in other quarters since our collection was made, in 1848. It is a cheap and convenient manual for use in the family, social circle, prayer-meeting, and Sunday-school. It has about ninety of Charles Wesley's (out of five hundred), some forty of Watts's, the rest scattering over the whole range of former poets, and a fuller representation than necessary of the new. If a dozen or two of feeble specimens from living pens had been omitted, there would have been no necessity for crowding the last hundred pages into such fine print as will militate seriously against their evening use (the time when the book will be most used), and such as will aid the fine-typed modern newspaper in the evil work of destroying the eyesight of whole generations. Dr. Warren and the Agents have done their work well, on the whole.

*A Question of Honor*, a novel, by Christian Reid (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati). *The Hudson River Illustrated* by pen and pencil, for tourists and others, illustrated with sixty engravings on wood, from drawings by J. D. Woodward. (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A beautiful tribute to the American Rhine, and an indispensable accompaniment for the tourist, as he steams along its surface in one of its floating palaces, or rides along its banks on the rail.

OF the Home Story Series, we have *Stories for the Fireside*, by Augusta Larned, with three illustrations. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**CHURCH DEDICATIONS.**—Under this head the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* has a sensible editorial in one of his August issues. He rebukes the prevailing mania for urging and inviting bishops to turn aside from their regular duties to attend dedications. According to Romish and ritualistic ideas, nobody short of a bishop can "consecrate." The higher the official, the holier

the effect. The bishop's blessing is large, the archbishop's more liberal still, the cardinal's superior to either, and the Pope's no way short of that of the Almighty himself. In Protestant Churches, a great dedicatory is secured to secure a great audience, and a great audience is gathered to get a great contribution. The man is called to dedicate who will "draw." It is sufficiently



humbling to a preacher's self-respect to feel that he is put up, like an elephant or Punch and Judy, to attract a crowd; and still more degrading to his finer sensibilities to be put on to the platform to badger like an auctioneer for two or three hours together, particularly in connection with a Sunday service, to raise a provisional supply for a debt that often demoralizes a society or impoverishes the givers. We hope the day will come when churches will be paid for when they are finished, and nothing will be said or done at the final dedication to mar or ruin the moral and spiritual impressions of the sermon and the services of the occasion.

HENRY SLICER.—In an August number of the *Christian Advocate*, Dr. John A. Dashiell has a long eulogy on the "old war-horse" of Baltimore Methodism. "He was of Scotch descent and a native of Annapolis, Maryland. Henry was the second son, and in his sixteenth year was sent to Baltimore to learn chair-painting. The year after his arrival in Baltimore he was awakened, left his seat in the gallery, knelt at the altar, and was converted. He joined the Exeter-street Church. Two years afterward, in his nineteenth year, he returned home. During these two years, his activity and success in the Church had developed traits of character which indicated the Christian ministry as his life-work. The opinion of the excellent man to whom he was apprenticed, and of the Church of which he was a member, was confirmed by his own experience. The call of the Holy Ghost was distinct and imperative. He was licensed to preach in his twentieth year, and employed on the Baltimore circuit. At the ensuing session of the Conference, namely, in 1822, having been recommended by the district conference which met December 4, 1821, in Georgetown, D. C., he was received on trial, and appointed to the Harford Circuit. He was in the itinerant ministry over fifty years, was a member of eight General Conferences, and died April 23, 1874."

He is thus happily characterized by Dr. Dashiell: "Henry Slicer was a man of vigorous intellect and of moderate education. He was self-reliant and indefatigable. By his earnest piety, the culture of considerable study in his early ministry, abundant use of

social helps, and unfaltering devotion to his work as a Methodist preacher, he rose to a high rank among his brethren, and held during his life a prominent position in the Church and community. Simple in dress and frank in the expression of his opinions, he was courtly in manner, and a welcome guest in cultivated circles. Stern reformer, he had the confidence of the multitude, and sat down in the poorest homes with the most lowly. Exacting of duty, and blunt in denouncing evil of every sort, he was gentle to woman, tender to childhood, kind to the young itinerant, and hospitable to a fault. Amidst the engagements of a long and busy life, he never allowed the demands of home, friendship, or party to weaken the claims of God upon his time and services. His ministry is an instructive example of devotion to primitive Methodist usage, of sympathy with judicious changes, and of punctilious discharge of official duties. His religious experience, from its dawn, was positive and full of comfort."

DR. CURRY IN IRELAND.—The following is from the *London Methodist*: "Rev. Dr. Curry, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, New York, preached in University Road Church on the Sunday evening, and took part in the ordination service in Donegal Square. His appearance is in itself striking: rather above the medium height, the head being of ample dimensions, and well covered with snow-white hair; faultless in his dress, and wearing a plain black silk neck-tie, instead of the usual white worn in this country by ministers; standing erect, with the manly bearing of Americans generally, neither nervous nor timid, he attracts the attention of those who observe men as they pass along. His sermon was the production of a mind which had made theology its study, exhaustive both in its exposition and analysis, as well as full in its doctrinal teaching. It was, indeed, very unlike that of the usual style of American preachers, possessing few or none of the elements which contribute to form a popular preacher, but full of thought, with all the evidences of careful preparation."

FAME.—A leading Southern Methodist Journal, in an editorial, speaks of "Dr. E. Wentworth, until recently editor of the

LADIES' REPOSITORY, at Cincinnati." A few years ago we were hunting for Henry Ward Beecher's church, and were within a block or two of it, when we inquired of a decent-looking man if he could direct us. "Beecher? Beecher?" said he; "there is no such man preaches in this vicinity." "But, perhaps you are a stranger here," we mildly suggested. "No," he said; "I have lived in this quarter of the city for twenty years, and never heard of any such church." Probably this intelligent citizen was one of the jury in the late trial, and knows better now. A court trial gives a man notoriety, if it adds little to his fame. Thackeray, in one of his lectures, speaking of fame, illustrated his topic by an incident that happened to him in St. Louis, when his presence stirred the whole city. He came down to breakfast late one morning, at the Planter's Hotel, and two colored waiters, to whom he was personally unknown, supplied his wants. While he was breakfasting, he overheard one of the servants say to the other, *sotto voce*:

"Who is this Mr. Thacker that every body is making such a blessed fuss about?"

"Blarsted if I know," rejoined his intelligent companion.

Such is fame!

ORATOR PUNSHON.—Dr. Curry, writing from the Irish Conference, writes thus of the effort of the illustrious President, Dr. William Morley Punshon, on that occasion.

"After the ordination came the charge to the young ministers by the President, which was the great event of the occasion, and, indeed, of the whole conference. We have heard Dr. Punshon on several occasions in America, in performances that were acknowledged to be among his best and most effective; but this certainly surpassed them all. It was somewhat in the form of a sermon,—text, Paul's exhortation to the Ephesian elders—spoken from the pulpit, standing back of and a little above the platform, upon which sat the persons especially addressed, and a large number of the chief men of the conference, while the whole interior of the church, below and above, presented only a sea of expectant faces. It was about an hour in the delivery, and, from beginning to end, it was like a deluge of compacted thoughts poured forth with a well-

managed earnestness, in a full and distinct utterance, and illumined and enforced throughout with the most apt illustrations and apposite 'puttings,' while the substance of the advices and cautions were wholesome and thoroughly religious. We have heard Dr. Punshon's discourses likened to a galaxy of bright stars, and to a brilliant display of pyrotechnics; but neither of these can do justice to this one. It was a protracted and sustained cannonade, like that of Waterloo or Gettysburg, with mingled peals of thunder, and flashes of flame, and the heavy crashing of shots and shells,—all combined into a single but continuous strain of eloquence, beautiful in its imagery, and sublime in its power."

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESIDENCY.—It has become somewhat common for college presidents to resign the headship of institutions, and betake themselves to professorships. Dr. Cummings exchanges the presidency of the Middletown College for a chair in the same institution, while Dr. Cyrus Foss assumes the presidency. Dr. Foss is an able man, and will, no doubt, prove successful as an administrator of the affairs of the University, of which he is an honored alumnus.

OSTRACISM.—The Romish hierarchy has threatened, through one of their Jesuit organs, to expel the New York *Herald* from every Romish house in the United States for some of its utterances. After expelling the Bible and all the best literature of the age from their communion, it will not be regarded as any great mark of virtue that Bennett's *Herald* is tabooed, and placed on the Index Expurgatorius.

OUR HYMN.—We publish in this number the whole of the English version, written in the sixteenth century, it is supposed, and nearly the whole of the Scotch version, dating from the seventeenth, of the well-known

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

number 962 in our hymn-book, supposed to be a versification by Watts, though marked "unknown." Hymn-book hymns, by great authors, are usually a selection out of long poems, beautiful to read, but too long to sing, unless at a concert, or "Praise-meeting."



ENGRAVING IN THIS NUMBER.—The fame of Saratoga is world-wide. Its many mineral springs, with their health-giving properties, have built up a town of elegant hotels, pretty churches, and costly mansions, and brought to this originally unattractive place, the fashion, the wealth, and the beauty of the land. To its natural attractions, it has latterly added trials of muscle and trials of speed, on the part of biped and quadruped, which annually draw immense crowds to its lake and its trotting-park. Hotel life, with its exactions, has come, of late, to be supplemented by cottage-life, wherein one can withdraw from fashion and folly, and live soberly and seriously, "in the world, but not of it." In one of these cottages there dwells, "during the season," a saintly woman, of whom it may be truly said: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Reared after the manner of the Society of Friends, Miss *Sarah F. Smiley* carries with her that air of spiritual and intellectual refinement for which the Friends have ever been remarkable, and by her earnestness of speech and manner, her eloquent and burning words, her sprightliness and humor, she leads captive the throngs who crowd to hear her interesting Bible readings, or assemble to listen to her fervent addresses. A face of winning sweetness, a tone of gentle persuasion, and a toilet of Quaker simplicity in finish, though of Quaker elegance in material, present to us the woman who, though in feeble health, recently addressed, in the parlors of the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga, the belle of Fifth Avenue and the bear of Wall Street; the Vice-President of the country, and the "elegant young men," who, it is said, "stood with serious air the whole hour through of her talk, or, drawing out a pocket Bible, followed her reading of texts." A good woman—an angelic face.

MOUNTAIN LAKE, among the Andes, painted by the incomparable Church, is a beautiful scene, and was kindly loaned for the express use of the artist of the REPOSITORY, by Mrs. J. M. Ingersoll, of New York. We have seldom, if ever, printed a more exquisite landscape.

RAINY SUMMER.—"Water, water, everywhere!" was the cry in June and July of the

current year. During those months, in some sections of the West more rain fell than had been known for years. Streams were rampant, and floods damaging. Whole newspaper broadsides were devoted to accounts of destruction and devastation. Camp-meetings were squelched. In one of our suburban villages, a society advertised to lay the corner-stone of a church on a given day, and the report was, that when the day came, the stone had floated away, and the church corner was a foot or two under water! The Ohio rose in might and majesty; but while rivers were magnified poor humanity suffered.

NEW TEMPERANCE PAPER. — *Woman's Temperance Union*, Philadelphia, edited by the talented Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, of Joliet, Illinois. Sure to be a good thing.

WORKS EXPECTED.—It is said that Dr. Tefft is writing the life of Bishop Soule, and that Dr. Crooks is writing that of Dr. M'Clintock. Considering the character of both the authors and subjects, we can not see how either work can fail in power, interest, or importance.

SAVONAROLA.—Our readers will find an able paper on Savonarola in this and the last number, written by a valuable correspondent, a Roman Catholic Italian lady, whose opportunities for giving a true picture of the great reformation far exceed any that our libraries afford on this side of the ocean.

ANDREW JOHNSON.—In the death of this distinguished Ex-President, Tennessee lost a notable citizen and the country an honest man. He had his eccentricities, but he was faithful to what he conceived to be the principles of right, justice, and truth. Living, his love for the Constitution amounted to a passion; and dying, he desired that his winding-sheet might be the flag of his country.

FREEMASONS AND ROMANISTS. — A London writer says, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of Rome in these days is Free Masonry. We have never had any love for that order since the days of William Morgan, but we shall be happy if they can stem the tide of Romanism. Of two great secret organizations, if we must choose between them, commend us to the secret "Order" rather than to the secrets of the "Confessional." St. John rather than St. Peter.







Ministry of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church











THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1875.



CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE CATACOMBS.

NUMBER I.

FEW places in Rome are more attractive to the student of Christian archæology than the Lapidarian gallery in the palace of the Vatican. In this long corridor\* are preserved a multitude of epigraphic remains of the venerable past, — shattered wrecks of antiquity, which have floated down the stream of time, and have here, as in a quiet haven, at length found shelter. The walls on either side are completely covered with inscribed slabs affixed to their surface. On the right hand are arranged sepulchral and votive tablets, altar-dedications, fragments of imperial rescripts and edicts, and other evidences of the power and splendor of the palmy days of Rome. On the left are the humble epitaphs of the early Christians, rudely carved in stone or baked in terra cotta, and brought hither chiefly from the crypts of the Catacombs.

Of greater interest to him who would rehabilitate the early ages of the Church, and

"To the sessions of sweet silent thought  
Would summon up remembrance of things past,"

is this long corridor of inscriptions than any of the four thousand apartments of that vast palace of the popes, with their

priceless bronzes, marbles, gems, frescoes, and other remains of classic art. He will turn away from the noble galleries where the Laocoön forever writhes in stone; and Apollo, lord of the unerring bow, watches his arrow hurtling toward its mark, to the plain marble slabs that line these walls. Here the monuments of pagan and of Christian Rome confront each other. The spectator stands between two worlds of widest divergence, and can not but be struck with the immense contrast between them. On the one hand are recorded the pride and pomp of worldly rank, the varied titles and manifold distinctions of every class of society. The undying historic names of Rome's tribunes and consuls, as well as of her mighty conquerors, the leaders of her cohorts and legions, mingle with those of her proud patrician citizens, and alike display, on their sepulchral slabs, the august array of *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen*, which attest their lofty social position or civil power. The costly carving and elaborate bas-reliefs of many of these monuments indicate the wealth of those they commemorate. The elegantly turned classic epitaph, with its elegiac hexameters, breathing the stern and cold philosophy of the Stoa, or an utter blankness of despair about the future; or, perchance, a querulous and

\* It is eight hundred feet in extent, and contains about three thousand inscriptions.

passionate complaining against the gods,\* show how the races without the knowledge of the true God met the awful mystery of death. The numerous altars to all the fabled deities of the Pantheon, the vaunting inscriptions and lofty attributes ascribed to the shadowy brood of Olympus,—“unconquered, greatest, and best,”—read, by the light of to-day, like an unconscious satire on the high pretensions of those vanished powers.

On the other side of the corridor are the humble epitaphs of the despised and persecuted Christians, many of which, by their rudeness, their brevity, and often their marks of ignorance and haste, confirm the truth of the Scripture, that “not many mighty, not many noble, are called.” Yet these “short and simple annals of the poor” speak to the heart with a power and pathos compared with which the loftiest classic eloquence seems cold and empty. It is a fascinating task, to spell out the sculptured legends of the Catacombs,—that vast grave-yard of the primitive Church, which seems to give up its dead, at our questioning to bear witness concerning the faith and hope of the Golden Age of Christianity. As we muse upon these half-effaced inscriptions,—

“Rudely written, but each letter  
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter,”—

we are brought face to face with the Church of the early centuries, and are enabled to comprehend its spirit better than by any other evidence extant. These simple epitaphs speak no conventional language, like the edicts of the emperors and the monuments of the mighty, or even the writings of the Christian fathers. They lift the veil of ages from the buried past, and make it live again, lit up with a

thousand natural touches, which we seek in vain from books. They give us an insight into the daily life and occupations, the social position, domestic relations, and general character of the primitive Christians, of which we get few glimpses in the crowded page of history. To him who thoughtfully ponders them, these unpretending records become instinct with profoundest meaning. They utter the cry of the human heart in the hour of its deepest emotion, and in the solemn presence of death. We hear the sob of natural sorrow at the dislocating wrench of hearts long knit together in affection's holiest ties; we witness the dropping tears of fond regret over the early dead; and seem to listen to

“The fall of kisses on unanswering clay.”

We see the emblematic crown and palm rudely scratched upon the grave wherein the Christian athlete, having fought the fight and kept the faith, “after life's fitful fever sleepeth well.” We read, too, the intimations of the worldly rank of the deceased, — sometimes exalted, more often lowly and obscure,—and frequently accompanied by the emblem of their humble toil.\* The very names written on these marble tablets are often beautifully and designedly expressive of Christian sentiment or character.

Sometimes the correspondence of name and character is indicated, as in the following:† ΣΙΜΠΛΙΚΙΑ Η ΚΑΙ ΚΑΛΩΝΥΜΟΣ,—“Simplicia, who was rightly so called;” HIC VERVS QVI SEMPER VERA LOCVTVS,—“Here (lies) Verus, who ever spoke verity.” These names were frequently assumed in adult age, when the convert from paganism laid aside his former designation, often of an idolatrous meaning, in order to adopt one more

\*As in the following: PROCOPE. MANVS. LEO. CONTRA. DEVM. QVI. ME. INNOCENTEM. SVSTVLIT.—“I, Procope, lift up my hands against the god who has snatched away me innocent.” ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVAE FVNERE GAVDES QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS ERIPITVR,—“O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched away from me?”

\*Many of the inscriptions are in Greek, which seems to have been largely employed even by the Latin-speaking Christians, probably because in it the new Evangel was first proclaimed. Thus the new wine of the Gospel flowed from that classic chalice which so long had poured libations to the gods.

† In several of the following inscriptions, the classical reader will detect irregular spelling and construction, which must be taken as we find them.



consistent with the Christian profession. Thus we have such beautifully significant names as, INNOCENTIA, "Innocence;" PRUDENTIA, "Prudence;" ΠΙΣΤΙΣ, "faith;" ΕΛΠΙΣ, "Hope;" ΑΓΑΠΗ, "Love;" ΕΙΡΗΝΗ, "Peace;" ΕΥΣΕΒΙΟΣ, "Pious;" and the adjectives, FIDELIS, "Faithful;" CASTA, "Pure;" BENIGNVS, "Kind;" ENGENVΛ, "Sincere;" DVLCISSIMA, "Most Sweet;" and the like.

Sometimes, too, a pious word or phrase was used as a proper name, as among the ancient Hebrews and the English Puritans. Thus we have such examples as, QVOD VVLT DEVS, "What God wills;" DEVS DEDIT, "God gave;" ADEODATVS, and ADEODATA, "Given by God;" RENATVS, "Born again;" REDEMPTVS, "Redeemed;" ACCEPTISSIMA, "Well pleasing;" ΕΥΣΠΡΟΣΔΕΚΤΟΣ, "Accepted;" and ΣΩΖΟΜΕΝΗ, "Saved."

Some of the names in these inscriptions were probably given by the heathen, in reproach and contempt, but were afterward adopted by the Christians, in humility and self-abasement. It is difficult to account otherwise for such names as CONTVMELIOSVS, "Injurious;" CALAMITOSA, "Destructive;" PROJECTVS, "Cast out;" and especially such opprobrious epithets as FIMVS and STERCORIA, "Dung" and "Filth." In the last there may be an allusion to the words of St. Paul, "We are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." Thus the primitive believers bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, exulted in their "glorious infamy," and changed the brand of shame into the badge of glory.

Sometimes a sort of pun, or play upon words occurs, as in the following: HIC JACET GLYCONIS, DVLCIS NOMINE ERAT, ANIMA QVOQVE DVLCIOR VSQVE,—"Here lies Glyconis; she was sweet by name, her disposition also was even sweeter;" HEIC EST SEPVLCRVM PVLCRVM PULCRÆ FEMINÆ,—"Here is the beautiful tomb of a beautiful woman." Much of the paronomasia, however, is lost in translation. Most of the names, as might be expected, are of classical origin. We find also in-

dications of the custom of adopting the names of the reigning dynasty. The modern Victorias and Alberts find their analogues in the Aurelias and Constantinas of the Aurelian and Constantinian periods. The lofty *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen* of the pagan epitaphs do not appear among the Christians. Having renounced the pride of birth and place and power, they laid aside their worldly titles for the new name given in baptism. In some instances the name of the deceased is not recorded in the epitaph at all; perhaps, as Fabretti suggests, because "they wished them to be written only in the Book of Life."

These sepulchral slabs also frequently give intimations of the social rank and occupations of the departed. Sometimes, especially after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the empire, the enumeration of titles indicates exalted position, and the holding of important offices of state; as, for example, the following: JVLIVS FELIX VALENTINIANVS, VC. ET. SP. EX-SILENTIARIO SACRI PALATII EX-COM. CONSISTORII COM. DOM.,—"Julius Felix Valentinianus, a man of the highest distinction and consideration, ex-Silentiary of the Sacred Palace, ex-Count of the Consistory, Count of the Household Troops." (A. D. 519.) We have also such examples as, SCRINARIVS PATRICIÆ SEDIS, "Secretary of the Patrician Order;" ARGENTARIVS, "a money dealer;" VESTITOR IMPERATORIVS, "Master of the Imperial Wardrobe," etc.

The great body of Christians, however, were of lowly rank, many of them, probably, slaves, by which oppressed class most of the arts of life were carried on. It was the sneer of Celsus, that "wool-workers, leather-dressers, cobblers, the most illiterate of mankind, were zealous preachers of the Gospel;" but Tertullian retorts, that every Christian craftsman can teach truths loftier than Plato ever knew. The emblems of the occupation of the vine-dresser, carpenter, mason, currier, wool-comber, shoemaker, and the like, occur on many of the funeral slabs. We find also such records of trade

as, PISTOR REGIONIS XII., "a baker of the twelfth district;" ORTVLANVS (*sic*), "a gardener;" HORREARARIVS, "a granary-keeper;" CARBONARIVS, "a charcoal-seller;" POPINARIVS, "a victualler;" BVBVLARIVS DE MACELLO, "a flesher from the shambles;" CAPSARIVS DE ANTONINIAS, "a keeper of clothes at the Antonine baths;" QVADRATARIVS, "a stone-squarer;" POL-LICLA QUI ORDEVM BENDIT (*sic*) DE BIA NOBA (*sic*),—"Pollicla, who sell barley in the New Street;" JOHANNIS V. H. OLOGRAFVS (*sic*) PROPINA ISIDORI,—"John, a respectable man, a book-keeper in the tavern of Isidorus;" and, less reputable than any, VRBANVS V. H. TABERNARIVS,— "Urban, a respectable man, a tavern-keeper." This last, however, is of date A. D. 584, when the purity of faith and practice had greatly degenerated. While many of Rome's proudest monuments have crumbled away, these lowly records of the early Christians have been preserved for our study.\*

Very often some phrase expressive of the Christian character or distinguished virtues of the deceased is inscribed in loving remembrance by his sorrowing friends. These testimonies are calculated

to inspire a very high opinion of the purity, blamelessness, and nobility of life, of the primitive believers, all the more striking from its contrast with the abominable corruptions of the pagan society by which they were surrounded. With many points of external resemblance to heathen inscriptions, there is, in those of Christian origin, a world-wide difference of informing spirit. Instead of the pomp and pride of pagan panegyric, we have the celebration of the modest virtues of meekness, gentleness, and truth. The Christian ideal of excellence, as indicated by the nature of the praises bestowed on the departed, is shown to be utterly foreign to that of heathen sentiment. The following are characteristic examples: IN SIMPLICITATE VIXIT AMICVS PAVPERVM INNOCENTIVM MISERICORS SPECTABILIS ET PENITENS,— "He lived in simplicity, a friend to the poor, compassionate to the innocent, a man of consideration, and penitent." INFANTILÆ ÆTAS VIRGINITATIS INTEGRITAS MORVM GRAVITAS FIDEI ET REVERENTIÆ DISCIPLINA,— "Of youthful age, of spotless maidenhood, of grave manners, well disciplined in faith and reverence." W. H. WITHROW.

\*It may not be uninteresting to notice some of the trades and occupations mentioned in pagan epitaphs. They are of a much wider range than those of the Christians, indicating that the latter were a "peculiar people," excluded from many pursuits on account of their immoral or idolatrous character. We find such examples as, MAGISTER LVDI, "master of the games;" MINCATVR POCVLI, "toast-master;"

DOCTOR MYRMILON, "teacher of the gladiators;" DERISOR OR SCVRRRA CONVIVIORVM, "buffoon, or clown of the revels;" STVPIDVS GREGIS VRBANI, "clown of the city company of mountebanks." One of the most remarkable is that of FANATICVS, in the temple of Isis; that is, one hired to stimulate the zeal of the votaries of the goddess by wild and frantic gestures, attributed to the inspiration of the deity.



## RAMBLES IN EGYPT.

THE scene at the depot in Cairo was not only interesting, but also intensely exciting. It appeared to me that all the nations of the earth had representatives in that vast crowd which was assembled there. The strange medley and wild confusion almost bewildered me. Costumes and complexions of various colors constituted a novel sight. Turbaned heads predominated; the black one of the Copt, the dark blue of the Jew, and the green and white of the Moslem, being the most attractive and conspicuous. The shining black face of the Nubian, and the swarthy countenance of the Abyssinian, strongly contrasted with the copper hue of the Bedouin, and the white of the European. Through this mixed multitude, I was conducted to my carriage, and conveyed to Shepherd's Hotel.

Cairo is a modern city when compared with Karnac, Thebes, and Memphis, having been founded about A.D. 970, by Moez, an Arab caliph from Western Africa, who called it *Misr El-Kahira*, or "The Victorious," which name, it is said, the Italians corrupted into *Cairo*. Its original site was at Fostalt, or Old Cairo, eight miles up the river; but the government transferred its seat to the present location in the twelfth century. It stands partly on a plain, and partly on the slope of the Mankatten range, which subsides into the Delta of the Nile and the desert of Suez. Its form is oblong, being nearly three miles in length and almost two in breadth, making the circumference of the city about seven miles. A substantial stone wall, built by Saladin, surrounds it.

The appearance of Cairo is decidedly Oriental, and affords a fine opportunity to study Moslem character and customs. Its population of three hundred and fifty thousand is composed almost exclusively of native Egyptians, who are interesting to the stranger, because their dress and habits of life are patriarchal, reminding

the student of the Bible of Abraham and Moses. It is not probable, however, that those ancient brethren were as filthy as the descendants of the Pharaohs. These people live in miserable hovels, whose walls are mud or unburnt bricks, and whose floors are stone or clay. The lower floor of their houses is generally occupied by camels, donkeys, chickens, dogs, and fleas.

The streets of the city are numerous, narrow, and crooked, there being but one in the business portion of the place wide enough for carriages; this is the *Muskay*, a great public thoroughfare, having the enormous width of thirty-two feet; many of the others are not more than eight or ten feet. The favorite resort is the *Ezbekieh*, a public square, or city park, which is to Cairo what the *Champs Elysées* is to Paris. It is a beautiful plat of ground, checkered with walks, and covered with ornamental trees, while its numerous booths, stalls, and drinking-houses are crowded with people, to whom bands discourse sweet music every evening. On the west of this park is the palace of the late Mohammed Bey, in the garden of which the unfortunate Kleber was assassinated; on the other side of it are the houses of the Copt quarter, while, here and there, the office of a consul, or the front of a large hotel, is seen.

One of the prominent features of the city is its bazaars, or the principal market-places, where all kinds of merchandise is bought and sold. Some of these seem to extend along whole streets, and represent special departments of merchandise. These bazaars are constantly thronged by multitudes of people, who are commingled, in strange confusion, with camels, horses, and donkeys; and the noise and bustle, the pushing and scrambling, the screaming and gesticulating, present a wild and unique scene, that can only be witnessed in an Arabic city.

In the vicinity of the *Ezbekieh*, or the

suburbs of the city, where carriages can be used, the ceremonial parade of the Turkish officials occurs. This is an imposing ceremony, and no doubt, makes a deep impression upon the minds of the common people. Dressed in the gorgeous robes of state, and seated in splendid conveyances, drawn by richly caparisoned steeds, with a liveried driver holding the reins, these grandees make a great display. A peculiar feature connected with this pageant is the runner, with long white skirt and large turban, bearing a sword of state, or staff of authority, who runs constantly two or three rods before the carriage, calling out for the way to be cleared. It is astonishing what speed and power of endurance these footmen have, keeping their distance in front of the carriage, even when the horses are making fast time. This Oriental custom prevailed in the days of Elijah, who, desiring to honor the king, ran before Ahab's chariot, from Carmel to the "entrance of Jezreel."

The great attraction of Cairo is its mosques, which number between three and four hundred. Like the cathedrals in Roman Catholic countries, these are always open for public prayer, and to them the devout come at all times a day, to perform their devotions. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, but the Moslems do not abstain on that day from their ordinary work, except at noon, which is the hour of prayer; and then the mosques are usually crowded. These structures are generally built of stone, and the alternate layers are of different colors, first red and then white, to make them more attractive in external appearance. The side of the building facing Mecca is the most important one, having a larger portico, and one or two extra rows of columns. This part of the mosque is the place of prayer and the main audience-room. In the wall is a niche, indicating the direction of Mecca, to which the faces of the worshipers are always turned. The pulpit is to the right of the niche, and, on the opposite side of the room, there is usually a raised platform, supported by

small columns, on which is arranged a desk or table. There the Koran is kept, and from it, on various occasions, a chapter is read to the congregation.

The interior of these mosques is generally plain. A sort of entablature, resembling the fronts of the galleries in our churches, extends around the main audience-room, over the columns. These are ornamented with various devices, usually texts from the Koran, sometimes in stucco, sometimes carved. No representations of animals or men, or any thing that has life, are allowed in their ornaments. The floors have no seats, and are covered with matting, to accommodate the kneeling worshipers. In their congregations, the Moslems recognize no distinctions of rank. On these floors, the rich and the poor pray side by side. But no women are to be seen in these public assemblies. There is no prohibition in the Koran that excludes them from the mosque, but they are taught it is better for them to pray in private. It is only in Christian countries that woman is treated as an intelligent, immortal, and accountable being.

The mosque of Amron or Amer, named in honor of the lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, in the old city, built in 642, is not only the oldest mosque in Cairo, but the oldest in the world. It is said to have been erected upon the spot where Amer, with his conquering Saracen forces, encamped, in the first subjugation of Egypt to the Moslem power. It now stands amid the mounds and rubbish of the ruined houses that have fallen into decay around it. In a state of dilapidation, enough only of the structure remains to give an idea of its original grandeur and simplicity. It is an object of interest and curiosity as a monument of the architectural taste and skill of those ancient and semi-barbaric times. The columns of granite and porphyry, which it borrowed from the temples of a more ancient worship at Memphis, have disappeared, and the marble tablets, on which the full text of the Koran was written, have gone with them.



Another important mosque is that of Ahmed-ebn-Souloun, built in 877, in the earliest Saracenic style. Hence, it was erected ninety years before any other part of the city. This is shown by two inscriptions, in ancient Cufic characters, on a portion of the wall of one of the courts. Within the colonnades, along the cornice, above the arches, are Cufic inscriptions on wood. The Arabic character, it is said, was adopted A. D. 950, but the Cufic continued to be used long after; and, as late as A. D. 1508, both Arabic and Cufic were employed. A peculiarity about this structure, of special interest to architects, is the pointed arches. There has been considerable controversy concerning the origin of the pointed arch, and it is claimed that this building establishes the fact of its existence in Egypt three hundred years before its introduction into England.

The interior of the mosque has a dirty, gloomy appearance, and we were not inclined to linger. The ascent of the minaret is made on an exterior spiral stairway, which we did not observe in connection with any other mosque. The exposure of a thousand years has caused its stone steps to crumble, and the ascent is somewhat dangerous; but, when the visitor reaches the summit, he is repaid for the risk. The building being upon an eminence, its minaret towers far above the city, and affords a magnificent view. This mosque was designed for a tomb and a monument, as well as for a place of worship. In one of the corners of it repose the ashes of Gama Tayloón, who reigned over Egypt from A. D. 868 to A. D. 884. History informs us that he was possessed of great treasures, and thereon raised his power. His son and successor, Ahmed, after whom the mosque was named, was the father of the poor, but inexorable in the punishment of crime; and eighteen thousand persons were executed during his reign.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan is one of the most beautiful specimens of Arabian architecture in Cairo, and some pronounce it the most perfect religious struc-

ture in the country. It was erected about A. D. 1350. The materials that compose it were procured by an act of vandalism which is reprehensible. The mighty pyramid of Cheops was the quarry, and the mosque is, therefore, the offspring of a ruined tomb. The interior is imposing, presenting to the eye symmetry of proportion, magnificent arches, and elaborateness of ornament. The arch on the side of the court toward Mecca has a span of over sixty-nine feet. This mosque is also a mausoleum for the dead. In one portion of it is a spacious room covered with a lofty dome of wood, and ornamented with various devices of plaster work. In the center is a space, protected by a railing, which incloses the tomb of Sultan Hassan. This celebrated man was murdered in that very sanctuary by the Mamelukes, and the stains of his blood are still shown upon the beautifully tessellated marble pavement. On the head of his tomb is laid a large and splendid copy of the Koran, magnificently illuminated with golden colors.

Another very grand mosque of Azhar, though built nine hundred years ago, was repaired in 1672, and is in admirable preservation. Its principal use, however, is not that of religious worship. It is the most popular university in Egypt. The scientific course pursued here embraces the Koran, versification, grammar, civil law, commercial law, and ecclesiastical law. Two thousand students, of different ages and sizes, sit on the floor in circles, whose circumference is as regular as if they had been described by the compass; they sit cross-legged, facing inward, while the professors stand at convenient distances, so as to hear and instruct several circles. Each student has a book before him, and commits its text to memory by rehearsal, constantly swinging backward and forward during the exercise; not only the students in one circle, but all the students in all the circles, rehearsing in chorus. We inquired in which of the schools of philosophy of ancient Egypt this form of instruction was instituted, but received no satisfactory answer. We

think it must have originated at the tower of Babel.

The mosque of Mohammed Ali is a gorgeous structure, the finest and most renowned in modern Egypt. Standing upon the hill of the citadel, and inclosed by its ramparts of walls, it lifts its proud form high above all its companions. It is of purely Saracenic construction, and, by reason of its advantageous site, grand dimensions, and its elevated dome and minarets, is the most conspicuous and admired object in Cairo. Within and without, including walls, pillars, pavements, arches, and dome, the material is beautiful Oriental alabaster. The interior shows a departure from the ancient style of architecture we have before contemplated. A Western taste has left its stamp on its general Oriental features. In it is the tomb of Mohammed Ali, which occupies a conspicuous part of the building; a railing surrounds it, gorgeous decorations have been lavished upon it, and near it lights are kept continually burning. The remains of Mohammed Ali rest in an immense alabaster sarcophagus, always covered with rich tapestry. While visiting this and other mosques, we were compelled to leave our boots and shoes with the Arab servants at the doors, and use slippers.

In the court surrounding the mosque, there was enacted, by this same Mohammed Ali, one of the bloodiest scenes. The Mamelukes had great power and influence in the government of Egypt, and, being a treacherous race, were not trusted by Mohammed Ali, who did not feel secure while they were plotting against him. Already he had discovered a conspiracy to overthrow his government and assassinate his person. He resolved to destroy the Mamelukes, and at once proposed to send an expedition into Arabia to deliver the Holy Land from the Wahabees, who had taken possession of Mecca and Medina.

The elevation of his son, Tossoom Pasha, to the important command of this expedition was made the pretext for a celebration at the royal palace, to

which all the dignitaries of the realm were invited; and special pains were taken to have the Mamelukes present. The 1st of March, 1811, was the day appointed for the great feast. At its conclusion, the guests were preparing to retire, when they were fired upon by sharp-shooters, concealed in the citadel. The gates were shut, so that none could escape; and of all the four hundred and forty of their chief men, who were assembled there on that fearful night, but one escaped. Emir Bey leaped his horse over that citadel precipice, and, it is said, a heap of rubbish at the bottom broke the fall, and the horse and rider went on their way rejoicing. The massacre extended to the city, and a general order of extermination was given. Refuge was denied the Mameluke race, under penalties of severe punishment. Their houses were plundered, their families murdered; and no less than twelve hundred lives were sacrificed in the city and surrounding country, besides the four hundred and forty who perished in the citadel, with their chief, Ibrahim Bey. It was a treacherous, cold-blooded murder, and ended the Mameluke power in Egypt.

Although the citadel of Cairo has been rendered unreliable as a fortress, it very justly excites admiration. It is a combination of fortifications, palaces, and mosques, and stands on a rocky bluff of the desert, three hundred feet above the Nile; and, while it overlooks the entire city, it commands a view, not only of the pyramids of Gizeh, but also those of Lucena, and a view of the Nile, from ancient Memphis far down the Delta. A well which supplied water to the citadel is an object of much interest and curiosity. It was excavated by Salah-ed-dyn (Saladin), otherwise known as Yussef-ebn-Ayoub, and from him called Joseph's well. It is cut into the solid rock, to the enormous depth of two hundred and seventy feet, and consists of two stories or chambers. Around the well is a winding staircase, cut also in the rock. The water is raised from the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet, into the



chamber, worked by men stationed at the bottom. Thence it is brought to the top of the well by another mechanical process. Popular superstition, seizing on the legendary history of the patriarch Joseph, long regarded him, and not Saladin, as the Yussef who made the well; and, at last, by an exercise of still greater credulity, it has come to be regarded, irrespective of topographical evidence to the contrary, as the veritable "pit" into which Jacob's pious son was thrown by his naughty brethren, in revenge for his having received a pretty coat.

The magnificent palace of Saladin, its audience chamber graced with thirty-two majestic monolith columns, was injured thirty years ago by an explosion, which necessitated its removal. In its stead was built the last elegant palace of Mohammed Ali, which is now the residence of the young prince, Mohammed Tauphik. When the invader drives him from the beautiful gardens of Shoubra, he can shut himself up in the citadel. His present home, or harem, is surrounded with magnificent fountains and miniature gardens. There the munitions of war are to be seen: cannon, swivel, and howitzer stand ready balanced to welcome the approaching foe; platoons, battalions, and brigades regularly perform their evolutions.

The Khedive is reorganizing his army on the Western system of evolutions and tactics. For this purpose, he has taken the loyal General Stone as chief-of-staff, and the loyal General Mott as aid-de-camp, and, with these, some eight or ten military men, who distinguished themselves in the Confederate army. The Egyptian army, clothed in pure white uniforms, presented a fine appearance; and their drill, which we witnessed, indicated that American military training was of great advantage to the Khedive's troops. It is not improbable that the peculiar relations existing between the Viceroy of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey impel the former to keep his army on a superior war footing.

Ismail Pasha, the present Khedive, or

Viceroy, is a son of the eminent Ibrahim Pasha, and grandson of the illustrious Mohammed Ali, the restorer of Egypt, after its ruin under the sway of the Mamelukes. He succeeded his uncle, Said Pasha, in 1863, and is fifty-six years old. By a treaty which he made recently with the Sultan, the succession is confirmed to his family in a direct line. His derivation is from Macedonia, and his appearance is decidedly European. He was educated, in part, in France. He speaks the French language, and inclines to French tastes and affinities. Although the Khedive's countenance is dull and heavy, he converses in French with ease, sagacity, and intelligence. Mr. Seward said, if he had met the Khedive in a social circle, *incognito*, he should have thought him an accomplished country gentleman, interested in education and social reform, or a railroad contractor, a speculator in lands, or a planter, just as the subject of conversation might happen to turn. He has two traits most admirable in administrator or in prince,—perfect good nature and equanimity.

Mohammed Tauphik is the eldest son and heir apparent of the Khedive. He is about twenty, handsome, intelligent, and carefully educated by European masters. We learn that his sagacious father, notwithstanding religious prejudices, insists upon Tauphik's mingling freely with European society. Cherif Pasha, President of Council of State and Prime Minister, is a very able and sagacious statesman. Houbar Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is an Armenian Christian, spirited and well informed, but somewhat restless under the restraint imposed on the Khedive's government by the Christian powers, as well as by the Ottoman Porte. If Egypt would shake off the Turkish yoke and be free, she would be the most progressive nation in the Orient. But her future depends more upon her moral and intellectual elevation than her political independence. The masses of the people are very ignorant and depraved. Mohammedanism has degraded its devotees, and made them servile, rendering

them incapable of appreciating freedom, should it be granted them. While America has sent generals to discipline the Egyptian army, and experienced laborers to improve Egyptian manufactures, it has done still more to elevate Egyptian morals.

It may be interesting and encouraging for the Christian world to know the past history and present condition of Protestantism in Egypt. While it is not what we desire, yet the progress of Christianity, considering the obstacles to be overcome, has been more rapid than was anticipated. According to a policy which has produced the most beneficial results, the missionary work in Egypt, as if by the common consent of the Church at large, was assigned to the denomination that first occupied the field. This was the United Presbyterian Church of America.

In 1855, a mission was commenced in Cairo, and it has grown to be a prosperous one. The society, organized in 1863, has between forty and fifty communicants. There are twelve laborers, including seven natives. Two hundred and thirty pupils receive instruction in the day-school, both sexes being about equally divided. Having a Sabbath to spend in Cairo, we went to this American mission. It was a lovely morning in February; the sun shone brightly in a cloudless Egyptian sky, the air was sweet and balmy, and the birds sang in gardens. Leaving our hotel, and following an Arab boy, we were soon in the crowded streets, on our way to the place of worship. It was our first Sabbath among Mohammedans. To one accustomed to spend the day in a Christian land, and in Christian worship, the scene seems strange indeed. The Mohammedan Sabbath comes on Friday, the Jew's on Saturday, and the Christian's on the first day of the week. Though there are three Sundays in succession, in reality there is none at all. The Mohammedan Sabbath is but little regarded. As we went to Church on that Christian Sabbath, we observed the bazaars all open; the mechanic plied his instruments of labor, the fellah was betaking himself

to his accustomed pursuits, while busy, noisy throngs of men and loaded camels and donkeys obstructed our way until we reached the mission building. It is situated in the best part of the city, and was donated to the missionaries by the Khedive. The property is valuable, and affords accommodations for the various agencies of the mission. Such a gift, from such a source, infused a new life into the small society, and led it "to thank God, and take courage."

Ascending the steps leading from the first to the second story, we were ushered into the main audience-room, which was comfortably filled with converted natives. It was truly a strange scene. The peculiar dress and complexion of the worshipers, and the unknown language in which the services are conducted, deeply impressed us. Rev. Dr. Lansing, an American missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, addressed the congregation in Arabic. The people listened attentively to the sermon, sang with spirit at the close, and, during the entire service, exhibited great earnestness and sincerity. Immediately after these Arabic exercises, Rev. Dr. Barnet, another American missionary, preached to a large number of English residents and strangers in Cairo. While hearing the Gospel for the first time in the land so often mentioned in the Bible, as the scene of thrilling events in the history of God's chosen people, we seemed to enjoy it more than ever before.

Our visit to the mission school, held in the basement of the building, was a delightful privilege. We found one room occupied by a very interesting Bible-class composed of ten or twelve scholars, taught by a promising young man, a convert from the Coptic religion. He could converse in English, and interpreted the recitations for us. The lesson was in the first chapter of the Gospel by John; and the subject, the divinity of Christ. These young men were being soundly indoctrinated, and, no doubt, will soon be preaching Christ in the dark land of Egypt. In another room, Mrs. Lansing had charge



of the young children, who seemed to be devotedly attached to her. Their sparkling black eyes and dusky faces were turned up to hers with loving tenderness, as she told them the "old, old story of Jesus and his love." At our request, they sang, and, though the Arabic language has no music in it, there was something melodious then, because the tunes employed were such as we sing in the Sabbath-schools of America. How we were surprised and delighted to hear them in that distant land!

The success of this mission in Cairo, Alexandria, Osiont, and other parts of Egypt, is attributable to the fact that the Copts are being reached. This sect has between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand adherents in Egypt, and it is estimated that seventy-five thousand of them are in Cairo. Though they have partially mixed their blood with their Nubian and Arabian neighbors on either side, they are universally recognized as the only true descendants of the ancient Egyptian race. They accepted Christianity in the first century, and, adopting the asceticism which was affected by the disciples of our faith in that early period, they incorporated a Church with a powerful hierarchy and monastic institutions, the models perhaps of those institutions that have so long existed throughout Christendom. They established a litany. Amid all the changes that have occurred in the ecclesiastical world, they still preserve their hierarchy, those monastic institutions, and that litany. In the great theological disputes which distracted Christendom from the fourth century to the tenth, they rejected equally the supremacy of the Patriarch at Constantinople and that of the Bishop of Rome. In the main, they go with the Romish Church in requiring celibacy for the clergy, while they adhere with the Greek Church to the abstruse metaphysical doctrines, that, after the incarnation of the Savior, his nature was one, and not a double nature; and that the Holy Ghost "proceeds," not "from the Father and the Son," but from the Father alone.

There are many Coptic churches in Cairo, the most prominent of which we visited. The services resemble those of the Romish Church. Indeed, the Copts, both in doctrines and modes of worship, bear a striking similarity to Romanism. They give special prominence to the intercession of the Virgin, the invocation of saints, and prayers for the dead. They are extremely ignorant and superstitious. When they baptize a child, they first immerse the lower part of the body, then up to the middle, and, at last, covering it entirely. The sacrament of the Lord's-supper is administered to infants by simply applying the consecrated elements to their lips. But one of the most disgusting scenes is the ceremony of casting out devils by the priests. The man who imagines himself possessed endeavors to imitate the lunatics, mentioned in the New Testament, by going through all kinds of bodily contortions. Finally, the priest sprinkles holy water upon him, pronounces some mysterious words, and announces the departure of the evil spirits. Truly, this system is a strange compound of error and truth; and yet, of all the converts made to the Protestant mission in Egypt, three-fourths have been from the Copts. These nominal Christians, notwithstanding their errors, accept the Bible as the word of God, and observe the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath. It is Providential that this element yields so readily to the influence of the pure Gospel, and it will eventually become a powerful auxiliary in securing the overthrow of Mohammedanism in Egypt.

Another thing favorable to the triumph of Christian civilization in that country is the liberal ideas of the Khedive. No nation has a bolder projector, or more munificent patron, of internal improvements. He has already extended the Alexandria and Cairo railroad one hundred and fifty miles toward Upper Egypt, and is intent upon carrying it to the Soudan, the extreme southern province in his dominion. His aid and influence in behalf of the celebrated Suez Canal are known to

the world. He is now reconstructing the city of Cairo. Five years hence it will no more resemble the grand Cairo of the Saracenic age than modern Paris resembles the Paris of Louis Quatorze. The Cairo of to-day is not entirely the same Cairo described so well by "Eothen" and the "Howadji." This active, restless, innovating Khedive, Ismail Pasha, lays out and paves broad and direct avenues, plants spacious parks and gardens, and builds or buys European hotels, banking-houses, warehouses, and what

not, to such an extent that a sojourner in the city who confines himself to the improved district, might fancy himself in Vienna or Milan. Nevertheless, the Grand Cairo of history and of romance, the Cairo of the "Arabian Nights," of Saladin, and the Mamelukes, remains a great city, a maze of majestic mosques, latticed palaces, and brilliant bazaars. What she needs most is, not material prosperity, but intelligence and morality, which are the fruit of Christianity.

H. H. FAIRALL.

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## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

### CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the departure of friend Maurice, I occupied myself in bringing my own complicated business affairs to a termination. Justice, at length, had been pronounced in my favor, rendering me a free man once more. Liquidation of all arrears being made, there remained for my benefit only a package of legally stamped paper. I had satisfied every liability, and found myself, for the second time, a ruined man.

I was about returning to the trowel once more, when an architect, under whom I had worked at one time, proposed to me that I should leave Paris, and establish myself at Montmorency, where he assured me of work for the season, promising, indeed, to assist in obtaining it for me.

"The country is fine," said he. "There is only one master-mason thereabouts, a skilled workman, but of brutal nature, and only employed for lack of somebody better. With a little exertion, you will be able to secure the best part of the work. Here, you vegetate always among great contractors, who simply smother you. It is better to be a tall tree among shrubs, than a mere bush under-growth of a forest."

I felt too keenly the truth of this maxim to hesitate, and thus all was soon settled. The architect went with me to the place of labor, explaining what I ought to do, and I returned without delay to Paris to carry away Genevieve.

The moment of departure was a very hard one. It was the first time that I had ever quitted the great noisy city. I was as thoroughly accustomed to its dust and its solid pavements as the peasant to bright verdure and the sweet odor of hay. I had my own familiar streets, through which I passed every day; my eye had adapted itself to the sight of men, of houses, until, by long habit, these had become, in a sense, part of myself. To abandon Paris was to destroy, for the time, my tastes, my souvenirs of memory, my entire life, in fact. The neighbors, whom for so long a time we had known intimately, came flocking to their doors, uttering kind farewells, while some of them made complaint against us for leaving the old home. Accordingly, I put a good face on the matter, and even went so far as to answer their salutations by smiling blandly. Nothing in the world would have tempted me to let them see how sad I felt at heart. I realized well that this



forced departure was in itself a humiliation. It proved that evil fortune had been too strong for me; and I wished to contend against this default, by maintaining an air of cold, unfeeling indifference. As for Genevieve, who really had less of regret than myself, she did not dream of concealing how much she wept. Loaded with bundles and baskets, the poor woman replied to all questions, and good wishes for a pleasant journey, by thanks, accompanied by stifled sobs. She paused at every door to embrace, for the last time, the little children and infants. While these delays made me very impatient, I still strode quietly ahead, always whistling in a subdued, careless way, to keep myself, as it were, in countenance. Finally, as a turning in the street caused the last house of the faubourg to disappear, I breathed more freely. Genevieve had rejoined me, and, together, we mounted the conveyance which carried our poor stock of movables, and thus found ourselves fairly on the road to Montmorency.

God only knows how deep were the maledictions I pronounced on myself during the route, on the laziness of the horse, and the frequent halts of the carrier. The blood boiled in my veins far above fever heat, whilst, nevertheless, I still maintained a stolid silence. I had a fear that, if I spoke at all, I should say too much, and that much in no very gentle terms, so Genevieve decided with me, that it was better to hold our peace.

When at length we reached our journey's end, night was closing in around this new world. The small dwelling I had selected stood at the lower extremity of the village, in a street so straight and narrow that a carriage could hardly pass through and turn in it. I opened the door, my heart so wrung that it almost ceased its beating. I made a sign to Genevieve to enter, and I went back to assist the driver in discharging his load of household goods. I could not bear to witness the disappointment of the poor woman, as she first stood face to face with our wretched retreat.

She understood, without doubt, what I felt, for she soon reappeared on the threshold, with a smile, declaring that we had there all we could wish. She herself aided us in carrying the articles and putting them in place. When we finished, dark twilight enveloped us; the driver departed, and we two were left alone.

Our dwelling was composed of a ground-floor, lower than the street. It had once been paved, but the broken tiles formed now a kind of uneven and damp macadamized flooring. A small window opened on the court of a neighbor, bringing to us the odors of the kitchen; while a high chimney, that filled nearly the whole length of the gable, sent out thick clouds of smoke within.

I contemplated this sad hovel with a kind of stupor. Whether I had formed hasty judgment at the first view, or whether my feelings had changed, certain it is that it now presented an ill-conditioned and dilapidated air that had not before struck me. Our furniture, carefully arranged, and the presence of Genevieve near me, far from enlivening the place, seemed only to make the gloom more apparent. Adorned with what might tend to embellish it, the house left no possible doubt of its character, but exhibited itself in all its ugly deformity. Spite of her efforts to appear satisfied, Genevieve experienced a regretful feeling, which she could not conceal. She seated herself on the hearth, her two elbows resting on her knees, and gazed straight before her. I was placed on the opposite side of the chimney-piece, standing with arms crossed on my breast. A small candle, nearly consumed, in its tin candlestick, gave just enough light to show us our wretchedness.

Genevieve was the first to throw off this depression. She rose from her seat with a sigh, went for the basket of provisions, which she had brought from Paris, and began to lay the cover. But the bread was lacking. I went out immediately to buy a loaf.

The baker's shop was some distance

away, and when I entered it, several neighbors were gathered about the threshold. They seemed to be listening to a large man, who spoke in a very loud voice, and with an angry manner. I took no notice at first, and only waited for the small loaf, which some one had gone to procure for me, in the back room of the shop, when I heard my name pronounced by the stout man.

"His name is Pierre Henri, called La Rigueur [the honest]!" cried he; "but the devil twist off my neck if I do not change his name to that of the Starveling. If I have to sell my last shirt, I will bring him into more quarrels and lawsuits than he can well stuff his mattress with."

"It is a fact, if we let these Parisians establish themselves in the province, they will eat our bread under our very thumbs," another comrade observed, who, by his begrimed hands, I recognized as a laborer in an iron furnace.

"Without taking into account that they always end by being bankrupt," added the grocer. "To prove it, there was the clock-maker from the grand place, who ran off without paying me."

"And be thou sure that the new master-mason will not have any better memory," replied the stout man. "Something tells me he is a cheat, who comes here to hide himself from the police."

Until then I had listened without well knowing whether I ought to seem to hear; but at these last words, the blood rushed to my head, and I turned round toward the door.

"Pierre Henri has no need to conceal his person," cried I. "And the proof is, that it is he who now speaks to you."

There was a general stir among the spectators, in which the stout man moved nearer the door.

"Ah, ah! here is the bird, then," said he, looking me in the face with an insolent air. "Well, well! I should not have known him by his feathers. For a master-workman from the great city, it seems to me, he has rather a ruffled and simple appearance."

"You will soon see the kind of work he is able to do," replied I, gruffly. "These insults only prove jealousy or malice. It is by the labor that one must judge of the workman."

"That remains to be seen, if we ever wish to know any thing about thy work," replied the master-mason, in a coarse tone. "Thou hast taken from me one customer; but if thou venturkest upon a second offense, as true as my name is Jean Fèron, I will knock the life out of thee on the first occasion!"

I felt that I was becoming pale with rage, not from fear. This burly figure, face red with anger, and with little gray eyes, that flamed in menace, stirred up my blood, and I looked at the man steadily, without any flinching.

"Let us see thee try that, Master Fèron," replied I, preserving a quiet manner. "Those men who bluster about knocking one's brains out are not always ready to do it when the time comes. Until this day I have managed to preserve a whole skin against more than one wicked companion, and I hope not to leave it in Montmorency."

"Ah, well! All in good time!" cried the mason, taking off his cap. "We will see what thou canst do with thy elbows. The devil burn me, but I will make a clean breast of it, and it shall never be said that Jean Fèron will let the grass be cut under his feet by a bungler from Paris."

I did not reply, for a furious anger was getting possession of me, and I felt ready to let it blaze. So, taking the bread up quickly, that I had come to purchase, I was about to go out, when the baker demanded from me his payment. I replied that I had laid the money on the counter; but the merchant declared that he had received nothing. Then followed a dispute, which the master-mason was not slow in aggravating. My honor being at stake, I sustained the affirmation with persistence. In the height of the contest, a little girl, who was present, said, in a half-whisper, that I still held the silver concealed within my fingers. I



hastily opened my hand. It was true. In my trouble I had retaken from the counter a ten-sou piece, and held it, without being conscious of the fact.

The stir this incident made upon the company gave me a vertigo. I tried to stammer out an explanation; but, feeling myself suspected, lost in some degree my presence of mind. I was unknown, surrounded by malevolence, without any means to prove that my error had been involuntary. So, cutting the mattershort, I paid the merchant, and turned to leave the shop. The master-mason was standing in the door-way, one shoulder against the casing, and his feet crossed, pressing on the opposite side. He looked at me, sneering.

"One piece is still lacking," said he, ironically. "For this once it will be necessary to pay for the bread at the price of the tariff."

"Let me pass," cried I, thoroughly out of patience.

"What, what!" replied he, in a tone more and more provoking, "people might say that the Parisian was really angry."

"The Parisian has had enough of your insolence," replied I, trembling with fury; "and he orders you to give way for him."

"Ah, true! And if I do not will it?"

"Then he will force you to it."

"Ah, yes! But we will see as to that."

I advanced resolutely quite up to him, while he continued leaning against the wall, his arms crossed on his chest.

"Jean Fèron, will you let me go out?" cried I again, with hands tightly clinched.

"No!" said he, chuckling.

I seized him by the arm, and pushed him rudely aside, to force, if possible, an open passage through the door. He, doubtless, did not expect such hardihood on my part, for he was on the point of losing his balance. He recovered himself, however, on the spot, uttering an oath, and, dashing up to me with uplifted arm, struck me in the face, with a blow that stunned me. I tried, nevertheless, to put myself in an attitude

of defense; and the struggle continued up to the moment when I tripped against the sill, dragging down in my fall the master-mason also. Falling under him, I soon felt his two knees on my breast, while his elbows were belaboring my face. The spectators, who until then had left us to fight as we pleased, now decided it was best to separate us. They drew me, with some effort, from beneath the master Fèron; they placed under my arm the bread I had bought; they showed me my road; and, mechanically, I retook the route that led to my lodgings.

I walked along like a drunken man. Every part of my body was aching; I felt broken and dispirited, to the very bottom of my heart. In sight of the house, I slackened my pace, for I dreaded the questions of Genevieve, when she should perceive my bloody and disfigured face. I could not bear the idea of recounting to her the humiliations that I had been obliged to endure. Happily, she had succumbed to the fatigues of the day, and I found her in bed, and asleep.

I hastened to extinguish the candle, which was still burning, and to throw myself on the bed. But in vain I sought for sleep. I was possessed by a sullen rage. Hatred of the master-mason devoured my heart. I longed now for all the ill luck to him that he had wished to fall upon me. I studied by what means I could most injure him, and revenge myself. Every thing else in the world had become indifferent to me. I even asked, silently, aid from the good God against mine enemy. Reflection, instead of calming me, only excited more and more these vindictive thoughts. My rancor was like a well, which deepens in proportion as we work upon it. If, from time to time, I slept for an instant, it was only to suffer from feverish dreams, full of wrath. Now I saw Master Fèron, with the bag of a mendicant slung over his shoulder; then I held him fast under my feet, as he had held me, until I forced him to beg for mercy. At other times, I saw him with manacled hands, between

four *gens d'armes*, who were conducting him to the prison for thieves, and I cast back upon him his villainous abuse.

In the midst of these nightmares, I was awakened by a shake from Genevieve. I sat upright in bed,—a great light blazed into our dwelling. We heard outside a wild tumult of voices, the clattering of men who seemed to be running. Then the cry of, "To the fire!" resounded on every hand. I made a bound from the bed, dressed myself in all haste, and went out. Two men were going through the street, running.

"Where is the fire?" I asked.

"In the shop of Jean Fèron," replied both, at the same moment.

I stayed my steps, seizing greedily on the words. One might say that God had listened to my prayers, and had taken upon himself to avenge me of my wrongs. It must be confessed that the first feeling was one of satisfaction. But it was merely a flash, that only lasted its little second of time. Almost as soon as conceived, I colored with shame at my resentment. Calling all good sentiments to my aid, it appeared to me that I was more bound than any one else to carry help to the master-mason, and atone, by this deed, for my wish for his downfall. This thought ran like a flame through my heart. I threw myself into the crowd of men who were passing, and soon reached the yard of Fèron.

The fire, which had commenced in an out-house, soon enveloped the whole building. At the moment when I arrived, the loose boards and thin scantling, scattered about, formed a circle of flame around the premises, which prevented any access to it. A few workmen ran through the smoke, carrying off the materials on fire. I joined myself to them, and we finally opened a passage way. Reaching the house, we found it locked. Some voices in the crowd cried out that Jean Fèron had gone home with his brother, to Andilly; but several others responded that they had met him, that same evening, in the village. One of these declared he had seen him enter the

house, with a stroke of good wine in his head, and a bottle under his arm. Drunken and asleep, he had, without doubt, heard nothing. Meanwhile, the danger was becoming more and more pressing. The fire, which extended from the rear, had already reached above the roof of the little porch. We struck in vain against the tightly fastened door; we shouted to the master-mason with all the strength of our lungs; there was no response. At the same moment a frightful crackling began above our heads, and the bricks, loosening their hold, fell down, bringing also a shower of burning brands. The whole roof was on fire. The crowd fled from such imminent danger. I hastened with others toward the farther extremity of the yard, when a great shriek from behind me stopped me short. I returned to the front. Jean Fèron had finally awakened, and appeared at one of the windows above the pavilion.

Taken by surprise in his drunkenness, and still completely bewildered, he regarded the scene with wondering exclamations, without seeming at all to comprehend it. All the voices shouted, at the same moment, to him to hasten down, and fly for his life. But the miserable man, out of his right mind, continued to gaze at the flames, which ran round the entire shop, repeating, over and over again, in a pitiable accent, "Fire! fire! fire!"

Two or three among us now decided to retrace our steps, and approach nearer the pavilion. The fire had already begun to plow its way through the flooring. We warned the master-mason that the least delay would cost him his life. He appeared at length to comprehend the danger, for he ran in quickly, as if determined to gain the door; and we drew nearer the building to render him all possible succor. By the sparks that whirled about the shutters of the lower story, we found that the flames had invaded, at the same time, both the basement and the attic. Jean Fèron soon reappeared at the window, exclaiming that the staircase was on fire, and beg-



ging for a ladder. Some of the crowd ran to look for one; but, in the midst of the disorder and destruction, it was doubtful whether they could find it in time. The flames in the basement rapidly increased, and, instead of the crackling noise heretofore observed, they began to roar, in the body of the house, like a furnace. Jean Fèron, loaded with papers and bags of silver, stood on the window-seat, pleading for some one to help him to descend. But those who were nearest remained immovable, either because they felt there was no hope, or else from fear. All at once a resolute courage took possession of me; the idea of danger disappeared; I only saw there was a man to be saved.

I ran quickly to one of the windows of the basement, and, aiding my ascent by the shutters, reached the coping of the first story. There, my shoulders were nearly on a level with the master-mason's feet. I then shouted to him that he must take advantage of these for a support. Fèron did not require the advice to be repeated. He made a stride through the window, and let himself glide down until he reached me. His heavy weight at first nearly destroyed my balance; I staggered, but, clinging to the wall, I forced my finger nails into the crevices of the stones, to which I retained my hold by a valiant effort; and the mason, using my body for a ladder, reached the ground without any accident.

It was only when I rejoined the spectators that he recognized me. He recoiled two or three steps, pressed his hand to his forehead, and, after having stammered out some words that I could not understand, seated himself on a portion of the wreck that still continued smoking. So many events, stroke upon stroke, without an interval, had stunned him. He had strength for neither explanation or thanks.

Perhaps, too, he lacked the will; for Jean Fèron had a heart from which it was as difficult to draw forth any gentle sentiment as to dig gold from the rock. Not to treat you as an actual enemy, the

man had always need of a great effort. His wife, after eighteen years of torment and of patience, had been forced to leave him; his children had sought, outside of their father's home, the bread of strangers; and, of all those with whom he had worked and lived, there was not one that called him friend. Having become my debtor since the burning of the workshop, he gave up persecuting me; but that was all. When I met him, he passed straight by me, as if we had never seen each other. If any person spoke to him of me, he either made no answer, or went off rudely. The bear had only given up his bite, without being tamed. Fortunately, the witnesses to the deed I had performed rendered to me full indemnity for this coldness. They spread abroad my conduct toward the master-mason; and when they learned, at the same time, what he had made me suffer on the first night of my arrival, the goodwill augmented in double ratio. To have performed my duty appeared to them unselfish generosity, and every one paid me back in esteem and good-will for what Jean Fèron refused even to acknowledge.

An encounter purely accidental, not long after, served also as a lesson and encouragement to me. At this time, in passing through Montmorency, one could not but notice, on the road-side leading from the burgh of Sarcelles to that of Ecouen, a small thatched cottage, with a little garden in front, where fruit, shrubs, and flowers commingled without regularity, but not without taste. It was the dwelling of a poor day-laborer, whose acquaintance I made accidentally, and who furnished an example to me ever after.

He was a foundling, brought up at first by the charity of a hospital, without any appointed place in it, yet called upon to perform the hardest of the labor. Ill-favored, thin, and abandoned, he had made up every lack by good-temper. They employed him first because of his zeal; but, imperceptibly, this zeal had become capability. His perseverance stood in place of strength; his application, of

personal address. Like the turtle in the fable, he always reached the goal in advance of the hares, who reckoned too much on their agile speed. Besides, to all his other disgraces, God had added one infirmity that filled up the measure of trial. Francois was afflicted with a confused stuttering, which one could not hear without laughing. Throughout his infancy, he had been for his companions a perpetual cause of merriment; farther on, he became the amusement of all the young boys and girls. Wishing to escape from their railleries, he confined his words to that which was indispensable, and resigned himself to the simple fulfillment of his duties, without joining in any pleasure sports, but sustaining the rôle of supernumerary mute, always so hard for our vanity and egotism.

Accordingly, as he wished some excuse for his silence, he learned of a basket-maker the art of weaving the more common description of panniers. Through the long nights of Winter, seated in the chimney-corner, in the little social circle gathered about the open door in Summer, he carried on his work. While the other young men smoked, laughed, and jested with each other, sitting idly with elbows on their knees, he patiently braided his osier withes, without saying any thing. The companions had at first rallied him on what they called his mania; then the constant habit of seeing him thus made them unmindful of its strangeness.

The infirmity of Francois had thus conduced to utilizing the hours which were lost to his companions. He drew from it another benefit. His utterance, so broken, avoided every useless word; he only spoke when he really had something to say; and thus, for the most part, he remained dumb. In this way he gathered mental strength, and, by a slow process, his spirit became matured. He followed out steadily, and in silence, without any distractions whatever, each thought as it came uppermost. He stored away, and meditated upon, those that he heard exchanged between others. His

baskets sold well throughout the country, and these gains increased, little by little, his savings. His infirmity, that kept him aloof from the village boys, spared him also the temptation of expense. At the end of a few years, he was rich enough to buy a little piece of land, which he cultivated in his leisure moments, and from which the receipts were still more profitable than from his baskets. He then began to dream of building himself a house. The small cabin rose gradually, but always kept on rising, until finally it was ready for the roof; and soon after the new proprietor went, for the first time, to sleep within his own premises.

All this took ten years to accomplish. Francois dedicated ten more to the perfecting of his work and enlarging of his domain. He dug wells and drains; planted fruit-trees, collected bees, which multiplied their swarms; bought two other fields, that he called his pasture and his orchard. When I first saw him, he had already crossed that troublesome moat which separates poverty from plenty. He could afford to sacrifice a few fruit-bearing trees to an emerald grass plat, and hawthorn shrubs to rose hedges. His cabin, shaded by acacias, looked out on the right of the road, seeming like a hive, clustered about with a forest of flowers.

He related to me, at that time, what I have here repeated,—not in consecutive detail, but in short answers, often interrupted by his stammering speech. Whenever he had nothing else to occupy him, Francois still continued to weave his baskets, that his fingers might be always busy, and also give him the right excuse for not saying any thing. One day, as I wandered over his domain, expressing my admiration for so much order, perseverance, and industry, Francois replied, smiling:

"The merit is not mine, but belongs to God, who took away from me the freedom of language. Not being able to waste time in idle chitchat, I have busied myself in active employment. The happiness of our life depends much



more on our will than on our outside advantages; and you can witness for yourself how much benefit can be derived from a physical infirmity.

I profited by the example of Francois, in never permitting a moment to slip past me in idleness. Genevieve, on her side, undertook the task of bleaching linen for a few families in the vicinity. Every experiment gathered something of success for us. As the architect had foreseen, work of various descriptions crowded upon our days and months. After a struggle of two years, the master-mason Fèron brusquely left the country, without giving warning; and I have never heard of him since. Soon after this, a son and daughter consoled us for the loss of our first child. True affection, joy of heart, easy circumstances, and

health, made up the four corner-stones of our household. Genevieve sung the whole day through; the little ones frolicked on the green turf; money poured in of itself to the treasury; good luck gleamed over us brightly as the noonday sun. I can truly say that this was the best of all my life heretofore, because, perhaps, I felt more truly in my heart the goodness of God toward us. At other times, we became so accustomed to a prosperous happiness, that we claimed it almost like the payment of a debt, instead of receiving it as a free gift; but then I had not been despoiled of my idols by Providence. Now the bitter taste of the bread of affliction was still on my lips, which made that of prosperity seem so much the sweeter.

FROM THE FRENCH.

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## ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

### THIRD PAPER.

FREDERICK had now consolidated his power in Germany; he had reduced to obedience his rebellious barons, and had planted, within a few days' march of Rome, two strong military colonies. Against these colonies the Holy Father launched enough spiritual thunderbolts to have caused them to fall like Jericho of old; but they consisted of Saracen unbelievers, and the papal thunders growled round them harmlessly. The pontiff, as his only hope of successfully resisting Frederick, revived the Lombard League, and for several years Lombardy was the battle-ground of the Imperial and papal factions. The proceedings were varied by occasionally excommunicating Frederick, and by a bull discharging his subjects from their allegiance.

In 1239, the Emperor found himself able to enter the States of the Church, and march upon Rome. In that city, a considerable party was so loud on his

behalf that Pope Gregory, perceiving his danger, marched in procession through the streets, preceded by the wood of the true cross, and the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and called on the multitude to take up arms for the Church. This imposing appeal to superstitious enthusiasm was successful. A Crusade was preached against Frederick; and the same indulgences, in the line of present license to sin and future deliverance from purgatorial fires, were extended to the new Crusaders as were formerly confined to warriors in the Holy Land. Even the priests enrolled themselves among the combatants; and, in a single day, the pontiff was at the head of an army strong enough to resist all the forces of the Emperor. Frederick retired into Apuleia; but he was so indignant at the preaching of a Crusade against himself, that he gave orders for the execution of every one found under the sign of the cross. To

assist his own authority by the voice of the Church, the Pope now summoned a General Council, and directed all bishops to assemble in Rome, at Easter, 1241. Frederick, anticipating no decision favorable to himself from any such council, sent letters to all the sovereigns of Europe, protesting against it. Frederick, too, was not one to content himself with mere protests. The French bishops sailed from Nice, convoyed by a powerful Genoese fleet. By Frederick's orders, they were encountered, off the island of Meloria, by the fleets of Sicily and Pisa. A bloody battle was fought, in which the Pisans were completely victorious. Four thousand Genoese were sent prisoners to Sicily; and the unfortunate cardinals and bishops were brought to Pisa. They were imprisoned and fettered; but, because of their sacred calling and lofty rank, respect must be paid them, and so they were imprisoned in the chapter-house of the cathedral, and their chains were chains of silver. What a consolation this must have been to the illustrious captives! The amount of treasure taken was so enormous that it was divided among the Pisans and Sicilians by bushels, reminding us of the bushel of gold rings gathered from the soldiers after the battle of Cannæ.

One prominent result of this sea-fight was that his mortification and grief were too much for the old Pope, and he died within three months; and for two years the papal chair was vacant. During this interregnum, there was much wrangling and fighting between the aristocrats and plebeians in many of the Italian cities. In Milan, a dispute arose with respect to the election of an archbishop, and the chapter agreed to refer the question to the decision of one Brother Leo, a holy man, who was entirely free from terrestrial ambition. Brother Leo accepted the responsibility; but, after long deliberation, he announced that he could think of no one so fit to fill the office as himself, and forthwith, to the astonishment and disgust of both parties, stepped into the position.

The hopes for peace which might naturally arise upon the election of a new pope (Innocent IV) were doomed to disappointment. After some futile attempts at negotiation, the pontiff, affecting a dread of personal violence from Frederick, left his palace at night in disguise, and succeeded in reaching Lyons without mishap. He there convened the General Council, which the capture of the French bishops a few years before had postponed. The Emperor was represented by Peter de Vencis and Thaddæus de Suessa. At the opening of proceedings, Thaddæus offered, on his master's part, if he might be reconciled to the Holy Father, to recall the Greek empire to the unity of the Romish Church, to undertake a new Crusade at his own expense, and to restore to the Roman Church the possessions he had taken from it,—the fulfillment of these provisions to be guaranteed by the kings of France and England. But Frederick had sinned too deeply to be forgiven. Innocent adroitly avoided the settlement. Said he: "I shall not accept his offer; for, did he fail in the fulfillment of his contract (as I have not the slightest doubt he would), I should have to fall back on his securities; and then the Church would have three enemies of unequalled power, instead of one." The result of the council was what every one must have expected,—a sentence of excommunication against the Emperor. Matthew Paris says: "The Pope, and the prelates sitting round him in council, with lighted tapers, thundered forth dreadful sentence against the Emperor Frederick, whilst his agents retreated in confusion." As soon as these proceedings were reported to their object, he burst into a violent rage. "Has the Pope, then, deprived me of my crown," he shouted. "Bring me my jewel-case." He seized his crown, set it on his head, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with passion, exclaimed: "No pope or council shall take it from me without a bloody struggle. I am better off than I was before the sentence. Then I was bound in some things to obey, at least to respect,



him, but now I am released from all obligation."

The effects of the sentence were soon seen in cowardly plots for the assassination of the Emperor. To some of these the Pope was proved to be privy. The consciousness of these plots, and a life of incessant anxiety, now told on Frederick's hitherto unconquerable spirit. Weary of his long war with the Church, he renewed his efforts for a reconciliation. In the guise of a penitent, he set out to pay a friendly visit to the Pope; but, while on the way to Rome, he heard that the Pope's adherents had excited a revolt against him in Parma. Frederick, postponing his penitence till a more convenient season, rapidly raised an army, and besieged the rebellious city. For some months the siege was maintained; but on one occasion the besieged, taking advantage of the Emperor's absence at hawking, made a sally into the German Winter quarters, and completely routed the besieging army, taking three thousand prisoners. Frederick, returning from hawking, met his army retreating, double-quick time, before the victorious Parmese, and had to accompany them. He now returned to the obligations of his tardy penitence, but without avail: the haughty pontiff scornfully repulsed him.

Frederick next determined to establish the Ghibelline party in Florence by the expulsion of the Guelfs. These two factions were of almost equal strength in that city, and for thirty-two years the beautiful streets of Florence had been seldom free from civil war. Certain portions of the town formed the battle-fields where the rival families contended. At the proper places, movable barricades, or *chevaux-de-frise*, called *serragli*, which could at a moment's notice be thrown across the streets, were kept in readiness. A hasty word (as is aptly illustrated in "Romeo and Juliet") was often enough to cause an appeal to arms,—in an instant the streets were blocked by the *serragli*,—and the town was soon filled with the dead and dying. At night-fall

the battle ceased to rage, and each party collected their slain. Next day, in peace, the victims of the skirmish were buried; but few days were allowed to elapse without a repetition of the same wretched work. Frederick ended this state of things in Florence by expelling the Guelf faction utterly from the city, and thus giving his own party the predominance.

About the same time, the Bolognese attacked Modena, a city in alliance with the empire. The number of the Modenese was so small, that, shutting themselves within their fortifications, no provocation could induce them to take the field. The Bolognese bethought them of an expedient which has, at least, the merit of originality. Taking the body of an ass, they ornamented it with silver fetters, and projected it from a powerful catapult into the middle of the town. As ill luck would have it, the unfortunate donkey alighted in the center of the handsomest fountain in the city. The Modenese were so infuriated at this terrible insult, that they could contain themselves no longer; they made a furious sally, and smashed to atoms the obnoxious engine. Soon after this incident, the city surrendered, and was lost to Frederick.

In the close of the next year, the Emperor, his spirit broken by the ceaseless hostility of the Church, died. The Pope, Innocent IV, of course received the tidings of his death with exceeding joy. He bursts into songs of praise: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; for the storm which the Almighty has so long allowed to impend over us is changed, by this man's death, to refreshing zephyrs and fertilizing dews."

At this juncture, the propitious thought occurred to the Pope that the kingdom of Naples would be a highly satisfactory addition to the patrimony of St. Peter. He wrote as follows to the Neapolitans, charmingly ignoring their right to any voice in the government of their own city. He says: "We have taken your persons, your property, and your town itself, under the protection of the Holy See; and we

have decreed that Naples shall remain henceforth under our immediate jurisdiction; and we guarantee that the Church shall never make over the sovereignty, or any right over Naples, to any emperor, king, duke, prince, or count, or any person whomsoever." Innocent was now able to return to Italy. His progress through Lombardy was one long triumphal procession. The Milanese, especially, distinguished themselves by the enthusiasm with which they received him. He remained with them two months. Milan gave his Holiness an opportunity to show his gratitude in a somewhat singular manner. The city finances were at this time in frightful disorder. As a last attempt to stave off national bankruptcy, the Milanese requested the pontiff to appoint a foreign magistrate, with the title of podesta, with absolute and unlimited power of levying taxes from themselves, by every method which his brain could conceive. For four years, Gozzadini, the officer appointed, exhibited an ingenuity which would excite the envy of a modern Secretary of the Treasury. At the end of this period, the suppressed wrath of the people boiled over, and Gozzadini was killed in a tumult.

And now for the effect of the paternal letter which the Pope sent to Naples. Its reception excited a fierce rebellion against the house of Swabia, that is, the family of the late Emperor. This revolt was speedily put down by Conrad and Manfred, sons of Frederick. The Pope, finding that he was unable, by his own unaided force, to wrest their dominions from these young men, with infinite cunning, determined to assign the kingdom of the Two Sicilies (that is, Sicily and Naples) to some other prince, who would be powerful enough to conquer it, and sufficiently humble to acknowledge himself as the Pope's vassal. The offer, however, was not very tempting, and it was difficult to find any one to accept it. The first prince to whom it was offered, the Earl of Cornwall, said the Pope's grant was of about as much value as if

he were to say, "Here is a grant of the moon,—climb up and take it." While the kingdom was going a-begging, Conrad died, leaving an infant son, Conradin, in the care of his younger brother, Manfred, and of Berthold, his general. The energetic Conrad being out of the way, the Pope changed his tactics. Levying a large army from the Guelf cities, he marched into the Neapolitan territories. Manfred, while reserving his own and his nephew's rights, saw that at present resistance would be vain, and he himself conducted the Pope across the frontier, holding his horse's bridle. Before long, a quarrel arose between Manfred and his escort, and his personal enemy, Borello, attended by a similar escort. Its issue in the death of Borello was followed by an immediate summons to Manfred to appear before the Pope, and clear himself of the charge of murder. His application for a safe-conduct, being refused, opened his eyes to his extreme danger, and he fled to the Saracen colony of Lucera, whose soldiers had always been faithful to his family. Arrived there, he rode forward boldly to the gates, with only three servants. The governor was absent from the town, and his lieutenant, Marchisio, was in command, with orders from his chief to keep the gates constantly shut. "Here is your prince," cried out Manfred's attendants in Arabic, "he trusts your loyalty; throw open your gates." The Saracens were filled with enthusiasm as soon as they found that the son of their late King was at their gates. "Let him in, let him in," they shouted, "before the governor hears of his arrival." They rushed against the gate, burst it open, admitted Manfred, and carried him in triumph to the palace. They bent the knee before Manfred, took the oath of allegiance to him, and he was master of the town. Lucera contained the imperial treasures, and Manfred, obtaining these, took a large number of troops into his pay. The tables were now turned. He expelled the Pope's soldiers from the Capitanata, and they, in full retreat, reached



Naples just as the Pope died,—happy to have died too soon to hear of this reverse of fortune.

It is among the odd things of history that, though the Pope's thunder-bolts could shake all Europe, he very seldom had much influence at Rome. The nobles turned their palaces into fortresses, and defied alike the pontiff, the senator, and the mob. Like the French and English barons, they dropped very readily into brigandage, and it was a common practice to plunder the warehouses of the merchants, and to capture rich citizens, for whose ransom they extorted enormous sums. The virtual independence of these nobles is illustrated in what is perhaps the greatest of modern tragedies, Shelley's "Cenci." About the time of which we are writing, these outrages had become intolerable, and the citizens summoned Brancaleone, of Bologna, to be their dictator for three years. As soon as he was installed in his office, he caused several notorious murderers to be hung at the windows of their own castles, as Voltaire would say, *pour encourager les autres*. He then wrote to the Pope, who had retired to the neighboring town of Assisi. The letter requested him to return, and stated that his people "greatly wondered at his running about hither and thither, leaving his pontifical see of Rome, and abandoning his sheep, of whom he would have to render a more strict account to the Supreme Judge, to the jaws of the wolves, while he himself was only gapping after money." At the same time, the dictator informed the people of Assisi, that, if they detained the Pope a day longer, he would utterly destroy their city. Upon this, his Holiness was promptly served with notice to quit, and he reached Rome with much haste and trepidation.

After two years of Brancaleone's rigorous administration, the nobles rose against him, threw him into prison, and his head was in imminent danger. It was now of good service to him that, before entering on his perilous duties, he had insisted on thirty hostages for his safety being sent to Bologna. The Pope, who

was now Alexander IV, tried to induce the Bolognese to surrender the hostages; but they remained faithful to their fellow-citizen. In two years, a counter revolution set Brancaleone again at liberty; he resumed his office, and was a thorn in the side of the nobles as long as he lived.

Our story now crosses the path of one of those monsters of mankind, who occasionally throw a cloud darker than usual, a darkness that may be felt, athwart the record of the weakness and wickedness of humanity. It is Eccelino the Ferocious. The details of his crimes are sickening, and the fact that many of his deeds are too horrible to relate has lightened the weight of odium which would otherwise have rested on his memory.

Originally a soldier of fortune, that unconquerable energy which seems to be the especial attribute of the God and of the Fiend, made him the dominant power in the north of Italy. Alexander preached a Crusade against him, an act sufficient to extenuate many unholy actions of the Holy See. Yet it is difficult to believe that the fact of Eccelino being a Guelf was not the chief incitement to the papal zeal. The Crusade was first preached in Venice. In that city great numbers of Paduans, who had escaped from the tyranny of Eccelino, were harbored. It had been no easy matter to escape, for the frontiers were strictly guarded; and those detected in an attempt to cross were punished by the loss of their legs or eyes. The Venetians, jealous of the tyrant's growing power, readily joined the Crusade. The first attempt by the Crusaders was on the city of Padua. Eccelino's lieutenant, in order to check the advance of the Venetian fleet, turned the waters of the river Brento into another channel. The result of this brilliant maneuver was, that the Pope's army marched across the dry bed of the river, beat back the outposts of the Paduan army, and established themselves in the suburbs. Next day the city was assaulted. The besieged set on fire the vinea of the storming party; the Crusaders then pushed the burning mass against the wooden gate of

the town; the gate was then burned down, and the city captured. A week's pillage ensued. For eighteen years it had groaned under Eccelino's tyranny, and now the scanty remnants, which his avarice or cruelty had spared, were seized by their liberators. Yet the city rejoiced at its deliverance from Eccelino. A ghastly multitude emerged from the tyrant's dungeons. Crowds of aged men and women, young girls exhausted with torture, and young children barbarously mutilated and blinded, maddened the Crusading soldiery into an inextinguishable passion for revenge on Eccelino. Meanwhile, he heard of the fall of Padua, and he, too, was filled with wrath, but of a less divine quality. To satiate his thirst for vengeance, he caused to be disarmed all the Paduan soldiers in his army,—about eleven thousand men, one-third of all his force,—and deposited them in his numerous dungeons. Of the whole number, only two hundred escaped. Some perished on the scaffold, others were burned to death, and the great mass of the unhappy wretches died of cold and hunger in prison.

Owing to the incompetence of the priests, who persisted in conducting the Crusade, it was prolonged for three years. Eccelino's last atrocity was committed at Friola. He had besieged and captured this town. By his orders, every man, woman, and child were deprived of their eyes, had their legs and noses cut off, and, if they survived this horrible treatment, were turned out to beg their bread along the roads. It was at this time, all over Italy, a usual trick of beggars to pretend that they had been deprived of their eyes or limbs by the Veronese tyrants. Two months after this barbarity, he was attacked by the papal forces, his army routed, and he, desperately wounded, captured. In a few days, he died from the effects of his wounds, all regretting his honorable fate in dying a soldier's death.

Two years after this desirable occurrence (1261), the weak reign of Alexander IV closed, and that of Urban IV began.

The new Pope remembered how Manfred, son of the late Frederick, had frustrated the ambitious schemes of the preceeding popes; and, with great craft, inspired by most rancorous hostility, set about check-mating this successful foe of the Holy See. The pontiff felt himself no stronger than his predecessors; but he returned to Innocent IV's plan of looking for some one else who would be glad, with the help of the Church's moral support, to win the kingdom of the the two Sicilies, and hold it as the Pope's vassal. His choice was Charles of Anjou. But a difficulty in the path was St. Louis, Charles's brother, honorably distinguished among the kings of the earth for integrity of life and scrupulousness of conscience. Both the nature of his objections and the methods by which they were overcome may be learned from the characteristic letter of the Pope, which we subjoin:

"We have received your letter," he writes, "from which, among other things, we perceive that our dear son in Jesus Christ, the illustrious King of France, lends a credulous ear to the crafty speeches of those who would gladly frustrate the negotiation which we have intrusted to you. They would persuade him that Conradin, grandson of Frederick, has some right to the kingdom of Sicily; or, even admitting that he has been lawfully deposed, that his right has passed, by concession of the Holy See, to Edmund, son of our very dear son in Jesus Christ, the King of England. Thus he hesitates, although he sees that the nomination of his brother would be conducive to the honor and happiness of the Roman Church, and be a powerful means for the succor of the Holy Land. We return thanks to that God who holds in his hands the hearts of kings, that he has preserved such purity of conscience in the soul of the King of France. But the king ought to place more confidence in us and in our brethren. He should believe, without the shadow of a doubt, that, while we regard him as the cherished son of the Roman Church, we will be especially on our guard to preserve his



fair fame from scandal; his soul, intrusted to our keeping, from damnation; his person and his state from danger. He should believe that both ourselves and our brethren are anxious, with God's help, to keep our consciences pure, and save our souls before the Author of salvation; and that we know, of our certain knowledge, that nothing that we would do is to the prejudice of Conradin, or of Edmund, or of any other man."

The scruples of St. Louis being overcome, Urban dealt next with those of Charles. They were of a different kind. A too scrupulous conscience was not among Charles's weaknesses. He was very anxious to be king of Sicily, but he wished to pay as little as possible for an empty title and the Pope's patronage. A bargain was finally struck, that Charles was to pay his Holiness the town of Benevento, and an annual tribute of ten thousand ounces of gold.

With great rapidity, Charles collected an army of thirty thousand men, and invaded the Neapolitan territory. On the plain of Benevento, he met Manfred's army drawn up in battle array. Manfred made some attempt at negotiation, but Charles sent back his envoys with the message: "Tell him that I am resolved on battle; and this day I will either send him to hell, or he shall send me to heaven." Manfred's army had at first the advantage, but the treacherous flight of his reserve, at a critical moment, turned the fortune of the day. He resolved not to survive his defeat. As he was putting on his helmet, the crest, a silver eagle, fell off his saddle-bow. "*Hoc est signum dei*," said he to his barons: "I fastened on this crest myself, and no mere accident has loosed it." He rushed into the *melee*, and, fighting there without any royal insignia, perished by an unknown hand.

Scarcely was Charles settled on the throne when the nobles, who had deserted Manfred, began to feel the weight of the invader's heavy hand. Like every one who has been raised to power by soldiery, Charles found it necessary to

purchase the continued favor of the authors of his success by limitless munificence. Upon his high officers, he bestowed the confiscated estates of the barons; while, in order to provide for the inferior soldiery, he indefinitely increased the number of subordinate government officials. To each class of petty civil officers which existed under the former government, Charles added the corresponding functionaries of the French administration. All the taxes which had been imposed at any time during the reign of Manfred were rigorously exacted. Where one tax had been repealed, in order that another might be substituted, both were now levied alike. The people were ground to the dust; and the Pope made but slight and tardy atonement for his perfidy, by writing to Charles an unavailing letter of censure for his misgovernment.

Charles had still to encounter another claimant to the throne he occupied, in the person of the rightful heir, Conradin, Manfred's nephew. He was only sixteen years of age, and his sensible mother was very unwilling that the stripling should take the field against such a veteran as Charles. But the Ghibelline party needed a champion. They represented to Conradin that the rapacity and licentiousness of the French had excited intense hatred in the breasts of the Sicilians. They assured him that all sects and parties would rally round the lawful successor to the throne of Frederick. Encouraged by this assurance, and by promises of assistance from several of the Lombard princes, Conradin considered that the time was come for avenging the persecution of his ancestors, and in a few weeks he found himself at the head of a large army.

Charles set out to meet him, but was obliged to return to his kingdom, being recalled by tidings of a dangerous revolt. The Pope, as usual, was ready with a letter of counsel. It said: "I know not for what reason I address you as King, seeing you do not appear to trouble yourself about your kingdom. Exhausted

first by brigands, your ministers, it is now devoured by your enemies,—the caterpillar destroys what has escaped the locust. If you lose your crown, do not imagine that the Church will renew her labor and expense, in order to replace it on your head. Perhaps you think that your virtues entitle you to a miracle of God on your behalf; or, it may be, you are relying on the sagacity you imagine you possess, and which you prefer to the good advice of others."

Meanwhile, the Senate of Rome declared for Conradin, and the young prince marched toward that city. It is scarcely necessary to state that by this time the youthful warrior had been excommunicated by his Holiness, with all pomp and solemnity. Arrived at Rome, where he was received with the magnificence usually paid to the Emperor alone, Conradin rested his troops for a few days. When he set out for Naples, five thousand soldiers followed his standard. He marched without opposition as far as the plain of Tagliacozzo, where he was met by Charles and his army. The main portion of Charles's army was in sight, but he himself, with eight hundred picked men, was concealed in a small valley in the rear. Conradin attacked the Neapolitan forces, and soon routed all whom he saw. His army of Germans, supposing that the battle was decided, dispersed, as usual, for pillage. As soon as the whole army had broken their ranks, Charles emerged from his hiding-place, his eight hundred rushed into the field, and easily cut to pieces the scattered army.

Young Conradin escaped from the field, but was captured within a few days. A court was assembled for his trial. Charles himself acted as prosecutor. He charged his vanquished rival with revolt against the legitimate sovereign, with contempt of the Church's sentence, with

his alliance with the Saracens, and with the plunder of the monasteries. In defense, it was urged that Conradin was a prisoner under protection of the laws of war; that his title to the crown was, at least, plausible; and that, even if the merits of the case were against him, his youth ought to protect him. The judges, although under the immediate influence of Charles, did not dare to condemn the boy; but they had not the courage to acquit him, and sat in cowardly silence. Only one spoke, giving his verdict for death; and on the authority of that one vote, Charles passed sentence on Conradin and his companions. The unhappy youth was led into the marketplace of Naples. A scaffold was erected on the shore, while Charles, from an eminence, looked down upon the dying boy. The multitude sympathized most intensely with their rightful prince; but a bristling fence of French spears divided them from him. The judge who had voted for death stepped forward to read the sentence. But the days of the unjust judge were numbered. Robert of Flanders, Charles's own son-in-law, rushed up to him, and exclaiming, "It beseems not thee to condemn a noble prince to die," buried his sword in his breast; and the judge fell dead at the King's feet. Charles did not dare to avenge this wild act of justice, though it did not arrest the execution. Conradin kneeled in prayer. Rising, he said, "What bitter grief will this day's tidings bring thee, my mother!" while the people and even the soldiery, were dissolved in tears. Five of his adherents perished on the same scaffold. All the bodies were buried by the sea-shore, in unconsecrated ground; but, long afterward, a Carmelite church was built over the place where their remains were buried.

GEORGE C. JONES.



## A CREED FOR ALL.

**O** GIVE not to the world thy love,  
 Howe'er its pleasures may allure;  
 There is a realm beyond, above,  
 Whose joys are far more bright and sure.

How great may be thine unbelief,  
 These truths are native to the mind,—  
 That man is weak, that life is brief,  
 Death comes, and "there is more behind."

Yet, though thy normal creed be all  
 Confirm'd by orthodoxy's seal,  
 The cold, cold shade of doubt will fall,  
 At times, upon thy warmest zeal.

Our future life, perchance, is far  
 From all that sages teach or guess;  
 We know but little what we are,  
 And what we *may* be, even less.

But whatsoe'er may lie beyond  
 The awful curtain of our fate,  
 The robes hereafter to be donned  
 Are woven in our present state.

The atheist may laugh to scorn  
 The thought of an immortal part;  
 And say that men in vain are born,—  
 He disbelieves it in his heart.

Then, honest doubter, quit the maze  
 Of dogmas evermore contending;  
 It is a weary waste of days  
 To watch a battle never ending.

Go where a freer air is breathed,  
 Some spot is surely to be found  
 Where combatants, their weapons sheathed,  
 May meet as on a neutral ground.

There is a path we should pursue,  
 A broader road we ought to shun,  
 A life to live, a work to do,  
 A death to die for every one.

Know all you may, do all you can,  
 Believe your utmost, and rely  
 That doubts will all be solved, when man  
 Shall see with an immortal eye.

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

**T**HE pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
 That stirred our hearts in youth;  
 The impulse to a wordless prayer,  
 The dreams of love and truth,  
 The longing after something lost,  
 The spirit's yearning cry,  
 The strivings after better hopes,—  
 These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
 A brother in his need,  
 The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
 That proves a friend indeed,  
 The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
 When justice threatened high,  
 The sorrow of a contrite heart,—  
 These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
 The pressure of a kiss,  
 And all the trifles sweet and frail,  
 That make up life's first bliss;

If with a firm unchanging faith,  
 And holy trust and high,  
 Those hands have clasped, and lips have met,  
 These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
 That wounded as it fell;  
 The chilling want of sympathy,  
 We feel but never tell;  
 The hard repulse that chills the heart  
 Whose hopes were bounding high,  
 In an unfading record kept,—  
 These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
 Must find some work to do;  
 Lose not a chance to waken love,  
 Be firm and just and true.  
 So shall a light that can not fade  
 Beam on thee from on high,  
 And angel voices say to thee,  
 These things shall never die.

## THE ART OF JEWELRY.\*

## PART I.

ON the right of the Fountain of Trevi, in Rome, where old Neptune looks down on the miniature cataract and lake below, is the interesting establishment of Augusto Castellani. The entrance to this temple sacred to ancient art is decorated in the Pompeian style, and lighted by a large window, the glass of which is of varied colors. To the left, in a large niche, is a beautiful life-size statue of Sappho,—seated on the rock, with her harp, singing her last song,—made by a distinguished painter and sculptor of Rome. Ascending to the first story, you find the rooms of Signor Castellani, where he himself, a youthful-looking man, not over forty-five years of age, receives all visitors. These six or seven rooms are filled with objects as rare as those found in any museum; and, indeed, the Capitoline Museum is indebted to Signor Castellani for several rare, antique articles. One, an ancient bronze seat, in the form of a sofa with a stool under it, found by a peasant in many fragments, was reconstructed by him, and presented to the Museum, while he retained for himself a copy of this beautiful remnant of antiquity. There is also a colossal bust of Mæcenas, the only authentic portrait of him known. Etruscan vases, statues, and household objects of every variety, are arranged in glass cases. The last room is chiefly devoted to jewelry, which is arranged in the chronological order of the seven periods of art which have existed in Italy. These periods are distinctly characterized by the articles of jewelry, which show all degrees of civilization.

Since the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the excavation of some of the ancient tombs of Italy, a new pe-

riod of art has arisen from the perfect imitation of the beautiful jewels found there. It unites the best features of all the periods which have preceded it, but consists chiefly in a faithful return to the artistic designs and delicate workmanship of the second period, or the Tyrrhenian, and also of the Etruscan. The Duke of Sermorre and the father of Signora Castellani revived this study of ancient art, many years ago. He also has devoted himself to it, with such success that he is able at last to produce all of the jewels of the Tyrrhenian period. He has studied the subject with ardor, and written an interesting book, the substance of which is here given.

The researches of the most learned archæologists have not succeeded in discovering the origin of the first inhabitants of Italy, although it is supposed that they emigrated from Asia. This is manifest as well from the fact that the Italian language belongs to the great family of Indo-European as from the resemblance of the monuments whose remains have been discovered in various and distant countries. The Pelasgic walls, the tombs of Præneste, the Egyptian Pyramids, the tombs of Tharros in Sardinia, the ruins of Nineveh, the Indian temples, and the gigantic ruins which have been found in Mexico, present a wonderful analogy of form, style, and method of construction; and we are obliged to infer the unity of the human race, descended from a single family, and increasing to nations which spread over the face of the globe. This primitive unity is now confirmed even more by the small objects of jewelry and ornaments than by the great monuments. Of late years, such objects have been found at Præneste and in the cemeteries of the most ancient cities of Italy, as well as among the ruins of Nineveh, in the Crimea (the ancient Colchis),

\* *The Art of Jewelry in the Seven Periods of Italian Civilization*, as studied by Augusto Castellani from the Ancient Tombs of Italy.



in Southern Italy, and in Egypt,—countries already civilized at the time of Homer.

Almost to our own time, it has been thought that the first nation in Italy that reached a high grade of civilization was the Etruscan; but the discovery and study of the Cyclopean and Pelasgic walls of the embankments of the rivers in Northern Italy, of the sepulchers and other similar monuments, have caused it to be supposed that another great civilized people previously existed here. This supposition was afterward confirmed by the discovery of many utensils and ornaments in gold, silver, bronze, amber, slate, ivory, and glass, which, from the exquisite work, may be considered of finer taste than those of the Etruscans. These articles are not found in the ruins of the cities (which the ancient historians asserted were powerful and civilized cities of the Etruscan confederation), but in the cemeteries of the most ancient Italian cities, such as Præneste, Cere, Cumæ, and Ruvo, and in the tombs which have been discovered in various other places, which prove that cities existed there, of which the origin, name, and history are utterly unknown. These objects do not offer the characteristics either of Etruscan or Grecian art; and they are found not only in Italy, but in many other countries, especially those situated on the shores of the Mediterranean and Black Seas: such as the Crimea, Phœnicia, and Egypt.

Works of such beauty, and resembling each other in regard to the principles of art, being found not only in Italy, but also in other countries, show that they were produced by a people widely dispersed in the most fortunate maritime situations. The Etruscan works, instead, have a special character, which is not common to any other nation; and these objects are found only in Italy, and in the tombs of those cities which were known certainly to belong to the Etruscan confederation, because their names have remained celebrated in Roman history. This civilized and powerful nation, of

which, after so many centuries, such glorious vestiges are now being discovered, has been called Tyrrhenian, after the sea which bathes the western shore of the peninsula. Some confound the Tyrrhenian with the Etruscan, and call these beautiful works Etrusco-archaici; others call them Pelasgic; but they evidently belong to a nation more ancient and more widely dispersed than was the Etruscan.

The learned now concede that Italy had three splendid civilizations before the Romans,—the Tyrrhenian, the Etruscan, and the Græco-Italian. The Greeks called the ancient Italians barbarians, and asserted that a mythological race of Greek heroes first civilized Italy, which was, therefore, entirely Hellenic. Thus the history, arts, and customs of the Tyrrhenians, Sicilians, Umbrians, Oscians, and Etruscans, were overlooked, which did not displease the Romans, as Rome was the chief among the rival cities. With the lapse of time, even their tradition was lost, and nothing remained of the primitive nations but a faint remembrance and the sepulchers, which, discovered and excavated from time to time, offered to the curious glances of their late descendants some vestiges of the genius, religion, and customs of their unknown progenitors. Previous to the three splendid periods of civilization, Tyrrhenian, Etruscan, and Italo-Grecian, there remain tokens of an art which may be called primitive. These articles are ornaments of women and priests, arms, vases of terra cotta and bronze; and they are found in various places where, probably, existed the most ancient habitations of the people who occupied Italy. These articles belonged to a semi-barbarous people, as they show a great want of skill and of the necessary instruments.

The periods of art, in regard to jewelry, bronzes, and vases, may therefore be arranged in the following order: first period, Antichissimo; second, Tyrrhenian; third, Etruscan; fourth, Italo-Grecian; and fifth and last period of ancient art, the Roman. Although the destructive influence of the barbarians who governed

Europe for several centuries after the fall of the Western Empire renders it difficult to determine which among the utensils and ornaments of the inhabitants of the *Lazio* belonged to this or that century; nevertheless, it is believed that the Roman art of jewelry was in its greatest perfection at the time of the Antonines. The art which flourished in Rome itself at the time of the republic was at first Etruscan, and, after the Punic wars, Græco-Italic, — not really Roman. This is clearly demonstrated not only by the objects found in the *Colombari*, in the marble sarcophagi, and among the ruins of villas, but by the excavations of *Pompeii*. The few jewels of gold which were found there, chiefly in the house of *Diomedes*, although of inferior workmanship to the Etruscan, Tyrrhenian, and Italo-Grecian of Sicily, still have the same style, and are nothing else but a rough imitation of the more ancient art. Indeed, art, during the Roman imperial period, is inferior to all the eras which preceded it. Rome, drawing nearer and nearer to its end, became every day more corrupt in customs, in military and civil virtue, and the exercise of the arts. The jewels from the third to the sixth century are easily recognized, because their material is of much more value than the work of the artificer. It was the period when rings, bracelets, and other gold ornaments, were made extraordinary weights, and the value was placed more in the precious metal than in the fineness of work and elegance of form. For this reason, few of these jewels were found in the succeeding centuries, having been stolen by the barbarians who overran Rome, and carried the rich spoils back to their native forests.

The Christians of the primitive Church used few ornaments of gold or gems, and the few jewels which are found in the Catacombs, similar in form to those of the empire, are so destitute of all art that they may be compared to the poorest of the primitive era. Christian symbols were roughly cut upon these ornaments, and it may be that the lockets, rings, and

clasps, a few in gold and silver, and many in copper and bronze, served as signs in times of persecution.

The Oriental style, which was propagated from Byzantium over all the West, caused substantial changes in all the arts; and Italian jewelry lost the peculiarity with which it had been invested by ancient tradition. Ravenna was the center of the new school, and when that city fell under the barbarian domination, Venice preserved its character until a late period. The thousandth year after the birth of Christ having passed, and the fears of the end of the world being dissipated, men began again to interest themselves in the arts and labors of life. The art of making jewelry was cultivated principally in the cloisters. The new style formed there mingled ancient tradition with Arabian art, and, although very gorgeous, and not always in good taste, it was developed later. The gold ball of St. Mark's in Venice, the beautiful shrines for relics at Cologne, and the furniture of the churches, are specimens of this period. About the year 1200, a monk named *Theophilus* wrote a book on this subject, and his method caused the art of jewelry to slowly improve, and divest itself of the rudeness acquired in the barbaric period. In the fifteenth century, *Finiguerra*, *Caradozso*, and *Benvenuto Cellini* founded a school which created prodigies before unknown. These masters had lost the ancient traditions, and the exquisite jewels buried in the tombs had not yet been discovered; still, guided by their own genius, they established new methods, and produced most beautiful objects. They used jet engraving, wavy lines, carved work, and a great variety of bright-colored enamels, so that, like the antique, the value of the precious metal was forgotten in the exquisite and original work of the artist. All this was done without imitating either the designs or the methods of antiquity.

But from the time of Michael Angelo, when painting, sculpture, and architecture began to be corrupted, the art of jewelry felt the same influence. At the



end of the seventeenth century, it was already greatly degraded, and lost every trace of good taste under the rule of the Austrians and Spaniards. The species of Romanismo, or rude imitation of Roman architecture in jewelry, which was the mode under Napoleon, was destitute of all artistic character, and accident alone liberated the art from this miserable Ultramontane slavery. The discovery of Herculaneum, Cumæ, and Pompeii caused many rich strangers to desire copies of the articles found there, especially of women's ornaments, the workmanship of which was so superior to that of the French jewels. The Neapolitan Sarno succeeded so well in imitating these antique jewels that many other artists followed his example. The subsequent discovery of the sepulchers at Cere, Cervetri, and Vulci, brought to light still more beautiful objects, which, after thirty years of patient study, have at last been not only imitated, but faithfully copied, by the Castellanis, who are able to reproduce all the ornaments, in gold and gems, of all the historic periods of Italian art. The periods of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are added to the five ancient periods already enumerated.

The general characteristics of these seven periods are essentially different. The ornaments of the most ancient period are generally of amber, sometimes of silver, and rarely of gold. The work of the metals is rude, and the forms belong to a primitive age, as they often reproduce the most common utensils, or the animals in the midst of which this ancient race of men lived. Rows of little axes are used as necklaces; and monkeys, or animals no longer existing in the Italian fauna, as amulets. These articles are in amber. Thin plates of gold are sometimes impressed with straight or crossed lines, and amber beads are mixed with others of gold and silver, threaded, and used for necklaces or bracelets. The greater part of the ornaments of this period were found in the sepulchers of Præneste, Vejo, and Cere.

They were considered Tyrrhenian or Etruscan, when they were found, as at first, in fragments; but were recognized as belonging to an anterior period when discovered in larger quantities, in the tombs of Præneste and Bologna. It is a remarkable fact that similar objects are found in Norway, Sweden and Mexico.

The jewels of the best period of Tyrrhenian art are easily recognized, from their perfect elegance and beauty of form, and their exquisite finish, which the succeeding ages were never able to imitate. Engravings, minute granules, notched and very fine cords, small figures, and enameling, are most beautifully wrought in gold, with correct and pure designs. The different parts are wonderfully harmonized, and elegance is always united with simplicity. These ancient artificers made use of chemical agents and mechanical instruments entirely unknown to us. They could separate and reunite gold regularly in small globules, which are almost imperceptible to the naked eye. Their mode of soldering and drawing out wire still remains a problem. The general style of workmanship, the exquisite designs, the wavy lines, and the peculiar character of the small figures, make it easy to decide that these objects belong to the period called Tyrrhenian.

It is remarkable that the same mode of operating, the same principles of art, and, to a certain degree, the same kind of figures and ornaments, in jewelry, are found in the ruins of Nineveh, the tombs of the Crimea, the Egyptian pyramids, and the Italian sepulchers. The East Indians, even now, do work which has no slight resemblance to the ancient Tyrrhenian. The designs approach bad taste, because made by a people which has been long declining; however, their art still shows the same mode of soldering, placing over fine plates of gold the grains, cords, and wrought enamel, in the same manner as the Tyrrhenian. These jewelers lead a wandering life, and, carrying with them all their instruments, set up their shop wherever they are

permitted to do so. They are sometimes seen crouching in the kitchen or barn of some rich nabob, where, with great patience, using a small bellows and certain iron tools and rods, they transform gold coins into corded and granulated ornaments. From this Indian art, therefore, we may conjecture what was the Tyrrhenian. It operated, perhaps without fixed rules, freely, aided by few instruments, but guided by good traditions, and wrought by an ingenious artist.

Etruscan art is very clearly a corruption of the Tyrrhenian, from which it probably originated. On the whole, the method of working is the same, but the style, declining to bad taste, is irregular and whimsical. There are no longer very minute granules, fine cords, and elegant wavy lines, but a greater breadth and roundness of form. The want of curves occasions an artificial and inflated style, and there is greater richness, with much less work, and fineness of execution. Etruscan jewelry is divided into two kinds, essentially distinct; that is, ornaments for wear, and funeral ornaments. The first are so solid that they might be worn for years without injury; while the second are of inimitable lightness. The fineness to which they were able to beat the gold of the crowns of beans, which encircled the heads of the rich and noble after death, is wonderful. In both of these classes, in place of the colored glass, amber, ivory, and enamels, used in the previous period, are substituted garnets, emeralds, onyx, and carnelian. Among the ornaments for wear are amulets of agate in the form of a beetle, very heavy gold rings, seals in the form of a lens or a vase or of the human figure. The clasps and studs are very large, and the pendants of ear-rings varied in form and size. The decline of art and inflation of style are manifest in all these ornaments. The principal works of this period have been discovered at Vulci, Chiusi, Orvieto, Tarquinia, and Monte Romano.

The tradition of Etruscan jewelry is preserved in a certain way until our time,

having been continued through ages in the central Apennines. The gold and silver ornaments with which the peasant girls decorate themselves retain a great resemblance to the ancient style. The rude jewelers of those secluded regions, entirely separated from the trade of the great cities, and excluded from contact with modern life, make strings of gold beads, filigree crowns, and pendants of peculiar forms, by methods which resemble the Etruscan. The filigree works of Genoa and Malta are also of this class; at least in the style, but not in the method of execution.

In the Italo-Grecian period, which succeeded the Etruscan, appears again the thread of Tyrrhenian tradition. It was preserved in some parts of Magna Grecia and Sicily, where the Etruscans had not extended their colonies and government. Therefore the Italo-Grecian jewels are much more elegant in design than the Etruscan, and resemble much more nearly the Tyrrhenian, from which they are certainly derived, although the finish is wanting. Very few specimens of Italo-Grecian jewelry have come down to us, as Sicily was devastated first by the Epirotes, then by the Carthaginians, afterward disturbed by the Roman pro-consuls, and, finally, sacked by the Saracens. The Italo-Grecians did not use ornaments at their funeral ceremonies, or in their sepulchers, and we do not even know that such tombs have been found. For these reasons, the jewels of the Italo-Grecian period are very rare, and the greater part of those which have been found are in the Neapolitan Museum. The straight lines and graceful curves, which compose the designs of these ornaments, are formed of rows and cords of gold, but are destitute of the minute granules and fine vitrification of the ancient art. But the character of the Italo-Grecian jewelry is better preserved by the statues, coins, and paintings of Magna Grecia, which show figures ornamented with necklaces, armlets, and ear-rings, the designs of which are very beautiful. Pliny describes very rich



crowns of gold and pearls belonging, without doubt, to this period. He narrates that thirty-three crowns of pearls were brought, among the other spoils, in the third triumph of Pompey, after he had reconquered Sicily.

Rome had no special style until after the age of Augustus. The apogee of Roman art was at the time of the Antonines; and, although it was rude in comparison with the three periods which preceded it, it was still very magnificent, from the great quantity of gold and gems used in the jewels. Purity of style is entirely wanting. The value of the material is always superior to the beauty of the work; and we see no longer the lovely cording, the beautiful little figures, and decorations of fine granules. Armlets of enormous weight in gold; necklaces, with large sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, onyx and agate; rings of the most varied forms, with incisions on agate, glass, or on the metal itself, or with inscriptions and gems; imperial coins, joined in heavy strings; crowns made of thick gold leaves; heavy diadems; cups, scepters, gemmed looking-glasses,—these were the ornaments of this period. It naturally inclined to a coarse and clumsy character, and finally ended in the Oriental style, which was inferior to itself.

Latin civilization being extinguished, the darkest barbarism reigned in Italy from the sixth to the eleventh centuries. Every vestige of Roman tradition in regard to art had vanished. Our artists were content to make rude utensils in bronze and copper, or, at the most, ornaments for servants in some base metal, covered with plates of silver or gold. They also made boxes of bronze and silver with rude enameling, clasps, and pins for the hair, also of base metal. But their art was not superior to that of the first period, called Antichissiner. At this time, however, Byzantine art was practiced here by artists who came from Greece and the East to make jewels for the rich; but, transplanted from a foreign soil, it never had any real life. It partakes of the Moorish and degenerated

Greek style, and may be seen in some monuments which still exist. Its most flourishing period was at Ravenna, in the eighth century, under the exarchate. It was perhaps brought there by the Carolingi, who learned it from the Saracens, or from the Arabs when they were in Spain and Sicily. Byzantine art also flourished in the eleventh century, during the Crusades, and was also imported by the commerce and conquests of the republics of Genoa and Venice in the East. From the mosaics in the churches of Rome, Venice, Sicily, and Ravenna, it may be seen that the Byzantine style was rich and gorgeous, and not destitute of a certain elegance. In the sacred images (some of which, instead of Virgins, holy martyrs, and Madonnas, were rather portraits of princesses, and women of high rank, favorites with the popes and kings), are seen great splendor of dress and ornament. The royal coat of mail of Charlemagne, of this period, fortunately preserved at Aquisgrana, and the votive crowns discovered at Guarragar, and now at Cluny, have a similar character. The art of the eighth and eleventh centuries, therefore, was of a similar character, although the latter was greatly inferior, and declined until the new spirit of Italian art caused it to disappear. In the jewels, reliquaries, and sacred vestments are seen great luxury of gems. The design was in general beautiful, and entirely Oriental in character, but bizarre, and destitute of purity and correctness. Cords were rare, and figures and incisions were entirely wanting. The style fluctuates between barbarism and elegance, and is suggestive of Arabian customs and the times of the cavaliers. Two entirely different styles of art, therefore, existed during the Middle Ages: the one, rude and barbarous, which began with the corruption of Roman art, and grew continually worse; the other, foreign, which, although it did not rival the ancient period, was able, nevertheless, in the twelfth century, to imitate the revival of this art.

SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

## CONNECTICUT IN 1775.

WITH the events that transpired in and around Boston, the seat of actual war, history makes every body acquainted. We are not so well informed as to the doings and feelings of the inhabitants of the interior of the States, especially of Connecticut, the home of Benedict Arnold and Israel Putnam.

The capital of Eastern Connecticut was Norwich, a beautiful New England town, which has nestled for two hundred years among its rugged hills. Lying at the junction of land and water route, by rail and steamer, midway between the two great metropolitan cities New York and Boston, it is daily visited by scores of people, in transit, who can not fail to be impressed with its beautiful surroundings and to be interested in its romantic history. So many of its sons and daughters have gone out to seek new homes and associations in the various parts of our country, its Revolutionary history can not be devoid of interest.

The leaven of the Revolution had been working long before the events which lit up the flame of freedom, and united our fathers in the common cause. Although Norwich was within the jurisdiction of the Colony of Connecticut, it had always been accustomed to exercise grave powers, without the consent of the General Court; and, from the first years of its settlement, in 1660, the town sovereignty was undisputed. Hence, when the hour of peril came, we discern no hesitating, no looking for authority or leadership. The people assembled in their own name on every important occasion, either in the town-house, or beneath the Liberty Tree on the old green, and gave authority to their acts, as the case demanded, by legal vote or popular acclamation. This town became the central point of action, as it was of business, for the whole of Eastern Connecticut. Hence, its history substantially covers that of the whole country east of the

great river that divided the Colony into east and west.

During the agitation of the Stamp Act question, the people were roused to indignation. The Stamp officers were burned in effigy; and the stamps designed for distribution in the State were, on several occasions, seized by vigilance committees, and burned. The citizens were also indignant in regard to the duties on tea and other articles of domestic use, and early turned their attention to the manufacture of all articles for which they could procure or grow the raw material; thus cutting off, as far as possible, the consumption of foreign goods. Norwich was one of the first and most successful towns in introducing these manufactures. In a short time, there were established a paper-mill, a foundry for the casting of mortars and cannon, a fulling-mill, a nail factory, and other branches of industry. The spinning-wheel and the loom were also plied by fair hands with increasing diligence, and home products were every-where used, to the exclusion of imported cloths.

Patriotism was now put to the test in individual life by the fealty in which both men and women conformed to the popular requirement. Ladies appeared at parties in homespun, faithfully discarding all laces, ribbons, and silks; and for tea at the table, an indigenous herb was substituted which had long been a favorite with the aborigines; and all entertainments and festivities were conducted on the same principles. This spirit moved the people in private; and, for public action, town meetings were called, as often as "the critical and alarming conjuncture of affairs" demanded, and on the records were repeatedly inscribed the words, "Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!" A committee was appointed to co-operate with the "Merchants' Committee," to inspect the conduct of merchants, and to publish the names of all such as did not



conform to the non-importation agreement; and other important action was taken for the encouragement of domestic manufactures. A committee was also appointed to attend a meeting in New Haven, for the purpose of more effectually enforcing the non-importation measures. Numerous instances are on record where parties who attempted to over-ride public sentiment in these matters were severely dealt with, and compelled to leave or make a public recantation.

During the occupation of Boston by the British garrison (1773-1775), and the general distress of the patriots in that town in consequence, the spirit of liberality manifested in all parts of the country was largely shared in by the citizens of Norwich; and the manner in which it was appreciated may be gathered from the correspondence of two leaders of the Revolution. Samuel Adams, on receiving information of what was proposed to be done by Norwich, in closing a letter to the committee, uses these words: "The part which the town of Norwich takes in this struggle for American Liberty is truly noble." And Dr. Joseph Warren, in acknowledging the receipt of the first donation from Christopher Leffingwell, in behalf of the committee, in August, 1774 (which was two hundred and ninety-one sheep), says: "Mr. Gage [meaning General Gage, then acting as British vicegerent in Massachusetts] is astonished at the spirit of the people. He forbids their town meetings, and they meet in counties. If he prevents county meetings, we must call provincial meetings; and, if he forbids these, we trust that our worthy brethren on the continent, and especially of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, will lend us their helping arms in time of danger, and will be no less conspicuous for their fortitude than they now are for their generosity." The sheep were driven to Boston by a faithful drover, and the record of the transaction contains a complete transcript of the drover's account-book, giving in detail his expenses while on his way to

Boston. An amusing entry is as follows: "At Colonel Putnam's, one mug of flip, gratis."

How securely Colonel Warren calculated upon the sympathy of the people of Norwich, and the Colony of Connecticut generally, when he predicted, in the foregoing correspondence, that they would "lend their helping arms in time of danger," was verified before the close of the succeeding month. In September, General Gage landed a body of troops to remove the military stores and arms from Charlestown to Castle William. This caused great excitement in Boston, and was magnified into an actual attack upon the town. A messenger bearing this rumor reached Colonel Putnam, at Pomfret, who immediately expressed it to Captain Cleveland of Canterbury, Major Durkee of Norwich, and to the various towns below, along the shore and on the river. On Saturday, September 4th, the report was received in Norwich; and early on Sunday morning, Major Durkee was in his saddle, in command of nearly five hundred men, *en route* for Boston. They had, however, proceeded but a few miles when they learned that the report was false, and returned home. About half that number, armed and mounted, left Windham at sunrise the same morning, and did not learn of the falsity of the report until they had proceeded about thirty miles. At Colchester, the report was received during service time. The minister immediately dismissed the meeting, and such men as were able to bear arms were soon under marching orders. So general was the feeling on receiving this rumor, that it is thought that not less than twenty thousand men, in Connecticut Colony alone, were under arms, and in march for Boston, before sunset on that memorable Sunday.

The General Court, seeing the necessity of preparing for the outbreak upon which the country seemed rapidly verging, now ordered a thorough reorganization of the militia. A regiment was organized in Norwich, and a general muster and drill ordered for May, 1775; but,

as the opening of hostilities in April of that Spring had called nearly all its number to the scene of action, the parade was necessarily postponed.

In the early part of 1775, while the inhabitants of Boston were leaving in great numbers, and spreading over the country, the town voted, in public meeting, that no persons should be allowed to settle here who had been inimical to the common cause, unless, by certificate from Congress, it was declared they had changed their course of conduct. Among the patriot families that found refuge here were the Greenes, the Phillipses, the Quincys, and others of equal note.

Thus the spirit of independence had been kindled, and the flame was ready to break out all over the country, and the people could hardly have been surprised when the news from Lexington and Concord sounded the alarm of actual war in the land. When Colonel Putnam received the news from the messenger bearing the tidings to Connecticut, he was plowing in his field. In an instant, he unyoked his oxen, turned them loose, and, mounting a fleet horse, rode to Boston, a distance of more than sixty miles, in a single day. Learning that the British had retreated to Boston, and were already being besieged by the gathering hosts of the new army, he repaired immediately to the capital of his State, where the Legislature, of which he was a member, was in session. Thence he returned to his home, in Pomfret, with authority to raise and equip a regiment of men; which he did without delay, and marched with his command to Cambridge. On his arrival there, he was sought out by the British officers, and was offered a high rank in the British army, and an extravagant compensation, to join the royal cause; but he had united his fortunes with those of his countrymen, and neither British gold nor royal honors could swerve him. In the month of May, he led an expedition against that portion of the town now known as East Boston, captured and burned a British vessel, killed and wounded seventy of the en-

emy, and returned, carrying off several hundred sheep and neat cattle. It was mainly through his determination to bring on a speedy engagement that Bunker Hill was fortified. When George Washington arrived to take command of the Continental armies, he bore four commissions from Congress for four major-generals; and it is a singular circumstance that, of the four officers named in these commissions, Colonel Putnam was the only one the new commander was willing to place by his side in the great struggle. For prudential reasons, the other three commissions were withheld.

The express that had reached Putnam at Pomfret, and roused him to action, proceeded hastily to Norwich, arriving there the next afternoon after the battle, and found Governor Trumbull in town. Measures were taken to gather correct information, and volunteers began to press forward to join the army at Cambridge. The Legislature of the State ordered the enlistment and equipment of six regiments, for a service of seven months. In May, Major Durkee raised in Norwich a company of a hundred men, who moved immediately, under command of Lieutenant Joshua Huntington, to join Putnam's regiment. This company left on the 23d; and, on the two succeeding days, companies passed through the town from Saybrook, New London, and Preston. In June, Norwich sent another company, officered by Captain Gale and Lieutenants Josiah Baldwin, Elisha Lee, and David Nevins. In July, two additional regiments were raised in the eastern part of Connecticut, under the commands of Jonathan Latimer, of New London, and Jedediah Huntington, of Norwich; and still two other companies, under commands of Captains Asa Kingsbury and Joseph Jewett. The unfortunate Jewett was subsequently taken prisoner at Flatbush, and barbarously slain with his own sword after he had surrendered it. A portion of these troops were in the battle of Bunker Hill, and Major Durkee's command is reported



to have lost twenty guns and forty blankets in the retreat.

The result of this battle, though not a victory, was encouraging to the American arms, when it was considered that a mere handful of recruits, under a militia colonel, had twice driven back the British regulars, with distinguished generals at their head, with great slaughter, and were only compelled to retreat after they had exhausted their ammunition. It was not surprising, then, that this battle was heralded through the country as an important opening event of the war. They had slain over a thousand of the enemy upon that hill-side, and taught the British commander the bitter consequences of attempting an aggressive movement against even the raw recruits of the new army. The news was received in Norwich with great enthusiasm. It was at the close of Sunday service. The meeting broke up with loud huzzas; and the usual Sunday stillness was that night broken by the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, and the shouts of exulting patriots. The Connecticut troops passed the next Winter in the siege of Boston, and were afterward at the battles of Brooklyn and Harlem Heights, followed in the retreat through the Jerseys, and fought nobly at Germantown. Many of these volunteers in the early outbreak re-enlisted, and served through the war with distinction and honorable promotion.

The writer well remembers the declining years of some of these veterans who fought in 1775. Lieutenant Andrew Griswold, as late as 1827, used to sit beside his cottage door, not a stone's throw from the old school-house, and entertain the school-boys with his thrilling stories of the Revolution. At the battle of Germantown he received a wound which crippled him for life, and after the war he became a Government pensioner. At the time of his death, in the Fall of that year, a military review was in progress within a short distance of his home, and a body of troops was detailed to attend his obsequies; and the old hero, at

the ripe age of seventy-two, was laid to rest, with his faithful sword at his side, while the sound of muffled drums and musketry above his grave did honor to his memory.

Several personal incidents are connected with this local history, only a few of which we will give, for want of room. Late in the year 1774, when men of means and position were carefully dodging between duty and policy, a wealthy merchant and West India trader, in conjunction with his wife, carefully weighed this matter, and mutually decided to hazard all the perils of war by joining the popular cause. They then summoned their children—ranging between the ages of thirty-one and ten years—to their home, and laid before them their plans, requiring the opinion of each one separately upon this important matter. Five sons and two daughters, grouped in that parlor on that bright morning, pledged their fidelity to the cause of the Colonies, and their names were all, to a greater or less extent, identified with the protracted struggle for liberty; and in regard to them a faithful historian has left this record: "If the annals of the Revolution record the name of any family which contributed more to that great struggle, I have yet to learn it."

Jabez Huntington, of Norwich, was the father and head of that noble family. In 1765, when Governor Fitch, of Connecticut, presented the Stamp Act to his council, and required them to swear him to the faithful performance of his duties under it, this gentleman, together with his cousin Hezekiah, also from Norwich, flatly refused to be parties to the transaction. Afterward, as the oath was about to be administered, in the presence of a minority of the council, these gentlemen indignantly withdrew from the chamber. In 1774, he was moderator of the meeting in which Norwich declared in favor of liberty. In 1775, after the breaking out of hostilities, he was appointed on the Committee of Safety for the Colony; and afterward, successively, a brigadier and major general of the militia, with

full power to call out the troops for the defense of his own and the adjoining States.

The oldest son, Jedidiah, was engaged with his father in business. He was particularly noted as a son of liberty, and an active captain of the militia. He was promoted to the command of a regiment, and joined the army at Cambridge with his force, in just a week after the battle of Lexington. His regiment was a part of the secret force that took possession of Dorchester Heights, and erected a line of fortifications which caused the withdrawal of the enemy from the harbor and restored Boston to the patriot army. He then left for New York, stopping on his way to entertain the new commander, Washington, at his residence in Norwich. This superb old mansion, still standing, bearing the marks of its antiquity in all its surroundings, at various times during the war offered its hospitality to Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, and other distinguished foreign officers. At one time, while Lauzun's Legion was cantoned at Lebanon, by invitation of General Huntington, that nobleman and his officers were banqueted at his house; and, after the dinner was over, they all went out in front of the house, and gave three loud huzzas for American liberty.

Ebenezer, the next son, at the age of twenty-one, was in his closing year at Yale College. On receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington, he applied for, and was refused by the faculty, an honorable dismissal from his class, that he might join the army near Boston. He immediately, however, left New Haven, and, with a company of volunteers, marched for the scene of action. He was successively promoted during the war to the positions of captain and brigade-major.

With General Jabez Huntington was associated, in all important public matters, a younger townsman of his by the same name, though from a different branch of the family. This was Samuel Huntington, who was successively a

member of the Legislature and Associate Justice of the Superior Court. In 1775, he was made a member of Congress, and, the next year, was one of that band of intrepid men who were determined to meet the emergencies of the Colonies by declaring themselves independent of British rule and proclaiming the rights of a government in which the people should be sovereign.

Colonel Christopher Leffingwell, though not in active service, performed much arduous labor as one of the committee of correspondence of the town, and but five days before the battle of Lexington received a complimentary letter from John Hancock, then President of the Provincial Congress, in consequence of the important intelligence he had given that body. He was captain of a militia company, and, at every alarm from the coast, was ready to move with his command for the defense of his neighbors below. General Parsons, on his way to join the army, ordered one of his companies to lodge at Norwich, and call on Mr. Leffingwell for supplies. The announcement of the battles of Lexington and Concord was first made to him, and by him communicated to Governor Trumbull. In 1859, at the bi-centennial of Norwich, the original document was exhibited from which he read these alarming tidings. His house was one of great hospitality, and Washington was at one time his distinguished guest. He was also one of the bold yet sagacious movers of the plans to secure the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. It was important to secure these positions for two reasons,—they then formed the principal key of communication between the Canadas, which were likely to prove loyal, and the Colonies; also to secure the valuable munitions of war there held for the use of the army then gathering at Cambridge. Major Mott, from Preston, just over the river from Colonel Leffingwell's, was sent to Vermont at the head of a committee, with instructions to examine into this matter, and, if thought feasible, to raise



a force sufficient to capture the forts. Having employed Colonel Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys" for this important expedition, the forts capitulated, under an ingenious surprise of Allen and his men, without bloodshed. The garrison was sent to Hartford for imprisonment, and the supplies, consisting of about two hundred pieces of artillery and other valuable munitions of war, were secured for the forces besieging Boston.

At this juncture, another man of Norwich nativity appears on the field, and attempts to take from Allen the command, as well as the honor of this bold and successful enterprise. Benedict Arnold, who was born in Norwich, but for several years past had been a resident of New Haven, had about this time offered his services, at Cambridge, to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety; and, having doubtless learned something of the intended movement of Connecticut upon the lake forts, proposed to the Committee a similar expedition, and made it appear so plausible that they commissioned him a colonel, with power to raise four hundred men, and proceed at once with the enterprise. Having failed to raise any number of men, or even officers who would take command under him, he pushed on alone, with his commission in his pocket, and by virtue of it demanded of Allen the command of his forces, and, after the capitulation, attempted by an appeal, which was unsuccessful, to the Massachusetts Provincial Assembly, to deprive him of his command. But these forts had been taken in the name of a higher authority than that even of Colonel Arnold, of Massachusetts, or the secret commission from Connecticut,—“in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.”

The original journal, kept by Major Mott, giving a detailed account of the movement of this secret expedition, from April 28, 1775, the day of its departure from Norwich, until the time of the capitulation, is still extant. Referring to Colonel Arnold's charge against Allen,

that he had taken the forts without orders, Major Mott closes his journal with these words: "On which I wrote Colonel Allen his orders as followeth:

"TO COL. ETHAN ALLEN:

"Sir,—Whereas, agreeable to the power and authority to us given by the Colony of Connecticut, we have appointed you to take the command of a party of men, and reduce and take possession of the garrison of Ticonderoga and its dependencies; and as you are now in possession of the same, you are hereby directed to keep the command of said garrison, for the use of the American Colonies, till you have further orders from the Colony of Connecticut, or from the Continental Congress.

"EDWARD MOTT, *Chair. of Com.*

"*Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775.*"

Early in 1775, it was decided to make Norwich a port of refuge, where vessels might flee for safety from the prowling crafts of the enemy in Long Island Sound. A fort was built and garrisoned, under command of Captain Jacob De Witt, just below the town, for this purpose. Under the protection of this fort, the committee of inspection, without authority from the State, fitted out several expeditions for the capture of British commerce; among which captures were two vessels with valuable cargoes,—one carrying twenty thousand gallons of molasses, and the other eight thousand bushels of wheat. This vessel had been fitted out in Baltimore for England, but, by stress of weather, had been driven into the Sound.

Captain John Lamb, of Norwich, sailed from New London in 1774, in command of the ship *America*, for Gibraltar, but was not heard from for three years. It subsequently transpired that, being foiled by the troublous times from pursuing his legitimate business, he put into one of the French islands, and fitted out as a privateer.

In 1775, a commission was appointed by the Colony, of which Benjamin Huntington, of Norwich, was the head, authorized to provide means for the safer

and more speedy transmission of stores and intelligence from point to point along the coast, and diligently to watch the movements of the enemy upon the water. A fast-sailingschooner was bought, and brought up the river to be fitted out for this purpose. She was rechristened *The Spy*, was of fifty tons burden, and carried six guns. Commanded by Captain Niles, she traded along our coast, carrying important intelligence from place to place, and made a successful trading voyage to the West Indies. In the course of her operations, she took several valuable prizes.

Thus the great war for independence was fairly launched upon the country, and all hearts were beating for liberty. Washington had assumed the command of the Continental armies, and Congress was considering carefully the measures and methods of operation which, after more than a year of open hostilities, culminated in the memorable Declaration of Independence.

1775—1875! These figures span a century of the most interesting and marvelous period of the world's history. They carry us back to the time of our Colonial troubles, when our country was in a state of subjugation and peril, our government had no existence, and the first inception of our real and permanent independence had not had its birth: they bring us back, over the rugged path of the Revolution, and the cheap experiment of a Confederacy, to the tried realities of a national compact that has survived the severest civil conflict of the world, in honor, integrity, and perfect unity; back over a period of civilization

fraught with deeper interests, better impulses, and more potent results, than any, perhaps, in all the ages previous; back over a civilization that has wrought wonders in populating an immense territory with a people of culture and enterprise, in transforming the wilderness into gardens of luxuriant growth, in unearthing and utilizing the treasures of the earth, in diffusing intelligence and morals, and giving freedom of thought and enterprise alike to all in the great struggle for competency and position.

This year of 1875, full of joy and comfort, peace and prosperity, to forty millions of people, memorizes that of 1775, with a population of less than four millions, bending under the weight of oppression, filled with anxiety and alarm, not only for their freedom, but for their lives and their homes,—the sound of war rising through the land, and the hosts of freedom marshaling every-where for a decisive struggle. The year of 1876, upon which we so soon shall enter, will be the memorial year of 1776, and will be celebrated with pomp and true pride, as the centennial of the birth of our nation. As it was the dire necessity of our fathers to pray the God of hosts to defend them through the perils upon which they were then precipitated, may it, next year, be our glorious privilege to invoke the God of peace to sanctify to us, as a nation, the sufferings they endured, the victories they won, and the grand inheritance they left us; to unite us more closely in the bonds of brotherhood, and keep us forever in harmony with one another, and at peace with all mankind!

N. S. WENTWORTH.



## WHAT CAN AMERICAN EDUCATORS LEARN FROM THE "HEATHEN CHINEE?"

CHINA is a country of schools and books. It has a copious literature, embracing philosophy, history, poetry, criticism, and commentary. Every village and neighborhood has its school, every town its academy, every county its college, every state its university, and the empire its imperial college at the imperial capital. Free-schools are unknown. The "common-school system" is modern, peculiar, in its most distinguishing features, to America, and only recently and partially adopted in Europe. Parochial schools, under the charge of priests, are the educational medium of the European States generally; and it is not to be wondered at that foreign priests, accustomed from youth to the parochial plan, can not accommodate themselves to the American free system.

The Chinese primary school corresponds to our private or select school. The teacher gathers his own pupils, and derives his support from tuition fees paid by the scholars. The Celestials build no school-houses. The loft of a story and a half house, a room in a common dwelling, an apartment in the village or neighborhood temple, is obtained by the teacher, and the rent, if any, is assessed upon the scholars, included in the term bills. This system, if system it might be called, is very ancient, coming down from immemorial antiquity. In the "Book of Rites," one of the five canonical books of the celebrated Chinese Classics, old in the time of the sage Confucius who flourished five hundred years before Christ, it is said, "For the purposes of education among the ancients, villages had their schools, districts their academies, departments their colleges, and principalities their universities." Yet, Chinese colleges, academies, and universities have very little resemblance to the dormitory system that has come down

to us from mediæval Europe. In the primary school, the master has about twenty scholars, seated on bamboo stools, at wooden tables, furnished with the *Sang-che-king*, the Three-Character-Classic, a Chinese "hornbook," containing about a "thousand words, and about half that number of separate characters." The first great object is to learn the characters, by repeating them, line by line, after the teacher, as he pronounces them to the class. Both teacher and scholar use a sing-song tone and a high key. Every one of the twenty scholars studies and recites at the top of his voice. A Chinese school-room is a bawling Babel, and at all hours of the day parents have audible evidence that the children are studying their lessons.

The Chinese language has no alphabet, no letters standing as representatives of sounds, which may be combined endlessly to form words. Each of the written characters of a Chinese book stands for a word, a combination of sounds, and represents an idea, like the signs +, —, ×, ÷, =, plus, minus, multiply, divide, equal to, in algebra; or ☉, ☾, ✨, ♀, sun, moon, star, Venus, of the almanac; 1, 3, 5, 7, one, three, five, seven, in arithmetic; or <, >, ∴, ∅, ∅, swell, diminish, repeat, breve, semibreve in music.

Hence, the first five or ten years of school life must be given to memorizing the forms and names of characters, without giving much, if any, attention to their meaning and combination in phrases and sentences. It happens in China, as with us, that many youth can go to school from five to eight years old till fourteen or sixteen, and then they are compelled to go to work for a living. In these few years the Caucasian boy learns to read, write, and cipher, acquirements which enable him, in after life, to keep accounts,

to read his Bible, hymn-book, and the newspapers, and so to keep himself intelligently posted on what is transpiring in the world, notwithstanding the meagreness of his book learning. The little Mongol, on the contrary, has spent years in learning characters, the meaning of which he does not understand, and, in after life, will often be able to exhibit the singular phenomenon of ability to read a book without the power to understand, or explain intelligibly, its contents. This cumbersome obstacle in the way of any useful juvenile acquirement has given rise to various opinions among foreigners of the generalness of education among the Chinese. As all parents are ambitious to have their children learn, and few are so poor that they can not afford to give them a little schooling, it comes to pass that ability to read is much more common than the capacity to understand what is read, or to apply one's reading to any available purpose.

Chinese education has far more reference to mental training than to the uses of practical life. It aims chiefly to develop memory and imagination, to make the scholar familiar with the written character, with the sayings and doings of the great and wise of other days in his own nation, and to give him facility for composition in verse and prose. The curriculum is narrow, the drill long, thorough, and persistent; the mastery, in case of graduation, complete; and this raises the question, on the threshold, whether this feature of their method is not better than ours; whether we do not cover too much ground, introduce the pupil to too many branches, instead of thoroughly grounding him in a few elementary principles. Drill in Latin and Greek makes the youth of the English preparatory foundations better classical scholars than the graduates of American colleges. Drill grounds the Chinese student in the history, philosophy, and poetry of his own tongue, and he learns no other. His attention is not distracted, or his time divided, by the pursuit of half a dozen things simultaneously. He is not bothered with dead lan-

guages, mathematics, astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, or chemistry. His own vernacular, and the authors who have made it the vehicle of their thoughts and instructions, are the subjects of his life-long pursuit as a student.

The narrowness of the course of study tends to thoroughness. In our country and day it is not possible for every individual to be thoroughly educated in the numerous languages, philosophies, and sciences developed by the mind, inventions and discoveries of the ages; but it is possible for one to be thoroughly grounded in elementary principles, so that he can pursue any course adapted to choice or leisure.

Beyond boyhood and the primary school there is very little effort, so far as our acquaintance extends, to mass students, as in Western academies and colleges, for the convenience of board, study, recitation, libraries, and access to professors. Private tutorships or solitary studying seems to be the custom with the Celestials. The books to be studied are comparatively few and well known. As the student of divinity takes to the Bible, Christian fathers, commentaries, and institutes; as the law student takes to Blackstone and Justinian, or the student of medicine to anatomy, surgery, and *materia medica*, so the Chinese scholar, who proposes university life to himself, takes to the writings of the philosopher Confucius and the numerous commentaries that throw light upon the ancient records composed or compiled by the nation's sage.

It does not seem to matter when, or where, or how one proceeds with his studies, whether slowly or rapidly, thoroughly or negligently; the great point is, how the student will stand the stern ordeal that awaits him when he presents himself for examination. His upward course lies in regular gradations, and he passes from degree to degree only after rigid inspection and satisfactory trial. The competitive examinations of the British universities excel in variety and loftiness of subjects, grasp, and intel-



lectual tension, but they do not surpass the Chinese (when fairly conducted) in severe tests, impartiality, and thoroughness. A Chinaman's student life is one of examinations, and not of recitations or social study. Doolittle tells of colleges in Foochow that have a "large number of rooms which may be used by pupils free of rent;" and that "students who choose, may live in the colleges," but that "few do live there." Williams, writing of Canton, thirty years ago, says: "There are fourteen grammar schools, none of them in good condition." "There are also thirty colleges, most of them neglected." "Three of the largest contain each about two hundred students and two or three professors." Their object is to "instruct advanced scholars in composition and elegant writing."

The pupil may have tutors and lectures, but his grand objective point is the stated examinations. If he fails, he tries again. Having once embarked in a scholastic career, it becomes his life-work. He rarely drops it and engages in other business. Men continue to attend the official examinations till they become old. Fathers are found in the same classes with their sons, and gray-beards in the same standing with grandsons; the grandsons sometimes passing muster and graduating, while the grandsire, "plucked" for the fiftieth time, is left to try again. Upon successful candidates for literary honors, three degrees are successively conferred, none of them honorary, but all purchased by hard study, real merit, and sound scholarship, tested by numerous examinations. These degrees correspond roughly to our A. B., A. M., and LL. D.,—bachelor of arts, master of arts, and doctor of laws.

To obtain the first or lowest degree, the student must successfully pass three or four rigid trials before the district magistrate, in a public hall erected for that purpose, in the district town, corresponding, as near as may be, to our county town; then two or three examinations, more rigid than the others, before the prefect, or department magistrate, each

department being about the equivalent of eight or ten counties in our larger States. His third trial, before the literary chancellor, or imperial commissioner, at the provincial capital, corresponding to our State capitals, is, of course, severer than either of the others. If he stands these nine or ten separate examinations, before three different boards of examiners, he passes, and graduates bachelor of arts. These examinations are State affairs, over which individual schools and colleges exercise no control. How severe these initial trials are may be known from facts stated by Williams in his "Middle Kingdom;" namely, that, out of four thousand candidates from two districts, less than thirty passed the first scrutiny!

Williams further says: "The candidates for this degree are narrowly examined when they enter the hall; their pockets, shoes, wadded robes, and ink-stones are all searched, lest precomposed essays and aids to composition be smuggled in. When all are seated in the hall in their proper places, the wickets, doors, windows, and entrances are all guarded by men, and pasted over with strips of paper. The whole day is allotted to the task. The first two trials thin off the crowd amazingly; not one-third of those who appear at the first struggle are seen at the third."

Williams and Doolittle both show the abuses of this ancient system by the reigning Tartar dynasty, and speak of the sale of degrees by the impecunious Government to those who have "more money than brains," and with what scorn these brevet bachelors are looked upon by those who have purchased the honor by regular modes and hard work. Our limits will not allow us to enlarge on this one out of a numerous brood of corruptions fostered by China's Mongol rulers. The struggle and rivalry for the second or master's degree are as great as for the bachelor's. Examinations for this degree take place triennially, about the middle of September, at all the provincial capitals. There are eighteen provinces in

the empire, corresponding, in area, to our great States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, with a far denser population. Each of these provinces has a capital city, and each capital city has an immense examination hall. Those at Canton and Foochow, respectively, have been frequently visited by foreigners. According to Vrooman, the one at Canton is a parallelogram in form, four hundred and forty to four hundred and fifty feet wide, and twelve hundred and fifty long. The one at Foochow is six hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and eight hundred and seventy-five long. The area of these two is about the same, and either is more than twice the space occupied by St. Peter's at Rome. The hall at Foochow fronts to the south, and is entered by immense gates through a high wall, parallel with which, at the distance of twenty feet, runs another wall all around the premises. Through the center of the plat runs a broad avenue, from the entrance gate on the south to the wall on the north. From the central avenue narrow alleys branch off at right angles, like the streets of a city, and run straight for the east and west walls. Each of these alleys is some three feet wide, and is faced by a long, low shed, like a rope-walk, just high enough to stand up in, with a brick wall in the rear, and covered with tiled roof sloping to the north. Each of these long rope-walk sheds is divided, by brick walls, into about one hundred separate apartments, cells, or man-sheds, like the horse and wagon sheds back of a country meeting-house, tightly walled up on three sides, but wide open to sun and rain on the fourth. Each cell is just big enough to accommodate one man, standing or sitting. It has a plank-board grooved into the back wall, on which the student may sit, or curl up if he wishes to sleep. In front of him, let into grooves in the wall, is another plank, which he may use as a table to write on, or lunch on, as occasion serves. This is the sole furniture of the cells; and this the cramped and uncomfortable position, in which, once in three

years, thousands of students from all parts of a great province, like the State of New York or Ohio, are expected to work out the themes submitted by the examiners. Williams says the hall at Canton contains seven thousand five hundred cells; that at Foochow has about ten thousand. Not only is every student isolated from every other student, but a guard stands sentry at the heads of the alleys to prevent any communication of students with each other, while the thick double walls and the locked and guarded gates preclude the possibility of any assistance from friends without. Before he takes his place in his allotted cell, each student is thoroughly searched, his clothes, his shoes, his person, his ink-stone, his lunch-basket, even his inevitable tobacco-pouch, pipe, and tea-pot! He has absolutely nothing but ink and paper and his brains, to work out the theme given him by the examining board, which consists of two commissioners sent by the emperor from Peking to supervise this momentous business, assisted by the provincial officers.

If a candidate breaks any of the prescribed regulations, his name is "pasted out," placarded on the outer door of the hall, and he is shut out until another examination comes around.

Four themes are given out on the first day, selected from the "Four Books," one of which must be poetry. The minimum length of the compositions is one hundred characters, and they must be plainly and elegantly written, and sent to the examiners without any name attached. The essay is first copied by professional copyists and the copy submitted to a Board of Sub-examiners, who recommend the best to the attention of the Imperial Examiners, and reject the rest. Every effort is made and every care taken to have the papers accepted or rejected on their merits alone. After spending two days in the examination hall, closely shut in, the doors are unlocked, the seals broken, and those whose work is done are allowed to come out. The doors are shut, locked, and sealed



for a few hours longer, when another company is ready for exit.

A day or so is allowed for recess, when the diminished class of competitors again enter the hall and find their cells for another and severer trial. Five themes are given out, from the five volumes of the Chinese classics; four for prose, and one for a poem. Another two days, another tension of memory, intellect, and wit, another success or failure, another exit.

A third trial of the thinned ranks takes place, with five themes on miscellaneous subjects and one for poetry; after which the candidates and their army of attendants and watchers come forth from a week's imprisonment and a most trying ordeal.

Twenty-five days are allowed for the Examining Board to look over the essays, fifty to seventy-five thousand papers on a dozen subjects, through which, from the narrowness of the prescribed curriculum, a monotonous uniformity is sure to run.

Williams is authority for the statement that, out of four thousand to six thousand candidates, only about thirteen hundred graduate triennially in the province of Canton; something like four hundred a year, who reach the degree of master of arts, in a population reckoned by M'Cartney, nearly a century ago, at half that of the last census of the United States, namely, twenty millions!

Those who have graduated masters in their respective provinces are allowed to go, triennially, at Government expense, to the capital of the empire, Peking, to compete for the higher degree, doctor of laws. The process and results are similar to those already described. Out of the hundreds who compete, only one hundred and fifty to four hundred graduate LL. D. These are honored with introduction to the emperor, and their names inscribed on the list of candidates for promotion by the Board of Civil Office, to be appointed on the occurrence of vacancies.

In Williams's "Middle Kingdom" and

Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," the curious reader may find full descriptions of the Chinese competitive system. We have necessarily condensed and abridged. And now, with the outline of this system before us, we recur to the question, Can Christian educators learn any thing from the heathen Chinese? It is one thing to learn, and quite another to put in practice what we acquire. Phonographers have written themselves blind, and shouted themselves hoarse, over the wretched meagreness, ridiculous combinations, and expensive cumbersome, of our written signs. All see it, but there is no move toward reforming the English alphabet, conforming orthography to pronunciation, and simplifying the forms of the written signs. For forty sounds in the vocal language, we have twenty-six representatives in the written alphabet, and part of these useless or duplicates. Our orthography is so artificial and *outré* that no man can guess at the spelling of a word by hearing it pronounced, and yet a word properly pronounced is already spelled to the ear; and Franklin was right, a century ago, when he said "the worst spelling is always the best." There is no reason why, with a proper set of symbols, a man should not be able to get off the ends of his fingers in an hour as many words as he or another can get off the end of his tongue in the same time; and a wonderful saving of time, expense, labor, and thought, it would be to coming generations, if our rulers would enforce the teaching of stenography in all our schools, either substituting phonography for the present imperfect system of alphabetizing, or teaching short hand alongside of the ordinary running hand, not the luxury and perquisite of the patient or gifted few, but the necessary acquirement of all. Yet Parliament or Congress or school boards take no available steps in this useful direction.

It is easy to point out what we might borrow, imitate, or incorporate to advantage, but who will heed the suggestion? Our schools need labor-saving reformatories at the very beginnings of knowledge.

We might copy Chinese methods in the higher walks of educational work. It has been asked what is needed to graduate at an American college? and the answer was, "Stay in college four years, answer leading questions at shallow examinations, and pay your term bills." Graduation is the rule, the law, the privilege, of all who can, by any possibility, squeeze through; rejection is exceptional. In China exactly the reverse obtains; graduation is the exception, the lot of the most thorough scholars; while the masses of students have the rewards of high attainments without a literary degree to solace themselves withal. This, of course, elevates the standard of student attainment far above the American, or even British and Continental, university grades. Chinese high officials are the cream of the educated men of the empire, the brightest intellects, the sharpest wits; and it is our belief that sharper-witted politicians and leaders do not exist on the globe than may be found attached to the court of Peking. Their training is narrow, and of a low type of intellectuality and usefulness; but no man can say that it is not thorough.

The Prussian system of common-schools, embracing compulsory attendance, has diffused book knowledge broadcast among all classes in Germany; while the presence of universities worthy of the name, with their learned lecturers and professors, their libraries and unstinted museums and apparatus, make their learned men the most learned in the world. Next these are the stars of the French Academy, and the honor men of the British universities; any thing in America comparable to these is exceptional.

By huge and unrelenting efforts, the wise legislators of the most advanced States of the republic have laid the foundations of a common-school system in this country whose methods, standards, appliances, and thoroughness promise to rival those of any nation in the world. Just as it is getting fairly under way comes the danger from the popular bal-

lot, combined with the numerical strength of mediæval priestcraft, tyranny, and ignorance, that it will be shivered to pieces, and that to America will be transferred all the modes and miseries of despotism, the nightmare of the ages, from which enlightened Europe is just now shaking itself free.

Our republican States should not only cling tenaciously to the common-school system, but should aim to give academies and colleges a higher grade, and to create universities which shall be worthy of the name. Some States have shown commendable zeal in this direction, in the endowment of normal-schools, agricultural colleges, and State universities. It has been proposed to erect a national university at Washington. If this should follow the plan of our existing universities, it would immediately degenerate into a very ordinary school for the education of lads in the District of Columbia. No people was ever better circumstanced than we are to lay the foundation of a grand State and national system of colleges and universities.

As the common-school is the tributary of the academy and high-school, as the academy and high-school are tributary to the college, so the colleges of the State should be tributary to the State university. The State university should not be, like the college, a mere training-school for boys; nor need it be an aggregation of colleges, like Cambridge in England, with its seventeen colleges, or like Oxford, with its five and twenty halls and colleges. It need be no more than a building suited to the purposes of examination.

Erect the colleges of a State into a State university. Let the colleges, as now, prescribe a four years' course, and graduate their own students to the degree of bachelor. If learned members of the national university were annually sent from Washington to make the circuit of the State and attend the examinations of their colleges to give them tone, authority, dignity, and thoroughness, it would be all the better. Take from the individual



colleges the authority to grant the master's degree. Let that be given by the State university, after rigid examination at the State capital; and let the board of examiners be made up of learned professors, delegated in sufficient force from the various colleges of the State, aided by educational commissioners from the national university. Only those already bachelors should be eligible to entrance upon examination at the capital of the State for the degree of master, and those who, in the individual States, reach the master's degree, shall be eligible to examination at Washington before a commission of the most learned men of the nation for the degree of doctor of arts or laws or philosophy.

The State university would not then imply halls for study, but halls for examination. The national university needs halls for examination, but none for lectures, museums, apparatus, libraries; all these are the paraphernalia of the ordinary college, and the student may pursue his studies where he pleases, at home, under private tuition, or as a resident graduate of an ordinary college; he may be one year or five in mastering the prescribed curriculum. When he is ready, let him go to the State capital, pass the ordeal, and receive his degree.

Modern division of labor, as well as the wonderful variety of branches to be pursued, requires separate schools and

elective courses; hence, we need colleges of languages, colleges of the sciences, colleges of law, medicine, theology, arts, with examinations and degrees fitted to each course. If one would pursue the classics, another mathematics, another the natural sciences, let the examination of each be according to his course, and let his parchment be an honest representation of actual attainment and real proficiency.

Let the indiscriminate conferring of A. M.'s upon all A. B.'s who will send a college president a five-dollar bill be put an end to. Let the promiscuous flinging around of D. D.'s and LL. D.'s, by one-horse colleges, cease. Let the B. D., bachelor of divinity, precede the D. D., and let both be the meed of actual scholarship, ascertained by impartial examination. Let the hurtful system of competitive marks, distinctions, and prizes, in colleges and universities and schools, be laid aside; and let graduation, the representative of a thorough education, be the chief prize at which scholars shall aim. Let American universities be something more than a name, an empty title, meriting now, in most cases, only derision and contempt. Let the individual colleges confer bachelorships, the State universities masterships, the national university doctorates, and we shall have a corps of learned men of whom the country need not be ashamed. EDITOR.

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## THE ORANGE-TREE.

THE man lies darkling in the boy,  
The Future dimly marks its morn;  
Flushed with strange ripeness, Fear and Joy,  
Which fit our later life, are born.

The boy springs brightening in the man,  
Frolics, at times, as years before,  
Runs gay and wild, as once he ran,  
Breathes the free life of days of yore.

Happy the boy in man-like thought,  
Happy the man in boy-like play;  
Heart unto heart forever wrought,  
Our earliest and our latest day.

Thus dark-bright trees by tropic floods  
Mingle the coming with the old;  
The deep-hued fruitage shades the buds,  
The bud lies white amid the gold.

## TWILIGHT DREAMS.

THEY come in the quiet twilight hour,  
When the weary day is done,  
And the quick light leaps from the glowing  
heaps  
Of wood, on the warm hearth-stone.

When the household sounds have died away,  
And the rooms are silent all,  
Save the clock's brief tick, and the sudden  
click  
Of the embers, as they fall;

They come, those dreams of the twilight  
hour,  
To me, with their noiseless tread,  
A tearful band, by the guiding hand  
Of a gray-eyed spirit led.

There is no voice within the hall,  
No footstep on the floor;  
The children's laughter is hushed, there is  
No hand at the parlor door.

Like fingers tapping eagerly  
Against the shuttered frame,  
Where the trailing rose its long branch  
throws,  
Beat the great drops of rain.

But my heart heeds not the rustling leaves,  
Nor the rain-fall's fitful beat,

Nor the wind's low sigh, as it hurries by  
On its pauseless path and fleet;

For now in the dusk, they gather round,  
The visions of the past,  
Arising slow, in the dim red glow,  
By the burning pine-brands cast.

My brow is calm as with the touch  
Of an angel's passing wing;  
They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred  
By the messages they bring.

Some in their grasp impalpable,  
Bear Eden-cultured flowers,  
That sprang in gloom, from the tear-bathed  
tomb  
Of hope's long-buried hours.

Some from the fount of memory,  
Lasting and pure and deep,  
Bring waters clear, though many a year  
Hath saddened their first fresh sweep;

And some in their hands of shadow bear,  
From the shrine of prayerful thought,  
A fragrance blest, to the stricken breast,  
With balm and healing fraught.

The night wears on, the hearth burns low,  
The dreams have passed away;  
But heart and brow are strengthened now  
For the toil of coming day.

## JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

ON life's sea in storm-tossed weather,  
Mid the gloom and dark of night,  
When the winds and waves together  
Blot the harbor from our sight;  
When our little bark is tossing,  
And we know not how 't will be,  
'Tis then the Nazarene comes crossing,  
Walking towards us on the sea.

Then the black clouds part asunder,  
And the storms no more divide;  
While the rolling, rumbling thunder  
Makes no more a terror wide;

When our dearest hopes shall wither,  
O, thou Man of Galilee,  
Turn thy watchful footsteps hither,  
Come thou walking on the sea.

When the mists of death are falling,  
And life's voyage all is made,  
We shall hear the Savior calling:  
"It is I, be not afraid."  
Life is short and time is fleeting,  
Ever watchful let us be,  
Till we hear our Master's greeting  
Meet us walking on the sea.



## MORE ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

**I**N a previous number of the LADIES' REPOSITORY we wrote an article regarding the origin of the "Ring of rings;" we now propose to furnish a paper on the history of the most rare and noteworthy of these valuable *souvenirs*.

The most valuable ring of antiquity in the world is the one known as the signet-ring of Suphis. This great man, one of the solitary colossal figures of the dim ages,—otherwise known as Cheops,—King of Memphis, during his life-time caused the Great Pyramid to be built for his tomb. A vast congregation, in fact his whole realm, were employed to erect this man's monument. Every decree connected with the construction of this immense pile, or with the multitude of men who toiled on it, was sealed with *this signet-ring*. No other finger-ring was ever made to hold such office, thus mutely swaying, as by magic, thousands of subjects engaged in this vast work. This was two thousand years before Christ. The Great Pyramid, which may have cast its shadow over Alexander and Cambyzes, still points sunward, a monument of *one man's vanity and power*; and the little ring which tells all its wonderful story glows as brightly to-day as when it glittered on the hand of Suphis, more than three thousand years ago.

According to an account in the New York *Independent*, this ring was brought by Dr. Abbott to New York with his valuable Egyptian collection. It is in the highest state of preservation, and was found at Ghizeh, in a tomb near the excavation of Colonel Vyse's, called Campbell's Tomb. It is of fine gold, and weighs nearly three sovereigns. The style of the hieroglyphics is in perfect accordance with those in the tombs about the Great Pyramid, and the hieroglyphics within the oval make the name of that Pharaoh of whom the pyramid was the tomb. The details of the engraving are minutely accurate.

A correspondent of the same journal, in speaking of the ring next valuable for its antiquity, the one believed to have been that which was given by Pharaoh to the patriarch Joseph, says: "Upon opening, in the Winter of 1824, a tomb in the necropolis of Saakara, near Memphis, Arab workmen discovered a mummy, every limb of which was *cased in solid gold*; each finger had its particular envelope, inscribed with hieroglyphics: "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." A golden scarabæus, or beetle, was attached to the neck by a chain of the same metal; a signet-ring was also found, a pair of golden bracelets, and other relics of value. The bracelets are now in the Leyden Museum, and bear the same name as the ring. This signet-ring found its way to Cairo, and was there purchased by the Earl of Ashburnham. That nobleman having put his collection of relics, with his baggage, on board a brig chartered in Alexandria for Smyrna, the vessel was plundered by Greek pirates, who sold their booty in the island of Syra. The signet in question thus fell into the hands of a Greek merchant, who kept it till a few years ago, when it was sold in Constantinople, and purchased and brought finally to England. It is again in the possession of the Earl of Ashburnham. This signet has been assigned to the age of Thothmes III. The quantity and nature of the golden decorations existing in the tomb referred to indicate it as the sepulcher of one of the Pharaohs, or of some highly distinguished officer of the royal household; and a calculation places the death of the patriarch Joseph in about the twentieth year of Thothmes III. The seal has the cartouch of Pharaoh. And one line of it has been construed into Paaneah, the name bestowed by Pharaoh on Joseph. This signifies, in combination with "Zaphnath," either

the "Revealer of Secrets, or the Preserver of the World."

As Joseph's body was not left in Egypt, many doubt whether this was his mummy or his ring; but recent revelations have strengthened the supposition. Be it as it may, this ring is a very rare and beautiful treasure, and belonged to some one high in authority. Upon Pompey's ring were engraved three trophies, as emblems of his three triumphs over the three parts of the world,—Europe, Asia, and Africa. Cæsar's ring bore an armed Venus. On that of Augustus there was first a sphinx, afterward the image of Alexander the Great, and at last his own, which the succeeding emperors continued to use.

Hannibal's death was in his ring. When the Roman ambassador required the King of Bithynia to give Hannibal up, the latter, on the point of the king's doing so, swallowed poison, which he always carried about in his ring.

The Romans collected cases of rings, many of which are mentioned as being at Rome; among these was that which Pompey the Great took from Mithridates, and dedicated to Jupiter in the Capitol. Dr. Clarke says the introduction of sculptured animals upon the signets of the Romans was derived from the sacred symbols of the Egyptians, and hence the origin of the sphinx for the signet of Augustus. Nero's signet-ring bore Apollo flaying Marsyas. This emperor's musical vanity led him to adopt it. When the practice of deifying princes and heroes became general, portraits of men took the place of more ancient types. This custom gave birth to the cameo, not introduced before the Roman power, and rarely found in Greece.

From trustworthy sources we learn that in the British Museum is an enameled gold ring of Ethelwolf, King of Wessex, second King of England, A. D. 836, 838. It bears his name. The ring of Edward the Confessor has been discovered, and was in the possession of Charles Kean, the actor, who, it is said, wore it whenever he played the character of King Lear.

Burke's "Extinct Peerage" tells that Lord L'Isle, of the time of Henry VIII of England, had been committed to the Tower of London on suspicion of being privy to a plot to deliver up the garrison of Calais to the French. But his innocence appearing manifest on investigation, the monarch released him, and sent him a diamond ring, with a most gracious message. Whether it was his liberty, or the ring, or the message that caused it, he died the following night of "excessive joy."

Shakespeare's signet-ring is of gold, and was found on the 10th of March, in the year 1810, by a laborer's wife, upon the surface of a mill-close, adjoining Stratford church-yard.

In the Life of Haydon, the painter, occurs a letter from him to Keats, from which we learn that a gold ring and seal, with the initials W. S., and true lover's knot between, was found in a field at Stratford-upon-Avon, that belonged to Shakespeare. He had seen an impression, and was highly delighted on being able shortly to possess one.

Many are familiar with the history of the ring given by Queen Elizabeth to Devereux, Earl of Essex. Francis Osborne, in his "Traditional Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," says of it: "Upon this, with a great deal of familiarity, she presented a ring to him; which after she had by oaths imbued with a power of freeing him from any danger or distress his future misconduct, her anger, or enemies' malice, could cast him into, she gave it to him, with a promise that, at the first sight of it, all this, and more, if possible, should be granted. After his commitment to the Tower, he sent this jewel to her Majesty by the then Countess of Nottingham, whom Sir Robert Cecil kept from delivering it. But the Lady of Nottingham, coming to her death-bed, and finding by the daily sorrow the Queen expressed for the loss of Essex—herself a principal agent in his destruction—could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and



forgiveness from her earthly sovereign, who not only refused to give it, but, having shook her as she lay in bed, sent her, accompanied with most fearful curses, to a higher tribunal."

We are told that the nuptial ring of Mary, Queen of Scots, on her marriage with Lord Darnley, is still extant. It is, in general design, a copy of her great seal, the banners only being different,—for in the great seal they each bear a saltier, surmounted by a crown. The ring part is enameled. It is of most beautiful and minute workmanship. An impression is not larger than a small wafer. It has the initials M. R. [Maria Regina]; and on its interior is a monogram of the letters M. and A.,—Mary and Albany. Darnley was created Duke of Albany. A letter has been found in the handwriting of Mary herself, which presents the monogram of M. and A. that is upon the ring. The history of this ring, bearing the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which was produced at the trial of Mary, descended from Mary to her grandson, Charles I, who gave it on the scaffold to Archbishop Tukon, for his son, Charles II, who pawned it in Holland for three hundred pounds, where it was bought by Governor Yale, and sold at his sale for three hundred and twenty dollars, it is supposed; to the Pretender. Afterward it came into the possession of the Earl of Islay, Duke of Argyle. It was at last bought by George IV of England, when he was Prince Regent. It is sometimes called the Juxa ring.

During the years when Prussia was trying to free herself from the yoke which France had laid upon her, the most extraordinary feelings of patriotism existed. In town and village, altars were erected, on which ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones were offered up. Ladies wore no other ornaments than those made of iron, upon which were engraved, "We gave gold for the freedom of our country, and, like her, wear an iron yoke." One evening a party had assembled in the house of an inhabitant

of Breslau. Among them was a beautiful though poor girl. Her companions were boasting of what each had contributed toward the freedom of their country. Alas! she had no offering to give. While unrobing for the night, she thought she could dispose of her hair, and so add to the public fund. With the dawn, she went to a hair-dresser's, told her simple story, and parted with her tresses for a trifling sum, which she instantly deposited on an altar, and returned to her quiet home. This reached the ears of the officers appointed each day to collect the various offerings; and the president received a confirmation from the hair-dresser, who proposed to resign the beautiful hair, provided it was resold for the benefit of father-land. The offer was accepted, iron rings were made, each containing some of the hair, and these produced *far more than their weight in gold*.

The elder Kean used to wear, to the hour of his death, a gold snake-ring, with ruby head and emerald eyes.

On the day of the arrival of Miss Milbanke's answer to Lord Byron's offer of marriage, he was sitting at dinner in Newstead Abbey, when his gardener came and presented him with his mother's ring, which she had lost, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mold under her window. Almost at the same moment the letter from Miss Milbanke arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent; I will be married with this very ring." If he was married with it, it was a fatal talisman.

A popular foreign publication informs us that a few years ago the signet-ring of the famous Tarlough Leynnoch was found at Charlemont, in the County of Armagh, Ireland.

There is a ring shown in the Isle of Wight as having belonged to Charles I of England, of which the following story is told: When Charles was confined in Carisbrook Castle, a man named Howe was its master-gunner. He had a little boy, who was a great favorite of Charles.

One day, seeing him with a child's sword by his side, the king asked him what he intended doing with it? "To defend your Majesty from your Majesty's enemies," was the reply. This answer so pleased the king that he gave the child the signet-ring he was in the habit of wearing upon his finger.

A ring is still preserved as an heir-loom, which was presented to his ancestor by King Charles I during his misfortunes. Robert Rogers, of Lota, received extensive grants from Charles II. In the body of his will is the following: "And I also bequeath to Noblett Rogers the miniature-portrait ring of the martyr Charles I, given by that monarch to my ancestor previous to his execution; and I particularly desire that it may be preserved in the name and family." The miniature is said to be by Vandyke.

The Duchess of Portsmouth is said to have secured two valuable diamond rings from Charles II's finger while the throes of death were on him.

A memorial of Nelson is left in some half-dozen of rings. In the place of a stone, each ring has a *basso-relievo* representation of Nelson, half bust; the metal, blackish in appearance, forming the relief, being in reality portions of the

ball which gave the Admiral his fatal wound at Trafalgar.

Cardinal York, the last of the Stuart family, left as a legacy to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, a valuable ring, which was worn by the kings of Scotland on the day of their coronation.

In England, during the year 1815, a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold for seven hundred and twenty pounds to a nobleman, who had it set in a ring.

There is a ring known in English history as the *Blue Ring*, with an account of which we will close this sketch. King James I kept a constant correspondence with several persons of the English court prior to Queen Elizabeth's death; among others, with Lady Scroope, sister of Robert Carey, afterward Earl of Monmouth, to which lady his Majesty sent, by Sir James Fullerton, a sapphire ring, with positive orders to return it to him by a special messenger as soon as the Queen actually died. Lady Scroope had no opportunity of delivering it to her brother Robert while he was in the palace of Richmond, but, watching at the window till she saw him appear at the outside of the gate, she threw it out to him, he well knowing to what purpose he received it.

G. B. GRIFFITH.

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## SUNSET ON THE GOMER GRAT.

THE Matterhorn, which had been invisible for a week, enshrouded in its pavilion of gray cloud, came out clear, with only its accustomed wreath of mist, at three o'clock in the morning. With a strange disregard of the necessity of unbroken sleep for my tired neighbors, I roused them to communicate my discovery. As H. and his friend were to start at five for the ascent of the Breithorn, they did not relish the earlier summons. But I feared the splendid vision might be hidden before the dawn, so I gazed, unmindful of sleep, on its majestic grandeur.

After breakfast we found that no horses were to be had for the ascent of the Gomer Grat. We ought to have engaged the sure-footed animals that brought us from Zermett to the Riffell, and now our only hope was in obtaining the horses of some travelers who might arrive during the day. None came; and in despair at spending in inaction those bright, beautiful hours, I sallied forth by myself for a walk toward the mountain, with the promise that the rest of my party would overtake me when the expected horses came.



In that clear air, amid those giant forms, all sense of distance is lost; and I found that the foot of the mountain, that seemed close by, was very far off. Onward and upward I went, the ascent easy, the great white mountains unsullied in their sparkling beauty. Ladies from the Riffell Inn, whom I met descending the mountain path, told me that they had had an unclouded view from the summit. There was no time to be lost, and I hastened on. An elderly French gentleman with his guide overtook me, and invited me to look through his fine glass at a party crossing the St. Theodule. "*Toujours sous les yeux de la mere*," he said, as I told him that my son and his friend, with their guides, were the moving dots we saw on the distant glaciers.

The summit was reached—we were ten thousand feet high—the glorious view encircled us. What a panorama! Monte Rosa in her dazzling beauty, with her attendants, the Twins and the Breithorn,—the Mischabelhorn towering in the distance, with many snowy peaks between and beyond. Over the valley the pointed Weisshorn (which Professor Tyndall told me was his favorite mountain), the Dent Blanche, and other snowy summits, were defined in clear and elegant outline against the western sky, while on the shoulders or at the feet of these glittering giants, I counted seventeen glaciers.

Some gentlemen of the Alpine Club brought me the Edelweiss, Alpine pansies, and other specimens of the flora only to be found on the loftiest heights. It was June, and yet I traced letters on the snow bank at my feet. I could have spent hours on that lofty height, eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a view so grand and solemn in its stern magnificence. The noise and babble of earth all hushed,—the region one of perpetual silence. The few human voices which vibrated in that atmosphere were softened in tone as if unwilling to disturb the profound repose; the world and its "fretful stir" so far off, heaven and its calm so near,—its blue, flattened arch just above us.

The Englishmen, who were staying at the Riffell Inn, told me that it would not be prudent to wait any longer on the mountain, and offered me their escort home. I reluctantly left the summit, and we had accomplished about a third of the descent, when I met my friend Mrs. C. coming up. No horses had arrived; so she left the young ladies and came alone to find me. I could do no less than to return with her that she might enjoy the wide, wonderful view. We saw the glories and the after-glories of the sunset. Bright bits of cloud floated about, catching rich colors from the sinking sun. The white mountains grew rosy, and lost their stern aspect, as the loveliest pink hues softened their rigid outlines to the beauty of a dream. It was a transfiguration scene, with only two of us on that mountain peak to behold the radiant glory. Night had come to Zermatt and the Valley of St. Nicholas far, far below us, and the shadows were deepening on the Riffell; but we stood in the after-glow, and saw the rosy light fade from the lower, and rest on the loftier pinnacles of that mighty Alpine chain, till we bethought ourselves of the path home through the twilight.

We had not walked far when, to avoid a snow-wreath, we stepped aside, and we could not regain the path. I had placed my bunch of Edelweiss and Alpine pansies on a rock beside the path, which I thought I would be sure to find on my return. But the path and the pansies were lost. We found ourselves in the dry bed of a torrent; and Mrs. C. said, "Where water goes we can." So we went stumbling down, without the gliding motion of the stream, and with a little more perplexity. At length, in the growing darkness, we came upon the path. So relieved were we, that we heeded not a slight hail-storm which came to complicate matters. Help was at hand however. My son came striding on with an umbrella, and then came the son of my friend with a guide. At the door of the hotel we were congratulated by some of the Alpine Club who were watching for

us. They had informed our sons of our danger, and Professor Tyndall told them to take guides and lanterns, as the mountain was a most dangerous one after nightfall,—being surrounded by glaciers, and with a path so slightly defined, that one might wander there all night. But we were safe, and not penitent as we

ought to have been; for that wide-spread glory which we had just before witnessed amply repaid us for uncertainty and apprehension.

And I pressed this flower of my Alpine experience with an Edelweiss, given me at the *châlet* on the Riffell, as "a joy forever." MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

### OUT OF A POCKET.

THE morning sunshine poured into the old kitchen. The shadows of the nodding morning-glory vines danced over the painted yellow floor, and seemed to be whispering together of the young girl whose sweet face had peeped out through them a moment before, with a cheery call,—

"Breakfast ready, father."

But the face was unnaturally flushed, and only by a strong effort was a tone of discouragement prevented from creeping into the three simple words.

"Bobbie, dear, I'm afraid you have n't combed your hair this morning. Come here and—"

"Don't want it combed. Hurts. Don't like curls any way. Get snarled;" and the small rebel stood scowling at the breakfast-table. "I want cakes. Mamma made cakes. Lots. And maple syrup."

"O Bobbie," and there was a choke in the tender voice, "Mamma has gone away to heaven, you know. She can't take care of Bobbie any more. Won't you let sister fix your hair? Then you shall sit at the head of the table, and have some nice bread and butter."

"Do n't want bread and butter. Want mamma. Do n't know where heaven is, any way. Want her here," and the little fellow's tangled curls were pulled further down over his eyes, and his head buried in his sister's lap, while he sobbed in the utter abandonment of childhood's grief.

Eleanor roused herself at her father's step.

"Bobbie," she whispered, as she checked her own tears, "we must be brave, and not cry any more. You know how bad it makes papa feel;" and kissing the little boy, she hurried to attend to her father's wants.

The violence of a child's sorrow soon passes, and Bobbie, placed at the table, was soothed by an extra quantity of sugar spread upon his bread, and remained quiet for some time.

"This is a first-rate omelet, Eleanor. You are getting on, my daughter, and one of these days will be as good a cook as—as you want to be."

He ended abruptly. Neither father nor daughter dared trust themselves to say much, during those early days, of their new, strange, and terrible loss. "As good as your mother," had been the simile oftenest upon his lips. It was his strongest expression for whatsoever things were pure, lovely, and of good report.

"But you have burned your face, child, and tired yourself out."

"And I burned the biscuits quite up, father," with a little hysterical laugh. "I was going to surprise you with them,—and I think I should," she added, "if I had put them on the table."

"We must find help for you, somewhere, before long."

"But until then you must get along



with your poor, incapable daughter. When relief arrives, you 'll have—"

"More sugar!"

This from Bobbie, who gave point to his request by thrusting into notice his huge piece of bread.

Breakfast over, Mr. Kendrick started for the hay-field, while his daughter proved how little the adjective "incapable" belonged to her, by the skillful manner in which the day's work was planned, to the least detail.

"I'm going to see Mr. Win, Nellie."

"O Bobbie, I'm afraid you trouble Mr. Winfield. You know he has to look after the big boys."

"I'm a big boy now,—he said so. And he puts me up high in a queer chair, and gives me pictures,—lots. I saw the lion's in David's den yesterday, and a baby in a tub. I like Mr. Win lots, *I* do."

Eleanor Kendrick laughed, a little silvery ripple, which chimed in with the clink of the tea-spoons.

"And I told him you liked him too, *I* did."

Not even a smile this time. A little flush and frown.

"Why Bob—"

"And he laughed, and said he was glad."

"But, Bobbie, I didn't say I liked him. You made a mistake."

The curly head was vigorously shaken.

"I know. I listened tight. You said—"

"I said I respected him Bobbie. That is a different thing."

"And you do n't like him?"

Disappointment, as well as disgust, was stamped all over the chubby face.

"O, you dear, darling little plague of a brother," and she stooped to kiss him. "Do n't you know you must n't tell people what is said about them?"

"Why?"

"Well, it is n't polite, and sometimes it hurts their feelings."

"'Spose they want to know?"

"Well, that might be a different thing. Now, do n't you want to help me pick the corn for dinner?"

"No, I do n't. I want to go and see—

there he is now;" and in an instant he had rushed out to the road to meet a tall, noble-looking young man, who was walking in the direction of the house.

"Mr. Win! O Mr. Win! sister Nellie says I trouble you, because I am not a big boy, and she do n't want me to go and see the pictures to-day."

"Why, Bobbie, how is that? Your sister knows that you are a particular friend of mine."

The curly head nodded an emphatic assent.

"Let us talk with her about it. Do you think she will let me come into the kitchen?"

"Yes, come along. She's washing the dishes. She won't care if you do n't break 'em. I do sometimes,—lots."

Another step brought them to the door.

"This is downright trespass, I know, Miss Kendrick; but you see I anticipate forgiveness."

The glowing, dimpling face, which he looked at with his heart in his eyes, gave no indication of displeasure.

"I can never refuse to receive my friends in the kitchen, if I have any desire to see them at all," she said. "I'm a woman with a mission now; these are the symbols of my new vocation;" and she placed half a dozen irons upon the stove.

"I do n't suppose Bobbie can be of much assistance on ironing-day, Miss Kendrick," he replied, from the doorstep, on which he had seated himself. "I want you to spare him to me till night."

"I do n't trouble you, do I, Mr. Win?" interrupted the small boy.

"Not a bit," in a hearty tone. "Bobbie helps me to keep school, by showing the big boys how well a little one can behave. May I take him along, Miss Kendrick?"

After delay sufficient to change the apron, which he had managed to tear in three or four places in the course of thirty minutes, they set off together, hand in hand.

She looked down the road after them

till they were out of sight, then turned away with a little sigh.

"Poor little Bobbie," was her anxious thought, "how can I ever fill—but I must not think of that. I wonder if Mr. Winfield took him off because he knows what a hinderance he is to me when I am busy, or because he loves him as much as he seems to. Dear little fellow, who could help it?"

So she mused as she dusted the sitting-room. The flush had died out from her face, and she was very pale. The solitude and stillness of the house was dreadful. She peeped into some of the books as she rearranged them on the table, strangely enough, seeming to find nothing of so much interest as the page upon which was written "Russell Winfield," and a date. But the busy hands made haste in putting to rights, and one felt sure she would waste no time in day-dreaming, while work waited to be done.

There was dinner to get for her father, and the two "hands," extra help in the haying. After that, the ironing was resumed, and, just as the clock struck four, she was startled by a figure which appeared in the doorway.

"O Frank! Frank!"

She had rushed to him with a great cry, and was sobbing on his shoulder, while he embraced her tenderly.

"My little Nellie! Look up here. Don't cry so, I forbid it. You knew I would come."

"I hoped so, Frank. O, do you know how hard it is?"

"Ah, Nellie, I've had heart-aches too."

"Forgive me," she said, humbly, "I am so selfish."

"Selfish, you blessed woman! You are the most generous helper and comforter a man ever had. Your last letter reached me only a day before I heard of—of your mother's death. It was good of you to write me so fully in those anxious times. I could not have expected you to think of others."

"I hoped you would get here before."

"No need to tell you that I came as quick as possible after you wrote. I had

to wait, though, until one of our partners returned from a Southern trip. But the delay gave me time to realize all your blessed letter held for me. Why, Nellie, I could n't expect half so much. How can I ever thank you?"

"Your thankfulness won't prevent your being hungry, Frank. Just wait till after supper, when things are all 'done up' for the day, and we will have one of our long talks, just like old times."

"Where's Bobbie?" he inquired, a few minutes later, as she returned from a mysterious visit to the back pantry.

"O, he's at school."

"School! I had no idea he had begun his education so young."

"Well, he has n't, exactly; but the gentleman who has our school this Summer, has taken a great fancy to the child, and 'borrows' him, as he terms it. They have great times fishing and rowing together, and are the best of friends. In fact, I do n't know what poor little Bobbie would do, these days, were it not for Mr. Winfield."

"Winfield, did you say?"

"Yes, Russell Winfield."

"Why, I know him. He was a year behind me at Princeton, a splendid fellow. Let me see, he must have graduated last Summer."

"Yes, and has been studying medicine since."

"He was the closest student I ever knew. Pity he can't have a pleasanter vacation than teaching a district school. I wonder how he likes it?"

"You will have a chance to ask him, when he brings Bobbie home."

So the young men met after a three years' separation. There was no need of introduction.

"How are you, Winfield?"

"Glad to see you, Burlingame."

Then a long, twilight talk of college-days, while, overhead, a sweet voice sang low and tenderly to the tired little brother, who had been too sleepy to make any demonstration over his sister's guest, and whose last communication had been confidentially made to the effect that "Miss



Vis (short for Davis) had red bows on her hair, and gave me plums—lots."

Eleanor had gone down stairs again. In the low rocker, with her head thrown back, she showed how very tired she was; and perhaps that was what moved Mr. Winfield to rise and propose leaving. "Miss Kendrick has had an ironing-day," he said, in those slow, deep tones which gave emphasis to every thing he said. "I know, because she told me so this morning."

"Tired, Eleanor?"

It was Frank Burlingame who asked the question which Russell Winfield had suggested; but the tenderness of the tone made the latter wince, and say hastily, "I shall not stay to give her an opportunity to deny it. Good-night, both;" and, with a graver face than he had come, he strode along the road to his boarding-place, "Miss Vis's" house. Perhaps it was his midnight work over "compositions" that made him so pale the next day.

"Am I going to lose the long talk, after all, Eleanor? You know I go so early to-morrow—"

"No, indeed, Frank! I have so much to tell you." And the two talked together far into the night.

A week later there came a letter from him, evidently long enough to atone for the delay, and Eleanor looked happier than since he had left her; for her cares weighed heavily upon her unaccustomed shoulders. Robbie was proving every day how much he needed his wise mother's care, and the loss grew harder to bear as the days went on. Then, somehow, Russell Winfield—the thought was never finished, even in her own heart. "Why should I care for the change in him?" was the indignant question with which she always interrupted herself. The letter seemed to give her fresh encouragement. She sat down to her writing-desk at once, but, strangely enough, addressed her reply:

"*My Dear Fannie*,—I have just had a long letter from Frank. Though I say it as ought n't, he is certainly one of the

best men in the world. You can guess how happy I am in this new arrangement of things, which—"

A crash and a cry startled her. Robbie had been racing with the dog, quite as large as himself, and an unlucky movement threw him down headlong. It was a work of time to quiet him; then he expressed a decided unwillingness to leave his sister's lap.

"Make me a paper boat, Nellie, or tell me stories,—lots,"

She was not in the mood for story-telling, and it was with a sigh that she sacrificed the sheet of paper on which she had begun her letter,—all there was within reach. The front gate clicked, and a well-known step on the gravel walk made her heart beat faster.

"Here I am," shouted the boy, and, jumping down, he rushed to the door.

"Bobbie and the dog have had a hard time."

This was Eleanor's quiet, pleasant greeting to Mr. Winfield, and in explanation of the bump on the child's forehead.

"I would like to take him out on the river for a little while, Miss Kendrick. This is the first chance I have had to keep my promise, made three days ago."

"Hooray!" He was off for his cap in an instant.

Was it not unreasonable for Eleanor to wonder why she was never asked to go with them as formerly? But that was before—she had so much to do. Left alone, she made a second beginning of her letter, though she could not wholly prevent her thoughts from straying down to the river where the two odd friends, man and boy, talked of many matters, and a little of her.

"Nellie used to go too, sometimes."

This after a long silence, and with no response from the child's companion.

"But that was when she liked you, I guess. She don't now. She said so."

"What!"

The boy started at the fierce exclamation.

"O, I forgot. She told me not to tell."

"But there are some things there is no harm in telling. Did your sister ever say that, my boy?"

The white face awed him into answering. Even the young eyes could read the trouble in it.

"She said she expected you, or something. But I wouldn't mind if I was you," with a philosophical air and attempt at consolation. Evidently, the words failed to have any weight. Bobbie fidgeted and grew uneasy, then became suddenly illuminated.

"You shall have my paper boat, Mr. Win, to keep. Nellie made it. Do you know how?" And the article specified was drawn carefully out of his pocket.

The oars had been laid across the boat, and they drifted idly. Mr. Winfield could not fail to appreciate the sympathetic expression of the young face, and took the paper toy with a courteous, "Thank you."

Robbie, evidently greatly relieved, turned his entire attention to paddling in the water with his hand, and Mr. Winfield abstractedly pulled to pieces the paper boat which he held carelessly. A few lines caught his eye. He knew the writing at once. Had he not treasured a very few precious notes written in that same hand how long ago? To look at the words was to grasp their meaning,—the death-blow, sure and swift, at last, to a hope which he had been trying in vain to utterly give up. He spread the wrinkled paper upon his note-book and wrote a few lines hurriedly, then folded it into the original shape.

"I wish you would give this to your sister, Robbie. Tell her you gave it to me, and I sent it to her. I have written something inside for her to read," he added in explanation, and in response to the curiosity in the boy's face. Then the oars were resumed, and he pulled "up stream," in a double sense, and so home.

"How bravely and cheerfully she always writes!"

It was Mrs. Frank Burlingame who spoke. She was busied in looking over

a large basket of clothing, while her husband read aloud the last weekly letter from Eleanor Kendrick.

"Hers is indeed 'a heart for any fate,'" was his reply; and, the letter finished, he threw himself on the sofa with the evening paper.

"I'll look over the money market a minute, dear, before I read you the news."

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Mrs. Burlingame's energetic exclamation,

"Frank—Burlingame—just look here!" And she held up a creased sheet of paper, which she had discovered in the pocket of a small pair of pants she had been repairing.

Together they read the wrinkled page: "*My Dear Fanny*," etc.

"That is certainly the beginning of a letter to me!"

Then a few more lines in Eleanor's hand, and the writing changed:

"I need not explain how this came into my hands. You will forgive my reading your confession of a happiness which I can truly say I rejoice in, though it proves the destruction of my own. In mistaking your natural kindness of heart for a deeper interest, I have brought upon myself the fit punishment of my presumption. The one whom your love has crowned is as worthy of it as it is possible for any one to be; and that life may always hold for you the blessings you both deserve is the sincere wish of R. W."

"By Jove!" Frank Burlingame drew his breath hard. "There's been a fearful mistake somehow. How did it come about? The date is—"

"Just four years ago, and the same month in which her father's sudden death occurred."

"You remember I told you about Winfield at the time, Fannie. Some way this fell into his hands."

"And queerer still into Bobbie's. How nobly he speaks of you, Frank."

"Nobly! I always said Russell Winfield had the noblest heart in the world; and this sounds just like him."



"But she ought to know; and what has become of him?"

"I can't tell, except that I noticed his name in the paper, a few weeks ago, among the members chosen on the board of one of the city hospitals. I sha'n't rest now till I find him, and she—"

"Frank, I shall send this straight to her. It belongs to her, and she will understand it, you may be sure."

Less than twenty-four hours later, Frank Burlingame was in the presence of his old college chum again.

"I have been a family man for a long time," he said, in response to the hearty welcome of the latter, "was married three years ago, not to an angel, but the—one of the best women in the world."

"Yes, I know. You have been very highly blessed, Burlingame. Your—your wife—"

Burlingame's suspicion was confirmed.

"But you have never met my wife, Winfield. That pleasure is in store for you." The look in the eyes of the man to whom he spoke hurried him along.

"Her name was Fanny Hillard, my Cousin Eleanor's dearest friend."

"Your cousin?"

"My pet cousin, and, in fact, the only one I possess, save her brother. A serious misunderstanding separated Fanny and myself for a time; and had it not been for Eleanor's sympathy, and her success in setting matters straight,—finding the explanation of the difficulty,—why, I am quite sure I should never have been the happy man I am. On my way to Fanny's home, I stopped over a few hours to thank my blessed cousin; and that was the very night on which I met you, if you remember."

His listener sat with his elbow on the table, his hand shading his face.

"You know how soon after that my Uncle Kendrick died, though I believe you left the town before that. Eleanor came to my mother's in New York. I assumed the care of Bobbie as soon as I came into possession of a home of my own. Now, Winfield, my dear fellow, it

may make no difference to either you or Eleanor, but it is only right for you to know that a certain letter written by you to her was probably never delivered. My wife has a mania for missionary work, and, last night, in looking over a quantity of clothing which she is to send off, found, in a pocket, a little paper boat. Am I right in supposing that the message, apparently intrusted to Bobbie, was never delivered?"

Russell Winfield sprang to his feet, grasped his friend's hand, and wrung it painfully.

"And El—Miss Kendrick?" he asked.

"Has been teaching in a boarding-school in Philadelphia ever since her father's death, which left her dependent, a brave, noble little woman."

That same little woman felt as if all the courage she had ever possessed was deserting her, as she sat in her small, square bedroom, with that significant sheet of paper in her hands. Her life for the four years gone by had not been so very hard to bear. There were memories and longings which would occasionally crowd in between her busy moments, but they were as persistently crowded out again. Now she realized, as never before, what might have been; and it was a very hopeless reverie from which she was roused by a card which was brought to her.

"Mr. Win" waited in the parlor, standing, and hat in hand. His nerves were stronger in a dissecting-room than in the place where he hoped and feared to meet Eleanor Kendrick.

It was only for a few minutes, however. She came in so like her sweet, former self, unchanged, save that the years had touched her to refine and elevate, adding a new beauty of face, a new charm of manner.

Hands and eyes met frankly, sincerely, in that fervent greeting. There was no need of words; but while the strong man trembled with an emotion he could hardly bear, Eleanor spoke.

"Your letter came an hour ago, Mr. Winfield."

"Though it has been written four years. Only tell me that it did not come too late."

Whatever the reply was, it decided Eleanor's future in a manner very unsatisfactory to Mme. La Mode, who was thereby forced to part with her most competent assistant. The students, in their expression of good wishes, indulged in quite a natural "aside," to the effect that it was "so funny to think of one of the teachers being engaged."

"We are even, now, Mrs. Russell Winfield."

This was Frank Burlingame's first greeting.

"Fanny and I never felt that our lives would be long enough to cancel our united obligations, and lo! we are able to repay

it in *kind*, and, as you will doubtless believe, in degree, also. As for you, young Robert Kendrick," pulling his curls vigorously, "have you asked Mr. Win to forgive you?"

"If Bobbie's pocket was the source of my sure misery, it was equally so of my surer happiness," was the response. "Consider the forgiveness granted, my boy."

If the wisdom of his ten years is not quite equal to grasping the full meaning of the statement, he knows that at last things are all right somehow, and with a mature air of profound satisfaction and assurance gives expression to the sentiment:

"You know I always liked you—lots!"

C. B. LE ROW.

## BRIEF GENERAL SURVEY OF MISSIONS.

THAT missions are of modern origin is both false and true. False, because Christianity was itself a mission, and its founder "one sent" into the world for its redemption. False, because the Redeemer, just about to ascend, had no sooner committed to his disciples the sublime duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature, than "*immediately* they went forth and preached every-where, the Lord working with them." But, after all, missions are of recent origin. The comprehensive view which regards the field as the world did not long survive the age of the apostles. Defenders of the faith arose with each of the numerous heresies; and the predominating spirit of Christianity, in its very infancy, lost its spirituality, and became polemic. So it happened that the apostolic era was succeeded by one of dogmatism. With the conversion of Constantine, and the influx of wealth and power, this developed into a grand system of propagandism; and the history of the Church

for centuries was one of great zeal for the Church, great labors and sacrifices to add to her numbers and possessions, to build magnificent cathedrals and monasteries, and to swell ecclesiastical endowments. There was scarcely any spiritual interior life discernible, so much of it was external. There were emissaries of the Church in many lands, but only in name were they missionaries. True, in some more zealous minds, all this was with a view to salvation; for, as they conceived, only within the Church, and through her ordinances, could this be secured.

The natural consequence was, that, in many places, even among the heathen, "converts," as they were called, were counted in great numbers, even by hundreds of thousands. Superficial work may yield speediest results, but they are speediest to decay. To whiten the sepulcher does not purify its uncleanness. There was no permanency to the work thus wrought, for it was soon reabsorbed



by surrounding idolatries and corruptions. Such were the "missions" of Romanism; but they were not *missions*.

During this dreary period there were, indeed, individuals who had a truer sense than most of the mission of the Church, and occasional efforts were made by such, along the line of these centuries, in response to that higher and holier sentiment. They were men who perceived the world's needs, and heard distinctly the Savior's command, "Go," and who could not rest without at least sending to the relief of the perishing, if they could not go in person. There was enough of this to link the present renaissance of the missionary life of the Church with that of the apostolic age, and to prove the Church in all time to have had one life, however weak, through certain periods, its pulsations may have been.

But there is another sense in which the missionary cause is modern. In no preceding age was it organized as now,—never before did it have the prominence which belongs to it. It is the present great feature of evangelical Christianity, a development necessary in itself to establish the genuineness of professed faith. Believers in the Divine Word, who are waiting for the glorious coming of Christ, scarcely consent to the possibility of a Christianity that is not missionary. So much is peculiar to the present century, and no calculation as to missionary results can date much further back and escape serious error.

The sturdy blows of Luther at length made a breach, through which light poured in effulgence upon the world; and the great awakening in the time of Wesley brought the Church to a more complete realization of her duty. The lowly and the degraded and the far off began to enlist the prayers and efforts of Christians. The prisons were visited, and the colliers were preached to, and heathen lands received an occasional visit from the messengers of salvation. Individual effort naturally preceded organization; and organization, at first crude and imperfect, was at length

substituted by the regular Missionary Society.

The earliest Protestant mission of which we have note was commenced by Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, to Lapland, in 1559. In 1620, the Pilgrims, landing at Plymouth, beheld a continent peopled by heathen, and began earnestly to labor for their salvation. Within a quarter of a century, John Eliot had earned the title of Apostle to the Indians. In 1735, John and Charles Wesley went to Georgia. In September, 1786, Dr. Coke set sail with three Methodist brethren for Nova Scotia. But a severe storm arising, and the vessel becoming leaky, the captain changed her course, and they landed at Antigua, where the missionaries opened their message; and it was so well received that they remained, and thus laid the foundation of this eminently successful mission. It was in this same year that Dr. Coke issued his address to the British public, on Missions, entitled, "An Address to the Pious and Benevolent, Proposing an Annual Subscription for the Support of Missionaries in the Highlands and adjacent Islands of Scotland, the Isles of Jersey, Guernsey, and Newfoundland, the West Indies, and the Provinces of Nova Scotia and Quebec, by Thomas Coke, LL. D., 1786." For many years, this remarkable man was, in his own person, the embodiment of Methodist missions, raising all the funds for their support and superintending all missionary affairs. He had, in his address, alluded to "a mission intended to be established in the British dominions in Asia." In his old age, he obtained permission of the Conference to consummate this purpose, and in person undertake this work, but died on the voyage, and was buried in the Indian Ocean. His tireless zeal had inspired the Christian world, and, from the coral bed on which he sleeps, there yet goes forth an influence sweeter than the aroma from those spicy shores. He had the Gospel idea of evangelizing the world in his great heart, and may be said to have been the father of Wesleyan missions.

In 1790, a committee of nine preachers

was appointed by the Wesleyan Conference as a sort of Mission Board, of which Dr. Coke was chairman, and, as might have been expected, the most important part. In 1793, the Conference ordered a missionary collection to be taken in all the societies. Although the Wesleyan Missionary Society was not organized till 1817, it will thus be seen that missionary sentiment, spirit, and enterprise, and even incipient organization, was much earlier. The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was organized in 1701; and the Moravian Missionary Society, on the Continent, in 1732. These were the only two missionary organizations in the first half of the last century. There were three others formed during the last decade of the same century; namely, the Baptist Missionary Society, of which Carey was the founder, in 1792; the London Missionary Society, founded in 1795; and the Netherlands Missionary Society, in 1797. All the other great missionary organizations have arisen during the present century. The nineteenth century must, in fact, be regarded as the Missionary Epoch; and from it, and not from the beginning, all calculations of result must proceed to be truthful.

The spirit of Protestant America was stirred by the same causes that had been reviving the Church in Europe; and the souls of Christians in the New World were going out after the lost and perishing. The Indians and the new settlers called for special Christian effort, and, with true comprehensiveness, the eye of love and faith looked with interest and eager desire to the far-off nations. In 1799, the Massachusetts Missionary Society was formed. In 1806, a Mr. Morris, of Salem, gave ten thousand dollars to Andrew Theological Seminary, declaring his great object to be "the foreign missionary enterprise." Many such indications there were, but the rising missionary spirit had not yet combined in any great enterprise or plan for sending the glad tidings of salvation to the widely extended pagan field.

It was in 1806 that Samuel J. Mills be-

came a member of Williams College, who, when a child, had heard his mother say, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary," and his soul, when converted, seemed fully penetrated with the idea that his mother's vow should be fulfilled. The next year after his admission to college, he invited Gordon Hall and James Richards to a walk, and led them to a retired spot in a meadow, behind a haystack, where they spent all day in fasting, prayer, and conversation on the duty of missions to the heathen. The spot where they spent that day has become memorable, and is always pointed out to Christian visitors. Their conferences at length ripened into a private society among the pious students, the object of which was declared to be "to effect in the person of its members a mission, or missions, to the heathen." Of this society, no person could be a member "who is under any engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen," and each member was to "hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call." Richards, Mills, and others, upon graduation, went to Andrew Theological Seminary, and were joined by such students as Adoniram Judson and Samuel Newell. When the General Association of Massachusetts convened at Bradford, in June, 1810, several of these young men appeared before the body, and represented their sense of duty to give themselves personally to mission work among the heathen. This led the Association to institute the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the earliest of the great missionary associations of our country. Four years later, followed the organization of the Baptist Missionary Union; and nine years later, namely, in 1819, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the third in chronological order of the missionary association in the United States.

Like nearly every part of our history as a Church, the missionary society was a child of Providence, born not of human



suggestion, but of divine indication. For many years, the opening frontier had invited labor that was supplied at the utmost sacrifice; and every-where benevolent hearts were making occasional and isolated gifts to aid in the support of pioneer preachers. Many Methodists, whose hearts were enlarged for the salvation of the world, in the absence of a society of their own, contributed freely to the foreign work opened by other denominations. Our pioneer work, at every point, was in direct contact with the heathen aborigines, and all things were ready, when God touched the train with a spark, and light broke forth along the whole line.

One Sabbath day, in the year 1816, Marcus Lindsay was preaching in Marietta, Ohio, and John Stewart, an inebriate colored man, was among his auditors. The spirit divine reached deeper than the spirit vile, and John Stewart was sorely convicted and soundly converted. What followed, he himself relates, in a manuscript sent to Dr. Bangs for his "History of Missions." He says:

"Soon after I embraced religion, I went out into the fields to pray. It seemed to me that I heard a voice, like the voice of a woman, praising God; and then another, as the voice of a man, saying to me, 'You must declare my counsel faithfully.' These voices ran through me powerfully. They seemed to come from a north-west direction. I soon found myself standing on my feet, and speaking as if I was addressing a congregation."

He could not subdue the feeling within him that there were sinners, somewhere, that even he must call to repentance; and he was continually drawn to follow in the direction from which the voices seemed to come. He at last took his knapsack and set off toward the north-west, not knowing whither he was going. He says, "When I set off, my soul was very happy, and I steered my course, sometimes in the road and sometimes through the woods, until I came to Goshen, where I found the Delaware Indians." Here, as the star of old rested over the manger, the voices seemed to

stay our traveler. The Indians, when he arrived, were singing, and preparing for a dance; and he captivated them with one of the songs of Zion. They repeatedly asked him to "sing more." Here he found, living as an Indian, one Jonathan Pointer, whom he had, in former years, met in Kentucky, a fugitive and a backslidden Methodist. Stewart said to him, "To-morrow I must preach to these Indians, and you must interpret." Pointer, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "How can I, without religion, interpret a sermon?" Then followed a night of wrestling and prayer, and the sermon on the morrow. He made an appointment for the next day, to which only one old squaw came; but he preached faithfully to her. The next day his congregation was doubled by the addition of an old man, and Stewart again preached. The next day was Sabbath, and eight or ten attended. Soon crowds came to hear him, and many notable conversions followed, among which were Robert Armstrong (who, taken prisoner when a lad, had been adopted by the Turtle tribe), and the eminent chiefs Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and Scuteash.

The Church through the land was stirred to its profoundest depths by these triumphs of grace; and the needs of this and other work of the kind led to the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, three years later. This was the beginning of our work among the Indians, which spread and prospered till Indian wars, removals of tribes, and the vices of the white man, brought disaster and discouragement. With our vast frontier work, it was enough, for the time, to satisfy the intense longing that had seized praying souls for the conversion of the world. Just at the hour we needed it, a new field was brought to view.

The colony of Liberia had been established, and among the first emigrants were many members of our own Church. These sent back a cry to the United States for some one to come and shepherd them in the wilderness. Bishop

Hedding responded, in 1832, by appointing Rev. Mellville B. Cox to that field. Thus began our work in Africa. The new missionary soon fell, but his eye had surveyed from the coast a vast continent, populated by uncounted millions, as imbruted and miserable as human beings can be; and his last words were, "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up." Those dying words have ever since been reverberating through the Church, and she has never dared to forsake her trust.

Strictly speaking, we had, as yet, no foreign mission. The Indians were too near to us to be called foreign, and Liberia was as if a part of our own land. There was an unsatisfied yearning of the Church for a broader field. This found expression in various ways, most distinctly in the mellifluous tones of Fisk, and the sturdy eloquence of Olin. The plea of the latter for foreign missions, published in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, at the period, is one of the world's famous papers on missions. At length, gifts of unparalleled liberality were offered, for the express purpose of establishing a mission in China. This empire was supposed to contain one-third of the population of the globe. Hitherto it had been walled in from all intrusion, but was now being opened to the world. Four ports had become free to foreigners. You could not stay fervent hearts from entering there, with the salvation of the blessed Jesus. So we went to China. It might be almost said we were driven to enter it. At so late a day as this, namely, in 1848, we date our first really foreign mission.

Next, we were called to India. Most of the strong denominations were already in this field. But the north-west provinces were yet unoccupied, except by a single weak missionary organization. There was a feeling in the general Church that we should enter this reserved field. A land with a population ten times as numerous as that of the United States, and the key to all the Orient, was a tempting field. The European residents

of India promised, if we would come, to give, in cash, one-half of the cost of a residence for every missionary sent. We went, and thousands will bless God to all eternity for our coming.

Bulgaria, though yet a small mission, seemed at the beginning, and still seems, a wide and open door. Dr. Durbin thus recites its origin:

"Four millions of Slavonians live in Bulgaria, in European Turkey, a country bounded by the Danube, the Balkan Mountains, and the Black Sea. They observe the rites of the Greek Church, but have been for years dissatisfied with its government, and hence have urged the American Board to extend their mission to them from Constantinople. This it could not do for the want of men and means, and therefore it informally applied to the Methodist Board to send a mission to Bulgaria. Upon careful inquiry, we found the people resolutely determined to emancipate themselves from the imperious authority of the Greek Church. They were beginning to feel the impulse of investigation and freer thought, which point to a higher civilization and greater freedom. It was ascertained that these longings for religious liberty sympathized strongly with the powerful Protestant element in Hungary, which lies near at hand, and, through Hungary, with the scattered fragments of Protestantism in Southern Russia. A Protestant mission was needed, to give encouragement, instruction, and advice to these disjointed and distracted elements of Protestantism. Under these circumstances, our General Missionary Committee authorized the mission; and, in 1857, brothers Prettyman and Long were sent, and are preaching to the people in their own language, and instructing and guiding them informally in their efforts to attain to religious freedom and a pure religious experience.

"In the mean time, well-defined rumors reached us that there was a remarkable people in the city of Tulcha, near the Black Sea, who were Protestants, as to the doctrines and worship of the Greek



Church. This reminded us of the Rev. W. F. Flocken, one of our German missionaries in America, who was born in the south of Russia, and spoke the language of these strange people. We sent him quickly to Tulcha, with instructions to examine and report to us.

"*Molakans* is the popular name of these people, because they live chiefly on milk. Brother Flocken's account is in substance as follows: They reject the ritual of the Greek Church, and all pictures in churches; are simple and earnest in their worship, which is always in private houses, and very much secluded, as the Government of Russia is hostile to them. It is on this account a small portion of them have removed to Turkey. Brother Flocken has endeavored to ascertain the religious origin of this remarkable people, and the account they give of themselves is, that, about ninety years ago, two respectable persons, a gentleman and lady, were attached to the Russian embassy in London. While residing there, they became acquainted with a people who worshiped God in private houses, did not use the ritual, prayed extemporaneously, sung with great freedom and spirit, and rejected all pomp and ceremony in their service; were of grave and honest deportment, and given to industry, frugality, and benevolence; that their intercourse with these people so impressed them that, when they returned to Russia, they spread their own religious views and experience among the people, until now they say *more than five millions of people in the south of Russia and in the adjoining provinces of Turkey belong to their association*. There is a regular organization among them. Their chief resides in Russia, and subordinate chiefs in other subordinate cities. Some of them, Brother Flocken says, are *truly converted*.

"Now the question is, Who were these people whom these two Russians found in London, say ninety years ago? There can be but one answer, and that is, *The Methodists*. Here, then, we have a people in Bulgaria and the south of Europe

raised up and prepared by the early Methodists in England to receive the Gospel at the hands of our mission. And we have a missionary born in the south of Russia, and speaking the Russian language, as also the German and French, and sent by Providence to America to be converted and prepared to return to this remarkable people, and offer to them the pure evangelical religion. Is not the hand of God in this? Brother Flocken is in daily communication with these interesting people, has a large school among them, attends their meetings, and answers their inquiries, and explains the Scriptures to them. They, having received religious information, transmit it to their chief communities in South Russia; and thus our Bulgarian mission is operating effectually in Russia as well as in Bulgaria. Returning from a recent visit to Odessa, in Russia, Brother Flocken advises us of a wide-spread and deep desire of the German colonies in that vicinity to have our mission extend to them, and that they are ready to support it. Thus acting directly upon Russia, and co-operating with the Protestant element in Hungary, our mission is an essential agency for the restoration and extension of Protestantism in South-eastern Europe. Will our pastors and people comprehend the true significance of this young mission in European Turkey, and by their generous contributions to the treasury justify the bishop in sending forward a master spirit to take the superintendence of this difficult and delicate mission, as authorized by the General Missionary Committee? Let the Church think of the reviving empire of Protestantism in South-eastern Europe, at which this mission aims."

Did space allow, the same divine finger can be discovered pointing to each door that has been opened by the Methodist Church for labor in foreign lands. Our missions in Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, are but echoes amid the hills of the Father-land, echoes of halleluiahs raised on our own shores. Mexico is "our next-door neigh-

bor," and we could not pass her by when she had proclaimed a republic in the land of oppression and cruelty, and freedom to worship God where the Inquisition had held high carnival. Japan was everywhere seeking a new civilization, which she could only have by putting on the Lord Jesus. She will be the next of the nations to swell the triumphal train of the adorable Son as he is marching on to the conquest of the world. Italy, beautiful Italy—we were called to her a quarter of a century ago; for Dr. Elliott's voice was the voice of God. We went late, went doubting and fearing; but God, by his signal blessing, has set his seal to the work. We never meant to establish a mission in South America. We simply sent a chaplain to American and English residents, who paid his salary. But

a false faith was all around us, and we now have a Spanish mission in the Argentine and Oriental Republics, which, though unappreciated as yet, is of great significance, and may yet shake the continent. It seems at each advance as if we had waited till the very last moment; till God commanded; till he not only opened the door, but forced us to enter it. Even at this rate, it has taxed us sorely to keep abreast with God. If we only would follow him, what a triumphal march over the earth he would lead us! How all crescents and stars would pale before his rising! How Buddha and Brahma and Confucius and Zoroaster would bow down at his feet! How nations would be born in a day instead of one in a generation! "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen and amen." JOHN M. REID.

### FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL, IN A "FAR COUNTRY."

ALL people—those who claim to be *human*, at least—when they "just drop in" for a social chat, invoke the perennial fountain topic of the *weather*; and yet there are some cynical beings who presume to ridicule a tendency which is clearly a part of human nature. Let me affirm, decidedly, however, that I am not of the number. That which so affects our bodies, and, through them, our souls,—that which makes some of us, who are real spiritual barometers, gay or sad, as sun shines or rain falls, is not a matter of trivial importance. Simply glance over—in mind of course—the long reach of poetry and prose fiction. It rises behind you like a richly varied landscape. But what of that, were it not for the skies of gray or gold that gloom or glow above? Are not descriptions of scenery inwoven with the moods and tenses of the weather? Is not the heroine's grief heightened by hinting of strange contrasts,—out-door, brightness

and soul-darkness,—or by a whisper concerning winds that plain in unison with it? But you know all this as well as I. Let me add to your knowledge only one query as a reminder. Did you ever read a sweeter song of sunny weather than Longfellow's "Day of Sunshine?" The rhythm pulses through my brain this morning as I try to vindicate the right of people to descant on daily clouds and sunbeams:

"O gift of God, O perfect day,  
On which should no man work, but play."

So, with an invocation to this bright May-day, whose fairies are hard at work on the grim hills about us, I claim full license to ring changes on the "Beauties of Spring," as well as on the "Lights and Shades of Life." Appearances really began to indicate that Spring, in wayward calculations, had left our Hokaido, or Yesso, a prey to chilling wind, rain, and snow. Our northern island seemed like a veritable, feminine "Lear," with



the difference that *this* Lear, mocked of foul weather and false friends, stood inside the home threshold. She could not well do otherwise, seeing that if she were to step outside the Japan empire, she would have to "go to sea." Her Wintry trials, however, are ended. She is still despised by proud Southern Japanese, who refuse to become pioneers upon her waiting soil. But that is nothing new. We are used to being considered as the fag end of Japanese creation, and only feel a vague indignation when our so-called frozen region is maligned. The truth is that our Winters are milder than those of the Eastern and Middle States at home, and that our bracing climate is more healthful than the much-vaunted "Summer Isles," farther south. They are (forgive, O poets) a considerable remove from perpetual Spring. They make paltry attempts at the old-fashioned snow-storm in Winter, and, when they fail, send abroad chilling winds as a just atonement. Suppose Yokohama has skies of marvelous blue and golden sunshine in December, who does not prefer a sparkling snow to Summer-like sunbeams deceitfully hiding bits of frost under their folds.

To return to the superb weather now meting out compensation for the long-drawn-out Winter. A wave of balmy air has swept across the mountain just behind us, leaving great beds of violets and anemones stranded among the mosses and ferns at its base, over which tall cedar groves keep guard. The violets have scarce one hint of perfume; but the anemones are larger than those I used to "analyze" in old-time Botany days. They are mostly pure white, though some deepen into a faint rosy tint, that makes me think of *blossoming sea-shells*. Later, lilies of the valley, that grow wild over acres of ground, will call out all lovers of fragrance. But I am content with the present. Could all days bless us as do these May-days, no sweeter boon needs mortal ask.

The scenery surrounding this far-off city has been often described; but its

beauty is worthy of many chroniclings. Few maps show this island as it really is. Hakodate *is not* on the very verge of toppling into the Straits of Sangar, which roll between it and Nippon Island. Mountains face the straits, and I dare not say they "tower to heaven," for they do no such thing. The highest can not reach more than thirteen hundred feet. Neither are they covered with "dense, shady groves," which it would be poetically proper to state. They are clothed with an abundance of shrubs, many of them a mass of bloom in Summer; but there are few trees worthy the name save at the foot, and *these* were planted by some wise craft which civilized people may well imitate. We hide behind the guardian mountains. The straits curve entirely around them, and finally indent the land with a broad bay, so that we have but a slender connecting link with the main island; for the great ocean sweeps on the other side of our plot of ground. Great hills rise in wavy, purple lines, away on the main island. The sharp-peaked volcano, which is one of them, is just far enough off to seem a silver-white spire in Winter days, and in Summer sunsets one involuntarily thinks of the "New Jerusalem, descending from God out of heaven, adorned as a bride for her husband." It is then a glory hung between earth and heaven.

My thought goes wandering along the road that leads to it to-day. I walk the bordering fields starred with golden lilies, and, farther on, see vine-wreathed trees, our northern home trees, with the magnolia to hint of more southern climes. Still further on, I see magnificent wayside "ferneries," or clusters of wild-roses, that rain perfumes, telling us that all Japanese flowers have not forgotten their odor-bearing mission, spite of assertions to the contrary. Be silent, all lips that say, "Birds without melody, flowers without fragrance." The "*unguisu*," or Japan nightingale, has her throne in the green wood, and her scepter is song. And who would not say the cuckoo's note is music, since it foretokens the

coming reign of Queen Summer? Across the curving road, volcano-ward, baby rivers flash and foam, and still lakes rest my eyes. Now my truant mind waits at his feet. How his angry mood vents itself in spiteful jets of steam! and yet that little village nestles under his shadow, as though he might be its protecting genius. A wide bay rolls in, as if to claim Sir Mountain as its prey. One must cross this "briny flood," in order to reach Satspoora, the capital, with its five or six thousand inhabitants, its foreign houses, and its ambitious hopes. As even the eye of Fancy would be blinded by one glimpse of the myriad-colored dwellings, it seems prudent to remember my whereabouts. Take note that the Japanese idea of foreign, artistic grace is to daub one's house with as many hues as the laws of Nature permit to exist. In this sunny atmosphere, bringing wayward fancies home, "let us talk about our neighbors." Verily, our lot is cast according to clerical affinities. Romish priests have planted a home among those cedars below us, and on our right the tower of a Greek chapel is anchored in a sea of verdure. Among the clustering shrubs on the hill-side, close by, are our stone friends, calm people, who are never in a hurry; I mean those thirty-three images of the goddess Kuwan-non, that rise here and there. She is an exotic, an Indian divinity; and at the grand feast celebrating Buddha's birthday, her patient devotees, by thousands, throng the mountain. And then, O devout one, if thou shouldst be blind, or sorely afflicted in other fashion, earnestly praying, place a little vessel of water before her shrine, go thy way for a season, and then, returning, use those drops, now divinely gifted, and thy infirmity shall be healed. Such is Buddhist superstition.

Barring superstitious nonsense, however, I feel a tender interest in Kuwan-non, for is she not the Goddess of Mercy? Besides, she has a comely face and a romantic history. If the reader, courteous and kind, will only give heed

to that last, my pen, to speak in metaphor, shall speedily spread a huge blot over this out-of-the-way work of creation. My figure is mixed hopelessly; but you understand that you are soon to be left to the sweetness of your own reflections.

"Once on a time," there lived a "poor but honest" fisherman and his good wife, on the banks of a sacred stream in India. Spending their days in the virtuous employment of catching and selling the sea-faring tribe, life glided on smoothly and happily. Erelong, however, its peaceful current was disturbed by a startling event. A daughter of exceeding virtue and loveliness was born to them. How, in her tenderest years, the various virtues were exhibited, is not explicitly stated; but I have faith to believe that her home seldom resounded with the wails of infant woe, and that whooping-cough was unknown. Be this as it may, years, as they advanced, only brought new grace to her outer form, and new beauty to her soul; for, though her parents did not know it, you and I must be aware that the spirit of great Buddha had been born in her. As she grew to womanhood, even the homely occupation of fish-vendor could not obscure the dignity of her mien or the luster of her dark eyes. True, her long, black tresses, were not adorned with golden campac leaves, such as the poets loved to paint when "touching up" the head of an Indian beauty; nor were her limbs robed in the delicate muslins for which her land is so famous. In spite of these drawbacks, which all women know to be dismal ones, a rich man, beholding, loved her. I wish truth would allow me to state that "they were married, and lived happily to the end of their days;" but, unfortunately, implacable Fate had it otherwise. Being a goddess, she, of course, could not mate with mortal man; but, feeling compassion for her ardent suitor, she resorted to one of those grand strategic movements, for which her sex, human and divine, are justly renowned. She set the luckless lover the pious task of transcribing the



sacred books, and, seeing no other way for his wooing, he consented. Seven years, or perhaps it was ten (what mattered time to this Hindoo Jacob?), were spent in this dreary but blessed employment. At the end of his pious duties he very properly claimed the fulfillment of her promise of marriage. It is to be imagined that the wedding-cake was done, or, if that compound of indigestible civilization was unknown, that some equally wholesome dainty was prepared. At any rate, the arrangements were completed, the guests assembled, and the wedding festivities went gayly on. But, alas! just as the ceremonies were ended, the beautiful bride fell prostrate. Terror seized the bridegroom's heart. It was no swoon, such as would become a modern bride of delicate nerves. Death had wooed and won the fair one, robed in her wedding garments,—so an unbeliever

would say,—but you and I know that she only doffed her garb of flesh to resume her divine mode of being, and to reign for ever a goddess of tender compassion toward all who seek her aid.

Such is the story of Kuwan-non, the beautiful. Much as I like the bonny lady, however, my heart goes out in sympathy toward her hapless victim. Nobody seems to think much about *his* fate. Fancy your feelings, young men of America, if after having copied "Webster Unabridged," and the Constitution of the United States, your promised bride should desert you just as you claimed her as your own. Be warned in time, and keep at a safe distance from goddesses, and all creatures of "angelic mold."

Kind readers, one and all, let us drop a tear or two, yea, more, if possible, to the memory of this defrauded bridegroom.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

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## ATLANTIS.

THE Atlantic Ocean is supposed to have derived its name from an ancient continent or island, which was submerged and lost beneath its waters.

The shallowest part of the Atlantic is in what the Portuguese call the *Mer-de-Sargasso*, or "weedy sea." This vast waste, extending from the thirtieth meridian to the West Indies, and between the parallels of 30° W. and 19° N., is in many portions densely covered with gulf-weed. The Azores in the east, and the Bahamas in the west, appear to mark its limit. In this shallow plateau of the Atlantic bed, the ancients, searching for the long-lost island, encountered such quantities of weed as to thwart further research; and, to-day, the sailing vessel, unluckily driven into the Sargasso Sea, experiences much difficulty in extricating itself from the dense mass of floating timber and sea-weed. And the sight of this strange spectacle, in the midst

of the ocean, revives in the mind of the beholder the story of the long-lost Atlantis; and this weedy sea, undisturbed by ocean currents, ever circling about its lonely haunt, over the grave of a buried continent, appears ever solemnizing the funeral rites of an untimely burial, or garlanding its calm and undisturbed sepulcher.

But is this story of the long-lost Atlantis a myth, or a well-authenticated fact? The Atlantides, or the Atlantic race, spoken of by ancient authorities, flourished in the first centuries of the post-diluvian world. The best authority on American antiquities—the man who has studied the writings, traditions, and monuments left by this race more thoroughly than any other—is Brousseau-de-Bousbourg. He claims that, in the old Central American books, there are constant references made to a series of catastrophes, which culminated in the

utter destruction of the land and the people.

When the Spaniards first became acquainted with the inhabitants of Central America, they found every-where the traditions of this dire calamity, which overtook kings and people in the midst of their various pursuits. Some of the inhabitants are said to have escaped in ships, some to the high mountains, and some to the adjacent continents. Quotations are also made from old Central American books, verifying these traditions. As, for example: "The land was shaken by frightful earthquakes, and the waves of the sea combined with volcanic fire to overwhelm and engulf it."

The memory of this remarkable event has also been preserved by the Central Americans in their festivals,—one of which was celebrated in the month of Izcalli, which was instituted solely to commemorate the time of this frightful dispensation; and in this feast the people "humbled themselves before the divinity, and besought him to withhold the return of such terrible calamities."

Passing over from the New to the Old World, we find mention is made by many of the old authors, such as Solon, Plato, and the learned priests of Egypt, of the lost island of Atlantis. Traditions of the "Islands of the Blessed" came down through Greek sources; for Solon knew of Atlantis before he visited Egypt. But in this, as in all other matters, the comparatively modern civilizations of Solon and Lysurgus, in Greece, were indebted chiefly to the older nations for their laws, institutions, and learning. Egypt was the more immediate fountain whence the early Greek philosophers drew their inspiration.

The first voyage of Solon, says Plutarch, after he had finished his code of laws for Attica, was to Egypt. There he conversed upon points of philosophy with Psenophis, the Heliopolitan, and Senchis, the Saite, the most learned of the Egyptian priests; and having an accurate account from them of the Atlantic islands (as Plato informs us), he

attempted to describe it to the Grecians in a poem.

Cousin's translation of Plato's records of Solon's Egyptian story is cited by Abbé Brosseur-de-Bourbourg as follows:

"Among the great deeds of Athens, of which recollection is preserved in our books, there is one which should be placed above all others. Our books tell that the Athenians destroyed an army which came across the Atlantic sea, and insolently invaded Europe and Asia; for this sea was then navigable, and, beyond the strait, where you place the pillars of Hercules, there was an island larger than Asia (Minor) and Libya combined. From this island one could pass easily to the other islands, and from there to the continent, which lies around the interior. The sea on this side of the Strait (the Mediterranean) of which we speak, resembles a harbor with a narrow entrance; but there is a genuine sea, and the land which surrounds it is a veritable continent. In the island of Atlantis reigned three kings, with great and marvelous power. They had under their dominion the whole of Atlantis, several other islands, and some parts of the continent. At one time their power extended into Lydia, and into Europe as far as Tyrrhenia; and, uniting their whole force, they sought to destroy our countries at a blow; but their defeat stopped the invasion, and gave entire independence to all the countries on this side the 'Pillars of Hercules.' Afterward, in one day, and one fatal night, there came mighty earthquakes and inundations, which engulfed that warlike people. Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea, and there that sea became inaccessible, so that navigation on it ceased, on account of the quantities of mud which the engulfed island left in its place.

"The oldest, greatest, and most splendid festival celebrated in Attica was that of Panathenæa, established by Erichthonius, in the most ancient times, to commemorate the victory of the Athenians over the ravaging giants of Atlantis. In some of the islands outside of the



Pillars of Hercules, the inhabitants, says Proclus, "preserved from their ancestors a remembrance of Atlantis, an exceedingly large island, which for a long time held dominion over all the islands of the Atlantic Ocean."

Bourbourg quotes M. Charles Martin, who said in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for March, 1867: "Now hydrography, geology, and botany agree in teaching us that the Azores, Canaries, and Madeira are the remains of a great continent, which formerly united Europe to North America."

Venus, which so resembles our earth in size, and in daily and yearly revolution, when seen through the telescope, appears to be diversified by land and water in a manner strikingly similar to our own planet. We see reproduced, in Venus, an almost sister-world, where continent accords with continent; save that in Venus longitudinal sections of land connect the hemispheres, while on our own earth these corresponding bodies of land are slightly submerged beneath the ocean.

It is evident from ancient records and from scientific research, that the free distribution of the animal kingdom, ferried over the abyss of waters from a lost world, and turned at large in the Armenian Mountains, calls for an open and uninterrupted land communication to the most remote clime. The time when the first separation of our continent took place is recorded in Genesis, where it is said that in the days of Peleg (one hundred years after the Flood) was "the earth divided." That this division of the earth does not refer to the dispersion of mankind, is evident from the fact, that when the dispersion took place, and when the Most High separated the sons of Adam, he divided the nations their inheritance, and he set beforehand, as appointed, the bounds of their habitation. One hundred years after the Flood, the fifteen hundred inhabitants on the earth could not be regarded as sufficiently numerous to be securely scattered "over the whole earth," as was the

case at the actual date of the dispersion, when the people were numbered by the millions, and when the primeval knowledge, wisdom, and purity, handed down from the golden age, had been committed to the chosen custodians of the various tribes and nations.

But what caused this so great division of the earth so soon after the Flood and the mighty convulsions? By many the Flood is supposed to have been caused by a change of the axis of the earth. Lubbock says that his father, Sir John Lubbock, and many other able astronomers, were of the opinion that the Deluge might have been caused by a change being effected in the axis of the earth; and this theory appears to be verified by Chinese history.

The Chinese speak of a "first heaven," an age of innocence, when "the whole creation enjoyed a state of happiness; when every thing was beautiful, every thing was good; all beings were perfect, in their kind, whereto succeeded a second heaven, introduced by a great convulsion. The pillars of heaven were broken; the earth shook to its foundations; the heavens sunk lower toward the north; the sun, the moon, and the stars changed their motions; the earth fell to pieces; and the waters, inclosed within its bosom, burst forth with violence, and overflowed it. Man having rebelled against heaven, the system of the universe was totally disordered; the sun was eclipsed, the planets altered their courses, and the grand harmony of nature was disturbed."

Such phenomena as are here described could only take place when the earth was changing its poles. The equatorial diameter being twenty-six miles greater than the polar, any change of the axis of the earth changes also the position of the seas that pile up about the region of the equator; so that, where once had been dry land, sea would appear. If a change of ninety degrees were suddenly effected in the poles of the earth, a column of water thirteen miles high would sweep over the land, moving before it, not only any detached substances, but tearing from

their secure foundations, and grinding to sand the firm-set granite hills: But a gradual change of twenty or thirty degrees, while it would deluge the world with water, and redistribute nearly all movable rocks and loose earths, would not be attended with so tremendous a wreck of matter as in the former case.

The pressure of water gathered round

the new equator, on the crust of the earth's surface, doubtless produced the changes in the configuration of the earth's surface, spoken of by Moses, as occurring in the time of Peleg, and of the further catastrophe which overtook the unhappy inhabitants, who dwelt in the fair and fabled land of Atlantis.

JOHN BUDLONG.

### THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE pathways of thy land are little changed  
 Since thou wert there ;  
 The busy world through other ways has ranged,  
 And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep  
 Of Olivet ;  
 Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,  
 Men tread it yet.

Still to the garden o'er the brook it leads,  
 Quiet and low ;  
 Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,—  
 His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,  
 As once o'er thee ;  
 Peasants go home at evening up the hill  
 To Bethany.

And as, when gazing, thou didst weep o'er them,  
 From height to height,  
 The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem  
 Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewn with garments once and palm,  
 Which we tread thus ;  
 Here through thy triumph on thou passedst, calm,  
 On to thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore  
 Of Galilee ;  
 But chiseled on the hill-side evermore  
 Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,  
 Nor time effaced ;  
 Where thy feet trod to bless we still may stand,—  
 All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of thy footsteps far  
 Truer than these ;  
 Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,  
 Thy steps faith sees.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of London, has just given to the world quite an interesting work, entitled, "Womankind in Western Europe," in which he started with the purpose of delineating the position, character, and disposition of the women of this portion of Europe; but he soon found that his field was so extensive that he needed to confine himself to the women of Gaul and Britain. He has given a very true and attractive picture, notwithstanding all its blemishes, of the influential life of women during the feudal period. With active sympathy, he follows the varied and busy life of the woman in the castle and at the tournament, where so much deference and honor were always paid to the female sex. From her hand the victor receives the wreath that crowns his brow, and her court sits in judgment on his affections. At this period she is clearly the equal of man, and in many respects, she stands even higher than he. It was she, in the Middle Ages, much more often than her consort, whose hand wielded the pen and prepared the manuscript, because the occupations of the men, at the tournament, the chase, and the battle, absorbed all their time. But she, at times, also entered the arena of the chase, and it is said that the first work in the English language devoted to hunting was from the pen of a woman. Indeed, at all periods when literature flourished at all, the name of woman held a high place. The first authoress in Europe, of whom it is known that she lived by her pen, was the poetess Christine de Pisan. She entered the lists against Menney, the completer of the "Romance of the Rose," whose caustic pen had spoken with satire and contempt of the literary abilities of the fair sex. This first literary lady of her period defended the honor of woman with great zeal in an

epistle to the god of love, which is considered one of the most successful efforts of the day. She gives, in rounded periods, an attractive tableau of the women of the time, and their share in the development of the epoch. The deference of the Gauls and the Germans for woman is clearly seen in the positions which they accord to her as priestess, with the power of divining the future. The condition of woman among the Anglo-Saxons is largely owing to the fact that women were cultivated and intelligent, as is clearly proved by the correspondence of ladies with the apostle of the Saxons. From its contents we may draw a very favorable conclusion as to female culture at this early age. The third division of Mr. Wright's story is not so flattering, because it is so largely occupied with the matter of dress and national costume, for it is rather a history of the changes of external adornment than of internal culture. During the later period, the transition in the costume of the female sex continues to mark, with sufficient distinctness, the contemporary variations in the character of society and national sentiment, so that this development of costume excludes the growth of the inner and deeper life. Still, it must be said that the author follows his purpose with unusual zeal, and succeeds in making out his case, which is to prove that woman has not always been degraded in the history of the world, and has, more frequently than is generally supposed, been the peer or the superior of the stronger sex.

THE Germans are having a great deal of trouble in reorganizing the educational institutions in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, especially in the matter of higher female education, from the fact that this has

been so exclusively in the hands of the nuns. It has become to be almost a tradition in France, that the young ladies are to be educated in the convents; and these are numbered by the thousands, while the "sisters" engaged as teachers and guides are counted by the tens of thousands. Most of these nuns are allowed to teach without any diploma of teaching capacity, so that their merits are measured by their religious zeal much more than by their culture and intelligence. The result of this state of things is the indisputable fact that, in the most refined families, there is the greatest ignorance to be found among the daughters,—simplicity the French call it, though they have for it the euphemism of *naïvete*. This tendency extends as far as does the influence of the family. The female portion of the household never escapes from this circle. The boy is thus subjected to a double influence, that of bigotry in the house, with the observance of the most painfully complicated ceremonial, and, in his academic life, to a certain species of skeptical liberalism. The passionate period of youth favors the growth of this element, and therefore engenders a troublesome contrast between public and private life. The certainty and security of conviction, in many important things, is lost, while the custom of indifference grows, and the dilemma is settled with a smile or a shrug of the shoulders. This is now the condition of things in the province of Alsace especially,—by the side of great ignorance, a religious fanaticism, which often terrifies the intelligent and the tolerant. A very significant portion of female instruction is in the hands of the "sisters." In the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, there are over two thousand of these zealous ladies to a population of a million and a quarter of Catholics. Of these, scarcely a score have a certificate of capacity to teach. These are the teachers in the elementary schools, and the higher boarding-schools and convents. Nearly all of these belong to some peculiar sisterhood, for which they are always making propaganda, and their teaching capacity is generally graded by the success with which they make converts to their order. As long as these ladies are exerting so much influence, it is quite impossible to bring up a race of girls loyal to their coun-

try, or of mothers who will rightly train their sons. The Government has, therefore, resolved to make a very radical change in the educational forces of these conquered provinces, that they may not ever remain in a state of insubordination from the influence of false teachers; and therefore these "sisters" are being interfered with in a way which they of course do not like. The State is undertaking to have a hand in the organization and control of all the institutions of learning, elementary and advanced, and very especially in those wherein nearly all the daughters of the wealthier classes are educated. The simple demands made are, that these schools shall teach something else beside the dogmas and flummeries of the Catholic religion; and, very especially, that they shall not teach systematic rebellion against the State, nor enroll the children of the schools into all sorts of fraternities, for the express purpose of retaining them in the hands of these teachers when they have left the schools.

THE German people are enthusiastically fond of their traditional literature in the line of fairy story, and the love of it is evidently growing among other nations. The reason of this is doubtless its sympathy with human nature, and the cosmopolitan character of the literature. All the realms of nature assemble to enrich its pages,—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and the human realms commingle and speak with one another. This fairy literature tells of the origin of national existence, and depicts the golden age of nations, when these were yet children; so that it is in reality the poetry of childhood, or of adults who still have the happy faculty of enjoying childish things. Miracle becomes law, and the laws become supernatural. Every possibility has become a reality, all barriers have fallen, and all dividing lines have disappeared, or been extended. The most perfect literature of this kind is found in the stories of the brothers Grimm, in Goethe and Jean Paul; for the glorious dreams of the latter are nothing but perfect fairy tales. Even such authors as Tieck and Novalis have created gardens of the most charming stories, fragrant with all that can attract childhood, and those who love to live over again their



youthful day-dreams. This species of literature is passing rapidly over into France, England, Denmark, Russia, and America, by translations more or less perfect and genial; though the real essence of these admirable tales can never be enjoyed in any translation so well as in the original. A new star has arisen in this firmament, in the person of a lovely authoress bearing the name of Marie Hanstein, who has written a "Book of Tales for Riper Youth." She exhibits a thoughtfulness and depth and phantasy of invention, and a harmony of speech, which richly prove that she has not mistaken her calling; and we therefore welcome her to a sphere and an audience which have been nearly always entertained by the masculine powers of literature. There are four of these tales, all conveying a moral with more point than such productions usually receive. "The Little Daughter of the Giantess" is a story short and sweet, of ineffable charm and great depth of significance. The authoress takes a peculiar theme and shades it with all grace. It is the manifest destiny of nature which is here presented, with a delicacy of soul that is very faithful to the human heart, and a perfect picture of child-life. Children often yield to a certain wantonness because they have not the least conception of the earnest side of life. They find a pleasure in giving others trouble, though in all innocence, and delight in trick and cunning because they know not the difference between the good and the bad. And thus it is with the little daughter of the giantess. She is grown up and still she is a child, with a child-like tendency to do the wrong because she does not know the right. She is more than busy with all the elements of nature, and deals with stones and water, flames and air and storms. These are all her willing servants. The stones she rolls into the brook and thus stops the miller's wheel, though she meant thereby merely to clear the shepherd's pastures of the rocks; and thus she is ever doing good deeds with doubtful results. But in time she learns, and turns out to be a good angel in the end. There are so many useful morals

conveyed by these stories of Marie Hanstein that they are capable of becoming of permanent value to child-literature; and we therefore learn with pleasure that they are likely to be translated into the English idiom for the use of the little ones of "merry England" and serious America.

THE ladies of the Father-land have gone crazy on the train, and drag it about in such unseemly places that husbands and fathers are scolding and protesting against the nuisance in the public prints. From various cities come the complaints about this inconvenient extravagance, and in the gay capital of Vienna the leading journals are carrying on the contest for the injured parties. One of these complaining correspondents signs himself an old staff-officer, and utters his lamentations with no special regard to gallantry. To him a gruff old captain replies as follows: "Are you married? If so, then keep your wife and daughters so far in order that they do not sweep the street with their trains, nor cut off one's view at public places by pyramids of hats or hair. I do not permit my wife and daughters to wear trains in the street or lofty hats at theater or concert. Do you likewise." This confidential dialogue between two military cronies called forth the liveliest protests and a storm of wrath on the part of the fair ones who consider themselves insulted by this imperious tone, which never heard of the emancipation of the sex from the tyranny of its protectors. One young lady stepped into the arena for the universal rights of the race, and boldly declared that she would never marry a man who should dictate her toilet, or, if he did, she would not mind the "old sore-head." The end of this war against trains in Vienna will be probably just what the same contests end in every-where. Foolish women will sweep the streets with them as long as they please, and when they are satisfied, they will gather up their costly stuffs, and wear them out in some other foolish or uncomfortable way. The great trouble is that so many sensible women will imitate them under the behests of fashion.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

DR. HOYT, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, thus sensibly speaks upon the subject of coeducation: "Some of the influential journals of the country are advocating the higher education of young women, even to the extent of giving them just as good and just such a training as the young men get, 'if they wish it.' But, then, they are not in favor of 'coeducation, and all that.' On the contrary, we are decidedly in favor of opening any and every college in the land to any reputable and properly prepared young woman who wishes to enjoy its privileges. We would none the less retain the existing 'colleges for women,' and improve them to the utmost. And of such institutions we should make the demand that, while they pay no less attention than heretofore to thoroughness and exactness of scholarship, they give a hundred-fold more attention to a vastly more important but greatly neglected duty,—the development of true womanhood,—noble, cultured, Christian womanhood."

Dr. Bugbee, on his accession to the Presidency of Alleghany College, said, on this same topic: "I am in favor of coeducation, if the conditions necessary to its success are met; if trustees and instructors, understanding all the needs of the case, will set themselves resolutely to meet the demands; and the demands are: first, a home provided with all sanitary and healthful appliances; second, such motherly care instituted as is essential to them in their absence from their own homes; third, such adaptation of their labors and duties as will not unduly strain and exhaust their nervous systems."

—Rev. Newman Hall has begun the practice of preaching a sermon every Sunday morning to children. This children's sermon does not interfere with the principal sermon of the day, and is about ten or twelve minutes in length. This is as it should be, for "the preaching that is most needed now, is that which will win and bless the children. Let the Philistines, the Jews, and the Pharisees have furlough from the pulpit for a while. Here are the rising youths of our

homes in peril of the destroyer. The enemy of souls is striking in the dark at their very hearts. To the rescue with the Gospel armor!"

—Two ladies were graduated with the degree of B. S. at the late Commencement of Syracuse University.

—Two ladies have been chosen on the school committee of Nantucket, one of them, Mrs. Judith J. (Derrick) Fish, a graduate of the Bridgewater Normal School.

—Miss Finch, a graduate of the Chicago Medical School, is practicing her profession at Fort Ann, New York, with flattering success.

—The first woman ever sworn as a notary public in Vermont is Miss Thyrza F. Pangborn, for some years past recorder in the probate office of Chittenden County.

—Miss Carrie S. Burnham, having been refused an examination for admission to the Pennsylvania bar, has sued the Board for \$200,000 damages.

—Eight ladies recently passed the examination in Greek, Latin, English, German, and History, for admission to Harvard College.

—The trustees of the State Institution of the Blind, at Batavia, New York, recently elected Mrs. Dr. Lord to the superintendency of the institution, in place of her deceased husband.

—After several years of hesitation, the Albany County, New York, Medical Society has asserted the propriety of the practice of medicine by women by admitting Miss Mary Du Bois, M. D., to full membership of their organization.

—Two New Haven ladies redeemed the reputation of their sex by presence of mind in a White Mountain stage accident the other day. The breakage of a piece of harness put the vehicle in peril of instant precipitation down an abyss, but, at the vehement call of the driver, instead of fainting away, jumped out and blocked the wheels.



— Of the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

— Michigan University has just graduated twelve ladies, ten of them medical, and two law, students.

— Leland University, New Orleans, is a Baptist institution for the education of colored people. Quite a number of the students are women, some of whom walk ten miles, daily, to attend school.

— Miss Lathrop's management of the Cincinnati Normal School is said to be admirable. Her re-election, without a dissenting vote, shows that her fellow-citizens can appreciate the right person in the right place, even though it be a woman.

— One of the most thoroughly finished and complete school-houses in the United States is that in Washington City, named in honor of Charles Sumner. It is a colored school, and has one hundred pupils. A colored lady, who was educated in Boston, is principal.

— A Sacramento speaker says, "The great want of the Church is men." He might have added, "and women." He was right; and the way to get men and women for the Church is to train up children of the Sabbath-schools in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

— Dr. Bugbee, speaking of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, says, that "throughout the history of the college there has not been a single suspension or expulsion," (where is the male college that can show as clean a record?) "neither has there been a death, and but one case of severe sickness."

— The "Faith Training College," of Boston, was recently dedicated. Its design is, "to train those unable to pursue a thorough course of study in the various denominational seminaries, but who desire to fit themselves for the widest efficiency as lay workers (male and female) in Sunday-school instruction, exhortative Bible exposition, lay-preaching, home and foreign missionary labor," etc. The course of study will comprise only those subjects most necessary to be known by Christian workers who have no time to acquire a knowledge of the original tongues in which the Bible was written.

— Maine claims to have been the first State to allow women to solemnize marriages.

— The recent labors of Mrs. Van Cott, in Charles City, Iowa, have been very successful.

— Many of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody's friends recently celebrated with her her seventieth birthday, at Cambridge.

— In Nashville, Tennessee, as well as in California, no difference is made in the salaries of teachers on account of sex.

— At Asbury University, the recent graduates were thirty-four in number, four of them being young ladies, one of whom carried off the first honor.

— The fiftieth anniversary of Mrs. Tevis's Science Hill Female Academy, Shelbyville, Kentucky, was celebrated with great *eclat*, March 25th.

— President Seelye does not believe in the inferior ability of women, or that Greek and Latin are too severe for their mental training.

— A Philadelphia paper says that, according to a careful estimate, that city furnishes employment to not less than sixty thousand women, exclusive of those engaged in domestic service.

— Miss Jennie Jones, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, has offered to give Garland County, in that State, ground for the erection of a jail, and fifty lots to pay the expenses of building.

— The young ladies of Rockford, Illinois, have formed a "co-operative self escorting church and party-going society," the object of which is to make the young man of the period more useless than ever.

— The vexed question of the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories is settled. Saxe Holm is a lady, accomplished, unmarried, and on the sunny side of forty years. Her name is quaint and Quaker-like—Ruth Ellis—and her home in a small village in Central New York.

— They say that Miss Evans, the author of "Beulah," has promised her husband (she is now Mrs. Wilson) to write no more, and that she has realized \$30,000 by her pen. Mr. Wilson deserves the thanks of all lovers of good literature for the extraction of the promise.

## ART NOTES.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, *August, 1875.*

THE noble liberality of a lady of our Church has brought us to this great city, on a book-purchasing errand. Sailing from New York, by the "Anchor Line," in ten days we were safely landed in Glasgow, having enjoyed a voyage of remarkable tranquillity, and a company of passengers of exceptional intelligence. Instead of coming to London by the way of Liverpool, we determined to make a run through the eastern cathedral towns of England, and thus refresh our recollections of these grand ecclesiastical monuments.

After "doing" the Glasgow Cathedral, which has, perhaps, the finest crypt in Europe, we took Edinburgh, Durham, York, Lincoln, Petersborough, and Ely in somewhat rapid succession. The praises of these marvelous creations have been often spoken by admiring visitors, and they will continue to be spoken so long as man has a susceptibility to the beautiful. Each of these towns is justly proud of its crowning attraction, each one with a history reaching back into the dimness of the mediæval times, where, with all the sham in religious faith and practice, stout, honest work was done in building the house of God. Every one knows that the Reformation on the Continent, and the Commonwealth in England, were most destructive of the finest art-works then in existence, and most unfavorable to the cultivation of architectural and decorative taste. It is said that the Glasgow Cathedral is the sole church of Scotland that was not almost totally despoiled by the misguided zeal of the Reformers; and few, indeed, of the many English cathedrals that were not ruthlessly stripped of their statuary, or whose mural paintings were not mutilated, or effaced with whitewash. In spite of all the skill to hide them, each of these structures still bears upon its body these ugly scars. In nearly every one of these eastern cathedrals, very extensive repairs and restorations are in progress. Immense sums are expended to keep them in repair, and restore them, as

far as possible, to their pristine beauty. The *cui bono* of the stock exchange would shake the head incredulously, and the real lover of the masses, now living and dying in spiritual destitution, might suggest a fitter use of these treasures; but the æsthetic nature knows no such law of action, and pushes on to attain its own goal. And it is true that there is another side to the question. Were it submitted to the popular franchise of England to-day whether these sums of money should be thus expended, or the cathedrals fall into decay, it is morally certain that the requisite allowance would be voted. These structures have become the boast of each cathedral city, and, without these monuments, some of these towns would be only out-of-the-way hamlets, whose sward no tourist's foot would ever press. To these the pilgrim now comes as to holy shrines,—he treads these noble aisles with reverence, and I am sure the average tourist goes away a better, more refined man.

At Lincoln, Petersborough, and Ely, especially, the accumulated coats of white-wash are being removed, and the excellent masonry of the vaulted roofs is brought out again as clear and fresh as when first erected. In Ely Cathedral the exquisite decorations in colors and gold, that were so ruthlessly daubed over through the immoderate zeal of the Puritans, have been brought again to light, and other portions of the building are being restored in the same gorgeous style. A new screen before the high altar in excellent workmanship, by an English artist, is greatly admired, and shown with a just pride by the loyal beadle. Also a great improvement in the position of the organ is to be noticed. In many of the cathedrals the organ-loft is just at the point of juncture of the transept and choir, breaking up the view, and destroying the effect of the great high window in the choir. The purpose of the architect of Gothic churches, namely, the effect of the magnificent vista of the main nave and the lights struggling through the painted panes, is entirely thwarted by this impertinent organ-loft. How it ever came into its present unhappy position my



knowledge of the history of art does not enable me to say; but it is very evident that it must have belonged to a period of decadence, or have originated in the modern notions of utility. Our surprise at this arrangement is only increased when we see by what a simple device this offense has been removed at Ely, St. Paul's in London, and now at Cologne. The Report of the Commission informs us that more than four hundred thousand dollars have been expended on the repairs, restorations, and improvements at Ely within the few past years. Canon Merival, in the midst of his severe historical studies, yet finds time to help on this beautiful work in his cathedral. The only offensive portion of this attempted work which we noticed was the substitution of galvanized iron for stone in the building of the rear tower. Not only is this work manifestly different from the other portions of the structure, on account of difference of color, etc., but the general impression produced by it is unfortunate. While, doubtless, the perfection of form can be as well realized by metallic castings as by stone work (as seen in bronze statuary, etc.), nevertheless, we feel that one of Ruskin's Lamps, namely, Truth, has been extinguished by this procedure. We feel disappointment creeping over us as we strike these restorations with our cane. They give back a sound indicative of thinness and hollowness; and the peculiar metallic ring is suggestive rather of the rivalries of the market-place than the sacred quiet of the house of God.

This is an age given much to the preservation and restoration of the old architectural monuments. In the midst of all our commercial bustle are found many men who have a lively interest in perpetuating every thing that may aid in understanding the civilization of the past. Is it not true, that in the midst of the terrible battle of historic criticism that was waged on the Continent and in England during the first half of this century, there was engendered a truer appreciation of the value of monumental remains to historic writing, Scriptural exegesis, and Christian evidences? Hence, everywhere we go are found societies for the study of local archæology and the collection and careful collation of every thing that is valuable. Never has art history been so

difficult to write; never before must the historian be so much a man of wide research. The materials are vastly more numerous, and, while systematized by the superior skill of our archæologists, their careful study has come to be a task utterly unknown to the earlier historian.

Cologne Cathedral is also feeling this spirit of restoration and improvement. The German Government is making an annual appropriation, and many societies of learned men are taking a most lively interest in the completion of this finest cathedral of the world. Other cathedrals have their points of superiority, but none other has ever given us so grand a resultant impression as this. Some have finer glass, others excel in minor features, but give us Cologne as the best product of Gothic architecture now existing. It is a fine illustration of the perpetuity of thought to see how the magnificent plan of Gerhard von Rile, conceived more than five hundred years ago, is now being realized by these modern workmen. Slowly, very slowly, are these two grand towers rising to completion, while, in the archways of the front, many statues have replaced those that had fallen from their niches. But it is very difficult for modern haste to understand the patience and persistence of the mediæval workers. Here, too, as at Ely, has iron taken the place of honest stone in the rear tower. It is a great offense, and (were such a thing possible to our modern realism) the good old bishop, Conrad von Hochstellen, the originator of this structure, might well be imagined as rising from his tomb to sternly protest against this desecration. Rather let the work be left partially finished than thus marred by modern cheapness. The beadle quietly remarked to us that the tower weighed a million pounds, and it might be replaced by stone after one hundred or one hundred and fifty years!

In this great capital of the newly constructed German empire, there are but few indications of art progress. Doubtless for the past twelve years Prussia, especially, has had too many hard social and political problems to solve, too many stubborn contests both in camp and in forum, to greatly increase the governmental patronage of art. What few new monuments appear in the public squares give unmistakable proof of

the prevailing military spirit. They only illustrate, as does the whole history of the subject, that art forms the truest, because the insensible, index to the thought and civilization of a country. Most prominent among the new public monuments is the grand "Column of Victory," erected in the Thiergarten, near the Brandenburg Gate. It celebrates the victory over France in the late struggle. The monument, as a whole, is rich, and impresses one favorably. Possibly the angel of victory is too colossal, and somewhat lacking in repose and dignity. But this, too, is only a confirmation of the law which we have before enunciated. Doubtless, the victory over France was as complete as any that history can furnish, and the joy of Germany is, perhaps, truthfully represented by this figure. We ought to excuse a trifle of extravagance in a monument that was reared in the midst of universal shoutings and huzzas. The new building, devoted to modern German art, is approaching completion. The front of this Museum is among the finest in this capital. Also the perpetuation of the memory of Germany's great artists in sculpture, painting, architecture, music, and poetry, by statues in the various niches, is a most happy conception. It thus forms at once a building for the preservation and exhibition of the works of modern German artists, and a true temple of glory to their honor and worth. We can not too strongly commend this feature of the new Art Museum. It must be confessed that most of the public monuments of Berlin are calculated to keep alive and foster the military spirit. This exceptional building is an effort in the direction of fostering the genius of peace as well.

We find very few new pictures of striking

merit. The dealers in art-works do not usually get the best into their possession. But it strikes us that there has been a general depreciation in the quality of paintings offered for sale. Sepke, the veteran dealer on Unter den Linden, has a very good landscape, with an exceptionally pure sky, by O. Achenbach; but this artist seems hardly to equal the exquisite productions of former years. W. Grentz has some good Egyptian studies; H. Herzog offers a medium landscape; E. Bosch is faintly imitating Landseer in animal painting; E. Meisel gives some fair in-door views of the *genre* character; and E. Dücker has produced a marine view that is attracting considerable attention. But it occurs to us, as we institute careful comparisons, that this is a generation of art decadence in the north. We look in vain for worthy successors of Shinkel in architecture; Rauch and Thorwaldsen in sculpture; Cornelius and Kaulbach in painting; Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn, and others in music; and Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, etc., in poetry.

One thing encourages us in this view. The Gebrüder Micheli, among the largest dealers in exquisite marbles; Eichler, the largest dealer in casts of classical and other works; and the dealers in photographs and engravings, say that their orders from American colleges, universities, and seminaries, are largely increasing each year. The business in these illustrations of art and art-history is truly immense. May we not hope that America has before her a most inviting future in art development and patronage. The hard and thankless labors of some earnest men will, in due time, come to be appreciated, and some that are now styled dreamers will be recognized as the true seers and benefactors of the country.



## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

NAMES OF GREAT LAKES.—The names of the lakes seem to be determined, in spite of effort, and are generally Indian names. The first discoverer of Ontario called it "St. Louis;" the other early French called it "Frontenac," after the Governor, who was not unwilling to be complimented; but it was after "Ontario or Frontenac." The English, as they first claimed dominion, called it "Katarakui, or Ontario" (Washington's journal); Mitchell, "Ontario, or Catarakui;" and Pownall, the same; but the name Ontario was always used.

Huron was named, from the unfortunate tribe on its shores when it was first discovered, "des Hurons," of the Hurons. From Homans, 1706, and De L'Isle, 1729, it received the *alias* of "Michigan;" Hennepin, in 1698, and Coxe, in 1721, called it "Huron, or Karegnondi;" Washington's journal, in 1754, "Ouatoghi, or Huron." No one of the lakes so uniformly received the same name.

Lake Michigan, persistently called at first "Illinois," was called, in 1719, "Michigan," by Sener; in 1744, by Charlevoix; and it continued generally after this to have that name.

Superior, called by Champlain, its first topographer, "Grand Lac," was named by the Jesuits, in their wonderful map, "Tracy," or "Superior." Called by the English Sener in 1719, and Coxe in 1721, as an *alias*, after the Nadoussions (Sioux) on its shore, it uniformly had, from the time of the Jesuit map, its present name, with occasionally, in early maps, the name "Tracy."

Lake Erie received its name from the Eries on its bank, and uniformly had that name. The tribe was otherwise called the Cat nation, whence the lake had sometimes the *alias* of "The Cat," "Felis," "Du Chat." Sener, in 1719, called it also "Cadaragua," the name sometimes given to Ontario. Washington's journal, Mitchell, and Pownall called it also Oskwego.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "AUCTION."—The word "auction" originally meant an increase, or an increasing, as applied to time

or things, and had no reference to a sale. The use of the term in the sense of a sale originated, it is believed, with the Romans, who called the sale of military spoils among the soldiers *auctio sub hasta* (under the spear), from the circumstance that it was first held behind a spear stuck in the ground. Subsequently, it became the custom to put up the signal of a spear at all sorts of auctions. Sometimes these spears had a banneret fluttering from one end, and hence the modern practice of using a staff or pole with a colored flag at the end, as an indication of the place where the auction sale is taking place.

BOX-WOOD.—The supply of box-wood (*Buxus sempervirens*) demanded by the best kind of wood-engravers is gradually falling short. The largest blocks are the produce of the forests of the countries bordering on the Black Sea; but the yield has become very slight, and, unless the forests of Abkhassia are opened to the trade, it must soon cease. In 1873, 2,897 tons, valued at £20,621, were exported from Poti. From 5,000 to 7,000 tons of the finest quality annually pass through Constantinople, on the way from Southern Russia and Turkish ports to foreign markets. About 1,500 tons of inferior wood are annually supplied from the neighborhood of Samsoon. The box-wood forests of Turkey are nearly exhausted. In Russia, a considerable quantity of choice wood still exists, although the forests near the sea have been denuded. The wood of Trebizond is generally inferior; nevertheless, from 25,000 to 30,000 cwt. are annually exported.

THE KARENS.—The Karen tribes occupy the country which is the present subject of dispute between the British Government and Burmah,—a chain of broken hills running north and south between the two countries, and called by the natives the Twelve Mountains. They number about fifty thousand, and are said to be a very superior race to the kindred Karens of the plains of British Burmah. The interior of the Karen dwellings is fitted with a raised seat round the

walls, for sitting on in the European manner. And the necessity for this exceptional mode of resting is apparent, as the women all wear rings of thick brass wire, bent around the wrist and elbow, and again around the knee and ankle, confining them so in every motion that they can not possibly squat down on the ground in the usual Oriental fashion, nor kneel to pray as the men do; while, in walking, their feet make two perfectly separate tracks a foot or so apart. It needs hardly be said that the men never submit to this tyranny. They are sensibly dressed in light jackets and trousers, of an almost European type, and are chiefly remarkable, outwardly, for very closely shaving their heads, except where a small top-knot is carefully left. But the effect of the peculiar female fashion of the Twelve Mountains is described as extraordinarily irksome, even to the looker-on; in fact, these self-imposed fetters cause the harem ladies more bodily inconvenience, if possible, than the worst development of the hoop or crinoline mania could have done.

**RESURRECTION OF AN ANCIENT CITY.**—In 1814, the retreat of the sea discovered the remains of the ancient city Cœtobrix, or Cetobrica, the port and arsenal of Sertorius. It is on the left bank of the mouth of the Sadao, and opposite Setubal. It is a city older than Herculaneum or Pompeii, for it was Carthaginian and Phœnician before it was Roman. Already two miles of its ancient walls have been laid bare. A French joint-stock company has been formed to explore it; one hundred yards have already been excavated, and a number of the most valuable coins have been discovered. It is believed that a great many of the rarest works of art or antiquity are buried under those sands. It was suddenly overwhelmed by sand in the fifth century.

**ANCIENT LITERATURE.**—For twenty-five years, students of the Assyrian and Babylonian remains have been working hardest to develop the history of those empires. They have been spurred on to their work by their brilliant success in discovering long and full records of various monarchs mentioned in the Scriptures, and by the invaders' accounts of the victories recorded in the Old Testament over the various kings of Judah and Israel. These wonderful confirmations of

the sacred history have been carefully developed, and a new and very important chapter of the world's history has been recovered, including tolerably complete annals of successive kings, beginning nearly two thousand years before the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus. But it is only within a few years that we have begun to learn what was the real literature of the people, what their books, what their inner life and feelings, what their Iliad or Kalevala, what their omens and exorcisms and star-gazers' prodigies. To these subjects the labor of Assyrian students is now directed, and already a rich store of information has been secured, as important as it is curious. The public attention directed to this subject through the discovery, by Mr. George Smith, of the Babylonian story of the Flood, resulted in the commission given to Mr. Smith, first by the publishers of the London *Telegraph*, and afterward by the British Museum, to carry on further explorations in Nineveh, with the object of completing the story of the Flood, and securing other records. He was successful in discovering the only missing fragment of that story, and in adding other mythological and historical tablets of great value, translations of which, as of inscriptions previously in the British Museum, he has given in his important work just published, entitled "Assyrian Discoveries."

**PHONOGRAPHY.**—The existence of shorthand can be traced back with certainty to the days of Julius Cæsar and Cicero, both of whom are recorded as having employed it; the former, to secure secrecy for his private memorandums, or for special communication to his friends and officers; and the latter, as a means of perpetuating his own lofty eloquence, through the swiftly moving fingers of his freedman, Tyro, whom he is supposed to have instructed in the brief characters.

**OLD ICE.**—The altitude of the Stevens mines, on Mount M'Clellan, Colorado, is twelve thousand five hundred feet. At the depth of from sixty to two hundred feet, the crevice-matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall-rock, is a solid frozen mass. M'Clellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the Snowy Range. It has the form of a



horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of feldspathic rock nearly two thousand feet high, which, in some places, is nearly perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurred until a distance of some eighty or ninety feet had been made; then the frozen territory was reached, and it was continued for over two hundred feet. There are no indications of a thaw, Summer or Winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and massive as the rock.

The miners, being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick or drill, found that the only way was to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the most of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over two hundred and ninety feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. There are other mines in the vicinity, in a like frozen state. The theory is, that the rock was laid down in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heat. In that case the mine is an ice-house, whose stores have remained unthawed for at least eighty thousand years! The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Brandon frozen well and the Stevens mine, show no way for air currents, are still referred to imbedded icebergs and the glacial period.

FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—*Mr. Editor:* I see in the August number of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY*, an account showing what ignorance foreigners manifest while speaking about the geography and manners of the American people. The eccentric Frenchman, Jules Verne, who is the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and such like works, in his amusing tale of "A Journey Round the World in Eighty Days," gives a very amusing account of a political meeting at San Francisco, in

which he and his friends were in great danger of their lives, and had their clothes torn in shreds. Such a meeting as that might do for Paris, but not San Francisco, within the last five years, in which the book purports to have been written. It also has an account of the floating quays of that place; scarcely needs it to be said, that there are no such. In the edition of Osgood & Co., 1873, page 205, these words occur: "The train left Oakland station at six o'clock. It was already night, cold and cheerless, the heavens being overcast with clouds which seemed to threaten snow." "Snow began to fall an hour after they started,—a fine snow, however, which happily could not obstruct the train; nothing could be seen from the windows but a vast white sheet." It is well known snow never falls at or near San Francisco. Again, he says, that the country is very level along the railroad to Sacramento. He forgets that it passes through the Coast Range mountains, which rise twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the railroad. Besides, he says that the road runs along the American River to Sacramento, while that river empties into the Sacramento River at that point, and the road runs along no river in particular for a mile. A. K. M.

ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.—Vestegan, alluding to our ancient Saxon ancestors, says: "They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moons of the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moons, the full moons, and the change should happen, as also, their festival days; and such a carved stick they called an *almondaght*,—that is to say, 'almon-heed,'—to wit, the regard or observation of the moons; and hence is derived the name of almanac." After the invention of printing, almanacs became generally in use. The first recorded account in England of an almanac is in the Year-book of Henry VII.

QUERY.—In 1855, a work was published, entitled, "Which: the Right or the Left?" Who wrote the book? For years I have tried to "find out" the author, and never could; I can't endure it any longer. E. W.

## SCIENTIFIC.

AGE OF THE NIAGARA GORGE.—It has for thirty years been the received opinion of geologists that the whole of the gorge of the Niagara, from Queenstown to the Falls, was excavated since the glacial period, and the work here done has been assumed to be a more or less accurate measure of the time elapsed since that period. But Mr. Thomas Belt, on a visit to Niagara last year, discovered what he takes to be sufficient evidence for asserting that the post-glacial gorge extends only from Queenstown up to the whirlpool, and that, between the latter point and the Falls, the Niagara flows in its pre-glacial bed. The author holds that the present river is cutting back the gorge much more slowly than Lyell estimated; that, instead of one foot yearly, the retrocession is not more than, if as much as, one foot in ten years; and that, allowing for the comparative softness of the rocks below the whirlpool, we must put back the occurrence of the glacial period to at least 200,000 years ago, supposing the entire gorge, from Queenstown to the Falls, to have been excavated since that time. "But if," says Mr. Belt, "the conclusion at which I have arrived is correct,—that the gorge, from the whirlpool to the Falls, is pre-glacial, and that the present river has only cut through the softer beds between Queenstown and the whirlpool, and, above the latter point, merely cleared out the pre-glacial gorge in the harder rocks,—then 200,000 years, or even less, is amply sufficient for the work done; and the occurrence of the glacial epoch, as so measured, will be brought within the shorter period, that, from other considerations, I have argued, has elapsed since it was at its height."

A NEW TEXTILE INDUSTRY.—The Government of India has been encouraging, of late, the culture of China grass (*tschu-ma*), or inner bark of the *Bohmeria nivea*, which yields a very beautiful fiber, some three times as strong as hemp, and as soft as flax, while possessing a luster equal to that of silk. Although the properties of this fiber have long been known, there has been an absence of proper machinery for its preparation, and,

until quite lately, it has been supposed that only the green stem could be operated upon. Since it has been discovered that the dry stems may be treated by ordinary hemp and flax machinery, producing a fiber but little inferior to that obtained from the green plant, their utilization bids fair to constitute an important addition to existing textile industries. Although the plant is indigenous to China, India, and Japan, it is said to adapt itself to climatic conditions with considerable facility, and hence, it may be inferred that systematic culture in southern States would be attended with favorable results.

DISTILLATION OF MOSS.—The extreme richness of the milk of the reindeer, that feed on the wild mosses of Sweden, has led to an examination of the moss as an article of food. These researches have resulted in the establishment of a number of moss distilleries in Russia and Sweden, and a prosperous and growing interest has been developed. The moss employed yields, on an average, as much alcohol as good grain, and three times as much as potatoes. The supply of moss is practically inexhaustible, as it is spread over vast tracts, extending from the Baltic to Behring's Straits.

CLOUD-FORMS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BAROMETER.—Mr. Blasius, in his recently published work on storms, questions even the most limited usefulness of the barometer as an indicator of weather changes, and suggests that, instead of depending upon it, observers, especially navigators, will find a far better guide and counselor for safety in the forms of the clouds, which not only foretell the approach of storms much earlier than barometers, but show, at the same time, the observer's position in regard to them, and how their danger can best be escaped. According to Mr. Blasius, every sort of storm has its representative cloud formation, which gives timely notice of approaching danger. He divides storms into three classes: (1.) Local, or vertical, storms, of which, in our latitude, the Summer shower is an example. Its characteristic cloud is the *cumulus*. (2.)



Progressive, or lateral, storms, in which the equilibrium is re-established in a lateral direction; characteristic cloud, *cumulo-stratus*. (3.) Diagonal storms, tornadoes, hail-storms, sand-storms, water-spouts, etc.; characteristic cloud, *conus*, heretofore known simply as the tornado cloud. Mr. Blasius does not consider the art of cloud-reading difficult of attainment. "A year's observation," he says, "will acquaint the student with the cycle of phenomena, and make him a reliable weather prophet, at least for every-day purposes."

PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHY.—The *Telegraphic Journal*, copying from the *Golos*, announces the arrival at St. Petersburg of M. La Cour, assistant director of the Copenhagen Physical Observatory, in order to submit to the telegraphic conference a new invention in telegraphy. That invention gives the possibility of transmitting dispatches between two telegraphic stations through one wire only, and by means of many instruments, so that transmission by one instrument can not impede the action of the other. M. La Cour, while engaged some years ago in investigating the passage of electric currents through conducting media, found that electricity is transmitted, from place to place, by undulations analogous to those of sound. In consequence of this discovery, he hit upon an arrangement of electro-magnets and tuning-forks, by means of which a particular current passing through a tuning-fork pitched to a certain note does not become merged in or confounded with other currents, which, after passage through differently pitched tuning-forks, are simultaneously transmitted along the same wire. This, of course, renders it possible to send many messages at a time through the same wire.

SPECTACLES WITHOUT GLASSES.—A novel kind of spectacles, originally designed to prevent snow blindness, present some features of general use and interest. They consist of two half-shells, resembling walnut-shells, rounded in front, and made to fit the eye at the back. In place of a glass is a narrow, horizontal slit in front of the pupil of the eye. To give air and a sight at the sides, small holes are provided at each end. The material is ebonite (hard rubber might answer), and they are secured to the eyes by

a ribbon, designed to be fastened round the head. This is to prevent the freezing effects of metal when the spectacles are used in cold climates. Elsewhere, they might be provided with metal supports, such as are used in ordinary glasses. In traveling, such eye-protectors are said to be very useful in keeping out the glare of the sun, and in preventing cinders and dust from reaching the eye. Engineers, pilots, and others exposed to sleet, wind, smoke, and dust, might find such spectacles useful in protecting the eyes without interfering with the sight. For home use, such a pair of protectors might easily be made of stiff cloth, pasteboard, or thin metal, and, properly fitted to the eyes, will be found valuable to persons of sensitive sight.

EFFECTS OF NARCOTICS ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.—A desire for something artificially to excite, soothe, or stupefy the nervous system, has caused men in all parts of the world to ransack nature in search of narcotics. Tobacco, opium, betel-nut, Indian hemp, and even some sorts of fungi, are used for this purpose. The immediate effect of opium-eating is made familiar by the writings of men of genius, who had contracted the habit, and whose descriptions have been productive of great evil among the educated classes. The confirmed opium-eater of the East seldom lives beyond the age of forty, and may be recognized at a glance by his trembling steps and curved spine, his sunken, glassy eye, and sallow, withered features. The enjoyment of the opium-eater gradually diminishes as his system becomes habituated to the drug. From time to time he must increase the quantity which he takes; but, finally, no increase will produce the desired effect. By the addition, however, of a little corrosive sublimate, the influence is, for a time, renewed. But at last this also fails, when, in a little while, the miserable victim sinks into his grave. Opium, besides acting as a narcotic, possesses remarkable power as a restorative. By apparently checking the natural waste of nervous energy, it enables the system to support otherwise unendurable fatigue. For this reason it is used in the East by palanquin bearers, messengers, and Tartar couriers, all of whom are obliged to perform journeys involving almost incredible

fatigue. A species of fungus is employed by the natives of Kamschatka and Siberia, to produce narcotic effects closely resembling intoxication. Sometimes it is eaten in soups and sauces, or is taken mixed with the juices of the whortleberry; but the more usual mode is to swallow it whole, rolled in the form of a pill; one large-sized toad-stool is sufficient to cause narcotic effects for a whole day. The natural temperament of the individual shows itself with unusual distinctness. A man fond of music or talking will be constantly singing or chattering. The power of estimating the size of objects is apparently destroyed, so that a man, going to step across a straw or twig, will lift his foot as though about to stride over the trunk of a tree. The Indian hemp, properly a narcotic of Africa, also possesses this last peculiarity. Its narcotic virtues depend upon a resinous substance contained in the sap, and this is much more abundant in tropical than in temperate climates. It is extracted, made into a sirup, and eaten with a confection of cloves, nutmegs, and other spices. The pleasure is described as consisting of an "intense feeling of happiness, which attends all the operations of the mind. The sun shines on every thought that passes through the mind, and every movement of the body is a source of enjoyment." One of its ill effects is that of producing catalepsy. The use of the coca-tree as a narcotic, in Peru and Bolivia, is of great antiquity. The natives simply chew the dried leaves. In order that the coca may produce the desired effect, it is necessary for the patient to be perfectly quiescent. He generally stretches himself at full length in the shade, on soft turf or dry leaves, and, rolling a few of the coca-leaves into a ball, puts them into his mouth, having added to the leaves, in order to bring out the full flavor, a little slacked lime, or the alkaline ashes of certain plants. When thus engaged, the apathy he displays is something marvelous. No entreaty will induce him to move; he is indifferent alike to drenching rain, burning sun, or the roar of wild animals in neighboring thickets. Though it is not exactly known in what the pleasures derived from the coca consist,

still they must be of a most seductive character, thus to deprive men of that instinct which naturally leads them to avoid danger.

**A NEW STENOGRAPHIC REPORTING MACHINE.**—An apparatus resembling the type-writer in design, and intended to be used as a stenographic reporting machine, has been recently brought out in France. It consists of keys and a lever very much like the desk of the type-writer, and a long roll of paper that automatically unwinds as the keys are touched. Each key makes dots or dashes, and the lever spaces off the words and lines. The report, in Morse's alphabet, is thus readily written out as fast as the keys can be touched, and may be copied or set up in type without difficulty. Six months' practice will enable a good operator to follow the most rapid speaker.

**HOW WE KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT.**—Donders asserts that the mouth is kept closed, not by the action of the muscles connected with the lower jaw, but by atmospheric pressure. He has investigated this phenomenon experimentally. By employing a manometer, communicating with the space between the tongue and the hard palate, he finds, when the mouth is kept shut, a negative pressure, corresponding to from two to four millimeters of the mercurial column. There are two suctorial spaces in the mouth, the principal one is bounded by the tongue below, the hard palate above, and the soft palate behind; the other is situated between the tongue and the floor of the mouth. The former is used in sucking liquid through a straw; the other, sometimes in smoking. Both are employed when we endeavor, with the mouth closed, to extract a foreign body from between the teeth. The mouth may be shut during sleep when the muscles of mastication are relaxed. If a man fall asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the root of the tongue; and if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate, and snoring is the result.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE BROKEN NOSES.

SOME hundreds of years ago, if we are to believe the stories that have been written of those times, in the suburbs of a small town, lying to the south of the Baltic Sea, there lived a merchant, his wife, and their two children, named Fritz and Spitz. They were good, honest people, with simple ways of living, and were much liked by their fellowtowns-folk. Near their house was a farm-yard, and in the farm-yard was a high barn, which was the greatest delight of the boys. One day, however, as they were trying who could climb highest up the two sides of the barn, a sharp gust of wind came, which caused them both to let go and fall down on the ground. Their good mother heard their screams, and ran out to see what was the matter. She found her sons lying bleeding on each side of the barn, with both their noses broken,—one to the right side and the other to the left.

She was far too sensible a woman to begin to cry also; but she picked them up, and carried them into the house, where she speedily applied all the remedies she knew of. The father, when he returned home, and heard of the catastrophe, was a good deal put out.

"Just think," he said, "what frights the poor lads will be."

"Well, my dear," replied his wife, "I don't see that the appearance of his nose can in any way lessen a man's chances of success in life, and a broken neck would; so you had better be thankful, instead of grumbling."

It may be here remarked, by the way, that the excellent lady's own nose was her least enviable feature, it being both long and thick.

It happened, when Fritz was about sixteen, that the merchant was obliged to go on a journey into the adjoining country, and he took his eldest son with him. But, before he had been there many months, he breathed his last; and Fritz came back and told his mother of the misfortune which had befallen the family, saying, at the same time, that he should take his portion and re-

turn to the other kingdom, where he thought he should get on very well. He intended to stay there for ten years, and then come back to the maternal roof. So he bade farewell to his mother and brother, and remarked to the latter, as he parted:

"I dare say, Spitz, we shall be much changed when we meet again, but we shall always know each other by our broken noses."

Years passed away, and the mother also died; so the brothers were left all alone in the world, and did not even hear tidings of each other; for there was no post in those days. At that time war broke out between the two countries, and every able-bodied man had to enlist in the army. Spitz put on a soldier's coat, and went off to battle with the rest, and fought as bravely as any one.

But the worst was that the other side gained the victory, and poor Spitz was taken prisoner. He was carried to the capital, and shut up in a horrid, dark, damp dungeon, and at last he was told one evening that he would be executed on the next day.

Of course, he was much distressed at this news, and he lay down on his straw and wept a bitter tear. All at once there was a great noise, in the court-yard, of the trampling of horses' hoofs and the wheels of chariots. The jailor came in to Spitz in an excited state, and said that the king's first counselor had come to see him.

"I don't want your counselors, or your kings either," muttered poor Spitz, who did not feel in the right mood to receive visitors.

"But," answered the jailor, who was really a kind-hearted man, "the counselor could save your life. He is one of the greatest men in all the land, and, besides, he has a broken nose like yourself, and I am sure he will take compassion on you."

Spitz leaped to his feet so suddenly that the jailor started, and dropped the keys on his toes. For three seconds, Spitz was speechless. Then he gasped:

"A broken nose, did you say? Show him in."

The counselor came in accordingly, and

Spitz instantly recognized in him his brother Fritz. When the door was shut, Fritz told him how he had become a great favorite with the king, and had risen to his present high rank and position. Then he said:

"By a merciful chance, my dear brother, I heard that one of the prisoners had a broken nose, or, undoubtedly, you would have died to-morrow. But now I have come to save you. You have nothing to do but swear allegiance to my sovereign, and the prison-doors are open to you."

"Alas!" answered Spitz, "that I can not do; for I should be a traitor to my own king."

"Well," Fritz replied, "I can not have my brother die. So, if you won't go out by the door, you must by the window. Here is a rope and a knife; and, at the dead of night, you must make your escape as best you can."

Spitz thanked his brother and said good-bye. When the time came, he did as he was bid, and safely returned into the borders of his own land.

Time wore on, but the fighting still continued, both by land and sea. Spitz was thought quite a hero when he got back, and his king made him a knight. His country was the most often victorious now, and he went to sea, and before long gained great fame as a sailor, and had a vessel of his own.

It was the business of this vessel to destroy all other ships which came within sight of her; and her captain was about to pursue this course with a frigate which had been cruising about not far off, when an envoy and his escort came on board by a small boat.

"We desire terms," he said; "a treaty of peace lies on board yonder frigate, to be submitted to your king. Let us pass."

"We can give no terms," replied Captain Spitz; "our orders from the king are to let no vessel pass, and we must obey those orders."

The envoy was on the point of departure when Spitz asked, "What is the name of your ship?"

"*The Broken Nose*," answered the envoy.

Spitz nearly fell overboard at these words.

"*That*," he said, "alters the question. I shall visit your vessel immediately."

Counsellor Fritz, on the *Broken Nose*, was very glad to see Captain Spitz, and showed him the treaty. Spitz said that they had better both go to his king; which they did, and their negotiations were so successfully concluded that peace was shortly proclaimed between the two countries, to the great joy of all the people.

Each of the kings had a fair daughter, but no sons. So the princesses were married to the wise counsellor and the great captain, and the kings, considering the great benefits which had been brought about by the brothers, Fritz and Spitz, introduced a broken nose into the national arms of both countries.—*Good Words*.

#### THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

A HAREBELL hung its willful head:

"I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell;

"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;

He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;

"Leave me alone,—I am not well."

And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,  
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed, and said:

"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."

Then the sun he pitied her pitiful case,

And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;

I am not—I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried,

"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its millionfold path;

But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;

He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried, "O! O!

I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak.

She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.

He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain, I am withering; all the blue

Is fading out of me,—come, please do."

The rain came down as fast it could,

But for all its will, it did her no good.

She shuddered and shrivelled, and moaning said:

"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year  
She'll be simple and sweet; but I fear, I fear.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



## THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

IN the house of a certain town the cat had arrived at a dreary old age, when her teeth had nearly all fallen out, and her claws were of little use.

"I'll drown this useless creature," said her master one morning. "The mice dance before my face."

"Do n't," said his wife.

"I will," said he, "when I come in to dinner."

As soon as he went out, the cat looked up in her mistress's face, and began to mew.

"Ay, poor puss," said she, "you may as well go," and off she went.

There was a dog in another house, and the same plan was laid out for him. He also fled away, and met the cat in the wood.

"What's to be done?" said they; "we'll starve, without doubt."

"Not at all," said the fox, who just then came up to them. "I'll get you honorably restored; but first you will have to aid me in a war which I am going to wage with the wolf. He is to be assisted by the boar and the bear."

"Willingly," said they.

The field of fight was appointed under a large oak in the forest. The wolf and his allies were first on the spot, and the bear climbed up to see if the enemy was near or far.

"O," said he, "they are two miles away; but one of them is holding a dreadful long white spear (this was the cat's tail). I can have a sleep before they come up."

"And I too, in this heap of withered leaves," said the boar.

"And I at the foot of the tree," said the wolf.

They forgot to waken before the arrival of the enemy. There was nothing visible of the boar outside the leaves but his ear, which the cat leaped on, thinking it was a slice of fresh meat. She gave it such a tearing with the teeth and claws which were left to her, that he sprang up with a roar and made off. The cat was as much frightened as he, and sprang up into the tree to be out of danger. The spot she alighted on was the bear's nose, and he got such a smart and fright that he lost his presence of mind, and fell like a sack down on the sleeping

wolf, and crushed the life out of him. He fled from the field of battle without once looking behind him; and the fox and his allies made a feast on the body of a hare which they had caught as they came along.

When they were returning, the fox caught a dozen rats and mice; and when the cat's master and mistress came out of their bedroom in the morning, the bodies of the vermin were lying on the floor, and pussy watching them. There was no more talk of sending her away. The dog's owners were awakened in the night by his barking in the yard.

"Let in the poor brute," said the woman.

"May be he's striving to keep the robber or the fox away."

"Not a bit," said the man "he's only at his tricks."

Next morning there was a big hole found under the threshold, scooped out by the fox, and half a dozen black puddings missing from the rack. So there was welcome for the poor dog.

## INSTINCT OR REASON?

A LITTLE dog had lost an eye in a fight with a cat. This was a long time ago, so that now old age and infirmity had made Stella quite pacific. She had given up all idea of fighting, when, one day, hunting in the garden, she came, thinking no evil, to the door of an outhouse, where the cat was bringing up its kittens. Minette, who saw an enemy in every dog, left her young and came forward with her back arched. Stella, relying upon the purity of her intentions, did not run away. Minette took this calmness for insolence, and jumped on her head. Then poor Stella, unable to defend herself, lay down on her back, and, remembering that cat's claws are particularly dangerous to the eyes, held one of her paws over her remaining eye. Thus was she found when her cries were heard, and she was saved from the teeth and claws of the furious Minette. She was covered with wounds, but had saved her eye. Was this instinct or reason?

"It's all over with me!" as the pancake said, when it was turned.

"So far, so good," as the little boy said, when he had finished the first pot of jam.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WE welcome the appearance of Dr. B. F. Cocker's *Theistic Conception of the World*, a needed "essay in opposition to certain tendencies of modern thought." Dr. Cocker proved his ability to write such a work by his able authorship of "Christianity and Greek Philosophy." In preparation for his task he has gone over the whole ground of the controversy, selected the salient ideas of the best thinkers and the best works, quoting over a hundred in the way of refutation of errors, illustrative of his subject, and in support of his theme; endeavoring to collect and converge the broken and scattered lights that may aid in the furtherance of discovery, the maintenance of truth, or the progress of knowledge. Some of his methods and arguments are new, and some are veteran. He almost apologizes for entering the field, approaches the discussion of these old yet ever new questions, not only with a profound conviction of their magnitude and difficulty, but with an oppressive feeling that his essay "will be pronounced ambitious and vain." His excuse is, that "these questions are native to the human mind;" that though much of human effort to solve these problems has ended in failure and defeat, the human mind has never lost confidence in their ultimate solution, and has never abandoned them in despair." "In vain history points to the failure of twenty centuries;" "the indomitable energy breaks out anew, and the fight is continued." Professor Cocker not only deals strong blows with his own logical right arm, but he shows great skill in arraying contestants of different schools against each other, and in making dialectical opponents destroy themselves with their own weapons, in no case more successfully, perhaps, than in his handling of Professor Tyndall. Human discoveries aggregate slowly. Each generation adds a little, every individual thinker contributes a trifle to the advance, and Professor Cocker has set some old points in new light. We think he succeeds in showing up the confusion and contradictions of metaphysical notions in reference to time and space. "Extension and duration are attributes of the

finite, immensity and eternity are attributes of God." Dr. Cocker's history of Creation will be interesting to theologians. Genesis and geology have often been compared during the last half century; the arrangement of the first chapter of Genesis, the account of the Creation, as a poem, a psalm, a grand symbolical hymn, is not so common. We hope some day to transfer this portion of his work bodily to the pages of our magazine. Chapters seven, eight, and nine are the best portions of the work. Chapter nine opens with the remark that "the most sharply defined issue between science and religion—in fact, the only real issue at the present time—is in regard to the doctrine of special providence and the efficacy of prayer." It is true that this is the present phase of the perennial controversy, but it is one which covers and embraces all the rest. Acknowledge the existence of a personal deity, a God of voluntary choice, wisdom, holiness, power, and love, an Almighty Parent, and special providence and answer to prayer follow of course. Deny the existence of such a Deity, and we have nothing left but Strauss's crunching, grinding fate. "In the enormous machine of the universe, amid the whirl and hiss of its jagged iron wheels, amid the deafening crash of its ponderous cranks and hammers, in the midst of this terrific commotion,—man, a helpless and defenseless creature, finds himself placed, not secure for a moment, that on some imprudent motion a wheel may not seize and rend him, or a hammer crush him to powder;" and Strauss's sole consolation to you and to me is the query of fate to conscious helplessness, "What are you going to do about it?" Michigan, its university, and the Church of which he is a member, may all be proud of so advanced a thinker on the side of Christian truth as Professor Cocker. His book is a mine of solid thought, and will furnish to ministers and persons fond of study food for hours of expansive reflection. (Published by Harper & Brothers, or Nelson & Phillips, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., or Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)



A REVISED edition of Dr. James Porter's *Compendium of Methodism* will be prized by all lovers of the Church, its history, doctrines, and discipline. Any one who really wishes to know what Methodism is will find full answer to his queries in this Compend of five hundred duodecimo pages. In addition to a full table of contents, the volume is furnished with a copious topical index. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

"BETWEEN the 20th of October, 1870, and the 18th of September, 1873," Pope Pío Nono "pronounced two hundred and ninety discourses," which a certain Italian Boswell, Rev. Don Pasquale de Franciscis, "has reported in two volumes, and eleven hundred pages," which Mr. Gladstone reviews with his usual incisiveness in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1875. This review of Mr. Gladstone's the Harpers now issue in pamphlet form, to take its place beside the "Vatican Decrees" to give the world an inside view of Popery from Papist tongues and Papist pens. No one can complain of Protestant misrepresentation. From these pages it appears that the flowers-of-brimstone style employed by the Romish press in this country is perfectly canonical, used at head-quarters by the infallible Pope himself, in the domination of Catholics by Catholics. The vituperative, blackguard style has mostly disappeared from modern religious and political controversy, but the Pope, according to Mr. Gladstone, calls the Italian Government and its partisans wolves, Pharisees, Philistines, thieves, Jacobins, sectarians, liars, hypocrites, children of the devil, satellites of Satan, monsters of hell, demons incarnate, stinking corpses—and this catalogue by no means exhaustive. We need not wonder, therefore, if the infallible Pater showers such damnable expletives on his own Church-members, that his obsequious imitators and toe-kissers on this side the Atlantic should pelt Protestants with such gentle missiles as "Godless," "heathen," "infidels," and the like. This review of Mr. Gladstone's will be read as extensively as his other works. The papal question is in the ascendant in both hemispheres, and Mr. Gladstone is the Luther of the hour. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co.)

MUSIC forms a prominent part of the instruction in schools, high and low, nowadays, and ought to be introduced into colleges and universities as well. Oliver Ditson, of Boston, publishes the *High-school Choir*, a book of studies for advanced high classes, in nine parts, by L. O. Emerson and W. I. Tilden. We have glanced through it and find some good music in it, some new and some familiar. It seems a pity that books for Sunday-school use can not be elevated to as high a place of excellence and variety in words and tunes as that arrived at by writers of works for the use of secular schools.

MESSRS NELSON & PHILLIPS have just published two Oriental books of great interest and value, written by ladies. *Gems of India*, or sketches of distinguished Hindoo and Mohammedan women, by Mrs. E. J. Humphrey, formerly of the Indian mission; and *Ayesha*, "A Tale of the Times of Mohammed," by Emma Leslie, the fourth of a volume of Church history stories. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

PAMPHLETS.—Elwanger and Barry's *Descriptive Catalogue* of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Flowering Plants, etc. Their nursery, one of the oldest and most reputable in our country, is located at Rochester, New York. *Our Teeth and their Preservation*, by L. P. Meredith, D. D. S., of Cincinnati. *Circulars of Information* issued by the United States Bureau of Education, Numbers 3—6. *Report of the Chairman of the Faculty of the University of South Carolina*. *Cincinnati Union Bethel Report* for 1875. *What we Are and What we Shall Be*; a Sermon delivered before the Pastors' Association of Albany, by Rev. Charles Devol, M. D. Catalogue of Otterbein University, H. A. Thompson D. D., President; Faculty 12, Students 72.

FICTION.—We have received from the publishers (Harper & Brothers, New York) their latest issues of standard fiction in paper covers, as follows: *The Lady Superior*, by Eliza F. Pollard; *Iseulte*, by the author of "Vera," etc.; *Eglantine*, by Eliza Tabor; *Ward or Wife*; *Jean*, by Mrs. Newman; and *The Calderwood Secret*, by Virginia W. Johnson. *The Way we Live Now*, by Anthony Trollope.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOVEMBER! month—in England—of fogs and hypochondria and suicides,—reminder of Guy Fawkes and papal modes of diffusing the Gospel by slow matches and gunpowder; bleak harbinger of bleaker December, when the falling leaves of late Autumn are the sport of cold winds; when the harvest-moon and Indian Summer are succeeded by meteoric showers; when the fruits of the season are snugly housed in anticipation of coming snows; when fat herds and full granaries betoken plenty in farming communities, and the shelves of the merchant groan beneath the pressure of Fall supplies; when every thing, in city and country, indicates the abundance and full-handedness of Christian civilization,—what month of the year more appropriate for considering the cause of the poor and needy, the moral and spiritual wants of the world, so intimately connected with the physical necessities and dire poverty usually found in heathen lands? what month fitter than November for the annual meeting of the heads of a great and wealthy Christian denomination, like the Methodist Episcopal Church, to consider the world's needs, and demands upon conscience and liberality, the poverty of the natives, and our means of relieving it, the most important stations to be occupied, the contributions of the faithful and their judicious distribution to the most necessitous. Hail to MISSIONARY November!

GOLDEN RULE.—In Christ's Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vii, 12), we read, "therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Luke vi, 31, reads, "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." In the Apocrypha (Tobit iv, 15), the rule runs thus: "What thou hatest do to no man." Clarke says, "It seems as if God had written this law on the hearts of all men, for sayings of this kind may be found among all nations." Whitby gives examples. First, positively,

*Latin*—"Quod tibi fieri vis, fac alteri."

*Greek*—"Τενού πᾶσιν ὡς σοὶ θέλεις πάντας."

Also, negatively,

"Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris."

Five hundred years before Christ, one of the disciples of Confucius said, "Master, is there not some one word which may serve as a rule of practice for one's entire life?" The sage answered, "Is not 'Reciprocity' such a word?" and added, immediately, "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

Legge, Confucius's translator, lays stress on the positive form of the Christian rule; yet, Hillel, a Jewish rabbi, thirty years before Christ, "a second Ezra," who died when Christ was ten years of age, gives the law in the negative form, "Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do to thee." "This is the whole law; the rest is mere commentary." None of Confucius's quoters give this beautiful, world-wide precept in so brief a form as it fell from the sage's own lips. It is condensed as a telegram,—

"Ki su pok ük ük sic ü ing,  
Self what wish not not do to man."

Wesley says, "The whole is comprised in one word, 'imitate the God of love.'"

HOMES.—Home, next to heaven, is the sweetest word in the English language:

"Home! sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

It implies father, mother, brothers, sisters, love, religion, comfort, joy, and rest in health; sympathy, concern, and gentle ministrations in weariness, distress, and sickness. Our highest compassions are reserved for the homeless, and yet the day comes when the young must leave home. The weaning is hard; "homesickness" is inevitable on the first trial, but it must be; we must find new homes,—never, alas! quite equal to the "old homestead," but centers of new life and joy. Death and misfortune sometimes deprive those of a home who have most need of it,—the infant, the invalid, the poor, the aged. Christian society aims to supply this want by public institutions supported by taxation. The old New England "almshouse" was



a refuge for the parentless, the sick, the imbecile, the insane, the aged; but the same roof covered a "work-house" for the idle and vagrant, as well; and it used to be considered a disgrace, something to be dreaded by the once prosperous and well-born, to "go to the poor-house," end one's days with society's waifs and refuse, and be buried in the potter's-field, in a pauper's grave and a pauper's coffin. None dreaded this sad issue of life so much as sensitive women reduced to poverty by the vices of husbands and fathers, or rendered helpless and destitute by sickness, age, or inevitable misfortune.

For such, our sisters in New York provided, a generation ago, "an Old Ladies' Home," one of the loveliest benevolences of that benevolent metropolis. Before us lies a pamphlet headed MINARD HOME, a splendid mansion, located at Morristown, New Jersey, thirty miles west of New York, on the Morris and Essex railroad, donated to the Church in 1870, by Abel Minard, for the purpose of "affording a Home for the female children of foreign missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so long, during their minority, as their parents may be engaged in work in the foreign field." It is not an orphanage, asylum, or charity-school, but a Home, such as missionaries may desire when seeking the best place to leave their daughters while absent from them. The Home is at present in the charge of Rev. S. S. Weatherby and wife, late of the India mission, from whom all needed particulars can be ascertained. We add one item from the circular:

"The trustees offer to provide a home, board, clothing, medical attendance, and education, the best that can be obtained in first-class schools, for one hundred dollars per annum, the amount allowed by the Mission Board for the support of missionaries' children."

War destroys homes. The soldier is a home-destroyer as well as a home-defender, and when the war is over, sick, wounded, or disabled, the poor soldier often has no home of his own. The war on behalf of the Union was a war for homes, waged in behalf of a race to whom the joys of home and family were but imperfectly known. But where were home-defenders themselves to find homes at the conclusion of the bloody

strife? A grateful nation has provided inviting retreats for its soldiers.

The Home for disabled volunteers at Dayton, Ohio, is chief among these national establishments. It consists of five hundred acres of farm land, three miles west of the city of Dayton, built up, within the last few years, to the *status* of an industrial village, with its extensive hospital, its beautiful church, soldiers' quarters, officers' houses, workshops, flower-gardens, aviary, menagerie, lake (the home of swans and wild geese), amusement hall, music hall, dining hall, deer park, offices, schools, and cemetery, gardens, parks, shrubberies, and fruit plantations, with broad avenues running in every direction; so that the Soldiers' Home is not only a HOME to its twenty-five hundred inmates, but is also one of the most attractive pleasure-resorts for visitors and picnic parties, farm societies, Churches, and Sunday-schools, in all parts of the State. During eight years, it has been visited by over two hundred thousand persons, as well as by General Hooker, General Sherman, President Grant, Bishop Simpson, and other notables. The chaplain, Rev. William Earnshaw, a member of the Baltimore Conference, is eminently fitted for his position. One of the chief donors to the library of the institution is Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, whose little biography of "Guepin of Nantes" is a beautiful specimen, in type and binding, of the mechanical skill exercised by disabled veterans in their workshops. Just such a home as this, on a lesser scale, is needed for superannuated Methodist itinerants.

PROGRESS.—Missionary operations in heathendom have at length attracted notice and favorable comment from the leading British reviews. The *Westminster*, while disparaging missions generally, admits that "the results in India constitute the most brilliant page in the history of missionary enterprise." The *London Quarterly*, for April, has a long article on India and its missions. It finds, in 1871, 318,363 converts, 40,000 pupils in schools, 381 ordained native preachers. From 1851 to 1861, the increase was fifty-three per cent; from 1861 to 1871, sixty-one per cent; so that, at the same ratio, there will be, A. D. 1900, a million of

native Christians in India; in 1950, eleven millions; in 2000, one hundred and thirty-eight millions. This indicates progress. There are thirty-five missionary societies at work, and six hundred missionaries, of whom five hundred and fifty are ordained. Within twenty years the different missionary societies have held five fraternal conferences to consider the best modes of carrying on the work. The last was in January, in which one hundred and twenty missionaries, belonging to twenty different societies, participated. The Zenana work, carried on by women, is most interesting; thirteen hundred classes are here conducted by Christian women. The great hinderance is the listlessness, apathy, indifference, of the Hindoos, whether induced by their philosophy or the heat of the sun, or whether the lifeless philosophy itself was born of hot weather, is not apparent. It repudiates the idea that missionaries are lazy and self-indulgent; thinks, as we do, that England should evangelize her own subjects. Out of thirty-two societies, nine were American, six German, seventeen British. Of five hundred and forty-eight missionaries, three hundred and thirty-three were British, one hundred and thirty-one American, eighty-four German. The *Review* seems to be a trifle jealous of the work done on British soil by Americans and Germans, and wonders at the apathy of the Church of England. Of the missionaries, one hundred and sixty-six belonged to the Church of England, eighty-eight Presbyterian, eighty-seven Lutheran, seventy-seven Baptist, sixty-nine Independent, fifty-one Wesleyan, twelve isolated. Twenty-five presses are run by the missions.

**MISSIONARY SECRETARIES.**—Beautiful portraits of these distinguished servants of the Church grace the current number of the *REPOSITORY*, and we have embraced the opportunity afforded by their presence, in connection with the annual meeting of the Missionary Committee during this month, to give a sort of missionary character to the number. Dr. Eddy's face will recall many associations, sad and pleasing. His death left a heavy burden of work upon his associates, but they are men of work, and they are nobly sustained by the entire missionary army, embracing not merely the officers of

the society, but the ministry and laity of the whole Church, down to the youngest Sunday-school member. It will stir all workers in the great cause to look on these spirited portraits of their chosen leaders.

**TOMB OF BISHOP KINGSLEY.**—One of the most touching farewells spoken in the Eastern world is that of the Arabs, "May you die among your kindred!" This kind wish was not fulfilled in the case of Bishop Kingsley. Afar from home, in the midst of strangers, with no endeared associate to pillow his dying head, he closed his earthly pilgrimage, and ascended to his reward. He died at Beyroot, Syria, and there finds his last earthly resting-place. He had followed the footprints of the Lord here, and, almost in sight of the earthly Jerusalem, gained the heavenly.

**SACRIFICE.**—William C. Burns, an eloquent young Scotch divine, co-revivalist with M'Cheyne, upon whose lips thousands hung with awe, if not with rapture, dropped all his popular prospects, and, in 1846-7, sailed for China, where, for twenty years, he lived among the natives, dressed like them, ate and slept with them, and preached successfully in their dialects, from Canton to Peking. It cost very little to keep him. The Church needs Taylors and Moodys who ask, like Christ and the apostles, only to be supported while preaching the Word.

**BY DECADES.**—In 1820, the receipts of the missionary society were something over three cents a member; 1830, less than three cents; 1840, twenty-four cents; 1850, five years after the Southern secession, eighteen cents; 1860, thirty cents; 1870, fifty-one cents. How long will it take the Church, at that turtle-speed, to reach the desired average of a dollar a member for missionary purposes?

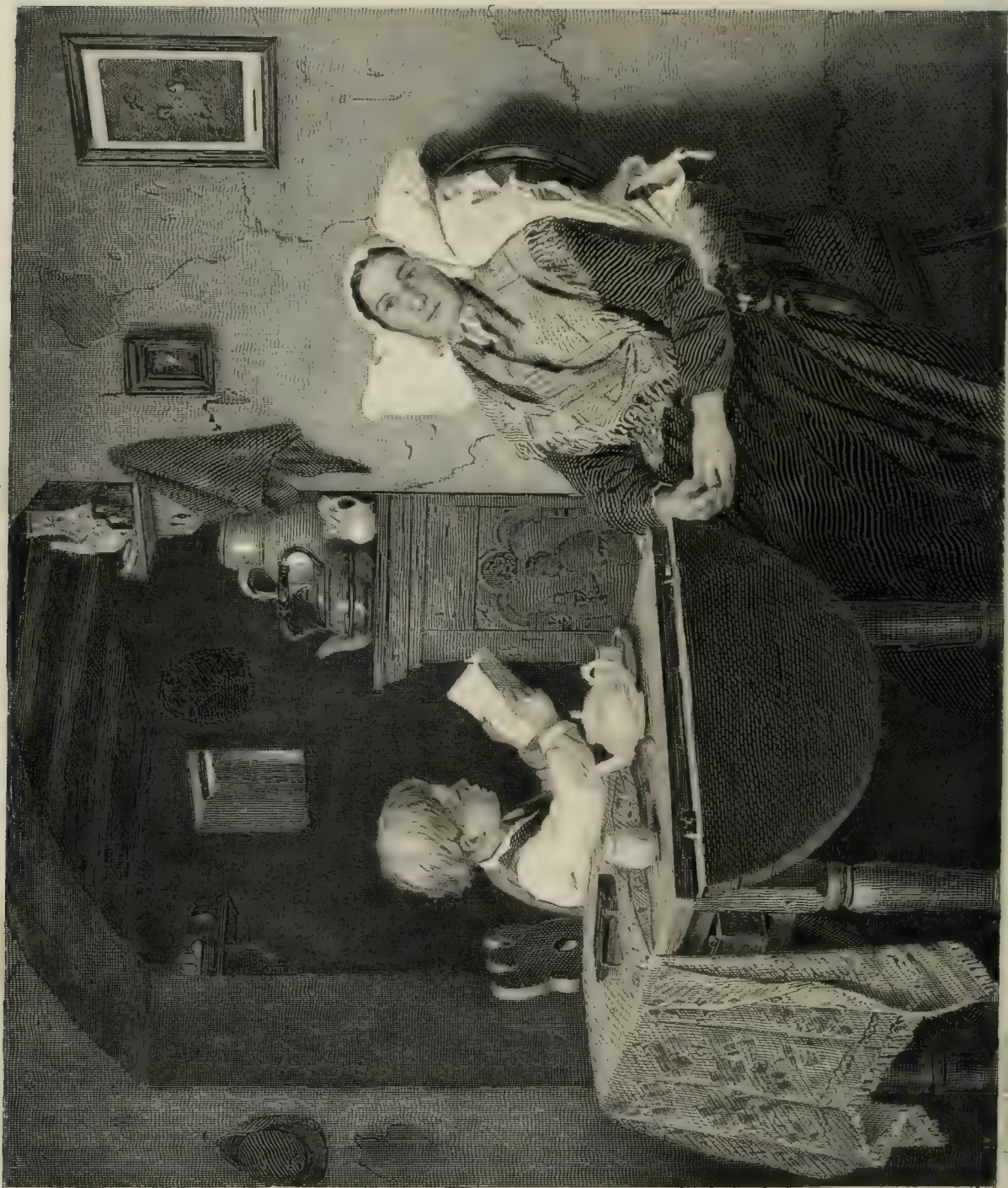
**SPECS UPSIDE DOWN.**—The great command is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Through the Church's glasses, it reads, "Go into the chief cities of the United States, and preach to congregations that pay the biggest salaries."

**ENTERPRISING.**—The Methodist Church has a hundred missionaries in the foreign field, and three thousand in the domestic.

"Take up a collection."—Dr. RUST.







CONVALESCENT











THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1875.

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CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE CATACOMBS.

NUMBER II.

IT is especially in the domestic relations that the tender and pure affections of the Christians are most beautifully exhibited by the record of them in the Catacombs. His heart must be callous, indeed, who can read without emotion these humble memorials of love and sorrow which have survived so many of the proudest monuments of antiquity. Their mute eloquence sweeps down the centuries, and touches in the soul chords that thrill with keenest sympathy. The far severed ages are linked together by the tale of death and grief,—old as humanity, yet ever new. The beauty and tenderness of Christian family life are vividly portrayed, the hallowing influence of religion making earthly love the type of love immortal in the skies. The tie that links fond hearts together becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain; the language of affection becomes more fervent as the barrier of the grave is interposed.

Especially is this the case when sorrowing parents mingle their tears at the tiny grave of their babe, consigned to earth's cold embrace from their loving arms. The warmest expressions of endearment are lavished on the tombs of little children. Thus we have such tender epithets as AGNELLUS DEI, "God's little lamb;" PALVMBVLVS SINE FELLE, "little

dove without gall;" PARVVLVS INNOCENS, "little innocent;" DVLCISSIMVS, CARISSIMVS, "most sweet, most dear;" DVLCIOR MELLE, "sweeter than honey;" ΤΥΛΚΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΦΩΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΖΩΗΣ, "sweeter than life and light."

Sometimes a natural expression of sorrow occurs, as PARENTES DOLENTES, "the parents grieving;" PARENTES MISERI FVNEBRIS ACERVITATE (*sic*) PERCVSSI TITVLVM ERIGI JVSSERVNT, "The wretched parents, smitten by the bitterness of death, command this tablet to be set up;" ADSERTORI FILIO KARO (*sic*) DVLCI INNOCO (*sic*) ET INCOMPARABILI, "To Adsertor, our dear, sweet, guileless, and incomparable son."\*

The indications of filial affection toward departed parents are often exceedingly tender, as, for example, the following: DOMINO PATRI PISSIMO AC DVLCISSIMO, "To our highly venerable, most affectionate, and very sweet father;" PATRI DVLCISSIMO BENE-MERENTI IN PACE, "To our sweetest father, well-deserving in peace."

The conjugal affections have also their beautiful and appropriate commemoration. Frequently the bereaved husband recounts with grateful recollection the

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\* In an epitaph from Naples is the exquisite utterance of a sorrowing heart: IN SOLIS TV MIHI TVRBA LOCIS, "In lonely places thou art crowds to me."



fact that his married life was one of perfect harmony, unmarred by a single jar or discord: SEMPER CONCORDES SINE VLLA QVERELA. The expression, MALE FRAC-TVS CONJUX, "the sore-broken husband," betokens the intensity of conjugal grief, which, it is sometimes said, bewails the lost, "in tears, with bitter lamentations," GEMITV TRISTI LACRIMAS DEFLET. Often occurs the phrase INCOMPARABILIS CONJUX, "incomparable wife," frequently with the addition OPTIMÆ MEMORIÆ, "of most excellent memory." Sometimes we read the simple words, QUI AMABAT ME, "who loved me;" also the phrase, CARVS SVIS, "dear to his friends;" or NVNQVAM AMARA MARITO, "never bitter to her husband."

The spirit of these inscriptions will be best seen in a few examples, as the following: BIXIT (*sic*) MECVM ANNIS XXII, MENS IX, DIES V, IN QVIBVS SEMPER MIHI BENE FVIT CVM ILLA, "She lived with me twenty-two years, nine months, five days,\* during which time it ever went well with me in her society." DEO FIDELIS, DVLCIS MARITO, NVTRIX FAMILIÆ, CVNCTIS HVMILIS, AMATRIX PAVPERVM, "Faithful to God, agreeable to her husband, the nurse of her own family, humble to all, a lover of the poor." These are only a few out of many examples.

In the following, which is more than usually irregular in its lettering, a disconsolate husband mourns the wife of his youth, with the pleasing illusion that such love as theirs the world had never seen before:

DOMNINÆ  
INNOCENTISSIMÆ ET DVLCISSIMÆ CONJVGI  
QVÆ VIXIT ANN. XVI. M. IIII. ET FVIT  
MARITATA. ANN. DVOBVS. M. IIII. D. VIII.  
CVM QVA NON LICVIT FUISSE. PROPTER  
CAVSAS PEREGRATIONIS  
NISI MENSIBVS. VI.  
QVO TEMPORE VT EGO SENSI EXHIBVI  
AMOREM MEVM  
NVLLIS VALLII. SIC DILIXERVNT.

"To Domnina, my sweetest and most innocent wife, who lived sixteen years and four months, and was married two years,

\* Sometimes the hours and fractions of an hour of life are mentioned.

four months, and nine days;\* with whom I was not able to live, on account of my traveling, more than six months, during which time I showed my love as I felt it. None others ever loved each other so."

Similar language of mingled love and grief occurs in pagan inscriptions, but without the chastening influence of Christian resignation. Thus we find frequent record of over half a century passed in marriage, SINE IVRGIS, SINE ÆMVLATIONE, SINE DISSIDIO, SINE QVERELA, "without contention, without emulation, without dissension, without strife." With ceaseless iteration the virtues of the deceased are lovingly proclaimed, as in the following examples: CONJVGEM FIDELISSIMAM, "most faithful wife;" MARITÆ PISSIMÆ DVLCISSIMÆ RARISSIMÆ, "to a most sweet and pious wife, of rarest excellence;" ANYMONE OPTIMA ET LANIFICA PIA PVDICA FRUGI CASTA DOMISEDA, "Anymone, best and most beautiful, a spinner of wool, pious, modest, frugal, chaste, home-abiding." In a poetic dialogue a husband expresses a wish to die, that he may rejoin his wife, while she hopes that her premature death may prolong his days.

Such examples of conjugal affection recall to mind the love of Alcestis, in the Greek myth, dying for her lord; and of Arria, in the Roman story, refusing to survive her husband, and, having plunged the dagger into her own breast, exclaiming, with a smile, "*Paete, non dolet*," "It hurts not, my Paetus." But we have also illustrations of the fatal facility of divorce among the pagan Romans, and of the domestic strife and crime resulting therefrom. In the following epitaph, a discarded wife laments the murder of her child by the usurper of her rights: MATER FILIO PISSIMO MISERA ET IN LVCTV ETERNALI VENEVICIS NOVERCÆ. "To her most affectionate son, the wretched mother, plunged in perpetual grief by

\* It will be observed that Domnina must have been married before her fourteenth birthday. We have noticed frequent records of marriages at fifteen and sixteen years of age; also one at twelve, and another at less than eleven.

the poison of his step-mother (raised this slab)." There is also a curious inscription written jointly by two living husbands to one deceased wife, in which she is designated "a well-deserving consort."

We should do scant justice to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians, as indicated in these epigraphic remains, if we forget the thoroughly effete and corrupt condition of the society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces to grow in such a noxious soil and fetid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily springing in virgin purity from the muddy ooze, they are more lovely by contrast with their foul environment. Like flowers that deck a sepulcher, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven, amid the social rottenness and moral death by which they were encircled. It is difficult to imagine, and impossible to portray, the abominable pollutions of the times. "Society," says Gibbon, "was a rotting mass of sensuality." It was a boiling Acheron of seething passions, unhallowed lusts, and tiger-thirst for blood, such as never provoked the wrath of heaven since God drowned the world with water, or destroyed the cities of the plain by fire. Only those who are familiar with the scathing denunciations of popular vice by the Roman satirists and the Christian fathers can conceive the appalling depravity of the age and nation. Christianity was to be the new Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean impurity. The lofty morals and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity. The Christians recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the characteristic vices of the times, and became, emphatically, "the salt of the earth,"—the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Although three-fourths of the pagan epitaphs are those of slaves or freedmen,

out of eleven thousand Christian inscriptions scarce half a dozen are designated as of these classes.\* The Gospel of liberty smote the gyves at once from the bodies and souls of men. The wretched bondsman, in the intervals of toil or torture, caught with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up ennobled by an immortalizing hope. Then

"Trampled manhood heard and claimed its crown:"

and the meanest hind was elevated, by faith in the Unseen, to the loftiest peerage of the skies.

It was the especial glory of Christianity, however, that it rescued woman from the unspeakable degradation into which she had fallen,—that it clothed her with the domestic virtues, enshrined her amid the sanctities of home, and employed her in the gentle ministrations of charity. "The Greek courtesan," says Lecky, "was the finest type of Greek life,—the one free woman of Athens." But how world-wide was the difference between these Greek *hetairæ*—a Phryne or an Aspasia, though honored by a Socrates or a Pericles—and the Christian matrons, Monica Marcella or Fabiola! So much does woman owe to Christianity! "Under pagan institutions," says Gibbon, "woman was not a person, but a *thing*." Her rights and interests were lost in those of her husband. She could be repudiated or divorced at will. Woman, in turn, reckless of her good name, had lost the most immediate jewel of her soul. The Lucretias and Virginias of the old heroic days were beings of tradition. The Julias and Messalinas flaunted their shame in the high places of the earth; and to be Cæsar's wife was not to be "above suspicion." But Christianity taught the sanctity of marriage as a type of mystical union between Christ and his Church, and asserted the absolute sinfulness of divorce save for one supreme cause. In its recoil from the abominable licentious-

\* Apud nos inter pauperes et divites, servos et dominos, interest nihil,—"With us there is no difference between the poor and the rich, slaves and masters." (Lactant., Div. Inst., v, 14, 15.)



ness of paganism, it regarded modesty as the crown of all the graces; and against its violation, the heaviest ecclesiastical penalties were denounced.

The rites and benedictions of the Church were early invoked to give their sanction to Christian marriage, and doubtless, in the dim recesses of the Catacombs, and surrounded by the holy dead, youthful hearts must have plighted their troth, and have been more firmly knit together by the common perils and persecutions they were called to share. Gilt glasses have been found affixed to many of the graves, with representations of a man and woman standing with clasped hands before a marriage altar, while the figure of Christ appears between them, crowning the newly wedded pair.

The strong instinct of the female mind to personal adornment was, in the early centuries, suppressed by religious conviction and ecclesiastical discipline; and Christian women cultivated rather the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit" than the meretricious attractions of the heathen. "Let your comeliness be the goodly garment of the soul," says Tertullian; "clothe yourself with the silk of uprightness, the fine linen of holiness, and the purple of modesty, and you shall have God himself for your lover and spouse."\* The simple and becoming garb of the Christian matron is exhibited in many of the representations of *oranti*, or praying figures, in the chambers of the Catacombs.

With the corruption of the Church and the decay of piety under the post-Constantinian emperors came the development of luxury and an increased sumptuousness of apparel. The refined classic taste was lost, and splendor was the only expression of opulence. The mosaics, in the more ancient basilicas, and occasional representations from the Catacombs, illustrate the increased love for costly adorning. The primitive simplicity of dress gave place to many-colored and embroidered robes. The hair, often false,

was tortured into unnatural forms, and raised in a towering mass upon the head, suggesting comparison with certain modern fashionable modes, and was frequently artificially tinted. The person was bedizened with jewelry,—pendants in the ears, pearls on the neck, bracelets, and a profusion of rings on the arms and fingers. St. Jerome inveighs, with peculiar vehemence, against the attempt to beautify the complexion with pigments. "What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek?" he asks. "Who can weep for her sins, when her tears wash bare furrows on her skin? With what trust can a face be lifted toward heaven which the Maker can not recognize as his workmanship?"

We thus see, from the evidences afforded by ancient epigraphy, as well as from the testimony of history, the immense superiority, in all the elements of true dignity and excellence, of primitive Christianity to the corrupt civilization with which it was confronted. Its presence ennobled the character and purified the morals of mankind. It raised society from the slough into which it had fallen, and imported tenderness and fidelity into the domestic relations of life. Notwithstanding the corruptions by which it became infected in the days of ecclesiastical power and pride, even the worst form of Christian faith was infinitely preferable to the abominations of paganism. Its influence gave a sanctity before unknown to human life. It averted the sword from the throat of the gladiator, and plucked helpless infancy from exposure to untimely death. It threw the ægis of its protection over the slave and the oppressed, raising them from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. With an unwearied and passionate charity it yearned over the suffering and sorrowing everywhere, and created a vast and comprehensive organization for their relief, of which the world had before no example, and had formed no conception. It had blotted out cruel laws, written, like those of Draco, in blood, and led back justice,

\* "De Cultu Fœminarum," ii, 3-13.

long banished, to the judgment-seat. It created an art purer and loftier than that of paganism, and a literature rivaling, in elegance of form, and surpassing in nobleness of spirit, the sublimest productions of the classic muse. Instead of the sensual conceptions of heathenism, defiling the soul, it supplied images of purity, tenderness, and pathos, which not only fascinated the imagination, but hallowed the heart; and instead of exalting martial prowess and lauding the caprice

of imperial power, it set before man the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth; it made humility a virtue.\*

W. H. WITHROW.

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\*The whole subject of the Catacombs of Rome, their origin, structure, and history; their art and symbolism; their inscriptions, doctrinal teachings, and testimony relative to primitive Christianity, have been exhaustively treated, with great copiousness of pictorial illustration, by the writer, in a volume recently published by Nelson & Phillips and Hitchcock & Walden.

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## OUR WANTS.

IT has been said that the chief want of our times is a cook-book; but from our stand-point there seems more need of a cook than a book; for we have recipes enough and to spare, but there is a lack of skillful hands and willing to prepare the broth and flavor the pudding. So, through all life's varied stages, there is no lack of advice and theories, but there is sad need of skilled and willing workers who will test theories by practice.

Our entire life is one vast expression of want, and all our efforts are to satisfy it; and, whatever strand of the tangled web we touch, it is sure to vibrate in every womanly heart. Even the first cries of infancy are expressions of want; and, as life comes slowly on, the wants grow no less, but increase and multiply, until the wise ones have seen fit to divide and classify them. But, in our simple effort, we want only to consider those of the body and mind, or soul, that are inseparable in our thoughts, without entering into the various subtle questions which the learned might discuss and answer.

Our bodies being the habitation of the mind, and the only channel of communication with the in-dwelling soul, it becomes our first consideration to note its peculiarities in order to guard well this avenue, and see to the development and

preservation of this temple; for we have sad and conclusive proof that a weak physical organization will most likely give a weak mind, and that health and strength of body will give power and energy to mind and soul. Then, such being the relative position, is it not important that we train this messenger between time and eternity with care, that it may be well fitted for its duties? Let no care be spared that it be perfect in form and beauty, that it be not impaired by disease, nor weakened by indulgence. But, in so doing, let us constantly bear in mind that we want a servant, not so live as to make it the chief consideration how it shall be fed or clothed; not allowing the body to burden the mind, nor lay stripes upon it that will scar through eternity; but rather train it into a cheerful handmaiden, ready to do the bidding of the soul with alacrity and without complaint. Taking this view, we see the magnitude of the responsibility of those who take upon themselves the training of the young, of sowing seed that will bring a certain and abundant harvest in eternity, of setting influences in motion that are as infinite and irrevocable as the laws of the Creator. When we realize how many take upon themselves these responsibilities blindly, without consideration, or only



for pay, it is no wonder we are perplexed and troubled by dull, mischievous boys, by shallow, giggling girls, who daily grow into bad men, and useless, irritable women. Did we but remember that all this is the sad but natural outgrowth of imperfect organism, of bad training at home and in school, and how almost futile are the attempts to straighten the grown tree, we would certainly then have more interest shown as to who trained and influenced the children. It would then be no longer a question of so many dollars on the month, but who is best fitted for the work.

Then is it not the great question with us who have taken these responsibilities upon us, either as teachers or mothers, "How shall we best perform our duties, that we abuse not the trust given us?" But can it be possible for us to direct those who are to take life's work after us, if *we* have no appreciation of these things? unless we first develop ourselves? In order to do this, we must so arrange our plans of life, and pursue such a course of action, as will tend to develop in us those qualities of mind that will make life beautiful,—beautiful not by reflection from our surroundings, but by the light shining from within, which will cast a golden light *on* our surroundings; that we be not absorbents to such a degree that the character of our lives will depend on any of these things, but that our individuality be such as will enable us to pursue a course of action without first seeking to know what others will think, asking only, Is it wise? and, Does God approve? Of course, we do not believe that we can suddenly develop into all the fullness of the noblest type of life, but that it is a thing of growth, that there is always a goal to reach, with ever an inward yearning for something better than we have yet known, an indwelling consciousness of capabilities that will lead us onward and upward in life's work and experience.

With our faculties developed, we are better fitted for the changes of life; we are then like a warrior armed, ready for

resistance or endurance (for every perfect character has both elements), patiently to endure and quietly to wait with the unalterable. But no life can have completeness that has not resisted obstacles, not struggled in conflicts, which have certainly come to every life. For, just as surely as the fierce north wind strengthens the sturdy oak, so surely do life's burdens, and the responsibilities of great undertaking, enlarge and strengthen us, mentally and spiritually. Although we have an instinctive shrinking from conflict, given us by an All-wise Father as a safeguard from recklessness, yet, when the conflict is over, there is a sweetness in the rest of victory that the passive have no conception of. And when we reach the haven of rest, we will not find it a place of inactivity, but, as Goethe beautifully says, "It will be the doing well our part;" for therein true happiness is found. We know the loving, benevolent Creator, whom we worship, never meant we should "sit tamely down to misery, but strive after happiness, both for ourselves and others;" not passively to accept grief or joy, but to take means to escape one and secure the other. For, however diverse life may be, it is made up to *all* of joys, sorrows, and work; and, however much we may murmur at the apparent unequal portions, yet, if our idea of this life is growth in every sense, and we are striving to reach the standard given us by our great model, we will find "life has brought the same things alike to all." And whenever we fail to see the end from the beginning, let us remember that we are yet in the twilight of existence, and see but dimly, and our efforts to understand are often the mere gropings of the untutored mind after light in the midst of darkness; but as the full dawn and perfect day follows the early twilight, so will perfect knowledge come to us when we have stepped into the full light of eternity. When the mists of time will have passed away, we will find many of the dark places light, and the stumbling-blocks landmarks, placed by the finger of God to guide us

on the journey. Then, and not till then, will we truly see the worth and weight of each day's toil and care; for

"Each spirit weaves the robe it wears  
From out life's busy loom;  
And common tasks and daily cares  
Make up the threads of doom."

'T is the home-life that needs the workers "brave and bold," who will continue "with fingers weary and worn,

with eyelids heavy and red," not wearying in well-doing nor doubting results; for if

"Thou wouldst the veiled future read  
The *harvest* answers to the *seed*."

Then let us be

"Eager to work, but calm to wait,  
Till, at hot noon or sunset late,  
The pale horse waiteth at the gate."

MARY ARNOLD.

### JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THERE are poets who cull flowers from a limited field, and poets who gather blossoms in every land; poets who travel over the world in search of scenes and associations of romance and beauty; and untraveled poets to whom the world brings its riches in the solitude of fameless places. The traveler finds the associations of Moore's poetry on the streams of many lands, but the scenes of Wordsworth's poetry only on the quiet lakes of Grasmere and Windermere.

A like contrast presents itself in two of our own poets. Longfellow, spending the calm decline of life in delicious retirement on the banks of the Charles, has delved in all mines for poetic treasures. He wandered over Europe in his student days, studying her poets in new languages, as he traveled; and his own songs have since gone over the same journey, having been translated into all the languages he then learned. Whittier, a val-etudinary in a busy little town on the Merrimack, has found an ample field for poetic thought amid the scenes and associations of home. Though he has temporarily lived in several American cities, his muse has scarcely wandered from a single rural district in Massachusetts, comprising less than twenty square miles.

But these twenty square miles of old Essex County are rich with poetic subjects, scenes of rural simplicity, land-

scapes diversified with river views and sea views, old colonial superstitions, and historic and legendary lore. From the calm hills of East Haverhill, where the poet was born, to the murmurous beeches of Cape Ann, which he has famed in ballad, the region is worthy of a poet, and has found a poet faithful and true to the trusts of home. To this district the genius of Whittier has always turned in its poetic moods, like Goldsmith's to Auburn and Lissory, and like Burns's to the Doon and Ayr. While the poetry of Longfellow shows how æsthetic thought is enriched by travel, the poetry of Whittier illustrates the wealth of beauty an observant and philosophical mind may find in restricted limits and native soil. His songs are not the notes of migrations, but native inspirations, attuned to the hills, vales, and rivers of home. If we know less of the world at large by this untraveled culture, we know more of the rich endowments of special places and localities. His estimate of Wordsworth's poetic mission is a just measure of himself:

"The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride  
And human passion change and fall,  
But that which shares the life of God  
With him surviveth all."



The localities that have furnished the most frequent subjects for Whittier's pen, and that have helped form the framework, texture, and coloring of nearly all that he has written, are the old towns of East Haverhill, Newbury, Newburyport, Gloucester, the thriving town of Amesbury, the river Merrimack, and the fine Atlantic beeches, from Cape Ann to Marblehead.

In the first of these places, East Haverhill, the poet was born, in 1808. He is a descendant of a Quaker family, who early settled along the banks of the Merrimack, and who, from early colonial times, have had a local reputation for piety, good sense, and hospitality. In the perilous times of the Indian war, the Whittier family refused to accept the offer of armed protection, though their house was near a garrison, but trusted to the effects of their honor, and kind and just dealing with the savages, and were unmolested. Whittier's father, as he himself says, in "Snow Bound," was "a prompt, decisive man." But his energy of character was quite equaled by his benevolence, for he was always charitable to others' failings, and good to the poor. His mother was a patient, loving woman, with a heart to feel for every one, always contented and happy in the affection of her children.

The family library consisted of few books, chiefly of a religious character, and among these "The Pilgrim's Progress" seems to have been the favorite of John's early years. The district-school was not favorable to large literary acquirements, being kept by an odd genius, who was sometimes more fond of his toddy than his pupils; and who, at these intervals, used to have sharp words with his wife, who tended her baby in an adjoining room. The school-room and the queer old pedagogue are described in some lines "To my Old Schoolmaster," with much tenderness of feeling, and an evasive deliciousness of humor, that makes the smile tremble on the reader's lips:

"Through the cracked and crazy wall  
Came the cradle rock and squall,

And the goodman's voice at strife  
With his shrill and tipsy wife,—  
Luring us by stories old,  
With a comic unction told,  
More than by the eloquence  
Of terse birchen arguments."

The picture of Whittier's early home, which was as hospitable as that which wondering Oliver Goldsmith so much loved to remember, is familiar to all the readers of "Snow Bound." The very barn is as a familiar place, and all the members of the old family are acquaintances. The reader remembers the kind-hearted uncle, "innocent of books,"—

"A simple, guileless, child-like man,  
Content to live where life began ;"

the sweet-faced "elder sister,"—

"How many a poor one's blessing went  
With thee beneath the low green tent  
Whose curtain never outward swings!"

and even poor crazy Harriet Livermore, whose visits were the one terror to the children of the house.

Whittier speaks with great tenderness of the insanity of this last-named religious enthusiast:

"Whate'er her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!  
The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years has run  
The sorrow with the woman born;  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes."

She was a woman of wonderful genius, and with a kindling fancy that startled those around her; but she was harsh and cruel in her darker moods, and sometimes inflicted personal violence on the children, to whom she was an object of awe. She expected to see the coming of the Lord with her own eyes, and, in this confidence, set out for Jerusalem:

"Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,  
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Her tireless feet have held their way;  
And still unrestful, bowed and gray,  
She watches, under Eastern skies,  
With hope, each day renewed and fresh,  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophecies."

It was in Haverhill that Whittier, in boyhood, wrote his first poems. He was, at the time, an almost unlettered and a very hard-working farmer's boy, upon whom the cares and responsibilities incident to New England farm-life had come early, and who had little home-sympathy in fostering a poetic taste. He sent one of these early rhymes, with much timidity, to William Lloyd Garrison, then an obscure editor of a free-speech paper, published in Newburyport.

It met with a more favorable reception than one of Longfellow's early efforts, which was returned with the gratuitous advice to the author, "to buckle down to the law." Mr. Garrison, on going into the office, one day, found the poem under the door. It was written on coarse paper and in blue ink, and, thinking it was doggerel, he was about to throw it into the waste-basket, when some good angel of conscience stayed his hand, and he gave it a reading. In the poem he discovered a poet. Other poems arrived from the same source, and he at last inquired of the postman from what quarter these manuscripts came. The postman believed that they came from a farmer's boy in East Haverhill. "I will ride over and see him," said Garrison; and he made good the generous resolution. He found the young poet at work with his father on the old place. It was the first meeting of the two philanthropists, who were to become so famous in the Anti-slavery contest, and wield so strong an influence in the world.

Young Whittier acknowledged to Garrison the authorship of the poems. The confession may have been hardly pleasing to Whittier's father, who, adhering to plain Quaker principles, did not look upon poetry as a very useful or promising vocation. Garrison urged the duty of sending a boy of such genius to school; the Quaker farmer did not seem convinced, but John was soon after sent to the academy.

Whittier taught school for a time without marked success, though the district trustee thought him "a good tutorer," He

came to Boston as an editor in 1829; went to Hartford, in 1830, to take charge of the *New England Weekly*; and afterward returned to Haverhill, to engage in agricultural pursuits. In 1835, he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and afterward went to Philadelphia as an editor of the *Freeman*. These experiences are hardly brought into public notice in his poems. His Indian legends, recounting the old tales he had heard at Haverhill, were only passably successful; his poetic genius was of slow growth, and its recognition was slow.

But his opportunity came at last. The anti-slavery conflict furnished him a subject that kindled the lyric fire in his soul. His stirring odes, written at this period, which embraced the latter part of the brief portion of his life devoted to editing and politics, are every-where known, and, as they are not directly connected with our subject, we pass their history.

Whittier's love of retirement led him to the Merrimack again. He settled at Amesbury, where his purely literary life may be said to have begun. It is here that he wrote "The Chapel of the Hermits," "Snow-bound," "The Tent on the Beach," "In War-time," "Among the Hills," and nearly all of the domestic ballads which have become household words.

His home is a simple cottage, near the skirts of the town, plain without, but with an air of hospitable comfort within. Near it, on the borders of a tangled grove, is the little Quaker church, looking like an old-fashioned country school-house, standing, as it does, "at the parting of the ways." Here, on Thursdays and Sundays, the poet resorts, with a few descendants of the old Quaker families, for silent worship. Many of his devout meditations here have doubtless proved the germs of those religious poems which have gone forth with their messages of love and peace to the world.

"We rose, and slowly homeward turned,  
While down the west the sunset burned;  
And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,  
And human forms, seemed glorified.



The village homes transfigured stood,  
The purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend: 'Thy words are true:  
Forever old, forever new,  
These home-seen splendors are the same  
Which over Eden's sunsets came.' "

His house, on his retirement, was in charge of his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, a woman richly endowed in mind, with a sweet face and disposition, a pure, loving heart, and an ever conscientious life. The love of the two for each other was like that of Wordsworth for his sister, or of Charles and Mary Lamb. He speaks of this sweet fountain of affection again and again in his poems, and pays a most touching tribute to her memory in "Snow Bound." She herself was a poet, and he was accustomed to read to her the first copy of what he wrote. He has gathered into "Hazel Blossoms" several of her best poems with his own. "Since she died," he once remarked to a friend, "I can not tell whether what I have written is good for any thing or not."

The years immediately following the establishment of the Whittiers at their home in Amesbury are among the most fruitful in the poet's history. There was a quiet beauty about their home whose charm was its simplicity. The poet had a delightful garden; little animals and pets were ever around him: a bantam now had the freedom of the kitchen, and now a gray parrot talked with him, very profoundly, from the back of his chair.

Eminent people shared the plain hospitality of the sunny rooms. Joseph Sturge found a welcome here. Sturge, like Whittier, was a descendant of a noted line of the gray fathers. Like Whittier, he was born in a rural town, reared in rustic simplicity, and entered *con amore* into the struggle against slavery. He came to this country full of antislavery zeal, and each heart—the poet's and the philanthropist's—knew its mate. After the death of Sturge's wife and child, his sister cared for his home. Both Whittier and his sister made

his visit the occasion for verse-writing. When the sister of the reformer died, Whittier wrote to him:

"Thine is a grief the depth of which another  
May never know;  
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken brother,  
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding  
Thy hand in mine;  
With even the weakness of my soul upholding  
The strength of thine."

The death of Sturge strongly affected the poet, and was made the occasion of the finest lines that, perhaps, he has ever written, beginning:

"In the fair land o'ershadowed by Ischia's mount-  
ains,  
Across the charmed bay,  
Whose blue waves keep with Capua's silver fount-  
ains,  
Perpetual holiday,  
A king lies dead," etc.

The old Quaker preachers and the old antislavery reformers, both of this country and England, were always welcome here. Here letters, as well as personal kind greetings, found their way, bearing the signature of noble names, and inspired by a common sympathy for mankind. It was no place of gay social parties, for brilliant and aimless litterateurs, but a place of common inspiration and strength for earnest souls. Conspicuous among the poet's literary friends was Lucy Larcom, who shared the confidences of his literary plans and composition. The poems of each were made more perfect, and took on higher standard, by the criticisms of this literary friendship.

About the year 1857 there opened a golden age of New England poets. Longfellow was living, as now, in the old Craggie House, Cambridge, to which Washington came after the battle of Bunker Hill; Holmes lived on the Charles River, in Boston; Lowell, in his old historic mansion, amid the fine grounds and trees called Elmwood; and Emerson, amid historic scenes at Concord. The luster of the fame of each was full-orbed, and Trowbridge and several minor poets were just rising into public view. Whittier was the poet of political sentiment,

and was at his best at this time. His was the prophet's voice for freedom, while Lowell wit took up the keen cimeter of satire. These poets were all within easy distance from Boston, and not unfrequently met.

Perhaps the most popular ballad that Whittier produced during this era of ripe poetic effort, which seemed to lose something of its fire after the war, was "Barbara Fritchie." Longfellow wrote his "Excelsior" late at night, under the inspiration of a letter from Senator Sumner; and he is said to have penned his "Psalm of Life" in the old room that Washington occupied, which, if true, may have furnished the inspiration for the much abused stanza:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time."

Whittier wrote "Barbara Fritchie" under the influence of the strong feeling which the incident produced, as related to him in a letter from a very famous authoress, living at Washington. "I have written out the incident in verse," was the substance of a letter which the poet wrote to the lady in return; "it will appear in the next number of the *Atlantic*; and you can judge whether it is good for any thing."

We have spoken of two of the towns in old Essex most intimately associated with his poetry—East Haverhill, the scene of "Snow Bound;" and Amesbury, the scene of his home ballads, and the place in which most of the poems having political reference were written. His muse, with all of its limitations, has a somewhat wider local range. The Merrimack, on which he was born, and from which he has never long wandered, may be considered as his "river of song:"

"We know the world is rich in streams  
Renowned in song and story,  
Whose music murmurs through our dreams  
Of human love and glory.  
We know that Arno's banks are fair,  
And Rhine has castled shadows,  
And, poet-tuned the Doon and Ayr  
Go singing down their meadows.

But while unpictured and unsung,  
By painter or by poet,  
Our river wants the tuneful tongue  
And cunning hand to show it,  
We only know the fond skies lean  
Above it warm with blessing,  
And the sweet soul of our Undine  
Awakes to our caressing."

The old towns of Newbury and Newburyport also share the immortality of his verse. The traveler who visits the tomb of Whitefield in the Federal-street Church, in Newburyport, will vividly call to mind the lines entitled "The Preacher."

"Under the church of Federal-Street,  
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
Lie the marvelous preacher's bones.

Long shall the traveler strain his eye  
From the railroad car as it plunges by,  
And the vanishing town behind him search  
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church."

Gloucester, with its fantastic ghost lore, against whose garrison the spirits of the air, in old colonial days, were supposed to wage a warfare; Marblehead, with old-time dialect, more strange when listened to than when seen in print, in the refrain of "Skipper Ireson's Ride;" the curving beaches that sweep away from the mouth of the Merrimack, on which the poet once pitched his Summer tent with Fields, the poet and the second *Atlantic* editor, who could decline a MS. so neatly that

"Bards, whose name is legion, if denied,  
Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride;"

and with Bayard Taylor, who,

"In idling mood, had from him hurled  
The poor squeezed orange of the world,"—

all have a place in the poet's local panorama. The "Songs of Labor," especially the "Shoemakers," the "Drovers," the "Huskers," and the "Fisherman," are all home scenes, as faithfully pictured as they are familiar to the dwellers in "old Essex."

The poet who writes from feeling writes almost unconsciously a biography of himself in his poems, and Whittier's poems are in this sense his biography. He uses no great wealth of imagery, few studied effects of rhyme, but little mediæval lore,



or the bringing of faded beauties out of the glooms of the past. He is eloquent because lofty thought and true feeling are in themselves eloquent, and lose nothing by an elegant simplicity of expression. "His poetry," said his old

friend, William Ellery Channing, "bursts forth from the heart with the fire and energy of the ancient prophet; and," he added, "his noble simplicity of character is the delight of us all."

H. H. BUTTERWORTH.

### THAT GIRL.

THREE times a week there was a very early breakfast in our little suburban home; for three times a week "that girl" went to the city to win bread; and a most successful bread-winner was she,—keeping up a little home, supporting a mother, educating two brothers until they could do for themselves, marrying off a sister, and all the while giving more to the support of the Church and its institutions than most business men.

I was her guest.

Mrs. Burleith called Ellen, "that girl," when she went down to get breakfast; and when Ellen came down, her mother, Mrs. Burleith, placed her breakfast on the table smoking hot; poured, sweetened, and stirred her coffee; helped her plate, and would have fed her, if that would have helped to expedite matters; then she warmed overshoes and wraps and laid them ready to put on; even folded and buttoned the waterproof about her, while Ellen tied her bonnet and I pinned the veil, and then ran to the door and turned the knob that not an instant should be lost; and "that poor girl" was off at last, swinging from the arm of her brother, who was taking seven league steps for the depot.

"Come to breakfast now, Miss Blin; you must excuse me if I neglect you mornings when Ellen goes to the city, for it is such a job for that poor girl to go off through the storm such a Winter's morning," said Mrs. Burleith, who had given the steak and coffee a second heat, while I was shivering over the fire in the

yet early gray of morning. "For her sake," continued the mother, "I wish we could afford to live in the city. There now, sit down while breakfast is hot."

"Ask a blessing, Miss Blin?"

"Ellen did not drink all her coffee, poor child! Just sweeten yours yourself. I like good old-fashioned ways, such as they have out West now; but manners are different here. Yes: I often tell Ellen I wish she did n't have it so hard; but she always says, 'Why, ma, I only follow where the Lord leads;' and it is wonderful how he has led her. I often tell her I think she ought to write her own story. Dear me, there's no made-up story that could equal it; for, you see, it is all the Lord's doings, and nobody's but his. You see, when she was little she was kind of dull like, did n't care to play like other children, and she was sickly always,—all her life. When she was a baby she cried all the time, day and night. She cried herself to sleep, and she waked up crying. She cried when she was washed, and when she was dressed, and when she was fed. She was always a squirming with something or other, and there was a time that I did n't care which of us died first. I was in poor health, and we were poor people and could not afford to hire, and she gave me no peace or chance to sleep at night. When I had fussed and fussed, and finally got her to sleep, I'd go to lay her down, O, so careful! not to jostle, fairly holding my breath,—the minute she'd touch the bed, wah! w-a-a-a-h! she'd yell, and

get purple in the face. We gave her some kind of drops awhile,—cordial, or something or other,—but she got worse instead of better, and I would n't give it to her any longer. I said, if she would cry herself to death she might. Gran'ma used to say that may be I'd live to see the day that she'd be the greatest help and comfort I ever had, but I'd declare that it did n't seem likely then. There was one night in particular, that I was speaking about as not caring which of us died first. I sat up in the end of the bed, rocking backward and forward, a swinging and teetering her, till it seemed as if my arms would unjoint: but the longer I teetered and tossed and swung her, the louder she'd cry; and at last with one swing, I just laid her over on the foot of the bed, and fell back on the pillow. Then she yelled louder than ever, and my husband raised up in bed, and looked at her and looked at me; and says he, 'Well, I'd like to know what that means? Do n't you hear that child cry?' and says I, 'Yes.' Says he, 'She'll cry herself to death;' 'Well,' says I, 'she might as well die as me.' 'You're a pretty mother,' says he; and he took the child up and walked the floor with her, and he had to keep it up till, I guess, about morning. He was nervous, and had to have his sleep or he could n't work. Along at first, when she cried so much, he went up-stairs to sleep; but that did n't do, for he could hear her up there, and, besides, he was used to the one room and bed, and so he came back after a while, and I did my best not to let her disturb him; but after that night that I am telling you of, he took more care of her than he ever did before; would get up nights and get her a drink, and walk with her. But she cried on, all the while she was a baby; and, as I did n't dare put her in a crib by herself, I laid on the rails of the bed whenever she was asleep, for fear of touching and waking her. But I'm tiring you out with my silly stories about my troubles with that child?

"No? Well that is just what the min-

isters used to say when they came to our house. It was a stopping-place for Methodist ministers then, when the country was new, and they rode circuit. They'd hear something or other about how the Lord had been with Ellen, and they'd ask me; and I've told the story I suppose twenty times.

"Well, as I was saying, she cried the life out of us all. Her poor sister Mary had to take care of her day-times, and she almost rocked her life out to keep the child still. There was always something queer about Ellen. She used to cry dreadfully when she was washed, and once, when she was not quite three years old, she came to me, and said, 'Ma, I ain't going to cry any more when you wash me.' I did not mind at the time; but next day, I think, she said, 'Do n't you see, ma, I did n't cry when you washed me; and I'm not going to any more;' and sure enough she never did.

"I felt bad enough because she was not active and bright like other children. You know she do n't see off very well now. One day I was standing in my door, looking across the yard to a neighbor's, and I saw a man standing in their door. I did not know him, but I thought Ellen might, so I said, 'Who is that man?' 'I do n't see any man,' says she. 'You do n't see a man, standing in that door,' says I; 'I do n't believe any such story.' 'I see something in the door,' says she, sorrowful-like, 'but I can't tell whether it is a man or a woman.' I did not want to believe it, and thought it a blur over her eyes. But she came home from school one of those Winter days, when the night comes so early, and I sent her to see that every thing was on the supper-table; and, happening to look in from the kitchen, I saw her going round and round the table, crouched over, her face almost in the plates; and I said to myself, 'What is that child sticking her nose into things that way for?' and I spoke to her pretty sharply. 'Why, ma,' says she, 'I can't see unless my eyes are close to things.' And that, with all the rest of her deficiencies, made me



feel bad enough. Then I found out that often in going to school she would think that she saw a cow coming along the road, and would climb the fence,—she was a great coward with all the rest,—and walk inside the lot, and, when she came opposite the thing that scared her, find it to be a man, one of the neighbors, as likely as not. After I knew that, I was in constant fear that she would be run over, or injured in some way. She was so sickly that she could go to school but a little while at a time, and she could n't do hard work. Indeed, I never could learn that girl to work. Her brothers and sisters were smart. Mary, in particular, could turn her hand to any thing; but Ellen never could make a bed or a garment. She was always hanging over a book, or making a picture,—‘marking,’ we called it. And it was worse after she found a box of water-colors, that had been her grandfather's, and that he had used in drawing; for he had been an architect,—carpenter, we called it. My mother and the neighbors used to say that I was ruining that child, indulging her in such things. ‘She'd be a great deal healthier if you'd put her to the dish-pan and wash-tub,’ they'd say; and I tried to; but, law me! I could n't. She was always good-natured and obedient, and would begin to do whatever I set her about; but many and many a time when she had just begun to wash dishes, I'd hear a swish! and would look up and see Ellen with her hands hanging over the pan, just as a water-hating cat holds her paws when she has to come through wet grass, and then she'd be gone. I'd follow, and generally find her in the far bed-room, so hard at work over a picture that she would n't know I was there. I'd go back and finish the dishes, for I got to believe that she did n't know what she was doing when she left her work. Well, she drew and drew, and painted and painted, till there was not a scrap of white paper, nor a fly-leaf in a book, that she did n't use. We did n't mind her pictures much, thought them pretty for a child, but we were sorry to see her waste

her time so. By and by school children began to tease for her pictures, and then grown people asked for them, and she gave them away. I wish we had kept some of her first pictures. Once, I remember, an educated lady asked for one; and Ellen thought she'd spread herself; so she took a large sheet of paper, as big as the great looking-glass, and made a hunting scene. There was a clearing and some stumps, and a forest where deer were just running in. Every stump had an Indian behind it, in the act of shooting the deer, and every Indian had the muzzle of the gun to his eye. The lady told Ellen that the picture was very life-like, all but that; but her college-bred brother, a gay young fellow, laughed so that Ellen was almost sick with mortification. One of her old daubs, as she calls it, got between the leaves of her grandfather's old prayer-book; and, as we were a Methodist family, and did not open an Episcopal prayer-book often, it escaped being given away. This is it, a gypsy camp. Ellen laughs at the fountain, where the two jets of water start out of a perpendicular rock in a side hill, shaped like a shepherd's crook, and fall into a perfectly round hole, that has no outlet. The curtains of the gypsy wagon, behind the trees, are looped in exact curves. The kettle hangs just right over the fire, only it hangs on nothing. The gypsies look like good children dressed for church, as in an English Sunday-school book. That thing by the fire is a dog. Ellen can't yet make good animal figures, she says; but I think it's pretty well done for a girl of eight.

“After a while, she began to say she wished she could go somewhere and learn to make pictures. I always discouraged her, but every little while she'd speak about it. Finally, she came to me with the catalogue of a school in Massachusetts. ‘There, ma,’ she says, ‘that's the place I want to go to.’ ‘Well, you never will! you may just set your heart to rest on that,’ says I. You see, some great artists from Paris had set up a school, and the prices were the highest,

and we could n't afford to send the girl even to a country academy. My heart ached for the child, and I tried to show her that, as we were so poor, she was just tormenting herself; but she did n't seem pacified, though she did n't say much. Then she neglected work worse than ever, and took to writing; write, write, write. She would not even notice company who came to the house. Well, was n't we astonished when some one began to send us magazines from Philadelphia, that had stories and pieces of poetry under her name. It seems that the poor child had set her heart on earning money to go to that school, and, somewhere, she saw the offer of three hundred dollars as a prize for the best story sent to this magazine, and two hundred for the next best; and she tried for the three hundred dollars. She did n't get it, but the publishers got hundreds of good stories for nothing. She had honorable mention, and her story was published before the prize story. Of course, she never got any thing for it, or for the stories and poems that she sent afterward, and that they published; but she was young, and did it for the honor. Yet she did not give up the school.

"One day she came to me fuller of life than I had ever seen her. She had a letter in her hand. I could n't believe my eyes. That timid, shy girl had written to the principal of that great school, that she was sickly, that her folks were poor and could n't send her to school; how she loved to make pictures more than any thing else; and finished up by asking them to let her come and learn to make pictures, and wait for their pay till she could earn it by teaching. She had their answer in her hand, and what do you think it was? They could not trust her for the whole; but if all was as she said, if she had a great deal of talent, they would wait on her for half the money, and that they would get her a place to teach. I declare I was out of patience with the girl. Says I, 'Well, what better off are you now? You can't get two hundred dollars any easier than you can

four hundred—or a thousand, for that matter. You must just stop such foolishness. Your father can't get the money, and blames me for encouraging you. You must just give it up.' She burst out crying, and said, 'Ma, I do n't believe you want me to learn.' And what do you think she did then? Unbeknown to us, she wrote to a very good neighbor of ours, who knew how she loved to make pictures, and told him all about her writing to the Massachusetts school, and asked him to lend her money! He was a poor man himself, had a family of young children, and a little place not paid for. But, of all wonders! he answered her letter: told her to get ready; that when the time came, if he could not get the money for her himself, he would borrow it of a friend. When she told me that, I saw she thought she was going, she was in such spirits, and I did not know what to do or say; her father was in a perfect rage. 'You are ruining that child,' says he, 'encouraging her in such nonsense. She would n't do such things if you did n't encourage her. If they lend money, they'll expect me to sign a note; and I never will. Now I'm just getting a little start; just getting a home for my family, and you and she'll ruin me. I won't sign a note, nor give a penny, nor lift a finger, to help her go.' Grandma scolded, and said it was all because I did not learn her to work, and be useful about the house, that she'd got such notions; and between the two, I had a hard time. I did n't dare encourage Ellen, but I did n't dare oppose her; for it had got so far that it seemed to me like fighting against God's providences. I said, though, 'You are sickly, Ellen. You can't take care of yourself here at home. What could you do among strangers?' 'Ma,' says she, and I can never forget how she said it, 'I should be better if I could do what I want to.' 'But,' said I, 'We can't even get you clothes. They all dress very fine in that grand school.' Says she, 'I do n't care what I wear, if I can only go.'

"So Mary and I went to work, and we



mended and made over; and every thing worked together for good, and there were so many providences,—O, it was all the Lord's doing! One of the storekeepers came to me to pack his butter in firkins, and offered me twenty-five cents a firkin; and I did it, and most of the time earned a dollar a day, besides doing my work. And when he had packed his, another storekeeper engaged me to do the same for him; and, if you believe me, I packed that Summer four thousand pounds of butter, and did my work. The Lord gave me strength. I took the money and bought some muslin; and then came another providence. One morning the postmaster came in and asked if Ellen could come and sit in the office and hand out letters each day, for two dollars a week. He would tend to all the mail business. 'Do n't you see, ma?' says Ellen, as confident as if she had expected it. So she went, and, as it was a small village office, she took her sewing, and had time to make up the muslin while she sat there, for there would be hours sometimes when no one would come in. And with the money she got, we bought some very pretty calico and other things, and made her two new dresses; and Mary, who was always very handy, took an old hat of her father's and made a bonnet for Ellen, that looked prettier than the ones in the milliner's shop. And while we worked, father scolded and grandma fretted. But Ellen was ready at last; and, sure enough, the man came with the money, and, as father had said, wanted him to sign a note. Two or three of the neighbors tried to reason with him and persuade him; but he talked dreadfully harsh, and vowed he would n't sign it; and he did n't. But they gave it to her, all the same; and I could hardly believe my eyes, only I felt sure now that it was the Lord who was doing it all.

"Well, the last night came. The trunk was packed, and every thing ready for a very early start next morning. Ellen could never go a few miles on the cars to the next town unless Mary went to take care of her; but Providence pro-

vided a traveling companion for her now. My last objection went down in astonishment at the goodness of the Lord, when Ellen told me that. One thing troubled me. Ellen was a good girl,—I do n't mind telling you, though I do not tell such things to unbelievers, that, before she was born, I had asked a thing of the Lord with a vow, and the Lord granted my prayer; and this child was the child of that vow,—but she was not a Christian, and I felt it my duty to say something to her about it. She and Mary and I sat in the sitting-room in the twilight, feeling pretty bad, when I began, 'Ellen,' says I, 'you are going away from us now, where you will not have a father and sister and mother to care for you and watch over you, but I want you to remember that there is One who is more than father or mother;' and by that time all three of us were crying hard. Mary says, 'Ma, do n't say much to her just now;' and I could n't say any more. We all went off to bed crying as if our hearts would break, without another word. The next morning when the carriage came, I went out to see her off, and as I handed her into the carriage, as she left my arms, I said in my heart, 'Now, Lord, I have done all for her that I can, I give her wholly to thee and into thy care;' and I felt as if she were really in his hands. And so she was gone at last, though we could hardly realize it.

"How we watched for that first letter! And it came right along, for Ellen never neglected a duty. Every thing had gone just right. Every body had helped her all along her journey. The teachers seemed glad to see her, as if they had known her and loved her all her life. They were so much interested in her,—I wondered so at it, for it was one of my troubles that she was so plain and overyoung looking,—that they took special pains to direct her studies, and urged her to take French, from a real Frenchman from Paris. Her first letter, as all her letters were, was so bright and hopeful. The rich pupils did not seem proud; and one little thing that she mentioned struck

me as so—yes, providential, for it was *all* the Lord—those grand teachers, even the lady principal, wore calico dresses. O, the Lord was with that girl in every thing.

“Well, Mary and I kept on scrimping a little here, and saving a little there. We’d make over old things, and buy a few new things and send her, and so kept her clothed. She went on pleasing her teachers with the way she got along in her studies; and, best of all, while she was there, she was converted. Then I was satisfied. What was a little singular, I knew it before the letter came, and told our folks so. I had been praying for her, and felt the answer to my prayer; and when the letter came, it was just as I had told our folks I knew it was. Just to show you how the Lord prospered her,—the teachers would have her stay four months longer than she had intended. The girl who went with her came home at the appointed time; so when Ellen came she was obliged to come alone, and was so shy about speaking to strangers that she would not ask questions. She knew so little about travel that the only way she could get along was to follow the crowd from car to boat, and from boat to car. She could not see well, so once when the great crowd stood still in a little house, she could not tell why, she was obliged to stand still too, when, all at once, bump went the little house, and she found out for the first that she was in a ferry-boat, and had crossed the river at Albany. She did not have Mary nor me to do her packing, and so at Albany she found her trunk bursting, and her clothes and pictures all hanging out. She had a dreadful time putting them in, and getting a rope round the trunk; but all was safe home at last, for the Lord was with her in the small as well as the great.

“The teachers had promised to get Ellen a position in the South; but just then the war broke out, and all the teachers there came home, and every one was so patriotic that these teachers had preference with school committees; so Ellen did not get a position that paid so well as

they had expected. But when she was ready, she had choice of three places. The Methodist minister’s people up there in Massachusetts had taken a great notion to Ellen, and were instrumental in her conversion. I suppose, too, they knew something of her story. Some one wrote to them for a teacher of French, drawing, and painting,—you see the French, even, was providential,—and the minister’s wife told Ellen she must go. The school that offered the position was an old established school. The teachers were grand and dignified, and elegant and profound, and the pupils were young men and women, most of them older than Ellen. Poor girl, she was scared. She was so young, and younger looking, green looking, in fact,—the poor child knew and felt it,—and, withal, so inexperienced, that she did not dare accept the place; but the minister’s wife told her that she must, and wrote back that she would. I have heard Ellen tell how she went in to her bed-room and threw herself down on her knees, perfectly desperate, and told the Lord that she *could n’t* do any thing; and that if she went, he must work a miracle for her through it all. And he did; for she went, and succeeded perfectly. But you must get Ellen to tell you about that. That was years ago, but every thing with her has gone just so ever since. When Annie was married, and we had so much company, and our expenses were so much more than common, I was troubled a good deal, in spite of my faith, or rather my faith in Ellen’s faith. But she sold more pictures and stories than common, and every thing came out square. She says there is always just enough manna for faith children, that they need not worry to gather for the future.

“It does trouble me some now to see her go out such stormy mornings, and to think that that slender girl should be the main support of our family since father died, and before, too, for that matter. But she was never so well as now, in all her life before. She has paid for her trouble and schooling over and over and



over again. I never thought that one of my children, much less that girl, would be one of the first artists in the great city; but they say she is.

"Her father? O, yes. He was the proudest man you ever see. I've heard him say, time and again, that Ellen had more religion than all the rest of the family put together."

"Himself included?"

"Yes, himself included. And now, Miss Blin, if you have finished your breakfast, and will read,—I can't see as well as I once did,—we will have family prayer."

"What was it?" said I to Ellen when she came home that night tired and happy. "You were not a Christian at first?"

"Mother's prayers," said Ellen.

M. L. SHERMAN.

### THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE PEARL.

"POOR little Pearl, good little Pearl!"  
Sighed every kindly neighbor;  
It was so sad to see a girl  
So tender doomed to labor.

A wee bird, fluttered from its nest  
Too soon, was that meek creature;  
Just fit to rest in mother's breast  
The darling of fond nature.

God shield poor little ones, where all  
Must help to be bread-bringers!  
For, once afoot, there's none too small  
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl! she had no time to play  
The merry game of childhood;  
From dawn to dark she worked all day,  
A-wooding in the wild wood.

When others played, she stole apart  
In pale and shadowy quiet;  
Too full of care was her child heart  
For laughter running riot.

Hard lot for such a tender life,  
And miserable guerdon;  
But, like a womanly wee wife,  
She bravely bore her burden.

One Wint'ry day they wanted wood,  
When need was at the sorest,  
Poor Pearl, without a bit of food,  
Must up and to the forest.

But there she sank down in the snow,  
All over numb and aching;  
Poor little Pearl, she cried as though  
Her very heart was breaking.

The blinding snow shut out the house  
From little Pearl so weary;  
The lonesome wind among the boughs  
Moaned with its warning eerie.

To little Pearl a child-Christ came,  
With footfall light as fairy;  
He took her hand, he called her name;  
His voice was sweet and airy.

His gentle eyes filled tenderly  
With mystical wet brightness:  
"And would you like to come with me,  
And wear this robe of whiteness?"

He bore her bundle to the door,  
Gave her a flower when going:  
"My darling, I shall come once more,  
When the little bud is blowing."

Home, very wan, came little Pearl,  
But on her face strange glory;  
They only thought, "What ails the girl?"  
And laughed to hear her story.

Next morning mother sought her child  
And clasped it to her bosom;  
Poor little Pearl, in death she smiled,  
And the rose was full in blossom.

## CHARLES SUMNER.\*

THE Preface of this book says: "It is the design of this work to set forth in distinct relief the life, character, and public career, of an accomplished scholar, an incorruptible statesman, and an eminent and eloquent defender of human freedom."

It would be impossible, however, for any book of three hundred and fifty pages to unfold so grand a character as that of Charles Sumner, or to give more than an outline of the great achievements which he accomplished in the one work of human freedom. But the points in this book have been so well taken, and the illustrations from his speeches so well chosen, that the complete outline of the man stands clearly before you, while the strong points of his character stand out so boldly as to make him clearly distinguishable from all the other great men of his time. In this is found the chief value of the book. Very few men will ever possess life-size portraits of this grandest statesman of the century. Comparatively few have ever looked upon his tall and manly form. But, to those who have been denied these privileges, this book comes as a sort of recompense, since its reading is calculated to give one an intellectual and moral portrait, grander even than the physique of the real man.

It is a great thing for one who has any special mission to fill to be born well. In this respect Charles Sumner was favored. Several of his progenitors were educated at Harvard, and lawyers by profession, while Governor Increase Sumner, who succeeded Samuel Adams as Governor of the State, was one of the most honored governors of Massachusetts. Charles Pinckney Sumner, father of the late Charles Sumner, also graduated at Harvard and studied law, and

"was several years elected clerk of the General Court, and, in 1825, was appointed to the office of sheriff of Suffolk County, in which position he remained until his decease." "He was a gentleman of the old school, tall, well-bred, and dignified in demeanor, fond of reading, and of considerable oratorical ability." The mother of Charles Sumner is described as "a lady of strong mind, of an amiable disposition, and of graceful bearing."

Charles was their oldest son, though he had a twin sister, Matilda, who "was slender and fragile in person, and modest and retiring in manner." Both the father and mother "were emulous, and they had the means to give their children a sound and accomplished education." "The tuition of Charles was at first confided to his aunt, Miss Hannah Richmond Jacobs." He early became an excellent reader, and his speech, as might be well inferred, from the influences of a home of culture, was naturally correct and easy. "In accordance with Juvenal's idea," says our author, "the courteous father of Charles Sumner entertained great reverence for boys, and most assiduously instructed his children, not only in respect to a polite behavior and the laws of health, but also in regard to the use of the most appropriate forms of speech." But for this early and careful training, much of the elegance and eloquence which were manifest in the speeches of Mr. Sumner would have been lost to the world,—a hint which parents should never lose sight of.

The future of Charles Sumner was manifest in his boyhood. "He was agile, healthful, hopeful, and obliging," says the book, "yet ever more intent on reading and improvement than on boisterous sport and pastime. He was sent to the dancing-school; yet for this amusement he had but little inclination." When on visits to his mother's early home, Han-

\* *The Life and Times of Charles Sumner.* By Elias Nason. Boston: B. B. Russell, 55 Cornhill. 1874.



over, instead of working with the boys upon the farm, he preferred to speak his pieces in the barn or the old pine grove." But, says the author, "it was noted, even at this time, that he had an aspiration; and a boy sent into the world with an aspiration is sent for some high purpose."

At the early age of ten years he was found qualified to enter the Boston Latin School. Here, as in all his after course, he showed a comparative indifference to that kind of effort which would give him mere rank in the grade of scholarship, and so "did not hold the highest rank in scholarship on the appointed lessons of his class, but was distinguished for the accuracy of his translations from the Latin classics, and for the brilliancy of his own original compositions." Mr. Sumner is remembered by his school-fellows at this time as being "kind-hearted, thoughtful, courteous, though exhibiting some slight consciousness of being to the manor born." This was illustrated on one occasion, when he had staid in bed until the family had breakfasted, and, as he came down, his mother said to him, rather sharply, "Why so late this morning, Charles?" "Call me Mr. Sumner, mother, if you please," he said. And yet one of his classmates in the law office says: "He is remembered chiefly as a most indefatigable student and lover of books. His personal demeanor was that of a shy and modest maiden. The notion of arrogance, as a quality in the character of Charles Sumner," he continues, "can excite in me only the emotion of ridicule."

Five years in the Latin School gave him a thorough preparation for entering Harvard College, which he did in 1826, at the age of fifteen. Here, as in his preparatory school, he did not study for mere class rank. This trait of character, which was so prominent in all his life, and which stood out so grandly in the midst of the multitude who were truckling for place, was manifest from boyhood. Charles Sumner was too great to be honored by any place, though he

honored and dignified every place to which he was promoted. He never sought for position, but for that which was more important. A classmate writes: "I do not think, as an under-graduate, Mr. Sumner was ever much distinguished for close application. He sustained a high rank in both the ancient and modern languages, throughout his college course. He stood well, also, in elocution, English composition, and the rest of his rhetorical pursuits. But he failed in all the more abstruse and difficult mathematics." Dr. Emery says: "He was so well prepared for college at the Boston Latin School that the lessons in the classical department were mere boy's play to him. His declamations were an outburst of subdued eloquence, showing as much earnestness as he would in addressing the Senate." "He never studied, as many students do, for college honors, but for the love of study, and for cultivating his mind, already well disciplined and refined."

Another of his companions says: "He had the reputation of being a diligent reader out of the course, and was often praised for his themes and forensics." His tastes and inclinations also led him to the belles-lettres and humanities. He read with zest and keen avidity the works of the great masters. He was fascinated by the splendid diction of Hume and Gibbon, the charming style of Addison and Goldsmith, the glowing eloquence of William Pitt, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Edmund Burke." His imagination was enkindled by the golden thoughts of Dante, Milton (always with him a favorite), Dryden, Pope, and Shakespeare. With these immortal geniuses he lived, and from them drew his inspiration. He strolled, moreover, into distant and untrodden fields of literature, and, as the bee, selected honey from unnoticed flowers. Here he gathered sweets from some French poet of the mediæval ages; here, from some neglected Latin or Italian author; here, from some Saxon legend, some Highland bard, or some Provençal troubadour. This material

afterward came in to beautify his grand pleas for peace, humanity, and freedom.

He graduated, with a fair standing, in 1830, at the age of nineteen, and, in 1831, he entered the Harvard law school, where he came under the immediate tuition of that most accomplished scholar and jurist, Joseph Story, LL. D. Here we are told that his range of studies was very wide, "ransacking every nook and corner of historic lore, that he might settle legal questions on the solid grounds of equity and justice." A mutual sympathy at once arose between Mr. Sumner and Justice Story, which "deepened into the sincerest friendship." The influence of such a man, whom Lord Brougham had pronounced "the greatest judge in the world," upon a mind and character like that of Mr. Sumner, can not be estimated.

Mr. Sumner began at an early day, even while pursuing his studies, to publish Law Reports, and edit books, all of which was done with so much ability as to attract marked attention from the ablest men at the bar. His knowledge of law was very complete and accurate, and his memory so tenacious that whatever he had read was available at any moment. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and commenced the practice of law in Boston. For three Winters after his admission he delivered lectures to the students of the Cambridge law school. These lectures were so attractive that they secured to him the offer of a professorship in the school, which he declined. His position in the legal world, says an eminent authority, had now become "an enviable one. He was universally regarded as a young lawyer of exalted talent, brilliant genius, and commanding eloquence."

On sailing for Europe, in 1837, Mr. Justice Story gave him a letter of introduction, in which he says: "Mr. Sumner is a practicing lawyer at the Boston bar, of very high reputation for his years, and already giving the promise of the most eminent distinction in his profession; his literary and judicial attainments are truly

extraordinary. He is one of the editors, indeed, the principal editor, of the *American Jurist*, a quarterly journal of extensive circulation and celebrity among us, and without a rival in America. He is also the reporter of the court in which I preside, and has already published two volumes of Reports. I am very anxious," continues Mr. Story, "that he should possess the means of visiting the courts of Westminster Hall, under favorable auspices; and I shall esteem it a personal favor if you can give him any facilities in this particular."

This letter secured for him every possible advantage, and the most marked attention. He was even invited to sit with the lord chief-justice of the King's bench.

At this time a circumstance occurred which gave him great favor. A very novel point arose during the trial, which seemed to embarrass even the lord chief-justice himself; "and, turning to Mr. Sumner, he asked if any American decision touched that point?" "No, your lordship," Mr. Sumner instantly replied; "but the point has been decided in your lordship's court in such a case," which he then cited. The promptness and accuracy with which he gave it, secured for him great notoriety and the most marked respect. During this visit to Europe, Mr. Sumner was the honored guest of the most distinguished men in every country which he visited.

During his absence, his father and his sister Jane had both died. On reaching Boston in 1840, he took up his residence with his widowed mother, and selected a room for his study, in his old home. He resumed the practice of law, but his attention was turned more to the broad principles upon which it was based than to its mere technicalities. His mind was preparing for the great work, by the discussion of broad principles which were to reach men in every condition; and he gave vent to these convictions and views in the lyceum, to which he was now frequently called. He began to see with alarm the steady and systematic growth



of the slave power, and his soul kindled for the conflict which was near at hand. At this time there seemed to be no champion for the rights of the enslaved; and his own soul writhed under the clanking of the chains of this bitter bondage.

The scheme of annexing Texas, under the administration of John Tyler, was the occasion which first brought Charles Sumner into the field of political contest. Mr. Webster opposed the annexation. But Mr. Tyler signed the bill, three days before his term of office ended, and Mr. Polk was elected his successor on the same issue. "The Texan Legislature approved the bill on the 4th of July, 1845, and on the same day Mr. Sumner delivered his great speech, in Boston, on "The True Grandeur of Nations." "In this address he argued against the ordeal of war from a Christian stand-point." Richard Cobden said of it, that it was "the most noble contribution made by any modern writer to the cause of peace."

Mr. Sumner now began to feel that slavery must be abolished; but he proposed to do it, not by revolution, but by law. In a speech, quoted by our author, delivered in Faneuil Hall in September, 1846, he said, "there is no compromise on the subject of slavery of a character not to be reached legally and constitutionally." "Assuming, as a watchword, '*Repeal of Slavery under the Constitutional laws of the Federal Government*,' " he said: "The time has passed when this can be opposed on constitutional grounds. It will not be questioned by any competent authority, that Congress may, by express legislation, abolish slavery, first, in the District of Columbia; second, in the territories; third, that it may abolish the slave-trade on the high seas, between the States; fourth, that it may refuse to admit any new State with a constitution sanctioning slavery. Nor can it be questioned, that the people of the United States may, in the manner pointed out by the Constitution, proceed to its amendment." Then, after speaking in the highest terms of commendation of John

Quincy Adams, he turned to Daniel Webster, and, in eloquent and thrilling appeals urged him to devote the balance of his days to the work of "removing from the country its greatest evil." "Assume," said he, "these unperformed duties. The aged shall bear witness to you; the young shall kindle with rapture as they repeat the name of Webster; and the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children's children, to the latest generation, to call you blessed; while all shall award to you yet another title, which shall never be forgotten on earth or in heaven,—*Defender of Humanity*."

In October following, he wrote the celebrated letter to Robert C. Winthrop, in which he charges him with a want of sympathy with those who were denouncing slavery as wrong in itself. In this letter he announces the broad doctrine, "Aloft on the throne of God, and not below in the footprints of a trampling multitude of men, are to be found the sacred rules of right, which no majorities can displace or overturn."

In 1848, when the Free-soil party was organized, Mr. Sumner publicly announced his withdrawal from the Whig party, because, as he said, "it is not the party of humanity, not the party of freedom."

By the treaty of peace with Mexico, five hundred thousand square miles of territory were given up to the United States. Over the question whether this vast territory should be consecrated to freedom or slavery, the great battle was to be opened. Mr. Sumner contested the question with the champions for slave soil, with a tenacity which will never be forgotten. The immortal Webster, struggling with the storm which was raging around him, was already drifting from his moorings. Almost the only words which were heard above the confusion, were the lofty words of Charles Sumner, encouraging the faint, and exciting the brave to fearless action.

In 1850, on the death of President Taylor, Millard Fillmore became the acting President, and, in two months, signed

the infamous "*Fugitive Slave Bill*." Daniel Webster had already fallen down before the slave power in his memorable speech of the March preceding. Mr. Sumner attacked the bill with all the force of his logic and rhetoric. On the 3d of October, in a speech in old Faneuil Hall, he said: "The soul sickens in the contemplation of this outrage: In the dreary annals of the past, there are many acts of shame; there are ordinances of monarchs, and laws which have become a by-word and a hissing to the nations. But when we consider the country and the age, I ask, fearlessly, what act of shame, what ordinance of monarch, what law, can compare in atrocity, with this act of an American Congress? . . . Into the immortal catalogue of national crimes this has now passed, drawing after it, by an inexorable necessity, its authors also, and chiefly him, who, as President of the United States, set his name to the bill, and breathed into it that final breath without which it would have no life. Other Presidents may be forgotten; but the name signed to the *Fugitive Slave Bill* can never be forgotten. Better for him had he never been born."

Mr. Webster had been called from the Senate to the Cabinet, and Robert C. Winthrop was the Whig candidate for the vacant seat. By a coalition of the Free-soil and Democratic parties, Mr. Sumner was elected over him, on the twenty-fifth ballot, though he refused to give pledges, or even intimations of any kind, as to what his future course would be. "Committee after committee waited on him during the election, to get even verbal promises in regard to tariff, and to ease off on the slavery question; but he uniformly declined to satisfy them, saying that the office must seek him, and that he would not walk across the room to secure the election."

Mr. Sumner did not regard this election as a reward for any thing which he had done. He says: "The office recently conferred upon me, I regard as any thing but a reward. In my view it is an imposition of new duties and labors in a field

which I never selected, and to which I do not in the least incline."

His first speech was on a resolution tendering a welcome to the exiled patriot, Louis Kossuth. The speech received the commendation of Rufus Chase and other great men. His next speech was on the Iowa Railroad Bill, which showed equal ability. On the 8th of March following, he made a short but effective speech on cheap ocean postage. Two months later, he made a strong argument on the pardoning power, which was submitted to President Fillmore. Two weeks after this, he presented a memorial against the *Fugitive Slave Bill*, from the Society of Friends, which he accompanied by a few telling words, in which he expressed the purpose at some future day of attempting to prove that freedom was national, not sectional; while slavery was sectional, and not national. That opportunity occurred on the 26th of August following, in his speech which he entitled "*Freedom National, and Slavery Sectional*." In his opening, he says:

"Sir, I have never been a politician. The slave of principle, I call no party master. Party does not constrain me; by no effort, by no desire of my own, I find myself a senator of the United States. Never before have I held public office of any kind. With the ample opportunities of private life I was content. No tombstone for me could bear a fairer inscription than this: 'Here lies one who, without the honors or emoluments of public station, did something for his fellow-man.'"

This was the key to his after life. He never worked for applause or promotion. This speech made a profound impression upon the Senate, and not less upon the country. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, says that Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, by his side, was in tears; and Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, said to Mr. Sumner, "If you should make that speech in Tennessee, you would compel me to emancipate my niggers."

On the 15th of September following, at the State Convention of the Free-soil



Party, held at Lowell, Mr. Sumner made a speech in which he declared that, "The rising public opinion against slavery can not now flow in the old political channels. But if not through the old parties, then over the old parties, this irresistible current shall find its way. If the old parties will not become its organ, they must become its victim." In closing, he said: "With such a cause and such candidates, let no man be disheartened. The tempest may blow; but ours is a life-boat which can not be harmed by wind or wave. The genius of Liberty sits at the helm. I hear her voice of cheer saying, 'Who sails with me comes to shore.'"

We can not even notice here many important speeches made by Mr. Sumner in different places, and upon topics touching a great variety of interests; for he was always ready to say an earnest word for every good cause.

On the 21st of February, 1854, he made one of those characteristic speeches which echoed throughout the whole nation. It was on the occasion of the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Bill, which was to repeal the Missouri Compromise. Almost all the leading men of the North, including Mr. Everett, had bowed before the Southern influence, and were ready to yield to their demand. Not so with Mr. Sumner. "Undaunted by the fearful odds against him," says our author, "or by the menace of assassination, he, like an old hero of Thermopylæ, sent home blow after blow into the dark columns bearing down upon him, and set up on that day a landmark of freedom that will serve to guide the coming generations." Never had he so exhibited the fire of liberty that burned within his breast; never had he so vindicated his title to the front rank of living orators.

In his closing remarks, he said: "Sir, the bill which you are now about to pass is at once the worst and the best bill on which Congress ever acted." After giving his reasons for this, he said: "Thus, sir, now standing at the very grave of freedom in Kansas and Nebraska, I lift myself to the vision of that happy resur-

rection by which freedom will be secured hereafter, not only in these territories, but every-where under the national Government. More clearly than ever before I now see the beginning of the end of slavery. Proudly I see the flag of my country, as it ripples in every breeze, at last become in reality, as in name, the flag of freedom, undoubted, pure, and irresistible. Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you are about to enact; joyfully I welcome all the promises of the future."

On the 7th of September, 1854, at a convention of the newly organized Republican Party, held at Worcester, Mr. Sumner made another thrilling speech upon "The Duties of Massachusetts in the Present Crisis."

"On the 9th of May following, he delivered, at the Metropolitan Theater, New York, a brilliant address," says our record, on "The Necessity, Practicability, and Dignity of the Antislavery Enterprise."

The great struggle was going on in Kansas, while in other parts of the country, but specially in Congress, the fire was burning hotter, and the battle culminating. But it was on the 19th and 20th of May, upon Mr. Seward's bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, that Mr. Sumner made his great speech, entitled "The Crime against Kansas,"—the speech which well-nigh cost him his life. The author says of it: "In this masterly philippic, he disclosed the atrocities of slavery with the vigor of an intellectual athlete. He laid under contribution, for this attack on slavery, the acquisitions of a ripe scholar, the wisdom of an enlightened statesman, the eloquence of an accomplished orator, and the courage of an invincible champion of liberty. He sent, with steadiest aim, shot after shot into the intrenchments of the arrogant defenders of the servile institution, and triumphantly vindicated the policy of the friends of free men, free labor, and free speech." John G. Whittier wrote to Mr. Sumner, "I have read and re-read thy speech, and look upon it as

thy best. It is enough for immortality." The assault which followed, from the cowardly Preston S. Brooks, is fully narrated in the pages which follow.

After four years of suffering and comparative inactivity, he was again in his old seat in the Senate, and, in another speech on Kansas, made his friends rejoice, and his enemies quail, at the evidence of his returning power. "This magnificent speech was unanswerable except by menace and vituperation. It struck the heart of the barbarous system, and was, in respect to argument, a death blow."

Mr. Sumner had characterized the system of slavery as the very essence of barbarism. Mr. Chestnut, of South Carolina, replied in a very bitter spirit; when he sat down, Mr. Sumner arose and said, "Only one word: I exposed to-day the barbarism of slavery. What the Senator has said in reply to me, I may well print, in an appendix to my speech, as an additional illustration. That is all."

This speech was characterized as "the most masterly argument against human bondage that has ever been made in this or any other country." Frederick Douglass said: "The net-work of his argument, though wonderfully elaborate and various, is every-where and in all parts strong as iron. The whole slaveholding *propaganda* of the Senate might dash themselves against it, a compact body, without breaking the smallest fiber of its various parts."

It was greatly feared by his friends that personal violence would again be offered. Our author tells us that it was threatened, and that "in the course of the evening three men came to the door, desiring to see Mr. Sumner alone; but as he was in company, they left word at the door that, if they could not have a private interview, they would cut his throat before another night."

When Abraham Lincoln was elected President, Mr. Sumner "saw the storm impending; he deprecated bloodshed; he felt that the best way to avert it was for the North to hold itself immovable."

He wrote to Honorable William Claflin, "Let the timid cry; but let Massachusetts stand stiff: God bless her!" To Governor Andrew he wrote: "Pray keep Massachusetts sound and *firm*, FIRM, FIRM." Again to the same he writes, "O, God! Let Massachusetts keep true." Very early in Mr. Lincoln's administration, Mr. Sumner began to advocate the necessity for emancipation.

He gained for himself great fame by his advocacy of the cause of Mason and Slidell, the rebel emissaries to England, who had been arrested on board the British mail-steamer *Trent*. Every feeling of the Republic revolted at the thought of giving up these traitors. But Mr. Sumner showed, by unanswerable arguments, that their arrest was illegal; and they were given up. "Let the rebels go," he said. "Two wicked men, ungrateful to their country, with two younger confederates, are set loose, with the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. Prison doors are opened; but principles are established which will help to free other men, and to open the gates of the sea."

On the 15th of January, 1863, Mr. Sumner was re-elected to the United States Senate by a very heavy majority vote. On the 9th of February following, he introduced into the Senate a bill for the employment of colored troops in the army, which, with some modification, eventually prevailed. At Cooper Institute, New York, September 10, 1863, he made one of the ablest speeches of his whole life, on our relations with France and England. The New York *Tribune*, in an editorial comment upon it, said it was a "miracle of historical and statesmanlike erudition."

The remainder of the book sets forth Mr. Sumner's untiring efforts for the freedmen, in securing the Freedmen's Bureau, elective franchise, etc., and his last efforts for the "Civil Rights Bill." It also sets forth his relations with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Grant, and his eulogy upon the former. It closes with an account of his death, and the universal mourning, together with the obsequies at



Washington and Boston. Some details are also given touching his private habits and tastes, which add to the interest of this compact narrative of the

life and times of one of the rare great men which appear now and then along the line of the centuries.

CHARLES W. CUSHING.

## AFRICAN MUSIC.

THE condition of Canaan, the son of Ham, as a "servant of servants unto his brethren," would indeed have been unbearable had the black man possessed the sensitive nature of his white brother. Born to a life of servitude, he has, nevertheless, succeeded in extracting an amount of pleasure from his surroundings which would have been impossible of attainment by the sons of Shem and Japheth. A volatile disposition and a strong attachment for home, however miserable, have enabled him to bear the pangs of slavery, and sometimes filled him with a "longing for the old plantation," even after the much desired boon of freedom had been conferred upon him. One of the chief alleviations of his condition as a bondman was his intense love of music; for, like the caged bird, he has sung all the more sweetly for his involuntary enslavement. Since the introduction of "Dan Tucker" and "Zip Coon," negro minstrelsy has been popularized through the efforts of the Christys and other blackened whites; and Foster's pathetic melodies have awakened sympathy for the sorrows of "Lovely Nell" and "Poor Uncle Ned;" but the hearts of the people were never so stirred by these secular airs, to enthusiastic admiration of the power and pathos of negro song, as by the religious melodies of the bands of colored singers now laboring so arduously throughout the country for the educational interests of their brethren.

The morning musical call of the swineherd, and the wonderful harvest songs, once heard upon Southern plantations,

attest, in no small degree, the possibilities of the race for a high state of musical cultivation; while the enthusiasm aroused, both in England and America, by the appearance of the "Jubilee Singers," and of "The Tennesseans," is a sure prophecy that, at no distant day, the African will take his place by the side of the Caucasian in the attainment of the highest style of musical art. The questions often arise, whence comes this gift of song? from whom were derived these wonderful strains? To answer these queries is the purpose of this article.

In opening, at random, the works upon Africa, we clearly discern the germs from which arises the present and prospective development of the art. Nearly a century ago, Mungo Park records that, while being entertained at the hut of an African woman, he was the subject of an extempore song, on the part of the maidens who were plying their task of spinning cotton. "In a strain of affecting simplicity, they sang:

"The winds roared and the rains fell;  
The poor white man, faint and weary,  
Came and sat under our tree.  
He has no mother to bring him milk,  
No wife to grind his corn.

*Chorus*—Let us pity the white man;  
No mother has he to bring him milk,  
No wife to grind his corn."

The Landers did not always appreciate African music. While at Badágyry, April 8, 1830, they write, "We were witnesses this morning to a specimen of native tumbling and dancing, with the usual accompaniments of vocal and instrumental music. By far the most diverting part of the entertainment was the dancing;

but even this did not at all answer the expectations we had formed of it."

At Jaguta, May 7th, they had another entertainment of the same agreeable sort. "The return of the governor to the town was announced by a flourish of drums and fifes, with the usual accompaniments of singing and dancing. The musicians are now performing before him in a yard next to ours. It is between ten and eleven at night, and it is likely that our ears will be stunned by a combination of the most barbarous sounds in the world for the remainder of the night. It is well that I am so far recovered as not to care about it, or this abominable din would drive me to distraction."

One of the brothers narrates a musical contest he had with a native bugler at Eetcholee. "I sounded my bugle, at which the natives were astonished and pleased; but a black trumpeter, jealous of the performance, challenged a contest for the superiority of the respective instruments, which terminated in the entire defeat of the African, who was hooted and laughed at by his companions for his presumption, and gave up the trial in despair. He hung down his head, remained silent, looked extremely silly, and did not venture to put his horn to his mouth again till he imagined his companions had either overlooked or forgotten his defeat. Among the instruments used on this occasion was a piece of iron, in shape, exactly resembling the bottom of a parlor fire-shovel. It was played on by a thick piece of wood, and produced sounds infinitely less harmonious than 'marrow-bones and cleavers.' The king, coming out to show himself to his people, had musicians in attendance, with drums, fifes, and long trumpets of brass, who played lustily upon their instruments. Not being satisfied by making the whole of Boossà echo with the most grating and outrageous sounds conceivable, the musicians screamed and danced, twisting their mouths into all manner of comical shapes." In speaking of a lunar eclipse, the Landers say: "As the eclipse increased, the people became more terri-

fied," and assembled in front of the king's house "with every instrument capable of making a noise which could be procured in the town, in order to restore the lost glory of the moon. Groups of men were blowing on trumpets which produced a harsh and discordant sound; some were beating on old drums; others on bullocks' horns; and, in the short intervals between the rapid succession of all these fiend-like noises, one was heard more dismal than all the rest, proceeding from an iron tube, accompanied by the clinking of chains."

"Ever since the arrival of the Borgoo messengers, the King of Boossà, in order to display his consequence and grandeur, has ordered that the long Arab trumpets shall be sounded constantly in the middle of the night; and from sunrise to sunset nothing is heard in the city but music."

Chaillu, among the Bakalai, writes: "At sunset, all retired within doors. Suddenly there arose on the air one of those mournful, heart-piercing chants which you hear among all the tribes in this land,—a wail whose burden seems to be, 'there is no hope.' It was a chant for their departed friends, and, as they sang, tears rolled down the cheeks of the women, fright marked their faces, and cowed their spirits; for they have a belief that at the sunset hour the evil spirits walk abroad among them. The chant was a monotonous repetition of one idea,—that of sorrow at the departure of some one. Thus they sang:

"We chi noli lubella pe na beshe.

O, you will never speak to us any more;

We can not see your face any more;

You will never walk with us again;

You will never settle our palavers for us."

At a dance among the Fans, the same writer heard only the music of a rude drum,—an instrument made of a certain kind of wood, and of deer or goat skins. The wood was hollowed out quite thin, and the skin stretched over tightly. To beat it, the drummer held it, standingly, between his legs, and, with two sticks, beat furiously upon the upper and larger end of the cylinder. This music was



accompanied with singing even less melodious than the drumming. "The drum, which figures at all dances, is the more highly valued the greater noise it makes."

"The Fans have an instrument of an ingenious construction, not unworthy of more civilized people,—the handja,—which consists of a light reed frame, three feet long by one and a half broad, into which are securely fastened a set of hollow gourds, covered by strips of hard red wood. These cylinders, seven in number, are so graduated in size that the set form a regular series of notes. The performer lays the frame across his knees and strikes the strips lightly with a stick. There are two sticks, one hard and the other soft, and the principle is the same on which music has been produced from a series of glasses. The tone is very clear and good, and though the tunes are rude, they can play them with considerable skill." When Chaillu had, at one time, killed a leopard, which is one of the most feared animals of the forest, the natives danced, sang songs of victory, and abused as well as exulted over the deceased animal.

At Aniambia, the king had a grand dance in honor of the French traveler. This dance was held in the street, the women being ranged on one side, the men on the other. At the end of the line sat the drummers, beating their huge tamtams, which make a deafening din; there were also singing and shouting, and a series of brass kettles furiously beaten, and a number of boys sat near the drummers, beating on hollow pieces of wood. At the sound of the tamtam, the African loses all control over himself. To beat the tamtam is not a labor of love. The stoutest negro is worn out in an hour; and for such a night's entertainment, a series of drummers are required."

Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Nile" treats of African music on this wise: "When night has set in, the everlasting dance begins, attended with clapping of hands and jingling small bells, strapped to the legs, the whole accompanied with a constant repetition of

senseless words, which stand in the place of song to the negroes; for song they have none, being mentally incapacitated for musical composition, though as timists they are not to be surpassed." On one occasion, this writer saw, at a feast, "one or two jackanapes with zebras' manes tied over their heads, who would advance with long tubes, like monster bassoons, blowing with all their might, and going through with the most ridiculous motions, to captivate their simple admirers. The ball then began; for the pots were no sooner emptied than five drums, at once, of different sizes and tones, suspended in a line from a horizontal bar, were beaten with fury; and all the men, women, and children, singing and clapping their hands in time, danced for hours together." At the queen's entertainment, which he attended, "the band struck up a tune called the *Milelé*, playing on a dozen reeds, ornamented with beads and cow-tips, and five drums of various tones and sizes. The musicians, dancing with zest, were led by four band-masters, also dancing."

At Unyoro, a dwarf appeared before our author, "made his salaam, and sat down composedly. He then rose and danced, singing without invitation, and following it up with queer antics. He then performed the *tambûra*, or charging march, begging for *simbi*, or cowrie-shells." Being attracted by the sound of drums one evening, Speke went to a neighboring village, "where, in the moonlight, he found the natives dancing. A number of drums were beaten by men in the center. Next to them was a deep ring of women, and outside these there was a still deeper circle of men, some blowing horns, others holding their spears erect. To the sound of the music, both these rings of the opposite sexes kept jumping and sidling round and round the drummers, making the most grotesque motions to one another."

Baker, in his "Nile Tributaries," speaks of the Abyssinian minstrels as follows: "These musicians are similar to the minstrels of ancient times; they attend at

public rejoicings and at births, deaths, and marriages of great personages, upon which occasion they extemporize their songs according to circumstances. One of these was sent by Nek Nimmur to welcome us on our arrival. Approaching us, his attendant handed him "an enormous violin, very peculiar in shape, being a square, with an exceedingly long neck extending from one corner; upon this was stretched a solitary string, and the bow was very short and much bent. My hunting in the Base country formed his theme; and for at least an hour he sang of my deeds, in an extremely loud and disagreeable voice, while he accompanied himself upon his fiddle, which he held downward like a violoncello; during the whole of his song he continued in movement, marching with a sliding step to the front, and gliding to the right and left in a manner extremely comic. He sang of me as though I had been Richard Cœur de Lion, giving a poetical description of my deeds, which was, no doubt, as true as most poetical and musical descriptions; but I felt certain that there must be something to pay for this flattering entertainment. If you are considered to be a great man, a present is always expected in proportion to your importance. I suggested to Taher Noor that I must give him a couple of dollars.

"Impossible," was his reply; "a musician of his standing is accustomed to receive thirty and forty dollars from great people for so beautiful and honorable a song."

"This was startling. I began to reflect upon the price of a box at Her Majesty's Theater in London; but there I was not the hero of the opera. This minstrel combined the whole affair in the most simple manner,—he was Verdi, Costa, and orchestra, all in one; he was a thorough Macaulay as historian, therefore I had to pay the composer as well as the fiddler. I compromised the matter by giving him a few dollars, begging him not to incommode himself by paying us another visit."

Sir Samuel Baker also tells us that all

the operations of the Baris are conducted by signals given by the drum. If an enemy attacks the country, the sheik's big drum gives the alarm by a peculiar series of beats, which are re-echoed throughout the neighboring villages; and thus the news of the attack will be signaled as fast as sound can travel. This great drum is suspended beneath an open shed, and is cut and scooped with great labor from a peculiar wood; it is exactly the shape of an egg with a slice taken off the thicker end. This is beaten with two short sticks of hard wood. In the morning the big drum gives the signal, by a certain number of beats, for milking the cows. When this operation is completed, the signal is given to drive the herds to pasturage. In the evening the same signals are repeated. Baker, in his "Nile Tributaries," says the Arab ear prefers "coarse and discordant music to all other. The guitar most common is made of either the shell of a large gourd, or that of a turtle; over this is stretched an untanned skin, that of a large fish being preferred; through this two sticks are fixed, about two feet three inches in length; the ends of these are fastened to a cross-piece, upon which are secured the strings; these are stretched over a bridge similar to that of a violin, and are tightened or relaxed by rings of waxed rag fastened upon the cross-piece. These rings are turned by the hand, and retain their position in spite of the strain upon the strings. Nothing delights an Arab more than to sit idly in his hut and strum this wretched instrument from morning till night."

We are told by Schweinfurth, the German explorer, that "the Mittoo, of the Nile Valley, in their musical instruments, and in their capabilities for instrumental performances, are far superior to any of their neighbors." "Music is in high estimation among the tribes which compose this group, and it may be said of them that they alone have any genuine appreciation of melody; negro music, in general, being mere recitative and alliteration. In a chorus of a hundred Mittoo, there were men and women, old and



young, and they kept admirable time, succeeding in gradual cadence to produce some very effective variations of a well-sustained air."

Burton, in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," speaks of music among the East Africans as being at a low ebb. "Admirable timists and no mean tunists, this people betray their incapacity for improvement by remaining contented with the simplest and the most monotonous combination of sounds. As in every thing else, creative talent in this art is wanting. It is impossible not to remark the delight which they take in harmony. For long hours at night the peasants will sit in a ring, repeating, with a zest that never flags, the same few notes and the same unmeaning line. Their style is the recitative, broken by a full chorus, and they affect the major rather than the interminable minor key of the Asiatic." Again our author speaks of the East African as "devotedly fond of music, yet his love of tune has invented nothing but whistling and the whistle,—his instruments being all borrowed from the Coast people. He delights in singing, yet has no metrical song; the long, drawling recitative generally ending in ah! ha! or some such strongly nasalized sound. He has tunes appropriated to peculiar occasions, as the elephant hunt or the harvest-home. When mourning, women, weeping or sobbing, will break into a protracted threne or dirge, every period of which concludes with its own particular groan or wail; after venting a little natural distress in a natural sound, the long, loud improvisation in the highest falsetto key continues as before. As in Europe, the 'laughing-song' is an imitation of hilarity somewhat distressing to the spirits of the audience, so the weeping-song of the African only tends to risibility."

"The drum is ever the favorite instrument of the African. He uses it as the alarum of war, the promise of mirth, the token of hospitality, and the cure of disease,—without drumming, his life would indeed be a blank. The only cymbal in

use in East Africa is the upatu, a flat-bottomed brass pot turned upside down, and tapped with a bit of wood."

M. Du Chaillu, while in the Cape Lopez country, attended a ball given by the king in honor of the traveler. This king spoke French, had been in Brazil, and lived two years in Portugal. "His foreign travel had done him little good. To his original ignorance he had added only what he thought European manners, and some kinds of dissipation previously unknown to him." To this acquaintance with the customs of civilized people, we may doubtless attribute the introduction into the entertainment of a certain New England staple. He says, "When I arrived at the ball-room, I found about one hundred and fifty of the king's wives assembled, many of whom were accounted the best dancers in the country. Shortly afterward singing began, and then a barrel of rum was rolled in and tapped. A good glassful was given to each of the women, and then the singing recommenced. In this and the dancing the women only took part, and the airs were doleful and discordant. The ball went on for about two hours, when, what with occasional potations of rum, and the excitement of the dance, the whole assemblage became very uproarious."

The father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Moffat, wrote of the Africans nearly forty years ago: "They were inquisitive about every thing, and were surprised to find that the hymns we sung were not war songs, expressive of the wild revelries which the associations of music brought to their minds."

Dr. Livingstone, the wonderful missionary explorer, gives a description of some musical instruments, which it may be interesting to reproduce. Speaking of the Balonda, he says: "Their drums are neatly carved from the trunk of a tree, and have a small hole in the side covered with a bit of spider's web; the ends are covered with the skin of an antelope, pegged on, and when they wish to tighten it they hold it to the fire to make it contract; the instruments are

beaten with the hands. The piano, named 'Marrimba,' in use with this people, consists of two bars of wood placed side by side, sometimes straight, sometimes bent around like the half of the tire of a carriage-wheel; across these are placed about fifteen wooden keys, two or three inches broad and fifteen or eighteen inches long; their thickness is regulated according to the deepness of the note required; each of the keys has a calabash beneath it; from the upper part of each a portion is cut off to enable them to embrace the bars and form hollow sounding-boards to the keys, which are also of different sizes, according to the note required, and little drum-sticks elicit the music. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear."

Dr. Schweinfurth, in the second volume of his "Heart of Africa," at page 29, says of the Niam-Niam, that "they are no strangers to enjoyments of a more refined and ideal character than battles and elephant-hunts. They have an instinctive love of art. Music rejoices their soul. The harmonies they elicit from their favorite instrument, the mandolin, seem almost to thrill through the chords of their inmost nature. The prolonged duration of some of their musical productions is very surprising. Piaggia has remarked that he believed that a Niam-Niam would go on playing all day and all night without thinking to leave off either to eat or to drink; and although quite aware of the voracious propensities of the people, he is half inclined to believe that Piaggia was right. One favorite instrument there is, which is something between a harp and a mandolin. It resembles the former in the vertical arrangement of the strings, whilst, in common with the mandolin, it has a sounding-board, a neck, and screws for tightening the strings. The sounding-board is constructed on strict acoustic principles. It has two apertures; it is carved out of wood, and on the upper side is covered by a piece of skin; the strings are tightly stretched by means of pegs, and are sometimes made of fine

threads of bast—the inner bark of the lime or linden tree, used for mats and cordage—and sometimes of the wiry hairs of the tail of the giraffe. The music is very monotonous, and it is difficult to distinguish any actual melody in it. It is the invariable accompaniment to a moaning kind of recitative, which is rendered with a decided nasal intonation. Not infrequently, friends are to be seen marching about arm in arm, rapt in the mutual enjoyment of their performance, and beating time to every note by nodding their heads."

The same writer also tells us: "There is a singular class of professional musicians, who, under minor differences of aspect, may be found nearly everywhere in Africa. They make their appearance decked out in the most fantastic way, with feathers, and covered with a promiscuous array of bits of wood and roots, and all the pretentious emblems of magical art, the feet of earth-pigs, the shells of tortoises, the beaks of eagles, the claws of birds, and teeth of every variety. Whenever one of this fraternity presents himself, he begins to recite all the details of his travels and experience in an emphatic recitative, and never forgets to appeal to the liberality of his audience, and to remind them that he looks for a reward either of rings of copper or of beads."

At Schweinfurth's introduction to Munza, King of the Monbutto, March, 1870, music formed a considerable item of the ceremonial. There were "horns and kettle-drums, trumpets, the fitful beating of kettle-drums, and the perpetual braying of horns, an ever-increasing clangor of horns and kettle-drums," while the traveler awaited his sable majesty's approach. When all were seated and ready, "the performances prepared for the entertainment of the foreign guests commenced: First of all, a couple of horn-blowers stepped forward and began to execute solos on their instruments. These men were proficient in their art, and brought forth sounds of such power, compass, and flexibility, that they could



be modulated from sounds like the roar of a hungry lion, or the trumpeting of an infuriated elephant, down to tones which might be compared to the sighing of the breeze, or to a lover's whisper. One of them, whose ivory horn was so large that he could scarcely hold it in a horizontal position, executed rapid passages and shakes with as much neatness and decision as though he were performing on a flute."

After an oration from the king, "the kettle-drums and horns struck up a livelier and more rhythmical strain, and Munza assumed a new character, and proceeded to beat time with all the solemnity of a conductor. His *baton* was something like a baby's rattle,—a hollow sphere of basket-work filled with pebbles and shells, and attached to a stick."

Some time after this, word reached the traveler one day (celebrated as a day of rejoicing and feasting), that King Munza "was dancing in presence of his wives and courtiers. He hastened to the spot, and found within the spacious hall a space left free, around which the eighty royal wives were seated on their little stools, painted with most elaborate care, in honor of the occasion; they were applauding most vigorously, clapping their hands with all their might. Every musical accompaniment had been summoned, and there was a grand *mêlée* of gongs and kettle-drums, timbrels, trumpets, horns, and bells. Dancing there, in the midst of all, was the king himself, his head attired in the skin of a great black baboon, the peak of his cap dressed up with a plume of waving feathers. Hanging from his arms were the tails of genets, and his wrists were encircled by great bundles of tails of the guinea-hog. A thick apron, composed of a variety of animals' tails, was fastened around his loins, and a number of rings rattled upon his naked legs. His dancing was furious. His arms dashed themselves in every direction, though always marking the time of the music, while his legs exhibited all the contortions of an acrobat's, being at one moment stretched out hori-

zontally, and the next elevated in the air. The music ran on in a wild and monotonous strain, and the women clapped together their open palms to mark the time. Munza raved with all the mad excitement worthy of a dervish of Cairo. It seemed as if he must fall down in a fit of epilepsy," writes our author; but hour after hour the dance continued unwearied and unslackened.

Schweinfurth elsewhere writes, that "musical instruments among the Africans are not touched by the women." In speaking of the Monbuttoos, this author says: "The rattles filled with shells and pebbles, that are used for beating time to the music of the drums and horns at the great festivals, are woven from reeds. This people do not use the pretty little mandolins of the Niam-Niam, nor any other stringed instrument, and their horns, trumpets, and drums may be said to be little short of universal throughout Africa."

The same writer tells us, that "The Bongo, in their way, are lovers of music, and, although their instruments are of a very primitive description, they may be seen at any hour of the day strumming away and chanting to their own performances. With the most meagre materials they contrive to make little flutes, and also construct a monochord consisting of a bow of bamboo, with the string tightly strained across it, and this is struck by a slender slip of split bamboo. The mouth of the player performs the office of a sounding-board, one end of the instrument being held to the lips with one hand, while the string is managed with the other. They pass one hand from one part of the bow to the other, in using an instrument of a slightly different construction, and with the other hand play upon the string with the bamboo twig, and produce a considerable variety of buzzing and humming airs, which are really rather pretty. They apply themselves earnestly to their musical practice; and the ingenious use to which they apply the simplest means for obtaining harmonious tones, testifies to their

penetration into the secrets of the theory of sound. As appeals, however, to the sense of sound, the great festivals of the Bongo abound with measures much more thrilling than any of these minor performances. On these occasions the orchestral results might be characterized as cat's music run wild. Unwearied thumpings of drums, the bellowings of gigantic trumpets, for the manufacture of which great stems of trees are used, interchanged by fits and starts with the shriller blasts of smaller horns, make up the burden of the unearthly hubbub which re-echoes along the desert. The women and children fill gourd-flasks with little stones, and rattle them as if they were churning butter, or strike together dry fagots with the greatest energy. The trumpets of this people vary from four to five feet in length, being closed at the extremity and ornamented with carved work, representing a man's head, often adorned with a couple of horns. Another form of manyinyee (trumpet) is like that of a huge wine bottle; in order to play upon it, the musician takes it between his knees, like a violoncello, and when the build of the instrument is too

cumbrous, he has to bend over it as it lies upon the ground. The Bongo signal-horns are made from the horns of different antelopes; they have three holes, like small flutes, and in tone are not unlike fifes."

The German traveler also writes: "It were a difficult task to give any adequate description of the singing of the Bongo. It must suffice to say, that it consists of a babbling recitative, which at one time suggests the yelping of a dog, and, at another, the lowing of a cow, while it is broken ever and again by the gabbling of a string of words which are huddled up into one another. The commencement of a measure will always be with a lively air, and every one, without distinction of age or sex, will begin yelling, screeching, and bellowing with all their strength; gradually the surging of the voices will tone down, the rapid time will moderate, and the song be hushed into a wailing, melancholy strain. Thus it sinks into a very dirge, when, all at once without a note of warning, there bursts forth the whole fury of the negro throats, and shrill and thrilling is the outcry."

N. C. WENTWORTH.

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## THE ART OF JEWELRY.

### PART II.

THE art of jewelry of the Renaissance began with Theophilus, who studied it in the cloisters. Separated from the surrounding world, the monks had preserved many secrets of the art, and some traditional designs. But the Gothic style, which inspired all the reviving arts, gave also a special character to jewelry. Under this new form, therefore, appeared the chased enamels, carvings in relief, engravings, and wavy lines. The pomp of the Church caused the goldsmiths at first to devote themselves entirely to sacred utensils and ornaments. Gold and

silver were scarce, and therefore they generally made reliquaries, incense-holders, crosses, chalices, and candelabras in bronze, but with such taste and skill as to prove that the exquisiteness of the work is superior to the value of the material. As industry and commerce increased, and the States which composed Italy acquired power, the rich families of the republics, the courts, the duchies, and marquises, created a demand for rich jewels of gold, silver, and gems. Thus the art gradually developed, sometimes following the same principles from



which it originated in the beginning of the Renaissance, and sometimes modifying them by an imitation of the antique. At the end of the fourteenth, and during the fifteenth century, a great number of ancient Roman statues, sepulchers, and monuments were discovered, with which artists and men of letters were enamored; and this was the cause of the second period of the Italian revival, which may more properly be called the *Renaissance*. At this time lived Finiguerra and Cellini, the last of whom was the greatest goldsmith of his time. Jewelry imitated, in small proportions, the lines, ornaments, and figures of architecture and sculpture which architects and sculptors then studied on the Roman monuments of the time of the Antonines. Thus, many sculptors became jewelers, and Cellini became a sculptor and founder of statues in bronze. This style adapted itself to the customs and civilization of that century. It did not observe the technical methods of the ancients, but, nevertheless, made most elegant jewels, and other articles. Such, for instance, was the table made by Cellini for the King of France, in which the value of the invention was united with exquisite work. Most graceful windings were chiseled in women's ornaments, in the ornaments of the churches, and royal crowns. Figures of men, animals, sirens, fauns, or marine horses, were engraved or fused in high or low relief. Architectural designs then gave place to the splendid enamels which imitated the effects of painting, and to fine arabesques cut in gold. But this vigorous growth of all the arts did not long continue. The sacking of Rome, and the taking of Florence, the two cities most propitious to the arts, dispersed their societies and academies. The political preponderance of the Spaniards brought into Italy the inflated and bombastic taste of that nation, and with the sister arts that of the goldsmith rapidly declined. A mannerism prevailed, which was as much more gorgeous than the former style as it was less beautiful and delicate. The art then

declined almost to primitive rudeness, until, with the discovery of ancient jewels in the beginning of the present century, a new era was inaugurated, which studies patiently the jewels of the various nations which have arisen, one after the other, in Italy.

The chief jewels of the five ancient periods were, the crown, diadem, hair-pin, ear-rings, bulla, necklace, torqua, fibula, bracelet, and ring. The custom of wreathing leaves and branches in the hair is very ancient. The garland was an ornament much desired, and the Tyrrhenians gave it as a reward for heroic exploits, he who obtained it having the right to be deposited in the tomb decorated with his crown. A great variety of gold crowns are found in the Tyrrhenian and Etruscan tombs. The Tyrrhenian crowns are wrought with admirable fineness and elegance in soft waves, different colored glasses, and lovely enamels. The Etruscan crowns are generally funereal, and are remarkable for the fineness of the gold with which the leaves of ivy, beans, oak, and laurel were formed. The Greeks and Romans wore garlands, which were conferred for knowledge, military valor, and civic virtue, at their festivals and banquets. They also used the funereal crown, called by the Romans *corona sepulcralis*, which was always made of leaves, disposed successively in groups, and taken from some of those plants which symbolize immortality. The Romans had various kinds of crowns, such as the triumphal, made of laurel; the civic, of oak; that given to him who first passed the intrenchments of the enemy, of olive; and many others. Twenty different kinds, varying in name, size, and form, have been enumerated.

A white band, of wool or linen, used anciently to encircle the head, was called by the Greeks a diadem, and by the Romans *fascia alba*. Diodorus Siculus and Pliny narrate that Bacchus used it as a remedy against the headache, which he had from the use of wine. All the ancient images of Bacchus wear it, and it is frequent also in those of Jove, and

other divinities. The kings of the East were the first to wear the white bandage as a sign of their royal dignity, and they decorated it with emblems, gold, and gems. An asp was on the diadem of the Egyptian Pharaohs. The kings of Persia wore it as a bandage around the head, upon which ran a zone of gold and gems. Alexander adorned himself with it after his conquests. Previous to the Antonines, the Roman emperors wore the civic and triumphal crown; but we see on the coins afterward that they used the diadem, with raised points, but little different from that used by the barbarian kings of the Middle Ages. Among women's ornaments of the Greeks and Romans is a sort of diadem, which is seen on the images of Juno and Venus, and on the portraits of the Roman empresses.

Spilloni, similar to hair-pins of the present time, were made of metal, as well as of bone, ivory, and wood. Some long spilloni were found at Palestrina and Cervetri similar to those used by the Latins. These were either of bronze, bone, or ivory, and held the clothes or veils, perhaps such as are now worn among the mountaineers of the Sannitic Apennines. A beautiful head of woman's hair, perfectly dressed and ornamented with spilloni, may be seen in the Vatican library. An ancient epigram mentions the spilloni, and describes the hair as being oiled, perfumed, and tied with ribbons. In their anger, the Roman women would sometimes use this ornament as an instrument to punish their slaves, sometimes even drawing blood.

Ear-rings were worn in Eastern countries by both sexes, but in the West principally by women. Various authors assert that Hannibal and Jugurtha wore them. The Greeks and Romans followed the example of their forefathers, and, even after the conquest of the East, held that ear-rings were a feminine adornment. In their pictures and statues, which still exist, men are never seen with this ornament. The primitive Christians thought the custom of boring the ears of young girls was a remnant of paganism,

and, therefore, no ear-rings used by them are found.

The habit of wearing them having been generally readopted in the corruption of the Middle Ages, it always afterward continued in the West. The Tyrrhenian and Etruscan jewelers made exquisite ear-rings of varied forms and perfect design and execution. Among the Tyrrhenian and Etruscan ornaments there are some which were always thought to be ear-rings, although they were larger, of a different form, and without a hook, so that there was no way of attaching them to the bored ear. It appears that they were worn on the temple, near the angle of the forehead, hanging like an ear-ring from a lock of the hair. Some travelers assert that the Arabian women use this pendant now, attached to the hair on the temple.

*Bulla aurea* was the name given by the Romans to a medallion of lenticular form, attached to a folded gold band, almost in the shape of a saddle. The band was either corded or smooth, and the lens often bore a name or inscription. The gold *bulla* was a symbol of nobility, being worn only by the patricians, while the plebeians used it in bronze or leather. The *bulla* was used to contain amulets, a custom which the early Christians, in the first corruptions of doctrine, used to hold the eucharistic bread, or relics of martyrs. This custom of wearing amulets is still retained. Among the Romans the *bulla* was discarded by the youths at seventeen years of age, and was often consecrated to the Lares. On that day the family made a festival, inviting the relatives and friends. The younger Pliny narrates that he assisted at one of these feasts. There is no doubt that the Romans took the use of the *bulla* from the Etruscans, since the ancient Tarquin ornamented the neck of his young son in sign of nobility; and the beautiful bronze statue of a boy in the Etruscan Museum of the Vatican wears it. The Etruscan vases and articles of terra cotta represent figures of both sexes wearing the *bulla*, sometimes hung round the neck by one



string, sometimes by several. The greatest variety of form is found in the Tyrrhenian tombs. Some have human heads in relief, heads of animals, acorns, shells, and lentils, while some are wrought with the very fine granules of gold, showing that they were ornaments of the women of that ancient period.

Necklaces were worn by men as well as women among the most ancient nations, such as the East Indians, Egyptians, and Persians, and by barbarous nations. The Greeks and Romans made especial use of it at marriages, and the Tyrrhenian and Etruscan women adorned themselves with a great variety of rich and elegant necklaces. A great quantity of these ornaments, made of gold, stones, or glass, are found in the ancient tombs, or represented on ancient vases, medallions, or statues.

The torqua is a gold cord encircling the neck, terminated with two hooks, or with two simple heads like the head of a nail. It is formed of a spiral thread, or of a bundle of fine threads wound around another which sustains them. The Persians, Gauls, and other nations used it as a sign of honor; and it was called *torck* by the Britons and also by the ancient Irish. The Romans conferred the torqua on the bravest in battle, and this is the origin of the name Torquato, which many of them bore. Tombs of warriors are found on which the number of torquæ gained in battles was inscribed. The Romans probably imitated the Etruscans in the use of the torqua. The half-recumbent figure found in the Etruscan necropolis at Perugia, and the gold torqua of the Campana Museum, prove that they used it. It was also worn by some barbarous nations, as is seen from the statue of the "Dying Gladiator," in the Capitoline Museum.

The fibula is a long needle attached to a swollen half ring, which terminates in a sort of canal, or gutter, to contain the end of the needle, and prevent it from injuring the wearer. They were most generally made of bronze, but are found also in gold, silver, amber, and bone.

The most ancient are in bronze, with a simple, round swollen ring, sometimes rudely engraved. It was an ornament common to the ancient people of Italy, to the Celts, and Scandinavians. The Tyrrhenian tombs contain very rich fibulæ, wrought with granules and cords, in the form of a stud with a pin underneath. It was very common among the Etruscans, as it is found of every form and dimension. The Roman woman used it for various purposes of ornament and use, sometimes on the shoulder, sometimes to hold up the tunic at the knee. It was also worn by men.

The bracelet was anciently used by men and women on the wrist and upper part of the arm. In the East, as now in Arabia and Egypt, it was sometimes worn on the ankles. The Medes and Persians wore the richest bracelets of any people of the East. They were made of rich gems, or rows of large pearls, clasped by a disk of gold ornamented with gems. The Tyrrhenians and Etruscans wore rich bracelets made in bands, rings, or a spiral form. In their cemeteries bracelets are found not only for the living, but others destined evidently solely to ornament the dead, and to be buried with them. Others, very singular, are in gold, ornamented with granules and cords in silver and in bronze. These are so small that they could not have even served as bracelets for infants, and it was thought at first that they were dedicated to the idols. But Pliny says in regard to this ornament: "It is found, in Homer, that the men gathered their hair together and tied it with gold; but I can not tell whether this custom is more ancient in men than in women." It seems, therefore, that the Tyrrhenian and Etruscan women used these small bracelets to hold their hair, as our women use ribbons. The Sabines wore very heavy gold bracelets on their left arm, as we have a proof in the death of Tarpeia. About the same time the inhabitants of Sarno used very rich bracelets in the solemn festivals which they celebrated in honor of Juno. The Gauls wore them on the arm and

wrist. In Greece and Rome the bracelet was used as a woman's ornament, and as a premium in war and in the games. Those used by women for the upper arm were somewhat different from those worn at the wrist, the last being generally fastened by hooks, while the former were zones of metal encircling the arm. In the Colombari and among the ruins of the Latin cities are found bracelets of gold, silver, and bronze. Crowns and gold bracelets were given to the valorous Roman warriors after a battle, and coronets and silver bracelets to the strangers, or those of inferior condition. The fighters and soldiers used bronze bracelets of a particular form, intended to save the arm from the strokes of the adversary. Some of these were spiral bands ascending from the wrist to the shoulder; others were shorter, covering only a part of the arm. The Roman women made use of the bracelet to sustain amulets. Pliny notes various kinds of remedies which consisted in inserting certain substances within those which were worn constantly. Nero, by the advice of Agrippina, often wore a gold bracelet containing the cast-off skin of a serpent.

The ring, it is thought, was worn by all the ancient nations, as it has been found at Nineveh, in the Pyramids, in Præneste, and in all the Tyrrhenian and Etruscan tombs. With a ring Pharaoh conferred on Joseph a part of his power. Ahasuerus, to honor Mordecai, placed one upon his finger; and Thucydides writes that the Persian kings honored their subjects by giving them rings with portraits of Darius and Cyrus. The Tyrrhenians and Etruscans made very precious rings of every variety, with shields of gold, with gems, with the scarabæus, with cut agate, and glass of rare beauty. The epoch in which these remote nations began to use them for seals, with engraved gems, is uncertain, and it is probable that the incision was first made upon the metal of which the ring was composed. Homer makes no mention of the Greeks wearing them. The Lacædemonians wore only iron rings,

and even these were restricted to certain classes of citizens. At the time of Solon they were commonly used, as he made a law prohibiting the goldsmiths to counterfeit his ring or seal. After that epoch every free man in Greece wore a ring for a seal. The Greek women wore it less frequently, and it was less costly than that of the men. It is thought that the custom was brought to Rome, from the neighboring Etruria, by Tarquin the first. The first Romans, either from poverty or severity of customs, wore them only of iron, and used them as seals. In the first period of the republic, the use of the gold ring was limited to ambassadors to foreign nations, and it was used only in ceremonials, as it was probably inscribed with emblems alluding to his dignity and that of the republic. Those who desired to preserve ancient simplicity used iron till the last days of the republic; but finally all senators, magistrates, and cavaliers used the gold ring, and the plebeians alone were forbidden to wear it. At the fall of the republic, the emperors were invested with the power to concede the use of it; and Tiberius made a law that none should wear it except those who had for two successive generations possessed four hundred thousand sesterces. This law only increased the universal desire to wear it, and the right was finally accorded to all citizens of the empire by Justinian. Whenever the ancients left their houses, it was their custom to seal with the ring the doors of the rooms in which they kept provisions, and the boxes and caskets in which were their articles of value, suspecting, perhaps, their own slaves as much as strangers. The signs which were made on the ring in these cases were varied. The symbol of the highest authority under the Roman emperors was a ring or State seal, the use of which was sometimes temporarily conceded to those who filled their places. When a senator held it in custody he was called curator. The nuptial ring was generally of the purest gold, and Signor Castellani has specimens of the Tyrrhenian, Etruscan, and Roman in his col-



lections. It was the custom to give the bride one of gold, at the same time with another of iron, as a remembrance of modesty and domestic frugality. She received also a ring of iron or bronze, to which was attached a small key, the sign of investiture and supremacy in the affairs of the house.

The Romans also had them with portraits of ancestors or friends, with coins set in, or inscriptions engraved; in some cases they expressed symbolical allusions to the real or mythological history of the family. Sylla had one upon which was engraved Jugurtha being made a prisoner. Pompey had one upon which was engraved three trophies. Augustus took for his emblem, first a sphinx, afterward a portrait of Alexander the Great, and finally his own, a custom which was imitated by many emperors. As luxury increased, the ring became a special favorite among the ornaments. Women wore a great quantity and variety of them, and men covered all the fingers with them. They were also placed upon babies and upon the fingers of idols. Rings were used at banquets, in which were inserted

diamonds to write the names of the guests on the glass goblets. They were worn of immoderate size, and there were some for every day in the week, to serve as a calendar. There were heavy rings for Winter, and lighter ones for Summer. Many superstitions, especially in the East and in Greece, were attached to it. Rings of base material, made by the inhabitants of the island of Samothracia, were thought to possess a magical power to save from peril, and were eagerly sought by all. The ring was used as a seal by the primitive Christians. Clement, in the second century, says: "We should use but one, to serve as a seal." From the earliest part of the Middle Ages, the episcopal investiture was made by means of a gold ring with a sapphire or a ruby, which was worn on the fourth finger. The origin of this is unknown, unless it came from an imperial custom of giving one to the military tribune as an act of investiture. Certain very large rings, made of gilt bronze and enameled, were the symbols of supreme ecclesiastical dignity.

SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

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## A HYMN OF THE CREATION.

### EXORDIUM.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

### FIRST STROPHE.

And the earth was formless and empty;  
And darkness was upon the face of the abyss.  
And the spirit of God brooded upon the face of the vapors.  
And God said, Let there be light:  
And there was light.

REFRAIN—*And God saw the light that it was good.*

And God called the light Day:  
And the darkness he called Night.  
And there was evening and there was morning: one day.

### SECOND STROPHE.

And God said, Let there be an expanse in the midst of the waters,  
And let it be a division of waters from vapors.

And God made the expanse,  
And divided the waters which were below the expanse from the waters which  
were above the expanse:  
And it was so.  
And God called the expanse Heavens.  
And there was evening and there was morning: a second day.

## THIRD STROPHE.

And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered into one place,  
And let the dry ground appear:  
And it was so.  
And God called the dry ground Land:  
And the gathering of the waters he called Seas.

REFRAIN—*And God saw that it was good.*

And God said, Let the land shoot forth shoots:  
Herbs yielding seed, fruit-trees yielding seed-inclosing fruit after their kind  
upon the land:  
And it was so.  
And the land brought forth shoots:  
Herbs yielding seed after their kind, and trees yielding seed-inclosing fruit  
after their kind.

REFRAIN—*And God saw that it was good.*

And there was evening and there was morning: a third day.

## FOURTH STROPHE.

And God said, Let there be luminaries in the expanse of the heavens to divide  
the day from the night:  
And let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years;  
And let them be for light-bearers in the expanse of the heavens, to give light  
upon the earth:  
And it was so.  
And God made the two great luminaries:  
The greater luminary to rule the day;  
The lesser luminary to rule the night.  
He made the stars lights also;  
And God appointed them in the expanse of the heavens to give light upon  
the earth,  
And to rule over the day and night,  
And to divide the light from the darkness.

REFRAIN—*And God saw that it was good.*

And there was evening and there was morning: a fourth day.

## FIFTH STROPHE.

And God said, Let the waters swarm forth swarming things, living souls;  
And let birds fly upon the land, upon the face of the expanse of the heavens.  
And God created great leviathans,  
And all living souls that creep, which the waters swarmed forth after their kind;  
And all birds of wing after their kind.

REFRAIN—*And God saw that it was good.*

And God blessed them, saying:  
Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters of the sea;



And let the birds multiply in the land.

And there was evening and there was morning: a fifth day.

SIXTH STROPHE.

And God said, Let the land bring forth living souls after their kind:

Cattle and creeping things, and land animals after their kind:

And it was so.

And God made land animals after their kind,

And cattle after their kind,

And all creeping things after their kind.

REFRAIN—*And God saw that it was good.*

And God said, Let us make MAN in our image, after our likeness:

And let him have dominion over the fish of the sea,

And over the birds of the heavens,

And over the cattle,

And over the land,

And over all the creeping things that creep upon the land.

And God created MAN in his own image:

In the image of God created he him;

Male and female created he them.

And God blessed them; and God said unto them,

Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it;

And have dominion over the fishes of the sea,

And over the birds of the heavens,

And over all the animals that creep upon the land.

And God said, Behold, I have given you all herbs seeding seed which are upon  
the face of all the land,

And every tree which has seed-inclosed fruit;

They shall be unto you for food.

And to all land animals,

And to all the birds of the heavens,

And to all creeping things upon the land wherein is a living soul,

I have given every green herb for food:

And it was so.

REFRAIN—*And God saw every thing that he had made, and  
behold it was very good.*

And there was evening and there was morning: the sixth day.

EPODE.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished,

And all the hosts of them,

And on the seventh day God put period to the work which he had made;

And he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it:

Because that in it he rested from all his works which God by making created.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE first few years of our residence in Montmorency have left to me only a few remembrances. I recall the fact, that work came to me without stint, and that those who looked with contempt on me, when I arrived among them, scarcely ever passed me now without touching their hats with respect. In fact, I became a personage of some consequence in the country. Having occupied the workshop and yard of my old competitor, I now established myself permanently there, with Genevieve. We papered the small premises, repainted the ceiling, draped the windows with white curtains, and set our Bengal roses on each side the door. A little corner of earth had been transformed into a garden. My wife planted there her flowers, and hung out her linen to dry. She even collected also a swarm of stray bees, from which, at length, we stocked several hives. Our son and daughter sprang up like poplars, racing among the lintels and shavings, warbling in sweet notes, to entice the birds around the place. Tranquillity and abundance were fairly domiciled within our dwelling. I recall this time so definitely, because of an adverse incident, which soon, however, turned out to be one of great joy.

It was caused by the birth of our little Marianne. We had for our nearest neighbor a rich dame, with her hundred thousand francs, and good in proportion—a beneficent providence, as it were, to all who came near her. I had built certain conservatories in her park, to her entire satisfaction; and, moreover, she had taken a fancy to Genevieve, who whitened her linen regularly. Two or three months before the birth of the little one, she had proposed to stand as its godmother, which offer the mother accepted with gratitude. The child came into the world with a firm resolve to live;

and while I was in the first excitement of the new happiness, Maurice stepped in among us. I had never seen the master-companion since arranging his bad business matter, but I knew that the architect, who had become his security, had given him a profitable situation, and that he had entered with a hopeful heart into his industrial life again. In fact, I found him as social, as jolly, and as active, as in the good old times. Age had only increased somewhat his *embonpoint*. He embraced us warmly three successive times, and could not entirely restrain his weeping.

"I saw thy shop and yard as I entered," said he, pressing his two hands on my shoulders, and his moist eyes very near my own. "It seems all to go well, boy! Thou art making provision for the Winter of thy old days. . . . It is well, my brave one! This union with dear friends has given me fresh strength."

I replied, that every thing went on as effectively as one could wish. I explained, in few words, my exact position in the world. He listened attentively, seated near the bed of Genevieve, our little Jacques on his knees, and regarding steadily the *new arrival*, which lay sleeping in its cradle.

"Go on! live well!" cried he, when I had finished. "Such brave men must always prosper; they are an honor to the good God! I wanted to know how it was with thee; and that is the reason I asked from our patron a few days' holiday."

"And you will stay with us?" said Genevieve, with evident pleasure.

"If the wish is sincere on your part," replied Maurice. "I came to you on my first arrival! During the many weeks of our separation I have hungered and thirsted for this meeting."

He still held me by the hand.

"And since," added he, turning toward



the cradle, "and since I heard of the increase of the family, I have dwelt only on one idea,—an idea which has rejoiced my heart for three months!"

"What idea?" asked Genevieve.

"That of being a godfather for the child."

"A godfather?"

"And behold him!" added he, striking his chest. "You will never find one with a better will, nor one who loves you more."

Genevieve could not restrain a movement of surprise, and we exchanged a conscious look. Maurice noticed it.

"Am I too late?" demanded he. "Have you already chosen the sponsor?"

"A godfather! No!" stammered the mother. "We have, as yet, only a godmother."

"Then, it is well!" replied the master-companion; "you can present me to her. Thus to find myself here, you see, gives me a taste of great joy. We must be amused till death. I wish to have a model baptism, with *bon bons*, Bordeaux at discretion, and nice rabbit stews. Ah ha! She is not too bad-looking, at least, this godmother of yours?"

I replied to him, with a little embarrassment, that it was Madame Lefort, our rich neighbor.

"A citizeness!" replied Maurice. "Excuse me for a little. There is some honor in that! We shall have to put on some dignity. But be easy,—when occasion requires, we know how to call out the right manners. I shall buy a pair of knit gloves."

We had not time to reply, when the neighbor herself entered the room. For a moment I felt confused. Genevieve had half risen in her bed. The situation was becoming truly embarrassing. And still more, when Madame Lefort reminded us of the promise we had made her, declaring that she came to arrange with us about the godfather.

"What!" cried Maurice, addressing himself to her; "a godfather? Behold him! I have arrived from Bourgogne, for that very purpose. I see before me,

I hope, the madame who is to be my godmother. Enchanted at the privilege, dame! We must have sugar-plums."

Madame Lefort looked at us in astonishment. Genevieve had turned very red, and began to pick off the down on her cotton coverlet, without daring to raise her eyes. Then occurred a long silence, which good Maurice did not notice in the least, while he trolled Jacques on his knees, chanting the familiar nursery-rhyme,

"Ride a cock-horse  
To Notre Dame cross,  
To see an old woman  
Ride on a white horse."

"This changes the whole thing," said the neighbor at length, in a hard, dry tone. "I came to propose naming the child with my brother, the counselor of prefecture. I was ignorant that you had made your choice without consulting me."

"Madame must excuse us," replied I; "we thought of no person. This is the master-companion, who, arriving but a few hours since, has made the proposition."

"And we expected to speak of it to madame," added Genevieve.

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Maurice, who finally perceived our embarrassment; "I do not wish to affront any person. What I have said has been from true affection. I would like, indeed, to name the little one, seeing that the godchild is almost like a daughter to me; but my good will must not bring any ill feeling to others; and if Pierre Henri has found a better one, he must not be troubled on my account."

He rose up as he spoke. The cheerful expression on his good face had disappeared. Both Genevieve and myself made a gesture, at the same moment, to detain him where he stood, and both had taken the same resolve, with united hearts.

"Remain with us, Father Maurice," cried I. "We can never find better in this world than old friends like you!"

"Besides, Madame Lefort knows you," added Genevieve.

And turning toward the neighbor, with one of those supplicating smiles habitual to her, she said:

"This is the brave Maurice, the old teacher of Pierre Henri, of whom I have often spoken to madame, who has aided him, next to God, to be an honest man. When the Mother Madeline died, he took charge of the funeral; and when we were married, he led me into the church. In joy and in sorrow he has always been with us. Madame will understand that he ought to continue his office of protector, also, to our children."

"You are right," said Madame Lefort, whose face had regained its serenity. "New friends ought not to usurp the place of the old ones. M. Maurice, we will name the child together."

"It is good," cried the master-mason, moved even to tears; "and I say you are valiant, woman! But you will never regret what you have done; for though our outside may seem like the rough bark, like trees before the wood is planed and squared, we know what our duty is to people that are higher born. Madame has nothing to fear; she will be content with me."

The neighbor smiled, and changed the conversation. She continued, however, very polite in her manner to Maurice, who, after her departure, declared she was the *queen of great men*. As for ourselves, he pressed our hands in his own, with a recognition very affecting to me.

"Thanks, friends," said he, in a trembling voice. "If I live a hundred years, do you see, I shall never forget this hour. You have not been ashamed of your old comrade, and you have risked for him a rich patronage. This is brave, and it is right. God will recompense you!"

The baptism went off to the satisfaction of the whole company.

Maurice had the manners of a prefect, and Madame Lefort did not appear embarrassed by such a godfather. After passing some hours more with us the master-companion left Montmorency, at peace with himself and all the world. We cried a little in bidding each other

farewell, and Maurice never hoped to see us again.

"We now separate until the last judgment," said he, at parting. "But never mind; the last meeting has been good. It is not so common a thing, you know, to find true friends after a long absence, and then to leave them again without any thing to reproach, either in the one or the other. You are on the high road to fortune, children. Do not crowd too much the fresh horses, and, continuing on your way, keep well to the beaten track. I leave you there a little Christian, who will recall me to your remembrance. And thou, Pierre Henri, who canst write as well as speak, do not be a lazy fellow, but *trouble me*, from time to time, with a letter, whence thou canst inform me of the state of the housekeeping. Although the devil invented writing, we may as well take advantage of it."

He embraced us once more, turned to the cradle of his goddaughter, and watched her as she slept, then went out of the house.

The kind of presentiment that possessed him on leaving us was fulfilled. I never saw him, although, through the mercy of God, he lived many years.

From time to time, certain operatives from other points brought me verbal news from him, with little presents for Marianne. The good companion was, said they, always as courageous at work and as warm-hearted toward his friends as ever. The architect who had seen his capabilities, left him entire master of his department of work. Maurice grew old, thus happy and useful, without ever dreaming that he merited a better position. His was the simple heart, as we have said, that had no idea of changing the lot assigned one by the good God. During the year that comprised his sudden illness and his end, I heard accidentally of both. He came one morning less brave than ordinary to the work-yard, having been exposed to a drizzling rain on the evening before, when he was unwilling to quit work, and, seized with



fever in that same night, he breathed his last sigh after the close of the third day. Valiant soldier of the ranks of honest labor! he died, we may truly say, on his battle-field!

This was for us hard, sad tidings. Genevieve loved him with a special affection. She clothed the little Marianne in mourning for her dead godfather. The one who had gone was the last witness of our youthful days,—our last adopted parent was now laid under the clods of earth,—now our immediate family must be all in all; our children, by degrees, would have to replace the friends that were forever lost to us; we were commencing the downhill of life, from which the gate opens into a cemetery. Happily, we need cease our work because of these meditations. Men live as the world moves, by the will of God. It is his part to think for us, and ours to submit.

Jacques and Marianne grew up without giving us care, or taking any for themselves. This constituted the good atmosphere that pervaded the house. The boy already wandered around among the operatives, and, in looking at their work, insensibly learned much. The little girl always closely followed after her mother, as if it was necessary to her life that she should see her, laugh with her, and embrace her. Meanwhile, Madame Lefort carried her off to her own chateau constantly. She also had a daughter who was seized with an enthusiastic affection for Marianne, and could neither work nor play without her. Marianne acted both as an incentive and a reward. Thus it came about imperceptibly that our dwelling became like a dependency on the rich neighbor. A gateway which had once opened from the park into my stone-yard was now re-opened. When Mademoiselle Caroline was not with us, Marianne could always be found at their chateau. Each day the child returned with some new gift; it might be fruit, or toys, or even articles of jewelry. More than one felt a petty jealousy on account of these generousities; while, for myself, I only recognized in them that friendship which

had been otherwise proved to us. The fond caresses of the little neighbor gave me more pleasure than her fancy boxes. Speaking truly, we could say that Madame Lefort never showed any cold or exclusive pride. Our child was always treated as if she were the equal of her own daughter, and whom she often indeed brought forward to the Mademoiselle as a good example. Every thing glided along in our lives smoothly and in harmony, until the time when M. Lefort accepted certain duties that obliged him to return to Paris. On being told that she must leave Marianne, his daughter burst into loud and piteous cries. All the fair promises they could offer did not in the least console the child. Finally, on the evening preceding their departure, Madame Lefort came to us while we were at supper; following her was a housemaid who disappeared immediately after depositing a package on a table. Our neighbor made some proposition to the children that might, for a time, take them out of the room; and when we were left by ourselves, she said:

"I come to have some conversation with you on serious matters. Do not commence by crying out, but listen to me with all your good heart and all your sound reason."

We promised her to do so.

"I have no need to speak to you of the attachment of Caroline for Marianne," continued she. "You have been witness to it, and have been able to judge of its strength. My daughter has been in the habit of spending at least half of her time with yours. She has need of her, both in order to learn well and to be happy. From the moment when she first feared a separation, she has eaten nothing. She refuses all work and every pleasure. It is as if one had taken away a portion of her life."

Genevieve interrupted her to express her gratitude for such affection.

"If it is true that you are pleased in knowing this of her," replied Madame Lefort, "you can now prove it toward the child. Your daughter is, by Caroline's

choice, her adopted sister; permit her to become one in every sense."

"In what way?" demanded I.

"By confiding her to us," she replied. And, as she saw the sudden start of both parents, she exclaimed: "Ah! do you recall your promise? You engaged to listen quietly to the end. I do not come to propose withdrawing Marianne from your affection, but let her also accept that of ours. It is not to take her away from her family, but to give her a second. I shall have one child more, without making your number less; for all your rights shall still be preserved in her, and your daughter shall come to you as often as you desire it."

Both Genevieve and myself at the same moment began in few words to raise some objections.

"Wait," interrupted Madame Lefort again; "let me finish what I have to say. Is it not true that, above every thing else, you desire the happiness of your child,—your most cherished desire to secure for her a tranquil future? Well, I offer to take the responsibility of this. Not only will Marianne receive the same education as my daughter, and partake of all her recreations, but I engage to secure her a fine position and bestow upon her a dowry. I have only one daughter, and I am rich enough to give myself this pleasure."

The proposition was so extraordinary, so unexpected, that we remained in silent bewilderment. She perceived it, and, rising,

"Reflect," said she; "I do not wish to take you by surprise. To-morrow you can give me your answer; and I will then take such steps that my promises shall become a written and formal engagement."

Genevieve seized her hand, trying to express how much she was touched by so great kindness.

"Do not thank me," continued Madame Lefort; "what I have done is for the sake of my own daughter more than for yours. In securing for her a devoted companion, I am enriching her home

life. You will find in this package some articles of dress from Caroline's wardrobe. They were designed for her adopted sister. I find that this explanation has affected you, and I can hardly keep back my weeping also. But do not let us delay, for I desire to avoid a second interview on the subject. If you decide to accept my proposals, bring Marianne to me to-morrow morning clad in her new costume, and this will be proof that Caroline can henceforth regard her as her sister; otherwise, spare my poor child and myself the sorrow of saying farewell."

After these words she pressed our hands in hers, and went out. I remained motionless before the door, with bowed head, and arms hanging listless at my side. Genevieve threw herself into a chair, covering her face with her apron, and breathing only in stifled sobs. We remained thus for a long time without speaking; but we understood each other in this silence. The same conflict was going on in both our hearts. In spite of what Madame Lefort had said, we realized well that, in confiding Marianne to her, we renounced the best part of our rights; that the child must change her family relations, and we could only hope for a second place in her affection. But the advantages proposed were very serious. Whatever prosperity I enjoyed was only for the present moment; my position, I knew by sad experience, might at any time suffer change. A failure might compromise my credit; sickness would distract my business affairs; my death would expose those who survived to poverty.

That which Madame Lefort offered to us was indeed painful to Genevieve and myself, but it would be a profitable benefit to Marianne. If in acting for ourselves alone, it would be easy to refuse; in considering the good of our daughter, it would perhaps be more prudent to consent. This last idea decided the point. After all, parents live for their children, not for themselves. Both of us were influenced by the same reflection;



and when we had sufficiently recovered our composure for any conversation, we each arrived at the same decision. Genevieve wept silently, and, although not much more brave, I tried to strengthen her resolution and courage.

"Let us be calm," said I to her, speaking almost in a whisper, for fear of giving way and losing command of myself, like her; "we must not try to weaken our hearts, but to do our duty. Why should we afflict ourselves, if our daughter is to be happy? Let us rather thank God, who has given us the opportunity of self-sacrifice for her benefit. It is a proof that he esteems and loves us."

Nevertheless, I slept little that night, and rose at the very peep of day. Genevieve was already moving about, preparing the vestments brought the evening previous by Madame Lefort. She made no complaint, nor expressed any regret. She was of that courageous temperament which never debated the question of doing what she believed to be necessary. When Marianne awoke, she began in silence to dress her in the new costume. The little girl appeared at first surprised, and wished to know why they had given her these beautiful dresses of Mademoiselle. But her mother, stifling back her sobs, could not reply. The astonishment of Marianne soon gave place to admiration. She uttered exclamations of delight at every fresh detail of her toilette. Hoping to moderate these transports a little, I said to her that she was going to leave us, and go away with Madame Lefort. But this information seemed quite indifferent to her. Genevieve cast on me a glance full of sadness. The child continued to busy herself with her toilet, recounting aloud her expectations. She should have a seat in the carriage of Madame Lefort; all the little girls of the village would see her in her new dress,—they would take her for a fine demoiselle; and, as her mother, who had completed the robing, essayed to press her for the last time in her arms, the child drew away, telling her she must not rumple the nice collarette. Genevieve uttered a

faint moan, while her eyes filled with tears. I was also violently agitated. I took the child by the hand. I made her enter understandingly into the plans of our neighbor, and then I led her again toward her mother, who still continued to weep.

"Listen!" said I, in a half whisper, "we have decided to give away the child for her own good; but it is first necessary to know, if, in desiring to be useful to her, we do not, in fact, inflict a wrong upon her!"

"Ah! thou hast seen then as I have," stammered Genevieve.

"I have seen," replied I, "that fine clothes have made her forget that she is going to live far away from us, and that vanity has already stifled natural affection in her heart."

"She likes her pretty toilet better than my kisses!" said the mother, redoubling her tears.

"And we have only made a beginning!" added I. "We can gather strength enough to deprive ourselves of the child we love, but can not consent to her corruption. I do not wish Marianne to become richer, if it is to be on condition of her gaining evil tempers. Yesterday we saw only one side of the thing, that of her interest; there is another more serious one, that of morality. In her life, as a fine demoiselle, the child will most likely forget from whence she comes; who knows if she will not reach the point of being ashamed of her parentage? That can not be, that shall not be! Go, take off her dress, Genevieve, and still remain her mother, that to the end, she may remain worthy to be thy daughter."

The poor woman threw herself in my arms, and then hastened to disrobe the little one. We let Madame Lefort depart, without giving any adieus, as she had begged us to do. But I wrote to explain, as well as I could, what our trial had been. She never replied, and we never heard that any more was said about it. She had doubtless not been able to forgive our refusal.

Meanwhile, the architect to whom I

owed my situation in Montmorency continued to show his good will. He gave me all the work which was at his disposal, and neglected no occasion to increase my profits; and I desired nothing more than to see him prosper. Unfortunately, he was a man led astray, at times, by pleasure. Confident in his scientific knowledge and rapidity of execution, he believed himself capable of facing every thing, keeping no account with his wandering fancies. His Summer residence became the rendezvous of a brilliant society. There were not only feasts and festivals, but elegant appointments, equipages, and expensive plays. I soon perceived that his affairs were becoming embarrassed,—he put off payments, asked for advances, accepted all engagements. First his credit began to suffer,—then his reputation. People spoke in low voices about his increased expenses, of multiplied wine jugs received, and the like. But I suppressed these accusations as calumnies. For my part, although I had always found M. Duprè easy in his business affairs, he was ever loyal.

A Parisian companion had confided, for two years, the direction of a brick-kiln and stone-quarry to him, which, thanks to his energy, had acquired very large proportions. Still, the enterprise, although prosperous in outward appearance, had realized nothing of benefit. The parties interested, supposing that the frequent and necessary absences of M. Duprè favored unfaithfulness in some inferior *employé*, decided that a more specific surveillance over each detail was indispensable, and made me the offer of taking it. Before accepting, I wished to consult M. Duprè himself. He seemed embarrassed; but, after hesitating for a few seconds,—

"If it is not Pierre Henri," said he, as if speaking to himself, "it will be some other person. I would rather trust the work to an acquaintance than to a stranger."

He urged me then to accept, counseling me not to vex myself above measure, but to leave matters to follow their own

course, and, in any case, to do nothing without giving him notice in advance. I soon entered upon my office. The excavations appeared to me in excellent train, men well-selected, and conducted with much spirit. In watching the organization of affairs, I could not comprehend why it had given so unsatisfactory results. At first, curiosity alone impelled me to seek for the cause; then honesty obliged me to pursue it. From the first examination, I ascertained that there had been considerable embezzlements somewhere. I succeeded in arranging the list and estimating the amount; the whole counting up a sum in the neighborhood of twenty thousand francs! Tormented by my sad discovery, I went again to see M. Duprè, to whom I communicated the facts. At the first word, he uttered a startled exclamation. I imagined that he doubted the truth of my statement, and I hastened to place the proofs under his eyes. When I had finished, he inquired if I suspected any persons. I replied that there was no one, because the thing transpired before my entering into the business.

"Then it needs not be that we speak of it to the world!" said he, quickly. "Seem as if thou wert ignorant of all; remember thou, that thou hast seen nothing."

I lifted my eyes, stupefied. He was very pale, and his hands trembled. A fearful gleam of light passed through my mind. I recoiled from looking at it. He raised his hand to his forehead, pressed his thumb deep against it, with a kind of despair. I could not keep back a cry of distress.

"Hush! hold thy tongue, unfortunate boy!" replied he, in a tone that made me tremble. "This is only a temporary irregularity. . . . My affairs will right themselves, and I will pay back all arrears to the interested parties. . . . But remember that the least indiscretion would ruin me!"

He then explained, at length, the embarrassments in which he had involved himself, developed all his plans, and gave me a list of his resources. I listened to him, but without attention. I



recovered my presence of mind, however, when he asked me to defer any investigation for some weeks. The thought of my responsibility came back to me then in full force, and I realized that my situation had something terrible in it.

"Excuse me," replied I, stammering. "I have nothing to do with what was confided to others; but it is another matter with that which has been placed under my charge. On leaving here to-day, I shall abandon my place of superintendent."

"To give me into the power of another, who will make the same discovery, and destroy me without mercy," cried the architect, bitterly. "I hoped to find in you more gentleness, Pierre Henri, and, above all, a better memory!" . . .

"Ah! do not believe that I have forgotten any thing, monsieur!" cried I, with heart-felt feeling; "I know that I owe every thing to you, and what I have belongs to you." . . . He made a wild gesture. "Do not take these for mere words of course," added I, still more earnestly. "By gathering together my resources, I can have, in a few days, eleven thousand francs. In the name of God, take them. Try yourself to procure the rest, and acquit yourself of dishonor!"

I clasped my hands in great excitement, but M. Duprè remained some time without replying. He was very much agitated himself; finally, he said to me, with humility:

"It is impossible! . . . I thank you, Pierre Henri, but it is too late. I should

only ruin you without saving myself. You can not know all." . . . He checked himself. I dared not look at him, and I could not speak. He resumed again, after a brief silence:

"Do what you wish. . . . Demand your dismissal if you please. . . . All I ask of you is to be silent on that of which you can have no personal knowledge."

He took leave of me by a gesture, and I went out almost beside myself.

It must have been nearly a month later that a certain party proposed to me the oversight of a great enterprise, which would carry me to Bourgogne. The transaction with M. Duprè decided me to accept. The sight of him made me melancholy, and the secret of which I had become the depository made me tremble. Removing to a distance, it seemed to me I should leave the trouble behind me. Unfortunately, it became known to others. I learned, soon after, that the whole had been discovered, and that, at the thought of so public a dishonor, my old patron lost his reason, and death soon released him.

Here the memorial of Pierre Henri was interrupted. Among copies of deeds, memoranda of costs and charges, and business notes, were found several closely copied pages, here and there, without indication of their source, but above which the master-mason had written, "For my Children!" These consisted in moral reflections or appropriate maxims for their education.

FROM THE FRENCH.

## A VISIT TO POMPEII.\*

IT was in the early part of Spring, 1868, that a party of eight Americans, under my guidance, "made the tour of Italy." Among the places of interest we visited was Pompeii. While wandering through its desolate streets and ruined houses, the words of Goethe came vividly to our minds: "But few of the misfortunes that happened in the world are calculated to afford to posterity so much pleasure as the destruction of Pompeii; I scarcely know any thing more interesting than it." While it is certainly wrong to rejoice at misfortunes, whether they happened centuries ago or in our own days, we could not but feel the force of these words.

The charm and interest of this disinterred city that attract both the ordinary traveler and the student of art and history more, perhaps, than the delicious breeze and cloudless sky and fragrant orange-groves of Southern Italy, may be found in the fact that here we see a slice of the ancient world placed, as it were, in the midst of our modern world, thus affording us a tolerably correct idea of the manners and customs, the domestic, social, and public life, of the inhabitants of an ancient Roman city. The same can not be said of Herculaneum; for it lies deeper beneath the surface than Pompeii; and the largest part of it is covered with a mighty lava-stream, that, in the course of centuries, has become as hard as rocks, and upon which are now built the modern towns of Portici and Resina. It can never be disinterred. A few houses only have been brought to daylight; and,

as for the rest, only a very small portion of it may be seen, by the help of candle-light, by descending one hundred and twelve steps, to the vaulted corridors that run around the highest row of seats in the amphitheater. On the other hand, Pompeii basks again, as of old, in the smiles of a cloudless sun. There may be seen, though in partial ruins, the houses, the streets, the temples, the theaters, and the baths, as they existed eighteen hundred years ago, in the proudest age of the Roman empire. Life pulsed through them with a freshness and fullness scarcely witnessed elsewhere outside of Rome. Business and commerce flourished; wealth came pouring in from all sides; luxury and extravagance followed in its wake, and sensuous pleasures and carnal enjoyments were indulged in to an extraordinary degree.

Thus the Fates, to use a classic phrase, were spinning the thread of Pompeii's apparently prosperous destiny, when, all of a sudden, Atropos cut that thread asunder; and that city was buried out of sight by a rain of ashes, poured upon it by Vesuvius, on the 24th of August, 79. "That day," says Dion Cassius, "was turned into night, and light into darkness. An inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was poured out, deluging land, sea, and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the people were sitting in the theater." Thus perished the gay Campanian city, in the proudest and most civilized period in the history of the Roman empire.

"Perished!" did we say? Yes. No. Perished she did, in so far as her gay life and prosperous career were suddenly closed: perished she did not, in so far as the preservation for centuries of her streets and houses, and temples and works of art, etc., was concerned. These centuries are now passed; it has fallen to the lot of the nineteenth century to "resurrect," as it were, to a second exist-

\**Pompeii: Its Buildings, Antiquities, and Works of Art.* For the Friends of Art and Antiquity. Described by J. Overbeck. Third improved and enlarged edition. Illustrated with twenty-seven large colored views, plans, and three hundred and fifteen wood-cuts printed in the text. (Large octavo. Pp. 580. Leipzig: W. Engelmann.) This volume is in itself a magnificent work of art,—"a thing of beauty" (and instruction) and, therefore, "a joy forever."



ence this city of the dead. True, she is in partial ruins; and yet she is grand even in her ruins. So much is preserved that the imagination can easily supply the rest,—“repair those graceful ruins, reanimate those bones,” and people its streets and houses and temples and baths and theaters, and thus place before us the luxuries and mighty pomp of the Campanian city of eighteen centuries ago.

In the work mentioned in the foot-note, Professor Overbeck has minutely described and beautifully illustrated this city, with its thousands of objects of interest; while Bulwer reanimated it, as it were, in his “Last Days of Pompeii.” The former work, containing a fuller and more exact description and pictorial illustration of Pompeii than any other, so far as our knowledge goes, refreshes our memory, and assists us in briefly giving such general impressions as a day’s examination on the spot made upon our mind.

The first thing that strikes one on entering Pompeii is the narrowness of the streets. It finds no parallel in any modern city, except, perhaps, Venice. The widest streets are not wider than ordinary lanes or alleys in American cities, and many of them are still narrower. Of course, the vehicles used here must have been extremely narrow between the wheels, otherwise it would have been impossible for two chariots moving in opposite directions to pass each other. The streets appear well paved with stones and lava blocks, in which the ruts worn by the chariot-wheels may still be seen.

As to the houses and villas, they differ from each other in size and elegance, as their owners probably did in wealth, competence, or poverty; but still they preserve a uniform family likeness, and differ greatly from our modern houses. This difference is caused no doubt partly by climatological considerations, and partly by the unlike habits and modes of living among the ancients and moderns. “A fine house in Pompeii,” says another writer (and his statements are borne out both by our own observation and Profes-

sor Overbeck’s work), “consists of several inclosed spaces, some open to the sky, around which walls and colonnades are built. These communicate with each other by doors and passages. The *atrium*, which is the principal room entered after the vestibule, is a large, and often elegantly decorated, apartment, with a square or rectangular opening in the roof, which has a pitch toward the center; and under this opening is a sunken cistern, called *compluvium*, into which the rain-water drips. Around this apartment or hall, like state-rooms around a cabin, are ranged the sleeping-rooms,—little dark, narrow, confined holes, without windows, and receiving light and air only through the door opening into the atrium,—without any of the comforts and conveniences of a modern bedroom, and often containing only a rude bench, rather than a bedstead, on which the sleeper probably threw himself without taking off the clothes he had worn during the day.” Sometimes the bedstead consists of a rectangular table, built of brick and mortar against a wall, about three feet high, three feet wide, and six and a half feet long. Sometimes one sees fresco paintings on these walls representing personal or domestic habits.

These houses seem to have been built for general convenience. The family lived together in the atrium, or some corresponding apartment, seeking the sunny side, or gathering around a brazier, in Winter; and, in the Summer, drawing a linen shade over the roof, and opening all the doors for the free circulation of air. The reason why the Pompeian houses are generally small, as compared with modern dwellings, may be found in the fact that the inhabitants of Pompeii, like those of Southern Italy to this day, lived an out-of-door life. Their time was spent mostly at places of public amusements,—at the baths, the forum, the theaters, etc. Without newspapers and magazines, in our sense of these words, without an extensive correspondence, and with a delicious climate, and almost perpetual sunshine, there was little to

keep them at home, except eating and sleeping, but much to attract them out of doors.

As regards the decorations and adornments of these houses, there is a great difference between them and modern houses. The Pompeian family had the walls of their houses painted with frescoes, we hang our pictures against the walls; they had scarcely any windows, we hang ours with rich curtains; they walked over a floor of marble, often inlaid with mosaics, we tread on costly carpets; they surrounded themselves with finer works of bronze and marble than we do; "their lamps, braziers, tripods, and table furniture gratified the sense of beauty more than our chairs, tables, and cups and saucers. But in the useful arts they were far behind us. There were no chimneys for the smoke to escape; their utensils, tools, implements, etc., were rude and clumsy."

So, too, in all that relates to dress and personal ornaments, the same inconsis-

encies were displayed. True, their jewelry, such as rings, bracelets, brooches, etc., are, in fineness and quality of workmanship, equal to our modern jewelry; but, in the substantial articles of dress, our superiority is very great. It would be comparatively easy, had we the time and space, to go into details as to the style of architecture, the social and domestic habits and customs, the fine and useful arts, etc., of the ancient Pompeians, and to show their inferiority or superiority, as the case may be. But the reader will find all this graphically described, and illustrated with superb engravings and wood-cuts, in Professor Overbeck's splendid volume,—a work that is alike a monument to the author's painstaking research and personal observation, minute description and beautiful illustration, logical arrangement and lucid style, and a real work of art, so far as the mechanical "getting-up" is concerned. All honor both to the author and to the publisher!

MICHAEL J. CRAMER.

## RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS ART PROBLEMS.

A VERY noticeable feature of the great Cincinnati Musical Festival of 1875 was the presence on the programmes of many and extensive specimens of the so-called "music of the future." Theodore Thomas has done more than any other musician in the country to bring this school of music to the attention of art-lovers, and he is one of its most enthusiastic and efficient disciples, either in this country or Europe; having received frequent tokens of friendship and regard from Wagner himself, whose music he so well brought out. Since 1862, he has battled steadily against conventional prejudice, and his persistence has rendered the performance of Lohengrin possible in this country. To his personal influence alone Cincinnati is indebted for

the opportunity of hearing and judging these musical novelties.

The musical world has never known such a tempest of conflicting opinions as that brewed by the incantations of Wagner's wizard genius. The Glück-Piccini war, a hundred years ago, in Paris, though fought on the same territory and on much the same line, was but a provisional insurrection compared with the world-wide battle which now engages in its ranks all the musically inclined, from the dilettante to the artist.

"The music of the future" is a new, free, almost lawless species of tone-composition, which professes to open gates into new realms of enchantment, and makes the prophetic boast that, within a half century, it, and it only, will be the



music of the civilized world. The first hint and impulse toward this so-called advance in musical art was taken from the innovations made upon conventional forms by Beethoven in his third period.\* The Frenchman Berlioz heard the Ninth Symphony, and was converted from a Parisian law-student to a professional composer. He had the genius of orchestral effects, and a half-insane love of any thing new; and these united to produce a series of descriptive symphonies,—“Queen Mab,” “The Tempest,” and the like,—which were such odd jumbles of beauty and grotesqueness that, after hearing them, Rossini uttered one of those *bon-mots* for which he is so celebrated,—“What a pity this man did not become a musician!”

To the French Berlioz, “the school of the future” now added the Saxon Wagner and the Hungarian Liszt and others. Brahms, Raff, Rubinstein, Schumann have been more or less tintured with its spirit. Berlioz gave it rise, Liszt the countenance and support of a great executant and man of the world, but Wagner is, beyond doubt, its central figure, its greatest genius,—its very marrow and life-blood.

Richard Wagner has the power of always making an impression, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile, sometimes a painful mixture of both; but to hear him with indifference is impossible. His boldness, his self-confidence, his instrumental instinct, his gift of dramatic effects; his restless, morbid, passionate whirlpool of violent sensations and lawless emotions, in which he catches the soul and carries it with a fatal fascination; and last, but by no means least, his strong sensuousness, not to say sensuality, heavily glazed over with a gorgeous enamel of beautiful

figures—all these qualities, taken together, recommend him to this restless, experimental, and subtly materialistic age. He tells us himself that his instincts at once respond to any revolutionary influence. He was dormant in politics until 1848, when he became a conspicuous figure in the short-lived rebellion at Dresden. He is the musical prophet and interpreter of the infidel philosophy, which, taking new sciences for a shield, has dazzled and overcome so many self-satisfied intellects of the present day.

He brings out in strong relief both praise and blame, he is a god with his friends, a devil with his enemies; the red republicans applaud him lustily, the conservatives denounce him bitterly. The Emperor of Russia once said he could understand the absolute monarchy of Russia and the republic of America, but the limited monarchy of England baffled him; and though it may be hard for the mind of the bigoted classicist or the bigoted futurist to conceive, the mind of the most judicious must hang poised with suspended judgment. In his operas there is much to enjoy, and much to endure. At one moment the attention is caught by a graceful melody; at the next comes an abrupt silence, long enough to allow a thousand dismal fears to arise; then we are stunned and half-stupefied with trombones, trumpets, triangles, cymbals, and drums, “braying harsh dissonance,” while piccoloes screech and violins scream, and the basses tremble and struggle with many a groan, and the weak choir of wood instruments moan in pain.

Richard Wagner is a compound of genius, self-conceit, and sensuality. The first is testified by his snatches of delicious melody and occasional felicities of rich and novel harmony; the second is seen in his biographical and critical writings; and the third is illustrated by his elopement with the wife of Büelow, *nee* Cossina Liszt.

The life of Wagner has been full of struggle, and has shown him to be a man of iron will. In his boyhood, his

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\*The artistic life of Beethoven is divided by the best critics into three portions: The first from 1795 to 1803, eight years, in which he published up to Opus, 54. The second, from 1803 to 1813, ten years, during which he reached Opus, 92. Third from 1813 to 1817, fourteen years, reaching to Opus, 138. Opus, 125, is the much debated Ninth Symphony.

vacillation between the studies of poetry, the piano, painting, and the drama, did not augur well for a life of distinction; but Weber's "*Der Freischütz*" powerfully impressed him, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, heard at the age of fifteen, fixed his ambition upon music. Yet he did not go into the realm of pure, or instrumental, music, but began to compound that strange amalgam,—that intrinsic absurdity,—the modern opera. In his early life he composed two operas, "*The Fairies*" and "*The Love Net*," the former never brought out, and the latter only once. He successively filled and abandoned several positions in connection with theaters, and, after finishing two acts of "*Rienzi*," went to Paris, in 1839, where he spent three years in a fierce and unsuccessful struggle for recognition; first attempting the composition of romances for the saloon, then an overture, a light opera; publishing two musical novels, "*The Journey of a Young Musician to Vienna to see Beethoven*," in which he set forth his musical theories, and "*The Death by Starvation of a Young Musician in Paris*," in which he gave his own experience; at last settling down to the drudgery of arranging for cornet and violin.

In 1842, finding his plans frustrated in Paris, and receiving an offer to present "*Rienzi*" at Dresden, he set out for that city, and was there received with great enthusiasm. On the 2d of January in the following year, his second opera, "*The Flying Dutchman*," made complete *fiasco* in Dresden, and afterward in Berlin. He persevered manfully, however, and on the 20th of October, 1845, he brought out his third opera, the world-renowned "*Tannhauser*." In 1847, his fourth, "*Lohengrin*," was finished. He despaired of making head against the court influence at Dresden, and joined the Revolution of 1848, with ephemeral exultation; but when the aid of Prussia re-established regal authority, Wagner became a fugitive, and, having escaped to Zurich, lived there for several years. Liszt, the Goethe-like autocrat of Weimar,

warmly befriended the exiled artist, and brought out his "*Lohengrin*" in 1850. Since that date, his works have been slowly advancing in popular favor, till Naples has heard "*Lohengrin*" with mad enthusiasm, and New York has become a home for "the music of the future." He has written "*Tristan and Isolde*," on the old Irish legend; "*Die Meistersänger von Nürnberg*," in which he lashes his own pedantic foes over the conservative shoulders of Hans Sachs and his metrical confrères; and he has now entered upon the construction of a grand operatic trilogy, linking opera to opera, in the manner of the old Greek drama. He has chosen for his subject the old Germanic myths of the "*Nibelungen Lied*;" the first being "*Siegfried*," or "*Reingold*;" the second being "*Vahlkyrie*;" and third, "*Götterdemerung*," or "*Twilight of the Gods*."

Wagner sets himself up for a reformer of the lyric stage, and one main feature of his reformation may be gathered by a glance at the names of his works. The first, indeed, "*Rienzi*," is a mediæval Roman hero; but the second, "*The Flying Dutchman*," treats the old legend of Vanderdecken, the unhappy Hollander, who once, in a rage, wished that he might never again see Amsterdam, and had his wish,—being condemned to be forever driven hither and thither upon the sea, pent up in a watery hell, and lashed by demon tempests. The third, "*Tannhauser*," is based upon the well-known German legend of the "*Knight and Minnesänger*," who, 1207, when invited by the Landgrave of Thuringia to a contest of song and poesy at the Wartburg, drew upon himself the scorn and vengeance of his brother knights by celebrating the praises of Venus; and, who having journeyed to Rome to obtain absolution of the Pope, was refused, and died in despair. *Lohengrin* is a modified form of the name Garraïn de Loraine, a Knight of the Holy Grail. *Tristan and Isolde* are Germanized forms of *Tristram and Isoud*, whose adventures form the well-known Celtic legion of the "*Love Po-*



tion." "Die Meistersänger" treats the subject of those singing gilds, or poetical fraternities, well-known in Germany in the sixteenth century; and the hero is Hans Sachs, the shoemaker poet, whose ten thousand eight hundred and forty compositions, including two hundred and eighteen dramas, even to hear of them, give us a painful sense of being choked with book-dust, and buried in a mausoleum of manuscript dullness. As for the last operas, they take a step much further back, and illustrate the wild, grotesque, barbarous myths of the Scandinavian gods and heroes. Thus we see that Wagner's subjects are, with two exceptions, legendary, and these legends, excepting two,—the Gallic one of Garrain and the Celtic Tristram,—are Teutonic. Wagner's professed theory is, that an opera (or rather drama, for he calls his works poetical musical dramas), to be national, must be drawn exclusively from national sources, that is, from the fountain of its own mythology. He cites in support of this view, the practice of the Greeks, whose dramas he professes to imitate, or, rather, to resuscitate, in a German form. It is well known that nearly all the great works of Greek literature, epic and dramatic, were based upon those graceful and poetical fables which exuded from the growing stem of Hellenic life and language, as from those poplar-trees, into which the sisters of Phaeton were changed; like bright, golden tears, the electric amber fell in sparkling drops, each instinct with subtle fire. Wagner has attempted to emulate this example; for he maintains that the national mythus is the only living germ of a national art. Longfellow and Tennyson have, in a measure, illustrated the same theory; the former, in his Indian epic, "Hiawatha;" and the latter, in his Welsh epic, "Idyls of the King;" but in both these cases we have in a Teutonic language, the English, an art work built upon the life of an alien and extinct race. Wagner is not always faithful to his own theory, since "Lohengrin," his most enjoyed, or, rather, most wondered-at, work

is built upon a foreign myth. In the great "Niebelungen" series, which have been so long promised, so long deferred, and so deafeningly trumpeted, he will doubtless reach his own ideal of the native, intrinsically German opera.

But Wagner not only aims to reform the opera by drawing its subject from the heroic ages, but in its details of scenery, vocal structure, and instrumental setting, the iconoclast plies his profession madly. He has made many just, witty, and ingenious strictures upon the conventional forms of operatic aria; but his violent straining after what he chooses to term natural expression has filled his operas with the dreariest abundance of recitative vagary, while the orchestra trembles, and rolls from chord to chord with a clumsy and continual restlessness, like a Titan in torture. For the customary aria, with its divisions and subdivisions, with its regular phrases and sub-phrases, digressions, repetitions, roulades, and cadenzas, he has given us an amorphous tone-product, which he dignifies with the name "Opera Melody." Most of his opera melodies, however, are but a troubled tossing from tone to tone, by every unexpected interval, perpetually shifting direction without any discoverable law of symmetry; in the course of which reckless plungings and feverish scramblings, we occasionally happen upon a short respite of a half a dozen notes, where something like repose, method, euphony, may be discovered. Perhaps the famous swan song, in which the hero, Lohengrin, after his first entrance, bids farewell to the enchanted swan which has drawn his boat down the stream, is one of the most pleasing, or, as a Wagnerite would say, ravishing, of all our composer's melodies; but in it we are still tormented with the half-declamatory irregularity of the rhythm, and vague succession of the intervals, except in one motivo, which is undeniably sweet, tender, and delicate. Now it so happens that this choice morceau is one of the most pronounced and vivid thoughts in the seventh *étude* of Chopin's Opus 25. Whether Wagner

stole it or not we can not say; it is possible that, not being a pianist, he may never have met with it; but in any case the priority belongs to Chopin, since he died but two years after the composition of "*Lohengrin*," and *Opus 25* is one of his earliest works.

One of Wagner's loudest boasts is that of originality. He claims marked individualism for all his experiments. But the truth is, that his ideas about the undramatic nature of the Italian opera were expounded and exemplified a hundred years before him by the great master Glück. All that is not gained by widening the instrumental score and loading the harmony with more polytonic repetition of octaves; all that has not been gained by exaggerating the effects of contrast, and straining the expression to the very borders of insanity,—in short, whatever is really dramatic in Wagner,—is nothing but a repetition of Glück.

In his autobiography, after telling the story of the fairy, who was driven from the palace because she wished to endow the king's infant son with the spirit of constant aspiration, he says, that "each man might be a genius if but allowed to exert his personality untrammelled by the restraints of education;" and he, therefore, esteems it a blessing that his father died, and left him to educate himself. What arrogant assumption, what disgusting conceit, what ridiculous self-delusion! For even this man, who sets himself to the reformation of the stage, was early biased by having a mother, brother, and sister engaged in theatrical life. Nor is he more original in details than in general principles. His earlier works abound in resemblances to Weber; for example, the famous march of the guests, into the Wartburg, in "*Tannhauser*," beautiful and spirited as it is, shows a striking resemblance in almost every phrase, and especially in the sixteen measures making the second strain, to the themes of Weüßer's "*Der Freischütz*." He abounds in diatonic and chromatic basses, the former a peculiarity of Weber, and the latter, undoubtedly copied from Meyerbeer. To

Meyerbeer, also, he owes much of his gorgeous and effective instrumentation, the frequent use of percussion and brass instruments, the incessant effects of contrast, now shown by combining the extremities of pitch, and again adding the utmost disparity of timbre, striking the ear with a combined shriek of the piccolo and growl of the double bass; now an alternation of instruments of totally different quality, one instant a blare from a choir of trumpets and trombones, the next a faint, dreamy sigh from oboes and bassoons; now blossoming into a delicate sprig of single notes, that curl and quiver and cling like a tendril; then bursting into a broad, prickly hedge of a diminished seventh, or, worse, some chord of the major seventh, that aches with a ceaseless desire to get rid of itself; while all the instruments, from the bottom to the top, are posted where each can discharge the most stunning tone, the harshest intervals always being emphasized by the harshest instruments; and last of all, dynamic effects are exhausted,—we have here a whispering pianissimo, then a burst of fortissimo; here a slow crescendo which, after brightening to a glare, goes out suddenly in the blackness of utter silence; next a diminuendo, which melts and dwindles and vanishes till it is a tremulous thread, from which, like the cabbage palm, with a stunning boom, the whole orchestra bursts into magnificent flower. All these are certainly striking traits, but are they agreeable? To hear Wagner with pain and disgust is possible; to hear him with joy and rapture, may be; to hear him with mixed emotions of pleasure and perplexity is frequent; but hear Wagner with indifference, never. He affects whoever listens. His music is a magic potion, into which every delicious or nauseous juice has been poured; in which every noble, every mean, every holy, every infernal emotion has been steeped and seethed; every bright flower has been plucked; each stringent root has been torn from the earth; every noxious insect and deadly worm has given a wing or an eye: and we have a witch's



caldron, surely. The plot of "Tannhauser" is strongly tinged with sensuality, "Tristan and Isolde" is worse, and, from all accounts we can gather, the "Trilogy" will give us some unglazed paganism. Wagner is an ingenious orchestrator, and nothing more. If a musical thought be truly beautiful, its beauty lies in itself, and does not need the coloring of instruments to give it life. Would you test a melody, would you try a chord, strike them upon that most abstract of instruments, the piano-forte, and you will see them in a clear, cold light, not under the glamour of stage colors, as

in the prismatic world of the orchestra. Wagner can not stand the piano; it discolors him completely. Wagner is, in short, the most complete of musical sensualists, the most realistic employer of the ideal tone-language, a musical opium-eater. We listen to his operas, and we revel in narcotic dreams, our sensations have been always intense, not always pleasurable; the roof has echoed, the air has trembled, and we have been agitated, we have been overpowered, and perforce stretched upon a bed, but it was the bed of Montezuma, and, though bright and red, was it a bed of roses?

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

### THE HINDOO AND HIS REASON WHY.

WE live in a beautiful world! I leaned at one time over the rail of a vessel at midnight, on the Atlantic Ocean, near the equator, to witness a beautiful display of phosphorescent fire. The light from these pyrotechnics was sufficient, as positive experiment proved, to enable me to read a newspaper.

The forms which it assumed were wonderfully manifold. Great banks of cloud, beautifully silvered by the sun, seemed floating lazily in the waters; while under the rudder of the ship, away down in the sea, was stratified light, with laminæ thin as the leaves of a book; brilliant points of fire seemed like a hundred constellations of the sky set on the bosom of the sea, or, having lost their gravitation, floating in the most charming confusion, fathoms deep and fathoms wide, in the waste of waters; tiny gems of light formed into a coronet, and globules, bursting, became a cross; while, far astern, the light was poured into lakes and rivers of molten silver. Here was a display that would have lent luster to the coronation of a queen? I said, it is

"A thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

"That," says a Hindoo, "that was a shape of God!"

And perhaps he will go on to say: Star and stone, fire and frost, field and flower, bird and beast, angels and men,—these, these are but shapes in which God is. All, all is a kaleidoscope of God. From ant to angel, from dew-drop to ocean, from atom to system, the whole universe, hiding and disclosing, folding and evolving, bewildering and revealing, is but a panorama of God. It is the woof woven with every variety of pattern on the web, and out of the substance of Him who was, who is, who shall be, and besides whom there is—naught.

Read his sacred text:

"The divinity is fire; he is the sun; he is the moon; he is the brilliant stars; he is water; he is the lord of all creatures; he is man; he is woman; he is maiden; he is youth; he is the bee with dark plumage; he is the green bug with ruby eyes; he is the cloud, the womb of the lightning; the seasons; the sea. He is the universe, and all things produced in it."

Or again:

"The multitudinous forms of that

manifold being encounter and succeed one another, day and night, like the waves of the sea. . . . As one diffusive air, passing through the perforations of a flute, is distinguished as the notes of the scale; so the nature of the great Spirit is single, though its forms be manifold."

Since earliest childhood, we have believed that the world was made out of nothing. To the Hindoo, that is an absurdity. He says:

"The product of nothing is nothing; the product of something is something. Oil is in sesamum before it is pressed; milk in the udder before it is drawn; rice in the husk before it is shelled. A thing possible is made from that which is competent to produce it. Cloth, not pottery, is made from yarn; milk, not water, is taken to make curds. A potter does not weave cloth, but makes jars and vessels, from his clay and wheel. The product is nothing more than the cause itself. A piece of cloth does not differ materially from the yarn of which it is woven. Barley, not rice, is grown from barley-corns."

The universe, he argues, must have therefore been made out of something. There was nothing originally out of which it could be made but God himself.

"Do you see that spider spinning its web out of its own bowels, and then gathering it up again? Thus did divinity spin the world out of himself. As plants sprout on the earth; as hairs grow on a living person; as sparks from the heated iron beaten on the anvil, so do breath, mind, the elements, worlds, deeds, spring out of, and are parts of—God."

Suppose, now, we try a colloquy with him, and say:

"But this involves the acceptance of other thoughts and principles, for which I am not prepared. It implies that I have no personality, which is contrary to my self-consciousness. I know that I am, and that I am distinct from a horse, a house, a tree, or a bird."

He answers: "Did you never see a man with the jaundice? He will tell you

that the grass is yellow, the trees are yellow, the sky is yellow, and that men and horses and houses are all yellow. Yet every thing is not yellow. The grass is green, the sky is blue, and birds and men and horses and houses are many-colored; yet, to the man with the jaundice, they all seemed to be of yellow tinge."

"Did you never go over these great plains of India and see the *mirage*? Yonder, and just ahead, are castellated palaces, forts, temple-domes, spires, tapering minarets, fountains, and lakes, and beautiful rivers. When you come nearer, it is discovered to have been all a phantom, a fog, thin air; pictures which the sun painted on the mists of the lowland; a beauty, a glory, and a dream.

"Did you never look through green spectacles at a red rose? Did you never see a man that was color-blind? Did you never know any one to start back from a crooked stick, thinking it was a snake; or approach a snake thinking it a coiled hoop? Here are instances in which you can detect that you are deceived. How far does this extend wherein it is not perceived? That is what you can not tell. Hence, God has revealed to you the fact that all that you see is owing to a *mirage*, a jaundice; all is an illusion,—your own alleged self-consciousness, as well as all else."

We interpose: "But, my good fellow, you higgles with me about a dollar in the bazaar; you say this is my house and that is your horse; and these things imply that our interests are separate, and our souls not identical."

"Yes," he rejoins, "it looks so. But see! here are twelve water-pots in the sun. It looks, when you approach them, as if there was a sun in this one, and a sun in that one, and so on to the end; yet there are not a dozen suns. Thus it looks as if there were many souls. But there is but one great being, though he, like the sun and other luminaries, is seemingly multiplied by reflection; or, like space or ether, apparently subdivided in vessels containing them within limits."



Still we contend and say:

"But see here! I have hopes and fears and aspirations that are wholly unlike yours. If my wife dies, I cry about it, but you do not care. If I have a pain in my great toe, I make an ado over it, while you care nothing whatever about it. You may be far away and not know of it."

"See!" he says. "Put your hand in this water-pot. Shake the water within it. Now it looks as if the sun, appearing therein, were all broken to pieces. It is not really so. The sun's rays go just as straight down through that water after you have stirred it as they did before; and thus there is but one great soul, and that is always calm."

"But, hold! What about my will?"

"Why, that too, is an apparition. Do you not see how the iron acts, while the loadstone and it are both void of volition. So, too, is it with soul. It has agency seemingly, and non-agency really."

"Yes; but this throws all responsibility upon God, or, rather, destroys responsibility, or makes all evil and sin portions of God, and thus this great soul is defiled, and God is impure."

"That is only seemingly so. Fire is not rendered impure by the filth it consumes. There may be a rose alongside of a china vase, or the red blossoms of the hybiscus by a vessel of clear crystal, and these may seemingly give color to the vase and the glass, while they are really pure and pellucid. So is it with divinity; and all distinctions, as good and evil, are illusory as other things."

That it may be apparent that all this is grossly inconsistent in itself, and untenable, and destructive of all basis of argument, we attempt a different issue and try to cut the discussion short, so we remark:

"Well, you say all is illusion and I deny it. If all is illusion, it is not susceptible of being proved or revealed; for the processes of logic must also be illusory, and the revelation only a deception. The very idea of a revelation implies so much of separation between the revealer and those to whom the revela-

tion is made as to be destructive of the hypothesis; and the revelation itself must, of course, be something distinct from either."

When Bishop Thomson was with the writer in India, we went to Old Seetapore to see a man who was seated on some sharp nuggets of limestone. He was almost without clothing; his body was rubbed with ashes; his hair had been allowed to grow, and was plaited and coiled into a species of "water-fall," two feet above his head. He had been sitting there for twelve years, during which time it was affirmed he had never spoken; he did not eat, it was alleged, but drank milk and smoked opium.

At another time, going to the Sudder bazaar of the same city, I saw a man coming toward me with a blanket thrown round him, and something sticking up out of the blanket, which I thought was a bamboo. When he came nearer, I found it to be his arm, which he had held upright till it was withered, shriveled, useless.

Men may be found wearing wooden shoes, with iron backs piercing the feet to bleeding at every step; leaping from scaffoldings on to beds of spikes; sitting in the jungles for years, looking at the point of the nose; piercing the tongue with spikes; standing on one foot for years; remaining speechless; swinging from the limb of a tree, head downward, through fire; leaping on live coals with bared feet; and enduring discomfort in multitudes of forms.

What has all this asceticism to do with the pantheistic notions imbedded in the colloquy above mentioned? Apart from a performance occasionally for the fulfillment of a special vow, the object is readily stated and as readily illustrated. Go out into the Atlantic Ocean and fill a bottle with sea water, and, hermetically sealing it, throw it into the ocean, and it will float thus, separated from the other waters of the sea, for many a day. Go out some day and break the bottle, and the water of the bottle will mingle again with those of the ocean.

These men are trying to "break the

bottle." That is to say, through the great illusion of personality and individual consciousness, a portion of the one great Soul, or divinity, is separated from the other portion or bulk of the same; therefore every thing that contributes to or implies personality must be destroyed; desire, hope, fear, pain, pleasure, must all be held indifferently, and the soul brought to disregard them all, that the terrible spell, the weird charm, may be broken. We write of this all as it appears to a Hindoo, who sees not, or feigns not to see, the absurdity of the divinity being deceived, deceiver, the deception, and the party released from the deception.

Let us turn now to another man. He is fumbling meal or rice in his hands, and scattering some about an ant-hole. The ants are gathered in grand convocation as for a New England Thanksgiving-day dinner, or, as they are heathen ants, perhaps for a grand mela.

"What are you doing?" we begin.

"Feeding these ants."

"But why?"

"Why, do n't you see, my grandmother died last year, and I do n't know but that her soul may be in one of these ants, and if so I desire to be kind and attentive to it."

That is to say, if the Hindoo fail to become absorbed into deity, he must be re-born in some shape, in order to reap the result of good or evil deeds here. The shape he may assume in the next existence will accord with his conduct in this.

The voracious monster who would have the temerity to steal the property of a priest shall reappear as a crocodile. The pest of the Indian gardener is the ever-present, missile-evading, and painfully-human monkey, who, day by day, makes raids on his fruit-trees. With a species of chop logic he proves that these animals are the new shape souls have assumed who formerly were in human bodies, and stole fruit. "Like produces like;" and so "he who steals corn shall become a mouse; he who steals a sheep

shall be transformed into a wolf; a horse-stealer shall be re-born as a lame man; and a lamp-stealer shall be born blind. He who defames the character of any body in this life, whatever shape he shall assume hereafter, shall [and we do not see but that he deserves it] have stinking breath."

We ask the man why he believes all this, and he philosophizes thus:

"Do n't you see there is great inequality in the distribution of good and ill fortune in this life? You can not account for this on the basis of individual moral desert in this life; for here are good men who are in trouble, and with constant misfortune, while many bad men are prosperous, and in the high places of power; besides, here are children born blind, idiotic, or otherwise 'ill-starred.' Do n't you see all this is because people are receiving in this life the consequences of their good and ill doing in a pre-existent state. The good people suffering now were not thus pious, and the bad who are prosperous were formerly benevolent or devout, and hence are being rewarded now."

"But," we inquire, "have you any evidence of such a state of being? Surely, there is none who recollects having had any such previous existence."

"Possibly not," he urges; "but this does not invalidate the explanation; for we each have had a first week of existence in this life, of whom no one has the recollection. A parrot transferred from one cage to another may be the same bird, though it have no memory of its former cage. And then see, yonder infant lies sleeping in its earliest infancy, and the most beautiful of smiles steals over its face. Why, but because it is having pleasant memories of happy experiences had before its present life?"

Thus, a Hindoo fancies that, if not "absorbed," he must be endlessly born and re-born in shapes becoming his doings,—possibly hundreds of times as a pig, or thousands of times as an ant, a fly, a horse, a mouse, an elephant, or in other shape,—until somewhere in this great



hustle of mock existences it catches the conception that, it is not! or that the weird and weary wonder of an ever re-appearing soul, taunted with a thousand apparitions of being, can only cease when the soul comes to know itself as divine. To get quit of the cheat it must realize itself to be—God!

A few remarks in a general way, and we leave this fragment which shows that man by "wisdom knows not God."

1. There is observable an almost entire absence of any thing modern in any of the religious or metaphysical thinking of the people of India. The arguments, and even the illustrations, which lie embedded in this sketch were old when Paul argued on Mars' Hill, and embodied in their sacred books before Alexander reined up his horse on the banks of the Indus. The people hawk about the ideas of a dead past, but have added little or nothing to the stock since the days of Jesus Christ. Heathenism has exhausted its resources and reached the limit of unaided reason. The world can get no further on, save as it borrows the ideas of Jesus Christ.

2. But these thoughts are ingrained in the common mind, and these prejudices are deeply imbedded in the national heart. Many people suppose that such subtle ratiocination is only appreciated by, and possibly among, the very highly educated classes in India. This is not in accord with our experience. From the very antiquity of the thought it has had opportunity to permeate the very core of the body politic; the priests are at infinite pains to instruct the people in these subtleties, and to fix the arguments

and the distinctions in their minds by incorporating their essence in some jingling couplet, some terse axiom or proverbial phrase. These are bandied about among the common people, and though unable to restate the logical processes involved, they yet know when the gist of them is controverted, and possibly say "our priest can answer that," or themselves call out the maxim that contains the kernel of the teaching, while the crowd may take it up and shout it in a chorus.

3. From the above it is manifest that the first and highest aim of a Hindoo is not, and can not be, virtue; for being good implies being re-born to receive the fruit of well-doing, and that is a calamity. Even if the highest bliss of all imaginable heavens be attained, in consequence of good work, and that be experienced through millenniums, it must ultimately be exhausted, and the soul be doomed again to reappear to make its fortune through other rounds of weary, weary, weary being. The second highest good, to be sure, is virtuous action; for if the calamity of a dreamy being must be ours, it may then be in some form least to be deprecated.

The third best chance is to secure absolution from the consequences of evil doing by propitiation, purification, or penance; and hence ceremony as unceasing as being itself, pilgrimages without end, or purifications by washings innumerable in the Ganges, in other streams, in pools and ponds beyond count.

O, when shall those who sit in darkness realize that a great light has arisen upon them?

J. T. GRACEY.

## WHERE IS THE SUMMER?

WHERE is the Summer? tell us, O  
stars,

Where flee the glories the frost-touch mars?

“We kissed its lips to-day,”  
The trembling white stars say;  
“Yet knew not it was going,  
So warm its blood was flowing.  
Though there be not  
’Neath the sun  
Place we see not,  
Where we glow not,  
Yet we now not  
Where ’t is gone.”

Where is the Summer? tell us, O waves,  
Where the Time-spirit his darlings saves.

“Our voices low no more  
Shall murmur on the shore,  
Our softest music pouring;  
But with a sullen roaring  
Meet the Winter.  
We have done.  
Nor a hint or  
Thought can render  
Where the splendor  
All is gone.”

Where is the Summer? tell us, O trees,  
Where the soul of departed beauty flees.

“Frost-fingers, icy, cold,  
In purple, crimson, gold,  
Have robed us for our dying;  
The breezes round us sighing  
Give to asking  
Answer none,  
Where ’t is basking  
Where ’t is dreaming  
’Neath the beaming  
Of the sun.”

Summer is gone!

Ah! who can tell

Where the lost sweetness goes,  
Where the dead zephyr blows,  
Where the old sunshine glows,  
We loved so well.

But let it go!

Enough, I know,

Have come to every one;

And though earth’s loveliness may all depart,  
Forever stays the Summer of the heart,

When it is gone.

GEORGE ELLIOTT.

## AGED CHRISTIANS.

THEY are resting from their labors  
Ere the final call shall come,—  
Ere they quit their earthly dwellings  
For their long prepared home.

They are resting in the twilight,  
For the eventide is nigh;  
Time has turned their locks to silver,  
Age has dimmed each steady eye.

They have passed through joy and sorrow,  
They have lived in peace and strife;  
Learning sweet and bitter lessons,  
Scholars in the school of life.

Though around them many dear ones,  
Children and grandchildren stand,

Many more have gone before them  
To the holy spirit land.

Many tears have dimmed their eyesight.  
Now their bitterness is o’er;  
In the land of many mansions  
They shall grieve and weep no more.

Earth is bright, but heaven is brighter,  
With the glory that exceeds;  
Short the passage o’er the river,  
When the gentle Shepherd leads.

So they linger in the radiance  
Of a sunset purely bright,  
In the rest that still remaineth,  
For “at eve it shall be light.”

MARY WILSON.



## ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

## FOURTH PAPER.

CHARLES'S vengeance was not satiated in the tragedy, the account of which closed our last number. All the barons who had adhered to the house of Swabia were executed as fast as they surrendered. At Rome, his vindictiveness became still more brutal. He caused the legs of all the Roman citizens who had opposed him to be cut off; and afterward, when the sight of the mutilated wretches excited a pity which might cause an insurrection, he shut them all up in a wooden house and burned them to death. The little town of Augusta felt the full weight of his wrath. For some time it effectually resisted Charles's effort to reduce it, until six traitors admitted his troops by a secret gate. Every inhabitant—the six traitors included—was brought down to the shore, there beheaded, and thrown into the sea.

Charles was now at the height of his power, and his arrogance was more than proportioned to his success. He aspired to be the sovereign of a united Italy, a consummation achieved not till our own day by Victor Emmanuel. But this was not the final goal at which he aimed. The horizon of his hopes had widened to take in the empire of the East, and perhaps even universal dominion was amongst his dreams. His success and ambition changed the policy of the papacy. Gregory X, who now occupied the papal chair, found this son of the Church becoming too strong and proud to brook control. He was an especial difficulty in the way of a new crusade, on which the Pope was bent, as he was on the worst possible terms with all the republics which his Holiness wished to conciliate. The astute pontiff, accordingly, looked out for some new power which would be able to keep Charles in check.

For twenty-eight years (it was now A. D. 1273) there had been no emperor of

Germany. The Pope hastened to bring this interregnum to a close, and the vacancy was filled by the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg. The papacy now breathed more easily, for by this arrangement it could call in the aid of Rudolph against any unreasonable pretensions on the part of the King of Sicily. But before we come to the strange and well-merited reverses of Charles's closing years, we shall notice an interesting episode in Milanese history.

After the death of Frederick II, there was civil war for several years between the nobles and plebeians of Milan. In 1256, the nobles met with a serious reverse. A nobleman, being pressed by his plebeian creditor to settle his bill, did so by murdering the dun. The plebeians flew to arms, and razed to the ground the house of the murderer. At this period, the defensive armor of the nobles, all of whom fought on horseback, was so complete that no infantry was capable of withstanding them in the field. One horse-soldier was considered equal to forty foot. But when pent up in a town, this condition of things was reversed. There, at the commencement of a disturbance, the *serragli* were instantly thrown across the streets, barricades were erected, the house-tops manned, and missiles of every description hurled upon the helpless cavalry. Thus the plebeians, without much difficulty, expelled the whole body of nobles from the city. The exiles, however, did not abandon the Milanese territory; but remained there in a compact band of heavy-armed cavalry, and commanded the entrance to the city. But though the plebeians could not fight cavalry, they were well able to pay those who could, and they hired the Marquis Pelanvicino, who commanded a band of veteran soldiers, to fight their battles. He drove the nobles into the castle of

Tabiano, where he closely besieged them. After enduring heavy loss, and suffering great privations, the surviving nobles, to the number of nine hundred, surrendered. They were brought to Milan in chains, and shut up in large cages of wood, specially constructed for their accommodation. Here, exposed to the public gaze, like so many wild beasts, they dragged on a miserable existence for many weary years.

This tragedy was followed by a strife between the families Torriani and Visconti for the sovereignty of Milan. For some years, the former held the city; but the Visconti, under the leadership of Archbishop Otho, were steadily improving their position. At length, one dark night in midwinter, 1277, Otho burst upon the camp of the Torriani, captured Napoleon, their general, and five of his relations; and, according to precedent, immediately shut them up in three iron cages. Some of the fugitive Torriani, hastening to Milan, to summon the citizens to the rescue, to their amazement found that city in revolt. The news of the disaster had already reached them, and, instead of arming themselves for the deliverance of their caged friends, they were engaged in the more profitable work of pillaging their houses. The citizens finally assembled, greeted the Torriani with volleys of stones, and appointed Otho as their sovereign lord for life. Such was the end of republicanism in Milan, and the origin of the sovereignty of the Visconti.

About this time, the Pope had succeeded, as we have already seen, in having Rudolph crowned emperor; and now the Pope was able, in harmony with the eternal instincts of the papacy, to hold the balance of power, and play off Charles and the emperor against one another. The King of Sicily, however, bided his opportunity; and when the death of the Pope made a new election to the papal chair necessary, his violence broke all bounds. He proceeded to Viterbo, where the conclave of cardinals was assembled, excited a disturbance in the streets, and,

amidst the confusion, kidnaped and imprisoned three of the leading cardinals, who were hostile to himself. By such means as this he secured the election of Martin IV, a priest devoted to his interests. Charles now seemed at the summit of prosperity, and already the Greek emperor, Michael Palæologus, trembled at the threatened approach of the unconquerable Frenchman, when a blow fell, coming from a quarter which the astutest politician could not have predicted, and demonstrated the instability of human affairs, suddenly wrecking his fortunes and breaking his heart.

On the evening of Easter Monday, 1282, the citizens of Palermo went in great numbers to attend at a church not far from their gates. Many of the hated French also took part in the procession; but the governor of Palermo had forbidden the Sicilians to carry arms. Among the crowd was a beautiful and noble Sicilian girl; she was accompanied by her betrothed husband. She was rudely and most grossly insulted by a French soldier, named Drouet, and fainted away in the arms of her lover. The dormant spirit of the Sicilians flashed into life in an instant. Drouet, transfixed with his own sword, was the first slain.

The French discipline and steel were no match for the raging furies roused in the Sicilian breast by the memory of a thousand wrongs. While the vesper bells were ringing, the oppressors, assailed with clubs and stones, were everywhere beaten down and destroyed. Not one Frenchman who had formed part of the procession escaped. The furious mob then rushed into Palermo: no mercy was shown to the hated race;—men, women, and children were all visited with one common doom, and next morning's sun rose on four thousand victims of Sicilian vengeance. Meanwhile, a similar storm had broken out in Catania. Julia Villanelli, of that province, was grossly outraged by a French soldier; her husband, coming to her assistance, was slain. She ran wildly through the streets, shrieking for vengeance, and was answered that



night by the blood of eight thousand Frenchmen.

The Sicilians had recourse to the old device of the Gileadites for recognizing the enemy. "Say now *Cicero*" was the shibboleth which decided the fate of the suspected. The wave of revolt rolled rapidly over the island, and Sicily was free. When the news reached Charles, at Viterbo, he sat gnawing his stick in speechless rage, and at last exclaimed: "O God! if thou hast decreed to humble me, grant me at least a gentle and gradual descent from the pinnacle of greatness."

The French were long taught to remember this bloody lesson. "If I am provoked," said Henry IV of France, "I will breakfast at Milan, and dine at Naples." "Your Majesty," replied the French ambassador, "may, perhaps, arrive in Sicily for vespers."

The tragedy of the "Sicilian Vespers," though it could never be less than a rather complete vengeance for the cruelties the French had inflicted, might not have been of much permanent value to the oppressed islanders, had not other influences been at work to support the revolt. For two years, Giovanni di Procida, the Garibaldi of the thirteenth century, had been unremitting in his efforts to form a league against Charles. He encountered most formidable difficulties. He obtained from Pope Nicholas III a written acknowledgment of the claims of Constance, Manfred's daughter, to the crown of Sicily; but scarcely had he succeeded in this, when Nicholas died, and the election of Martin IV threw a damp on the enterprise. Giovanni then induced both Constance and the Sicilians to send ambassadors to the new Pope, to urge the rights of Constance, and to complain of the misgovernment of Charles. The envoys were not a little disconcerted, when ushered into the Pope's presence, at seeing Charles himself quietly seated beside his Holiness. The chief ambassador showed no small courage upon the trying occasion. His text was itself far from complimentary to the King of Sicily,— "Have mercy on me, O Lord, for my

daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." He was dismissed without an answer, both ambassadors were thrown into prison; one escaped by bribing his guards, but the other languished in a dungeon for several years.

Meanwhile, Giovanni obtained a large subsidy at Constantinople, and helped Peter of Aragon, husband of Constance, to equip a considerable army and a fleet of transports. At this juncture occurred the uprising of the "Sicilian Vespers," and Peter landed in Sicily with his army, to support the insurgents; while his fleet compelled Charles, who was coming with re-enforcements for his hunted soldiery, to remain on the main-land.

Of course, it was only to be expected that the Pope should pass sentence of deposition upon Peter, and that the King of France should help Charles to regain his revolted possessions. Before the French army arrived in Italy, Roger di Loria, the Nelson of his age, attacked Charles's fleet, lying off Naples, scattered or destroyed it, and captured his son Charles, Prince of Salerno. Before long, King Charles himself arrived at Naples, and, with a slackness very contrary to his usual decision, lost time in negotiations, in the midst of which he died, after a reign of nineteen years over Naples. In the same year died his rival, Peter, succeeded by his son, Alphonso III.

Charles's son, now called Charles II, was, at his father's death, a prisoner at Barcelona. He obtained his liberty by signing an agreement to recognize, as King of Sicily, James, second son of Peter III. But, in those days, the most solemn oaths were held of little obligation, when erected in opposition to the Church. As soon as Charles reached the pontifical court, the Pope annulled the treaty, and crowned him King of the two Sicilies; and Alphonso, attacked by Charles, was compelled to sign a treaty which would have had the effect of bringing back Sicily to the house of Anjou, had not its execution been interrupted by the death of Alphonso, in 1291.

During this struggle occurred the war

between the two maritime republics of Pisa and Genoa, terminating in the annihilation of the naval power of the former. Pisa was at this time at the height of her power. She was sovereign of Corsica and Sardinia; and her colonies in Syria and at Constantinople carried on a lucrative trade with the Greeks and Saracens. Genoa was also in a very flourishing condition, and was brought into constant rivalry with Pisa. These rivalries, in 1282, culminated in war. Both sides prepared vigorously for the impending conflict. On the morning of August 5, 1284, the Genoese fleet, numbering one hundred and seven galleys, appeared off Pisa, and sent in a challenge to the enemy. Their challenge was received with joy. Nearly the whole male population of Pisa rushed on board the vessels. Next morning the two armadas met before the island of Meloria,—the same place where, forty-three years before, the Pisans had captured the French bishops on their way to Rome. But, in the night, the Genoese had received a re-enforcement of thirty galleys, which they placed behind the island, out of view. The battle which followed was one of the most furious and deadly sea-fights that has ever taken place. The accounts of contemporary historians tell of the bloody sea, the floating corpses, the dying sailors in the water, catching at the oars and beaten back by the combatants. At night-fall the appearance of the Genoese reserve decided the fate of the battle against the Pisans. Five thousand of their sailors were slain, and eleven thousand taken prisoners. These latter were brought to Genoa, and detained there for sixteen years. At the close of the war, but one thousand had survived to return to their native city.

The death of Alphonso was followed by that of Pope Nicholas IV, and an interregnum of two years was terminated by an election unique in the papal annals. A poor hermit, emaciated by fasting and penance, who had lived for many years on the alms of the charitable, in a lonely cell on Mount Morone, was unanimously

elected to the pontifical chair. Three bishops were sent to bear him the news of his election. Seeing these high dignitaries approach, the poor hermit prostrated himself before them. To his great astonishment, the prelates kneeled down and entreated his benediction. They told him he was Pope. Overwhelmed at the news, his first impulse was to escape, but a vast crowd, among which were two kings, assembled at the entrance to his cell, and barred his passage. A few days after this strange scene, the new Pope (Celestine V) marched in solemn procession. On either side of the ass on which he rode, walked Charles, King of Naples, and Charles, King of Hungary, holding the bridle. But the unfortunate ex-hermit proved utterly incapable of business, and was completely under the control of Charles.

Among the cardinals at this time was Benedict Cajetan, an able and ambitious man. The poor old Pope having become a mere puppet in his hands, he began to scheme his own way to the papal chair. He was on bad terms with Charles, and it was necessary for him to make his peace with that monarch before he could hope for success. Having adroitly effected this reconciliation, Cajetan next set to work upon Celestine to induce him to resign. The ex-hermit was astonished to hear a voice from heaven,—which in reality proceeded from an aperture in the wall, behind which Cajetan had placed himself,—commanding him, as he valued his salvation, to vacate his throne. He immediately tendered his resignation, and within ten days the wily plotter received his reward,—he became Boniface VIII. Celestine was committed to close imprisonment, and, according to popular report, starved to death.

One of the first acts of Boniface was to arrange an infamous and unnatural treaty between Charles of Naples and James of Aragon. James was to marry Blanche, Charles's daughter, receiving a large dowry, on condition that he would assist Charles against Frederick, James's own brother. As soon as this disgraceful



treaty was known in Sicily, the barons renounced all connection with the perfidious James; they proclaimed Frederick king, and the war broke out with redoubled fury. Frederick was an able general, and success was at first on the side of the Sicilians; but the dastardly

invasion of his kingdom, by his brother James, turned the scale. At last both parties agreed to a treaty. Frederick was to wear the crown, with the title of King of Sicily, for life, but at his death it was to revert to the house of Anjou.

GEORGE C. JONES.

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### STIRLING AND ITS CASTLE.

STIRLING, Scotland, is one of the most interesting towns that a traveler can find in all this bonnie land of the blue-bells and heather. It has been a central point, about which have revolved the great tides of human passions and human ambitions. These broad and fertile and well-watered plains caused it to be early settled by the pioneers who first found their way up through these islands of the North. Then this most remarkable hill, or rock, of Stirling, which rises up out of the plain, made it all the more a center of activity; for it supplied a natural stronghold, where the people who cultivated the surrounding country could fly for safety in case of danger. Starting from the Royal Hotel, it is not far to the old church, that has stood for many hundred years on the slope of the crag upon which the town is built. Whether the religion of those old times was of the kind that saves the soul, we need not stop just now to inquire, but it is certain that many of the churches which were then built were eminently fit to be the house of God, and the gate of heaven to those who worshiped in them; and strangely unimpressible must that soul be, that can walk beneath these lofty Gothic arches, and look out of these windows, lighted with a many-hued glory, and not feel that he is within a sacred place. And then, when one thinks of the noble and heroic men, and the saintly and queenly women, who have walked these aisles, and whose voices have sounded forth the praises of

Almighty God in these holy places, there must be thoughts and reflections that are soul-absorbing and delightful.

Just in the rear of the church is the ancient burying-ground, where, for many, many generations, the dead have been buried. Here, near the summit, is a most beautiful group of statuary, of life-size and inclosed in glass. The marble is of the purest white, and the work is evidently of a master hand. There are two young women, fair daughters of Scotland, and by them, with overshadowing wings, is an angel, beautiful and tall. The girls are Margaret and Agnes Wilson, the virgin martyrs, who, in the dark and bloody days of persecution, gave up their lives for the love of Jesus, their Savior. Away down in the bed of the Solway, when the tide had ebbed, the stakes were driven, to which these maidens were bound. They had the offer of life, if they would renounce their faith; but they were firm as the hills of their own native land. There were old friends who urged them to give up their ways, and conform to the law; but they heard the voice of God, and dared to obey. But the moments were short and few, for the relentless tide would not wait; it reached the stake, it touched the feet of the helpless victims; it was chill and cold, and human flesh could but shiver; and the rude executioners, as they mounted their horses to ride away, gave them one more chance for life, and this, too, was rejected, and they were left to their fate. Upward,

and still upward, the waters rose, until at last the lips of the martyrs were kissed by the blue waves. They knew right well that there was no hope of life, and with words of encouragement, and with prayers to the ever-living God, they lifted their eyes heavenward, and, entering into the fellowship of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, they passed through the sea into the promised land, and were with God forever; and a redeemed people show their affection for these saints by this costly tribute. May Heaven grant that in her hour of need the Church may never want such saintly souls as Margaret and Agnes Wilson! Ah! would it be out of place to pray, that, in these days, when devout and consecrated workers for God are so much needed, and when, especially, women may do so much for the Church and world, that many might be endowed with the same spirit that filled the hearts of these blessed young women? There are other memorials here in this church-yard. Down yonder, in a little depression in the hill-side, a beautiful spot it is, are the statues of three of Scotland's worthies,—James Henderson, James Renwick, the last martyr for his faith in Scotland, who, at twenty-six years of age, gave his life for the cause, down in the grass market at Edinburgh; and, between the two, grand old John Knox, rough and sharp as the craggy hills of the North, but as true to God and duty as the sun in its course. The world has all too few of such men as he. He took Scotland when it was plastic clay, and he gave it a form that it has not and will not lose for generations to come. If he had done one thing more, what might not Scotland have been! It is said of him, that during his last sickness there was a fresh importation of wine from the South,—France, probably; and in one cask, for some reason, Knox had a special interest; and he insisted that it should be broached without delay, so that he might be sure of getting his share. And most Scotchmen, like Knox, seem to be anxious to get their full share of drink. And though the cause of temperance is

grandly progressing, yet there is a world of wretchedness in Scotland from this cause.

The highest point of this church-yard is an out-cropping ledge, and from its apex, which is called the Ladies' Rock, we get a fine view of the castle and surrounding country. Here it was the ladies of the court were wont to sit in ancient times, and witness the knightly games that were engaged in upon the plain, just at the foot of the hill. But the games are over and the ladies are gone, and few of their names are recorded in history's pages; and fewer still are remembered, and fewer still are cherished in memory for the deeds of virtue they performed. The men and women of those aristocratic and princely pastimes were, like all other aristocrats, a burden and a blemish; and humanity at large has no reason to remember them with pleasure, much less with gratitude.

The castle of Stirling is reached from the Ladies' Rock by passing across the depression where are placed the three statues already spoken of, and then up a long flight of stone steps, which land us in the esplanade, a broad open space in front of the castle, which affords a fine place for reviews and military drills. They are at it while we saunter along the dry, crunching gravel. It is a squad of non-commissioned officers, who are taking special lessons in military exercises. With all the rest, they must needs place the extended hands straight out in a horizontal position, and then bend the body squarely over until the hands touch the ankles,—a performance that is all well enough for that thin, lank fellow yonder, but a sorry job for this stout, beef-eating, beer-bloated Englishman close beside us; the very best he can do is to get his hands down to his knees, and that only with a tremendous effort. How red his face, as he goes down with a scarcely suppressed groan! and every time he comes up, it is with a puff of his short breath expressive of infinite relief; a good sort of a fellow to hold a fort as long as the provisions last, but not so



good to charge the enemy at double quick. Even this *double slow* is too much for him. Beyond the esplanade is the old moat, and the draw-bridge, and the gateway and port-cullis, and then we are within the walls of this famous old stronghold; and it is exceedingly strong, both by art and also by nature. Here James II, James IV, and James V were born. Mary, Queen of Scots, and her son, James VI, were crowned in this place. It was surrendered to Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought within easy sight of its battlements, and it has often been taken and retaken, sometimes by strategy, and sometimes by assault. The room is still shown where James II, in a fit of wrath, killed the Douglas, and the little window near at hand, out of which the dead body was thrown into the garden, where it was hastily buried, and where, not many years since, it was found, when making an excavation for some needed change.

At various points along the walls there are positions where remarkably fine views of the surrounding country may be obtained. One of these points is named for Queen Victoria, because, when on a visit to this fortress, some years ago, she very much enjoyed the prospect from this particular spot; another for Mary, Queen of Scots, for the reason that she was accustomed to sit at this point to enjoy the prospect. The chapel and palace, which once were occupied with the pride and pomp of royalty, are now occupied by soldiers; but the old memories linger, though the actors have long since gone the way of all the earth.

Not far away, within rifle-shot, is Gowlan Hill, across an intervening depression. It is the third prominent point in this upheaved ridge, the castle occupying the middle and highest one. Gowlan Hill is the spot where the scaffold and the block had their appointed place. It is still bare and bleak, as it has always been, and a pole or flag-staff marks the spot where some of the best, as well as some of the worst, of Scotchmen were put to death.

Beyond, in the far reaching plain, is the bend in the river where was the bridge, long since gone, over which the English forces passed to meet Wallace, and where the gallant Scot gained a most decisive victory. Farther to the right is the lofty crag, jutting up out of the plain, its summit crowned with a most beautiful monument to Wallace. Farther still to the right is the ruin of the old cathedral of Cambuskenneth, founded by David I, in 1147, upon the ruin of some old heathen temple. Most of the walls have been torn down, and the stones carried away to construct other buildings, but the massive tower still remains. James III and his queen were buried here, beneath the high altar; and, but a few years since, after centuries of neglect, search was made and their remains were found, and, by order of Queen Victoria, they were re-interred in the same spot, and a costly monument placed over them.

We love to linger on these castle walls, for the country all about is most beautiful to behold. The mountain peaks and ranges in the far distance; the wide reaches of smooth, highly cultivated meadow lands that border the tortuous river as it comes from the interior, and sweeps onward in graceful curves to the sea; the rolling hills; the patches of woodland; the elegant country-seats,—all conspire deeply to impress the mind. But leaving the castle, we find many places of interest in these narrow, crooked streets. The ruthless hand of progress has not entered here, and things remain as they were in the beginning. Here is the house where Bothwell lived; not far away is seen that of Darnley, and many others of scarcely less note. And amid these scenes the thoughts wander back to the time when the proud and haughty warriors of those dark and bloody days rode up and down these streets, intent upon their own ambitions, and aggrandizement. Thank God, they have passed away. The world has no need of such men. Their names are not worth recording.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

## A SUNDAY IN ZERMATT.

IN the morning, we enjoyed the beautiful liturgy, and heard a good sermon from a clergyman of the Church of England, in the *Salon de lecteur* of the Monte Rosa Inn. In the afternoon, I went to the Catholic church, which was densely crowded with peasants, all singing vigorously. The air was oppressive, and, after listening awhile to the monotonous chant, I came out and stood in the shadow of the church, and looked at the graves of the young men who, several years before, had fallen from the terrible cliffs of the Matterhorn, just after having triumphantly scaled its summit. The landscape that lay around them, only bounded by the horizon, extended a hundred miles in one direction, and a hundred and thirty in another, embracing in its comprehensive sweep ranges of giant snow-clad mountains, plains and valleys, woods and wildernesses, rivers and villages,—the all that earth can show of the beautiful and sublime. Then came the terrible transition from glorious life to instant death. Those young, strong lives were crushed out in a moment—Lord Francis Douglas, only nineteen, fleet of foot, flushed with his success in the ascent of the Gabelhorn, with life and its splendid possibilities all before him; Mr. Hadow, also nineteen, a rapid walker, who had done Mt. Blanc in less time than most men, but who was too inexperienced, in this his first and only season in the Alps, to attempt so perilous an adventure as the ascent of the Matterhorn; Mr. Hudson, Vicar of Skellington, in Lincolnshire, a middle-aged man, with a pleasant, grave face, quiet, unassuming manners, and unequaled in his mountaineering achievements. I read their names and the brief record of their life. “Be ye also ready, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not;” “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight;” “It is I, be not afraid,” were the solemn words of warning, resignation,

and encouragement carved on the tombs where youth and hope were buried. The body of Lord Francis Douglas lies amidst savage solitudes at the foot of the grand obelisk of the Alps,—only a few shreds of his clothing having been recovered. His mother proposed erecting an English church at Zermatt as a memorial of the beloved son whose untimely fate she mourned.

On the southern side of the church was the grave of Michel Croz, the strong, faithful guide, of whom it was said that he was only happy when ten thousand feet high. With magnificent strength, accustomed to task his powers of head and limb to their utmost, the inscription on his tomb truthfully and modestly said that “he was beloved by his comrades, and esteemed by travelers.” Three valuable lives lost by one misstep! I sadly recalled some such missteps in the journey of life, blighting not one but many lives closely linked together.

One thing would have saved them. Had Mr. Whymper’s suggestion been heeded, and a strong rope been fastened to the rock, it would have borne the strain. Human help was vain, and, as the rope broke, the three survivors stood motionless for half an hour, as if petrified by the appalling calamity. As we cross the perilous passes of life, we should be fastened securely to the Rock of Ages. Then our steps shall not slide. Strengthened by the mighty contact, and strengthening one another, we shall walk without fear.

The peasants, with deep, strong voices, were still singing in the church when I left it; and, turning from the main street of the village, I crossed a rustic bridge over the Visp, and strolled down the valley. No words can describe the charm of that Sunday afternoon.

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

I gave myself up to its delicious



influences. The time was golden; the hour one of those rich, beautiful ones, never to be forgotten. I seated myself on a green hill-side. Not a sound broke the Sabbath stillness but the brawling of the rapid, rushing Visp, that, twisting and turning, and sparkling in the sunlight, filled the air with its merry voice. The mountain, with its thick woods and deep ravines, rose up before me. Over its shoulder gleamed and glistened the white splendor of the Matterhorn, unique, grand, and monumental. I turned, and looked on the Riffell, whose green, sloping ascent was dotted with pine groves, and enameled with lovely Alpine pansies, mountain pinks, and a gay variety of flowers, not visible from the banks of the Visp, but lovingly noted and remembered as the charm of the ride up and the walk down the beautiful hill-side. In the valley, flooded by the sunshine, musical with the flow of murmuring waters, walled in by mighty hills, and sentinelled by the giant Matterhorn, grim and silent on the vast icy plateau above, the Sabbath hours glided away as if set to music. From the mountain before me, rising up with its frowning rocks and woods above Zermatt, came the *jodel* of the peasants, returning home with their cattle from the higher pastures. The musical call, sounding on one side of the gorge, was answered on the other; and again and again the melodious cry spoke of return and reunion. I still sat in the

golden sunshine; but the dark shadows of the mountain were stealing over the valley, soon to hide its soft beauty, though the sunset glow would long linger on the pinnacles of the Matterhorn.

It is not very easy to put that Sunday evening lesson into words; and yet it was a very solemn one, and full of sweetness too. If the good God has created these scenes of sublimity and beauty, and has given us powers to appreciate them; if something within us responds to this dread magnificence of nature, what may we not hope to enjoy in the place that Jesus has gone to prepare for us? The loveliness and the grandeur, once seen, enrich the life. Faint as are the pictures of memory, they are treasures beyond price; and they may aid us in our anticipations of the better land, where, with the splendors and the power, we shall have the incorruptible and the permanent. "It fadeth not away." "We shall go no more out." "There shall be no night there."

The evening song of the peasants, driving home their flocks and herds for the shelter of the fold, spoke of rest from labor, of family reunion. That was my last lesson at Zermatt. May we not hope to be thus welcomed, after our day's toil is over, by those whom we love, who are at home before us,—who wander by the green pastures and the still waters, not of the valleys of earth, but of the heights of heaven?

JULIA M. OLIN.

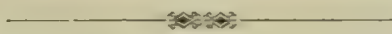
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### THE DIFFERENCE.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue.  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied.  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has, in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

A LITTLE work has just appeared in England bearing the title, "The Rights of Women." It is mainly devoted to a comparison of the legal status of the sexes in the chief countries of Western civilization. We are happy to say that its tone is much more mild and sensible than that of many works on this theme; for some of them are so wild and exacting that they are often by the thoughtful reader thrown down in disgust. The author is not named; but from the general context we infer that it is a lady. She has undertaken to compare the legal privileges granted to her sex in the principal lands of Christendom, and has carried out the work with such skill and conscientiousness that the book may well serve as a manual or *vade-mecum* for jurists, although it lays no claim to this distinction. It is written for the unprofessional reader, and will greatly interest those who desire to study and discuss the "woman question" from the stand-point of common justice and common sense. It takes the reader on quite a tour through modern Europe, in order to unfold in the different lands the actual legal position of women, and their claims in all contingencies of social life. The book mainly treats of the laws which answer the following questions:

What are the rights of property of the married woman? What is the extent of her authority to make contracts? What power has she over her children? What are her rights of inheritance?

It will be seen that these are questions of the greatest import to very many women, if not, indeed, to all, and about which they themselves are in a state of great uncertainty. The legislation of various countries on these points is carefully compared, and the decided improvements made within

the last few centuries of political and social changes are given with intelligible and instructive illustrations. From this comparison the authoress seems to come, almost involuntarily, to the conclusion that the position of women in Germany is superior to that of other nations, and that ancient German law was not unfavorable to them, although she cites cases that still admit of decided and manifold reform. The most unexpected point is made in regard to the legal position of women in France. It would seem that in this country, where so much has been pompously said and printed in regard to the rights of man, very little attention has been paid to the rights of women; and whatever anomalies may be found in the legal and social position of women in England and Germany, they are entirely overshadowed by those of the gallant nation, *par excellence*. The truth is, that the much vaunted consideration and politeness toward the sex in France is largely on the surface, and in social intercourse; when it comes to even-handed justice in serious matters, the women are allowed to take a subordinate position.

The book which we have named is small and imperfect, and is rather an incentive to further observation than otherwise; but it is of great importance from the conclusions which it draws, and the inconsistencies which it develops in the relation between the sexes. It is rather an exposition of the weight of the questions discussed, and a development of the need of something more extensive and systematic, which we may hope to receive before long from the same source. A German critic who notices the work calls for its translation into that idiom, which is certainly quite a compliment to the enterprise.



To turn from Merry England to the "Flowery Kingdom," we are happy to call attention to a new literary production from the pen of a Chinese authoress, who is anxious to guide the young of her sex in their mental and moral growth. It is called "Nur King,"—a book for girls, and gives some queer insights into the mode of thought of Chinese women. The authoress calls herself, in a familiar way, "Aunty Toau," evidently with the intention of initiating herself into the good graces of the Chinese girls by the patronizing air which an aunty alone can safely assume. Her counsels follow the girls to whom they are directed, step by step, to the venerable age and condition of grandmother. The book is uncommonly significant and characteristic for the culture of the female sex in China, considered from a Chinese stand-point. It treats of virtually nothing in the sphere of intellectual development; on the contrary, nearly every line attests to the entire subordination of the Chinese woman to her male relatives of every grade; and it is noticeable that this famous "Book for Girls" is written in Chinese rhyme, whatever that may be, which, to judge from the national gong, may not be euphonious. It begins with directions for early rising, the morning toilet, and feminine employments at this period of the day. "Go quickly and sweep the veranda; when every thing is clean, father and mother are pleased." Then comes counsel against vain prattle and gossip: "A girl must guard her tongue." Every age then receives a special lesson: "At the age of seven imitate grown people;" "At eight and nine, love your older and younger brothers and sisters, and share your tea and rice with them, and do not contend with them if your share is smaller than theirs." At the age of ten, the girl is bidden not to run about idly, but to be diligent in making shoes or in sewing. "Early and late sit by thy mother, and never leave the house without cause." At the age of eleven, the girl is informed that she is grown, and must then be diligent in making tea and boiling rice. All leisure hours are now to be employed in the working of embroidery.

From this point, all counsels have reference to the one great end,—marriage. To obedience to father, mother, elder brothers

and sisters, is now added implicit obedience to the future husband. And to these are now appended rules for household economy and thrift. "In the day of plenty think of the day of want, that thou needest not to beg when it comes." "The fifth virtuous action is, O daughter, whether thy clothes be old or new, let them be clean." In a seventh imperative rule, the girl is bidden to be humble. "The husband is for the wife what heaven is for earth." "If the hen crows in the morning, the house will not be prosperous, and those who see it will certainly say that it is thy fault." In strange assemblage, we now find rules for politeness and prudence; in all degrees of relationship, which are nicely distinguished, whether on the father's or the mother's side, great emphasis is laid on proper respect in intercourse, but the ruling thought that runs through all these is the relation of wife to husband; for instance: "Why do you wear separate garments, while the men wear one long one? Because a woman is not equal to her husband. Thus you must yield to him in all matters. Why are *your* feet bandaged? Not because it becomes you to have them bent like a bow, but in order to prevent you from continually running out of the house." Then come many hints for young mothers in regard to exercise, eating, drinking, sleeping, and smoking! After a long list of directions for the education of sons and daughters, the mother is directed to choose a wife for her son when he is grown up. "In thy choice, look not at riches or poverty; the most important point is, that she may be superior to others in character and virtues, that she may guide the family, lay the foundation of wealth, and give prosperity to the household." "When thy daughter is grown, give her in marriage; teach her to be careful and economical, to respect her husband's parents, and accord him due obedience." We then find a series of rules for treatment of all grades of relatives, with counsel to love them all, and make no difference between the rich and the poor. And, in conclusion, our Aunty bids the girls commit the book to memory, and rather tartly says that if they do not follow its precepts, they will be like cows and horses in the garments of women. To so many good things we could have wished a gentler farewell.

A GERMAN author has just published a very interesting work, entitled "A Polar Summer," in which he treats of the peculiar manners and customs of the inhabitants of the extreme Arctic regions. The Samoieds, unlike numerous other savage and half-savage nations, perform the marriage ceremony without any religious observance to consecrate the bond; and this is by no means indissoluble. Sometimes the men will exchange wives with one another, or they barter them away for reindeer. The ordinary course of marriage ceremony is about the following: The one chosen to negotiate the marriage for the bridegroom takes a staff, and goes to the hut of the bride's father, on whose lap he lays the skin of a blue or red fox, according to his wealth. The acceptance of this present decides the matter of alliance. If it is not sent back, the negotiator comes a second time into the hut, in order to notch on his staff the number of reindeer which he demands as a wedding gift. A wealthy Samoied often gives from one to two hundred reindeer, besides white and blue foxes, and household utensils. Poor men come down to ten reindeer, and a corresponding number of furs. When they have agreed on the negotiation, the staff is notched alike on both sides, so as to indicate the price, and then split in two lengthwise, each party retaining one part. On the day fixed for giving over the bride and her dowry, as above, the relatives on both sides assemble in the tent of her father, where a reindeer is slaughtered, and eaten raw. They then all repair to the tent or hut of the groom, and slaughter and eat another reindeer. The bride sits beside the bridegroom, who hands her meat. About midnight the guests depart, and, shortly after, the groom leaves and drives quietly away. The wedding proper is not celebrated till a few days afterwards; and the ceremony consists in taking the bride out in a sled, and driving her around the tent of her father and her husband. The usual feast then again closes the festival. From this period the woman becomes the slave of the man, so that she dares not even address him by name. The husband who hears of the unfaithfulness of his wife does not punish her, but, on meeting her companion in guilt, unharnesses one of the reindeer from his sled, and retains it as his

property. The names adopted by these Samoieds are quite peculiar. The child, for instance, is not named at its birth, but receives its cognomen by chance of some occurrence, such, for example, as the catching of a rare fish, or some other event that attracts the attention of the father. Thus the son may always bear the name of a fish caught by the father shortly after the birth of his child.

THE editor of one of the principal Berlin journals has been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of some of his lady readers, because of the freedom with which he speaks of the present enormities of fashion, so tasteless and senseless, besides so inconvenient. He was an avowed enemy of the colossally towering chignons, as of the tower-like bonnets, that obstructed the view in public assemblies of any kind to all who were so unfortunate as to be behind them. Of late he has been pleading against the indecency of drawing the dress so closely in the front as virtually to expose the person, while the unnatural bunches that disfigure the back are simple caricatures of the human form. In reply to a perfumed note, filled with no fragrant words, he writes: "We regret to be obliged to insist on our opinion, notwithstanding the telling phrases of our lady correspondent. We beg her to consider whether young men may not sometimes desire to know how ladies would look without the chignons or humps or pull-backs, or any of those artificial charms which are now so plentiful. Is it, indeed, an unauthorized indiscretion for a man who is seeking a companion for life, to desire to see the real face, or the natural hair, or the unadorned grace, of the woman whom he would marry? And what sensible young man would to-day not be appalled at the crazy extravagance called luxury, to which the feminine world, even to the lowest strata, are so ready to yield; and especially in view of the excessive demands made on the purse for that purpose? But a delicate voice interposes the question: Are men themselves not guilty for these excesses, which they use as reproaches? Is it not the men themselves who pay homage to such an overdressed lady of fashion, in preference to a young lady plainly and sensibly dressed?"



But you are deceived, my lady! Sensible men do not do so, although fashion may sometimes celebrate its triumphs. They know too well how much domestic happiness is destroyed under this beautiful and dazzling exterior. Try it once, by returning to the laws of beautiful simplicity and na-

ture; and adorn yourselves with all those charms which these insure you. And if one alone can not make a beginning, then let a company resolve so to do. The sound and the sensible may be certain of victory; and we promise them to say no more ungallant things."

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

It is no time to write history during the heat of battle; but when the struggle is over, and the excitement has passed away the historian may review its leading events and note down its more important results, leaving to future generations the philosophical research into causes and effects, and the impartial rendering of justice to the participants in the struggle. We are living too near the days of the recent famous temperance movement to be able to write its true history, but the benefits of "The Woman's Crusade of 1874" are so tersely enumerated by the Rev. H. H. Wells, State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Ohio, that we can not refrain, at the close of the succeeding year, from presenting them to our readers, knowing, as we do, that the Crusade has been looked upon as a mania, "a feverish state of excitement," which at one time finds expression in the cause of temperance, at another leads the gentler sex to hill-sides for coasting or to ice-ponds for skating, and during the last Winter culminated in the *furor* for spelling. Mr. Wells says:

"1. It called attention to the evils of intemperance.

"2. It aroused public sentiment against it.

"3. It made the saloons odious in the eyes of the young men.

"4. It has resulted in organized efforts against the evil.

"5. It has produced a large amount of temperance literature.

"6. It developed thousands of workers among women.

"7. It was a great spiritual blessing to those engaged in it.

"8. It has drawn Christian Churches nearer to each other.

"9. It has enlisted the Church in the war against rum.

"10. It has led ministers to preach on the subject faithfully.

"11. It has closed large numbers of saloons in the country.

"12. It has reformed vast numbers of drunkards.

"13. It has resulted in opening of rooms for young men.

"14. It has awakened political action.

"15. It defeated license in Ohio, August 18, 1874."

Mr. Wells adds these words: "These are only a few of the more prominent things gained by the wonderful Crusade. Eternity alone can unfold the entire fruit of the work."

—The first open bar in Oberlin has during the past season been permanently closed, by "purely legitimate and orderly means, by persuasion and moral influence, by concentrated and sustained public sentiment," and "is an impressive and inspiring example of the victory of intelligence and virtue over the lust of avarice." The citizens of Westerville, Ohio, seem not to have been as fortunate in their attempts to free their town from the curse of rum-selling. A writer from that place asks the following questions: "Can a community who are unanimously opposed to grog-shops suppress a saloon under the laws of Ohio, or are the laws made expressly for the protection of the rum-traffic? Is there no place where a man may retire and be free from this curse? Have men the right to go into a place where no-

body wants such an institution, and force it upon the people, to the destruction of the quiet of their homes?"

The annexed paragraph might have been written in answer to these queries, so pertinent does it seem:

"The law is really no stronger than the public sentiment that is behind it. The machinery is practically no more powerful than the steam in the boiler; and, accordingly, what the temperance cause needs is not so much a new law as a new public sentiment."

That a new public sentiment is slowly being created is shown by the subjoined items:

A widow in Hutchings, Iowa, whose drunken husband froze to death, sued the proprietors of four saloons who furnished him the liquor, and gained a verdict of \$2,800 against each. There is now no drinking saloon in that town.

In the Jones County-court, Iowa, a saloon-keeper had a verdict of \$1,200 rendered against him, for selling liquor to a man whose wife entered suit for damages.

The widow of a peddler named Stanton, who was shot near Walden, Vermont, two years ago, has recovered one thousand dollars and costs from a Mr. Simpson, of Greenborough, who sold Snow his liquor.

There are two hundred and thirty-four fewer saloons in Michigan this year than last.

Bloomington, Indiana, refuses to grant any licenses whatever to sell liquor.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island, through its Town Council, said "No," in answer to every one of the twenty applications for license to sell intoxicating liquors.

—Dr. Bowditch recommends that habitual inebriates be deprived of the suffrage, and of the privilege of holding public office.

—At Rockford, Illinois, they have a black list of townspeople who "can not be trusted alone with a whisky bottle;" and one's name on this list debars him from obtaining a drink at a saloon.

—The *Springfield Republican* says that we shall come to regard intemperance as we are coming to regard bad drainage and small-pox, as a nuisance, which it is for the interest of every property-owner and citizen to suppress, by combination of private effort and public authority.

—Miss Julia Lore, who went out recently to labor as medical missionary in India, is doing a noble work there, and is altogether one of the best workers ever sent out.

—At the annual State Convention of the Woman's Temperance Union of Indiana, the President, Mrs. Wallace, in an address, uttered the accompanying significant words: "If I had a vote, I would give it to no man for any office, however insignificant, who did not stand pledged to fight the liquor-traffic to the bitter end."

—The statistics presented to the Brewers' Congress, which assembled in Cincinnati during the Summer, show a large reduction in the number of breweries during the past year, which the President, Mr. Schade, charges to the Crusade, and to temperance legislation in the various forms of State prohibition and local option. "The opinion has become general that prohibitory legislation has not restricted drinking; but this organ orator testifies that it has, and thereby has dried up a large number of breweries. This testimony in behalf of the brewers requires the public to revise its opinion on the failure of crusading and of prohibitory legislation."

—In one of Dr. Prime's letters from the East, he says: "On the beach, where was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, the steamer in which we were journeying made a landing. There was no town there, no wharf, no people. The merchandise and passengers were put ashore in a lighter, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels with their drivers lay on the beach to transport the goods into the interior. The chief article landed was in several barrels marked, distinctly, 'Boston Rum.' These barrels were to be hoisted upon the backs of the camels, and taken to Antioch. We sat on a barrel and mused upon the progress of Christianity and civilization." Add to Dr. Prime's statement the following from "an intelligent ex-Confederate officer," and we have a sad comment upon American civilization and advancement: Speaking of "a young man in the army who had become a gambler," this officer says, "The most inveterate gamblers in the army were those who had learned to play cards in the parlor with the ladies."



## ART NOTES.

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

THE visitor to the South Kensington Museum, London, is delighted as well as surprised at the wealth of this collection and the munificence of its patronage. Originating, as it did, in a consciousness of the great and inexcusable inferiority of English industrial art, as compared with that of France and Germany, this Museum has been conducted since its foundation with an earnestness and liberality that argued that this inferiority should not continue. The immense expenditures in its foundation, and the princely gifts and appropriations since added, have placed it in the very front rank among the means of diffusing knowledge of higher industrial art throughout the United Kingdom. So great has now become its popularity, and the affection with which it is regarded, that money and contributions flow toward it in an almost perpetual stream. The benefits which it has conferred on the British people are so manifest and acknowledged, that even extravagance in its management has been endured with scarcely a murmur. Were its continuance, even at the present vast expenditures, submitted to the popular vote, we can not doubt that it would be sustained by an overwhelming majority. One secret of its favor is the popular character of its management. Art is not regarded a luxury, to be enjoyed by the wealthy few, but is placed within easy reach of the multitude. The enormous crowds that visit these treasures on the "fine" days come to feel that these, to a good degree, are their own property, and that all this investment is for their peculiar benefit. Thus the fame of the Museum is extended to the remotest corners of the kingdom, and even the humblest come to regard it with an honest pride. Again, the large number of teachers that the training department has supplied to the various cities and towns of England and Scotland has made the practical benefits of the central museum more apparent. By the establishment of schools of industrial art in all the chief centers, and especially through means of evening classes, the common workman

has been influenced, and elevated from a mere mechanic to an intelligent artisan. His dormant energies have been quickened, his tastes purified, and his artistic aptitudes properly directed. The effect is, that England, from the lowest position in industrial art, now has come to occupy the very foremost. Next, the system of competitive examinations that has been instituted furnishes opportunities for the residents of the remotest towns to compare the products of their skill with those of the metropolis. In these comparisons the teachers come to be as greatly interested as the pupils themselves, since, really, this comes to be a competition of instructors, through the handiwork of their classes. The award of prizes for superior excellence furnishes only a tithe of the stimulus to sharp endeavor; it is rather the collection of these specimens of choice workmanship in the museum itself,—where the name, the teacher, the time of instruction, the age and residence of the successful competitor, are advertised in most prominent position,—that furnishes the immaterial but powerful motive to excellence. It is the same principle that caused the Greek or Roman athlete to value the perishing crown of oak or bay more highly than all moneyed treasures. And, surely, this becomes, in turn, a powerful incentive to the looker-on of this choice workmanship, to enter himself the lists; and thus is his own skill refined, and thus does he in turn become not only an apologist, but an ardent defender of the value and utility of the Museum to the nation. Nor are we to wonder at this, since even the casual visitor feels himself moved by these beautiful specimens to commence his studies, even in an humble way, and make himself more competent to do his chosen work.

Another vitalizing power used by the management of the Kensington Museum is the literature which is disseminated. Not only are annual reports prepared and widely circulated, but catalogues of the various departments are now prepared in most exquisite forms, and are on sale in its own rooms and in all the chief book and art

depots of the kingdom. These have become an important part of the stock in trade of this immense establishment. By a liberal preparation of some of its choicest works in photograph and engraving, it is enabled to multiply its own influence, until our own country is beginning to feel the beneficent power.

And this leads me to another subject, of vast importance to the future art development of America; namely, the supplies for art museums. What America needs is the presence, in her own midst, of a number of collections of art works, which shall give our people some just idea of the character and extent of this field of study. The mass even of tolerably educated and leading minds confine the notion of art to some mere pastime, or, at most, luxury. They fail to appreciate that art is one of the primal necessities of our nature. It, therefore, becomes very difficult to interest men of capital in the foundation of art museums. What they have not seen and felt is with difficulty appreciated. Then the enormous sums that some original masterpieces of painting and sculpture have commanded have appalled them, and they see no means of establishing museums, even with munificent gifts. They declare that the most gigantic fortune becomes as a drop in the bucket; and so nothing is done for art. The governments and grand associations of Europe have also come to appreciate these difficulties, even in their own midst. The foundation of every new university upon the Continent necessitates the establishment of new art museums for purposes of instruction and study, and the smaller cities and towns have an increasing desire to have these means of art stimulus and culture within easy access of their citizens. To supply the means of such instruction, most of the governments have made abundant provisions for the careful reproduction, by casts, of all their statuary, and many of their architectural collections. In Berlin is found the royal foundery, where these reproductions are made in plaster, and in some cases in metal, and at rates within the reach of those who may have but moderate sums to expend. Also, private firms, as Eichler, Michelli, & Co., are allowed access to the original works, and are ready to supply museums with exquis-

itely fine casts of every thing most valuable. Like provisions are found in Munich, Vienna, Florence, Rome, and Paris. In London, the stranger is surprised to find, in Drury Lane, one of the largest houses of this kind in the world. It is specially commissioned by the British Museum to reproduce every thing contained in their enormous collection, and it has, besides, facilities for furnishing most excellent casts of nearly all the famous works of the Continent. Here is to be found the solution of the otherwise almost insoluble problem of supplying America with the requisite means of art culture and stimulus. While of only a small fraction of the cost of originals, they answer nearly every purpose of instruction. By this means may we hope to have in our midst reproductions of all the great and inspiring works in statuary, many in architecture, and many more still representing the details of architectural ornamentation. It is gratifying to know that this London house is now filling an immense order for the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and the statement was made to me by the director of this house that the orders from America had now become very numerous. Let the good work go on more and more, until, in every school of high grade in our land, a collection of the master works may be found, to inspire art-study, and assist in purifying the æsthetic taste.

I have likewise derived much pleasure from the interest manifested by many in England and Germany in our approaching Centennial Exposition, — especially its Art Department. It is quite generally conceded that the arrangements are on a scale of grandeur not equaled by any former Exposition. Specially has the Memorial Building been mentioned to me as one which is most highly creditable to us as a nation. It is to be hoped that the flattering promises now made by the artists of Europe, to forward their best works to adorn this building, may be fulfilled. Should European art here find a full and just representation, we may confidently hope that it may be the means of furnishing instruction to multitudes of our people who never find opportunity to cross the Atlantic, and also furnish to our native artists a healthy stimulus.

Art matters in Great Britain are said to be



quiet. If original production is thereby meant, then probably this is a correct statement. From the exchange and sale of valuable art works, however, one would hardly suspect that there was financial distress, or stringency in the money market. But perhaps the very adverse times are proved by this free offer of works of *virtu* in the open auction-room. It probably argues great financial embarrassment among a class who have long been accustomed only to luxury, and the gratification of their tastes in the collection of these beautiful objects. Certainly the art auction-rooms are filled with treasures that tempt the visitor to covet wealth in order that they may be their happy possessor.

Exquisite engravings, and paintings of great value, find their way hither from the homes of the nobility, the proceeds of which are to save the former owners from stepping down from their high social position, or to rescue them from impending bankruptcy. It is then that the successful tradesman steps in to claim his share of these art treasures, and what before adorned baronial halls, now passes into homes of the untitled. By such distribution, culture is extended, and refinement is felt in other grades of society. The prices paid for many of these works seem almost fabulous. For example, at Quilter's sale of his collection of water-color paintings, the sale was accompanied with a most extraordinary enthusiasm. Two companion pieces of the artist De Wint, for which, twenty-five years ago, he received \$200, now brought about \$14,000; and another, purchased from the artist for \$150, netted Mr. Quilter the handsome sum of \$5,000. David Core's exquisite landscape, for which the artist was paid \$260, was hailed with a perfect storm of applause, and the first offer was \$8,000, but in a short time, after sharp competition, was struck off at \$14,750. This entire collection realized more than \$350,000. So, also, the sale of the "Manly Hall Gallery," which contained many masterpieces of the English schools, was effected by Messrs. Christie, at prices greatly in advance of any thing before known for work of the same character. Turner's picture, "The Grand Canal of Venice," which last

sold for \$12,250, now brought the enormous sum of \$36,500; and Mr. Millais's "Jephtha and his Daughter" was struck off for \$20,000. These prices clearly show that the works of the masters of any school or country are becoming more and more valued by the public at large, and that buyers scarcely stop to consider the cost, provided one of these gems can come into their possession. While all this is going on in the bustle and jostle of the auction-rooms, the grand Temple of Honor, Westminster Abbey, is adding many to the number of its monuments. Since there has been a little abatement in the bigotry of the Establishment, and a truer view taken of what constitutes Britain's real glory, many noted names have been added to the already wonderful roll of England's worthies. Some exquisite monuments have been recently erected, and many old ones retouched or finished. Few places, however, were more frequented than the brass tablet set in the pavement in honor of the intrepid traveler and Christian hero, David Livingstone.

—In a small house of the buried city of Pompeii, recent discoveries of considerable interest have been made. In a strong box were found, in perfect condition, two lares, two penates, and a third of the latter in silver; also, figures of Isis and Anubis, in bronze. A small and admirable statue of Harpocrates has also come to light, a silver spoon, several glass vases, and one in amber; a Greek amphora, and a painted *terra-cotta* figure of a veiled woman. The amphora is of painted glass, ornamented with encircling radiating lines. In Greek tombs, objects of this kind are familiar, but in Pompeii they were rare, and probably looked upon as objects of art. A small marble statue of Venus has also turned up,—not of the highest character of execution, but of interest from marks which indicate the presence of golden ornaments round the neck and wrists. But the most fortunate discovery that has lately been made is a painting faithfully representing the Laocoön of Virgil, of most brilliant and well-preserved colors. This, it is expected, will be transferred to the Museum of Naples.

## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

THE ELBOW.—The character of a people is often strikingly intimated by a single phrase in common use among them. Thus, as a German writer remarks, the crowded population of England, and the pushing character of the Anglo-Saxon people, are both indicated in the use of the elbow,—both word and thing. This is almost peculiar to England. In no other language is it said, “He *elbowed* his way through a crowd,” or “He will *elbow* his neighbors.” The expression for sufficient space to work in, as “*elbow-room*,” is also exclusively English. It is even used in a figurative sense, as once by Shakespeare, “Now my soul has elbow-room.”

It is perhaps from England that the people of Lisbon have acquired the use of such terms as *actovellar*, to push, and *cotorellado*, a push with the elbow, which are not prevalent in other parts of Portugal.

CROWN JEWELS.—The crown of England contains 1,700 diamonds, and is valued at \$500,000. The crown of Peter contains 887 diamonds. The crown of Ivan contains 841 diamonds. The imperial crown of Russia contains 2,500 diamonds. The crown of France contains 5,352 diamonds. Among dealers and connoisseurs it is understood that the finest collection, as a whole, is that of the empire of Russia. At the present time, the largest yield of diamonds is from the mines of Brazil, though, for the last twenty years, few have been found notable for size and brilliancy. An “old mine” India stone is the diamond-dealer’s delight, and always commands a fancy price.

METHODS OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.—It is interesting to know what method our most distinguished authors employed in the composition of their works. David Hume, for instance, wrote rapidly, but corrected slowly and laboriously. His pages are full of erasures. In the writings of Gibbon the erasures are few, for he made all his corrections in his mind, and never wrote a sentence until he had balanced and amended it to his entire satisfaction, either seated in his arm-chair or walking in his balcony at

Lausanne, with the Lake of Geneva below him. Dr. Adam Smith walked slowly up and down his room while dictating to his clerk. Hence, it has been alleged that his sentences are nearly all of the same length, each containing exactly as much as the clerk could take down while the Doctor took a single turn.

Adam Smith acknowledged that in lecturing he was more dependent than the generality of professors on the sympathy of his class. “During a whole session,” he said, “a certain student, with a plain but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar. I had him constantly in my eye. If he leaned forward to listen, all was right, and I knew that I had the ear of my class; but if he leaned back, in an attitude of listlessness, I felt at once that all was wrong, and that I must change either the subject or the style of my address.” Adam Smith disliked nothing more than that moral apathy, that obtuseness of moral perception, which prevents a man from not only seeing clearly, but feeling strongly, the broad distinction between virtue and vice, and which, under the pretext of liberality, is all-indulgent even to the blackest crimes. At a party at Dalkeith Palace, where Mr. —, in his mawkish way, was finding palliations for some villainous transaction, the Doctor waited in patient silence till he was gone, and then exclaimed, “Now I can breathe more freely. I can not bear that man; he has no *indignation* in him.”

MORTALITY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.—“Although much has been written concerning the mortality of the civil population of Paris during the twenty-eight weeks of the siege, there has been little,” says the *British Medical Journal*, “that is either accurate or complete. An elaborate research by Dr. Henry Sucur presents, for the first time, these desirable qualities. Figures are so little attractive that few people are probably even yet aware that the siege cost upward of 50,000 lives to the civil population. He ascertains that 300,000 Parisians left Paris by



rail before the investment; but 190,000 regular troops and 170,000 refugees from the suburbs entered the city, so that the population of Paris, on the whole, was raised from 1,890,000 to about 2,000,000, the excess consisting chiefly of men between twenty and forty years of age. The mean mortality of the four preceding years, and of the following year for these twenty-eight weeks, was 24,928; that for the twenty-eight weeks of 1870-71 was 77,231, an excess of 52,303, this being apparently the toll which death demanded, and the price which the Parisians paid, for the glory of resistance to Bismarck and Von Moltke. The mortality fell unevenly on persons of various ages. Between fifteen and twenty-five, it was multiplied sixfold. The general mortality was tripled. The mortality was least among men from forty to sixty; they took no part in active service, and had comparatively greater facilities for resisting cold and privation. The diseases which contributed chiefly to the immense mortality, were six,—small-pox, bronchitis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, diarrhea, and dysentery."

OLD-TIME BOATINGS. — The following scrap of marine history is again on the rounds: From 1786 to 1811, the only transportation upon the Mississippi was by means of flatboats and barges, three or four months being consumed in making the trip from New Orleans to Louisville. The first vessel ever built upon Western waters was the brig *Dean*, launched at Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, in 1806. In 1811 the first steamboat on Western waters was built by Messrs. Fulton and Livingstone, at Pittsburg. It was a propellor, with two masts, called the *Orleans*. She made her first trip to New Orleans in fourteen days. The *Comet* and *Vesuvius* followed, and the *Enterprise* was the fourth Western steamboat, being built at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, in 1814. The *Washington* was the fifth, being built at Wheeling, Virginia, and Brownsville, Pennsylvania. She had two decks, being the first of that kind. She was a success, and the pioneer boat of that kind on Western waters.

THE ADIRONDACKS.—A board of surveyors, under the direction of Mr. Colvin, Commissioner of Parks of the State of New York, recently completed a survey of the

Adirondack wilderness. Mr. Colvin's report, which has been published, shows that the public has long been in error regarding the source of the Hudson River. The river rises, not, as has hitherto been supposed, in Lakes Colden and Avalanche, but in a little pond away up in a rift between Skylight Mountain and Gray's Peak, 4,293 feet above tide-water, the loftiest source of any stream in the State. In fact, all existing maps, compiled from the notes of tourists and the statements of hunters or guides, are egregiously incorrect. Level plains are represented where snow-capped peaks abound, and the discoveries of lakes and streams, before unknown or wrongly described, are legion. Commissioner Colvin's report mentions the fact that the region is gradually losing its small settlements of hunting population, and that, for reasons unknown, the finest forests are slowly dying; and closes by the suggestion that the Adirondacks are to be the future source of New York City's water supply.

ORANGES IN FLORIDA.—The culture of oranges in Florida is beginning to attract considerable attention. A correspondent writes from there that he had just visited one orchard of fifteen acres, for which the owner had refused \$75,000, and another, of eighteen acres, for which there is a standard offer of \$90,000 in gold. The latter produced last year a gross income of \$40,000. There is, however, this to be considered,—it takes six years for a grove to begin to bear, and eight or ten more before it becomes profitable. An orange-tree ten years old is expected to produce from one to three thousand oranges, and these are sold on the trees from one to three cents each. There are usually one hundred trees to the acre, and counting one thousand oranges to the tree the yield, at one cent each, would give \$1,000 per acre.

SIGNIFICANCE OF KISSES.—A kiss on the forehead denotes respect; on the eye-lids, devotion; on the cheek, friendship; on the lips, love; on the beard, reverence; on the neck, reconciliation; on the hand, gratitude; on the knee, subjection; and on the foot, submission and servitude. Some of these forms belong peculiarly to the Orient. We might name one other kiss,—the Judas-kiss.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN ENGLAND.—

An interesting geological discovery has been recently made during excavations for a new tidal basin at the Surrey Commercial Docks (England). On penetrating some six feet below the surface, the workmen every-where came across a subterranean forest bed, consisting of peat, with trunks of trees, for the most part still standing erect. All are of the species still inhabiting Britain; the oak, alder, and willow are most abundant. The trees are not mineralized, but retain their vegetable character, except that they are thoroughly saturated with water. In the peat are found large bones, which have been determined as those of the great fossil ox (*Bos primigenius*). Fresh-water shells are also found. No doubt is entertained that the bed thus exposed is a continuation of the old buried forest, of wide extent, which has, on several recent occasions, been brought to the daylight on both sides of the Thames, notably at Walthamstow in the year 1869, in excavating for the East London Water-works; at Phenistead, in 1862-3, in making the southern out-fall sewer. In each instance the forest bed is found buried beneath the marsh clay, showing that the land has sunk below the tidal level since the forest flourished.

## MUSCULAR STRUCTURE OF THE HANDS

AND FEET.—We give below an interesting note from the *Popular Science Monthly*, recording some of Dr. W. S. Barnard's investigations into the myology, or muscular structure, of the hand and foot. "On the history of the muscles the fossil world can throw no light; but Dr. Barnard's investigations of living types seem to demonstrate that muscles have had a history no less significant than the bones. Professor Cope has shown that, osteologically, the human foot is of ancient pattern. What is it myologically? Let the reader attentively study his own foot; let him experiment on the toes. Try to flex them, and they move, but rather clumsily; try to flex a single toe, keeping the rest straight, and the thing will be found to be impossible; they all move together.

VOL. XXXV.—36"

The big toe may have a little independence, but not much. The Duke of Argyll has lately said, that we can know the animal by looking down from our higher selves to our lower selves. If the Duke could look at an opossum flexing its toes in climbing, and then look down on his own foot, he would have a closer acquaintance with the marsupial. Our toes have the same communal movements as those of the opossum. But our fingers we can flex one at a time, or in any way we like. Now, Dr. Barnard's dissections would seem to prove that the muscles which move the fingers and toes have been differentiated from one (*communis*) muscle. He has found many stages of differentiation. The flexor which inserts in the thumb of man inserts in two or three toes in the higher apes. The extensor of the index finger is the same in the gorilla as in man; but, in the lower apes and lemurs, it has two parts. In lemurs the third finger gets a tendon from the extensor of the index. In all apes the extensor muscle of the third finger is inconstant. On the theory that the proprius muscles, the flexors and extensors of the fingers and toes, have been developed by specialization out of one *communis* muscle, these facts and many others of the same kind are luminous; on any other theory, they are inexplicable. In the foot, man remains a creature of the past, not modified by that which makes him a man, the brain. The hand has been modified and perfected by its services to the brain."

DIVERSE EFFECTS OF THE SAME TEMPERATURE ON THE SAME SPECIES OF PLANTS IN DIFFERENT LATITUDES.—In the *Comptes Rendus des Seances de l'Academie des Sciences*, M. A. de Candolle gives the result of some experiments, instituted by himself last Winter, to determine the degree of influence of heat on the vegetation of the same species of plants under otherwise diverse conditions. The sudden burst into life and the rapid development of the vegetation of northern regions is proverbial; the advent of mild weather seems to bring at once into activity the accumulated vital energies, and growth



is exceedingly rapid. In the south the same temperature would have far less visible effect on the same species. De Candolle has attempted, by direct experiment, to ascertain to what extent this influence is exercised. For this purpose he procured specimens of several common deciduous trees from Montpelier, and submitted them to the same temperature as and with specimens of the same species collected at Geneva. In the ordinary course of things, the same species came into leaf from three weeks to a month earlier at Montpelier than at Geneva; but the species from the south, by the side of the northern specimens, did not unfold their leaves so early as the latter by three weeks. The white poplar, hornbeam, and tulip tree were the principal trees employed. Catalpa, a very late leafing subject, exhibited less diversity in this respect. This phenomenon is equally striking in cereals and other cultivated plants. The learned author attributes these differences in effect mainly to the fact that vegetation, or external growth, never entirely ceases in the south, whereas in the north there is a long period during which internal changes and modifications of substances alone is carried on.

THE VATNA JÖKULL, ICELAND.—A late number of *Nature* contains the following interesting letter from Mr. W. L. Watts, who has performed the remarkable feat of crossing the Vatna Jökull, an immense snowy plain in the south-east corner of Iceland. "I am happy to say I have crossed the Vatna Jökull. It occupied between fifteen and sixteen days in bad weather. I feel certain that the Jökulls of Iceland are advancing at a considerable speed. The part of the Vatna Jökull in the south of Iceland has advanced about one mile and a half since the middle of May last, and threatens to cut off all communication, in that direction, along the shore. I think, however, its rapid advance is not, as the natives believe, owing to volcanic heat in the Vatna Jökull, but that it is caused simply by the vast increase of frozen material upon its cloud and storm wrapped heights. This accumulation, above the height of five thousand feet, goes on both in Summer and Winter; and, below for another thousand feet, the waste during the Summer months by no means equals the ac-

cumulation during the rest of the year. The glacier at the north point, at which we descended, by Kistufell, has advanced about twelve miles since the making of Olsen's map, in 1844, diverting the course of the Jökull sa' a' fjöllum, and causing it to rise about twelve miles from where it appears to do upon the map. The grand old water-course it has vacated forms an excellent road for several miles. I feel sure Iceland must slowly but surely, in course of time, succumb to the same fate as befell the Greenland colonies. The destruction wrought by the eruptions of last Winter is considerable. Several farms have been ruined by pumice and ash. Poor, dirty, interesting Iceland! both fire and water, the latter in all its forms, appear to conspire against it."

FORMATION OF HAIL IN THE SPRAY OF YOSEMITE FALL.—The *American Journal of Science* for September contains an interesting article, by Professor Brewer, on the formation of hail in the Upper Yosemite Fall, as observed by himself on the 14th of April last. This magnificent fall is fifteen hundred and fifty feet high, and, at the time, the stream being swollen by rains and melting snow, leaped clear from the rocks into the air, and was soon torn into spray. "It seemed," says the Professor, "as mobile as smoke, and assumed new varieties of outlines each instant, so light and airy that it seemed as easily swayed by the wind as lace, yet it struck with deafening thunder. The concussion was perceptible through the granite for some distance." The discharge of water was estimated at two hundred and fifty to three hundred cubic feet each second. The water, in Winter, falls behind a great cone of ice, which forms from one hundred to two hundred feet in thickness, and emerging beneath the ice, a grand arch is formed, like that in the glacier at Mont Blanc, whence the Arveiron flows. Standing at the foot of this upper fall, a thousand feet above the bottom of the valley, Professor Brewer and his companions felt, in the violent tempest of spray, ice-pellets or hail, which stung their hands and faces like shot. They fell in considerable quantity, rapidly melting, for the sun shone full on the fall, and the rocks around reflected the heat. The diameter of some of the pellets was estimated at

one-tenth of an inch. Here we have the spray of the waterfall condensed and frozen into hail. The process by which this may occur is clearly stated by Professor Brewer. The water, supplied from melting snow, plunges over the cliff at just about the temperature of freezing. "In the fall it appears to be 'atomized' for twelve hundred to fourteen hundred feet of its descent. A great volume of air is drawn into this falling mass along its whole course, the sheet spreading as it descends. The quantity of air is so great that it pours outward on the bottom of the valley, and is very perceptible, as a cool current, more than a mile distant from the base of the upper fall. The air, as sucked into the fall, is immediately cooled to 32° by the ice-cold water. As it passes in, it is very dry, and the rapid saturation within the sheet is sufficient to freeze a portion of the drops."

EFFECT OF HEAT ON THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF STEEL WIRES AND RODS.—At the late meeting of the British Association at Bristol, England, Professor W. F. Barrett

read a paper on the "Effects of Heat on the Molecular Structure of Steel Wires and Rods," in the course of which he said he found that if steel of any thickness, be heated, by any means, at a certain temperature, the wire ceases to expand, although the heat be continuously poured in. During this period also the wire does not increase in temperature. The length of time during which this abnormal condition lasts, varies with the thickness of the wire and the rapidity with which it can be heated through. It ceases to expand, and no further change takes place until the heat is cut off. When this is done, the wire begins to cool down regularly till it has reached the critical point at which the change took place on heating. Here a second and reverse change occurs. At the moment that the expansion occurs, an actual increase in temperature takes place sufficiently large to cause the wire to glow again with a red-hot heat. It is curious that this after-glow had not been noticed long ago, for it is a very conspicuous object in steel wires that have been raised to a white heat, and allowed to cool.

## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

### THE OLD WOOD-CUTTER'S LUCK.

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

A VERY long time ago, before either you or I was born, there lived, as I have heard, a poor old man, with his poor old wife, in a poor old house. He was a good man, and never did any thing a bit of harm, not even the little brown sparrows that hopped around his door; but in spite of his kindness he never grew rich. Well, one morning he went to the mountain, as usual, to cut wood, carrying with him his noon-day meal, which was only a ball of rice, called "Nigirimeshi," and which to this day the working-men eat for their lunch. Before beginning his work, the poor old fellow cast about him for some snug spot in which to put his precious rice, and, as he was peering and poking around, what should he spy but a great hole right in the middle of the mountain.

"Ah!" thought he, "this is a number-one hiding-place," and, "quick as wink," he dropped his rice-ball in it, and hurried off to his work.

It was a beautiful day, but very warm; the sun beat like a red-hot hammer on his gray head when he came back at noon to get his dinner. O, dear! O, dear! what do you think had happened, children? Why not a mouthful was there left, and instead of it he found hosts of rats quite at home in the hole, running or dancing, squeaking or scolding, just as the humor suited them. There was a big father-rat and a big mother-rat with their children, and I fancy their grandchildren, too, for there were enough baby-rats to set one's head spinning if he should try to count them, and the racket they made was scarcely endurable. Seeing how troubled the old man looked, the



father and mother made up pitiful faces, and broke out into a squeaking song :

"O pardon, pardon, pardon we pray,  
Our children all were hungry to-day.  
They've eaten your dinner, we're sorry to say."

They made so much noise that the old man could hardly understand them at all; but when they said, in beautiful Japanese, "If you will be so kind, sir, as to forgive us for eating your dinner, we will make you a charming present," he understood very well, and his heart almost jumped out of his body for joy. Then they proceeded to tell him that up on the mountain there was a shrine, where, every night, imps, little and large, came to play at dice and gamble away their money. The poor man pricked up his ears, I can tell you, when he heard the word "money." "But," said they, "you must be careful to hide yourself until the cock has crowed once, twice, thrice :

When he crows at the hour of three,  
Every one of the imps will flee,  
Right and left, the cash will throw,—  
Right and left the imps will go.

Then, kind Mr. Old Man, you shall have all the money you can carry away with you, we promise that."

At evening, the woodman hurried home to his wife with the story of their coming good fortune, and the old woman laughed till she showed all her black-painted teeth. She had n't very many to show, it is true; but she did her best in honor of the great happiness in store for them. The next morning the old man took his rice-ball and went to his work as before; but that night he hid himself near the shrine, as directed by his rat-friends, and, sure enough, at midnight, there came a perfect swarm of imps, and began gambling at a great rate, laughing and chattering as though they had lost their wits,—and very likely they had. Every time one threw the dice, he cried "Shobu! Shobu!" (win or lose!) just like real Japanese gambler.

The cock crew once, and the old man waited anxiously for an hour; the cock crew twice, and he almost held his breath for another hour, and then came near crowing aloud himself; for,

All in a flurry,  
Hurry and skurry,  
Right and left flew money and dice,

And every imp made off in a trice,  
Just as the cock crew shrilly thrice.

Into the shrine the old man hurried, and lost no time in loading himself with the precious treasure which the wicked gamblers had left behind them. How the good wife rejoiced when he reached home safely! for she had been very anxious about him, as well she might be. You know bad spirits are not the most pleasant company in the world.

All the neighbors gathered in to hear the story of this wonderful piece of luck, and among them there was one envious old fellow, who thought to himself, "Humph! I do n't see why these shabby people should have this fortune all to themselves. They do n't deserve it any more than I do, and I'll try my luck this very day." So off he posted to the mountain, and dropped his ball of rice into the home of the rats, just as the other had done. That large family joyfully received it, for they were always hungry, and ate it up to the last crumb. When Mr. Fortune-seeker came back pretending to hunt for his dinner, the father and mother rat said to him just exactly what they had said to his good neighbor. Then he thought his fortune was certainly made, and that same night hid himself to wait for it among the thick bushes growing near the shrine. Not a bit did he care that they tore his clothes till he looked like a beggar. For he thought he should soon have money enough to buy all the clothes he could possibly want; so he only chuckled to himself. But what do you suppose the foolish fellow did? Why, when the imps gathered together and began playing, they made such a famous racket that the first thing he knew he laughed out long and loud. Quick as thought, they looked up, with their eyes fairly starting from their wicked heads.

"Ha!" said they, "there's a world-man around here somewhere."

They peeped and poked about in a great rage, here and there and every-where, and, at last, sad to relate, found the old man crouching among the bushes, frightened nearly to death. They dragged him out, and danced and howled as they peeled the skin off his face and head. He begged for mercy, but in vain. They pulled away with their long, sharp nails, till his head was as

red as their own, and the blood flowed in a stream down his wrinkled old cheeks. Then they let him go, and he ran home screaming to his wife. But she, poor thing, did not know her own husband; but thought he had been changed into an imp of darkness. No wonder, for, with the outside skin peeled off, his red head was a dreadful sight to see. So the wretched man had to bear his sufferings as best he could; for she ran away at the top of her speed, afraid every minute that the bad imp would catch her and claim her as his.

Thus this envious man came into sore trouble, while his good neighbor spent the rest of his days in peace and plenty. You see that the punishment overtook him because he had a naughty, unkind heart, and if you don't learn a lesson from his fate, it is n't *my* fault. I do n't say you'll be punished as he was, if you envy people their good fortune, but I *do* say you'll have plenty of bad spirits buzzing around you, and that you'll not take much comfort in life if you do. So, little folks, take warning.

COUSIN FLO.

#### THE TWO PROPHETS AT PRAYER.

HERE is a pretty story for you from the *Hadeth en Nebbee* (sayings of the Prophet). "Two prophets were sitting together, and discoursing of prayer, and the difficulty of fixing the attention entirely on the act. One said to the other, 'Not even for the duration of two *rekahs* [prayers ending with the prostration and *allah akbar*], can a man fix his mind on God alone.' The other said, 'Nay, but I can do it.' 'Say, then, two *rekahs*,' replied the elder of the two; 'I will give thee my cloak.' Now he wore two cloaks—a new red one, and an old, shabby blue one. The younger prophet rose, raised his hands to his head, said *allah akbar*, and bent to the ground for his first *rekah*; as he rose again, he thought, 'Will he give me the red cloak or the blue, I wonder?'"

It is very stupid of me not to write down all the pretty stories I hear. Some day I must bring over Omar with me to England, and he will tell you stories like Scheherazade herself. A jolly Nubian alien told me the other night how, in his village, no man ever eats meat except on Bairam day; but one night a woman had a piece of meat given

her by a traveler; she put it in the oven and went out. During her absence her husband came in, and smelled it, and as it was just the time of the *eshe* (first prayer one hour after sunset), he ran up to the hill outside of the village, and began to chant forth the *tekbeer* with all his might, *allah akbar, allahu akbar*, etc., till the people ran to see what was the matter. "Why to-day is Bairam," says he. "Where is thy witness, O man?" "The meat in the oven."—*Lady Duff Gordon's Last Letters*.

#### NOT ALONE.

Ding dong, ding dong,—

The bell's soft note is given,  
But sweeter than its song  
A voice goes up to heaven;  
The good man says his prayer  
In his church so little and lonely,  
And never a one is there  
But he and his Savior only.

Ding, dong, ding dong,—

The bell rings ever gayly;  
But the path is steep and long,  
And the people come not daily;  
Life passeth out of sight,  
Death maketh no delaying,  
And the good man's hair grows white,  
But he never ceases praying.

A cottage by a gate,

And a working woman in it,  
Who must ever be ready and wait  
To open the gate each minute;  
From thence she may not stir,  
But when the day is dawning,  
The church-bell rings for her  
With its innocent good-morning.

She watches for the time,

She counts the rhythm and measure,  
And when it has ceased to chime  
Her heart is alive with pleasure;  
She takes her little book,  
For the place she gladly searches,  
She kneels with a happy look,  
And prays as they pray in churches.

O, had the good man known,

His heart had gone forth to love her,  
He would not have felt alone  
In his little church up above her;  
In faith he said his prayer,  
And it seemed a thankless duty,  
But the thought of her down there  
Would have filled his life with beauty.

He heard it ere he died,

When the bell no more spoke to him,  
He learned how the woman cried,  
The woman who never knew him.  
The church was a silent place,  
In vain might he now be sought there,  
But he died with the smile on his face  
That the thought of the woman brought there



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

OF editions of Goldsmith's separate and collective works the name is legion. They would form, of themselves, a considerable library. His descriptive poems, plays, histories, novel essays, and lyrics are issued in endless variety of forms by booksellers on both sides of the Atlantic. The prolific Harpers send forth an edition of Oliver Goldsmith's *Select Poems*, to wit: "The Traveler," "The Deserted Village," and "Retaliation;" edited, with copious notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly head-master of the High School, Cambridge, Massachusetts; in cloth, 16mo., in uniform style with several plays of Shakespeare by the same editor. This edition is at once cheap and beautiful. The annotations are specially full and valuable. They betray the school-master. On line 23 of "The Traveler," the editor asks, in brackets, "Of what verb is *me* the object?" Evidently of "leads," in the 29th line. The six lines beginning with "not destined," and ending with "flies," are parenthetical. Inclose them in brackets, and the sense of the passage is instantly apparent.

"But me . . .  
My future leads" . . .

If the book is designed for school use, this and other grammatical queries of the critic and pedagogue are apparent. If intended for the literary public, they are superfluous, if not impertinent. The effort to cheapen literature, and to familiarize the masses with the best British classics, is commendable in both publisher and editor. We heartily indorse both the design and execution. (Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*The Mode of Man's Immortality; or, The When, Where, and How of the Future Life*, by Rev. T. A. Goodwin, already noticed in our pages, has passed into a second edition. (J. B. Ford & Co., New York.)

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT adds to his American Pioneers and Patriots the *Life of Christopher Columbus*, the pioneer of pioneers to the Western Continent. The book is written with Mr. Abbott's usual skill in selecting and arranging the abundant material at

hand for a history of the great navigator. In the notes he keeps up a running skirmish with the heretical Aaron Goodrich, who has endeavored to prove Columbus a hypocrite, impostor, and humbug. Mr. Abbott sticks to the usual authorities. It, indeed, admits of question whether the whole history-writing world has been mistaken for nearly four hundred years as to the origin and acts of the distinguished Genoese admiral. If his life be fiction and romance, it is more agreeable, and probably more edifying to mankind, than the portraiture of piracy, robbery, hypocrisy, avarice, treason, and tyranny painted by Goodrich as Christopher Columbus. The ideal is more profitable to contemplate than such a real. (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

To their valuable Classical Library the Messrs. Harpers add *Select Dialogues of Plato* (corresponding to Vol. I of the Works of Plato, published by Bohn, more than twenty years ago), a "literal version," by Professor Henry Cary, of Worcester College, Oxford, son of the translator of Dante; a rich addition to the facilities for acquaintance with the classic authors afforded those who have had no opportunity to study those authors in their native tongues. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE tragic fate of the Lollards, disciples of Wickliffe, and precursors of the Puritans, culminating with the burning of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in 1417, is vividly set forth in historical romance. *Cowlyng (Cowling) Castle; or, a Knight of the Olden Days*, by Agnes Giberne. The martyrs of the middle centuries were roasted Romanists, butchered for the exercise of that free thought which Pope, bishops, and priests are still moving heaven and earth to suppress. (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*Jack's Ward; or, The Boy Guardian. A Story*. By Horatio Alger, Jr. (W. Loring, publisher; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.) *Elsie's Womanhood*, by Martha Farquharson. (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEXT YEAR the REPOSITORY enters upon its thirty-sixth year. No interest of the Church has been more nobly sustained. The last four years have been the worst, financially considered, encountered by this generation. Times were never harder than now; yet in the face of hard times, and of unparalleled financial depression, while other periodicals have succumbed by dozens, this magazine has steadily held its own. The opinion of many sagacious men is, that the monetary affairs of the nation have touched bottom, and that henceforward we shall rise. Retrenchment in expenses is forced upon all classes. Judicious retrenchment is the duty of all Christians. But where shall retrenchment begin? Certainly not in the direction of soul, mind, mental improvement, growth in religion and culture. This is the worst kind of economy. Retrench in luxuries, in personal indulgences, in household expenses, in dress and show, but do not retrench in the line of education, soul growth, intellectual expansion. We can spare every luxury of the wardrobe and larder better than we can spare the means of educating ourselves and families for their own future good, the glory of God, and the welfare of society. The REPOSITORY is a great family educator, and families should do without many things rather than cut off their children and youth from the monthly visits of this splendid magazine. Our agents have resolved to do their part in inducing old subscribers to continue, and new ones to add their names to the lists for the ensuing year. They have resolved to reduce the price to THREE DOLLARS A YEAR. This is better than any premium they could have offered. Friends of Christian literature, circulate the REPOSITORY.

TO THE FRONT.—General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," with Napoleon's dying words, "head of the column," for a text, makes some remarks on "front" and "rear," from which ministers and Church members may draw a very instructive lesson. He says:

"I never saw the rear of an army that was engaged in battle but that I feared some

calamity had happened at the front; the apparent confusion, broken wagons, crippled horses, men lying about dead and maimed, parties hastening to and fro in seeming disorder, as if something dreadful was about to ensue. All these signs, however, lessened as I neared the front, and there the contrast was complete; perfect order, men and horses full of confidence, and, not unusually, hilarity, laughter, and cheering. Although cannon might be firing, musketry clattering, and the enemy's shot hitting close, there reigned a general feeling of strength and security that bore a marked contrast to the bloody signs that had drifted rapidly to the rear; therefore, for comfort and safety, I surely would rather be at the front than the rear line of battle.

"So, also, on the march, the head of the column moves on steadily, while the rear is alternately halting and then rushing forward to fill up the gap; all sorts of rumors, especially the worst, float to the rear. Old troops invariably deem it a special privilege to be in the front, to be at the 'head of the column;' because experience has taught them that it is the easiest and most comfortable place, and danger only adds zest and stimulus to this fact."

What a perfect picture this of the social and religious conflict in which all good men are engaged! The brave press to the "front." Their motto, in every enterprise, however hazardous, is "forward," "head of the column," the post of danger, the post also of confidence, assurance, strength. The shrinking, the cowardly, the wounded, the disappointed, the broken-up, and disorganized float to the rear; and there the timid, the half-hearted, the disaffected, and the chronic fault-finders and grumblers, feed on the rumors of evil and the apprehensions of disaster and defeat, and see nothing but confusion, rout, and despair. True men, the bold and sanguine leaders of society and the Church, enjoy the front, where they can hear the cannon roar and the shot whistle, and where, also, they can see the enemy, and be happy, in the midst of danger, in the prospect of conflict and victory; while the



easily scared and cautious are making themselves miserable in the "rear," where they see only broken fragments of schemes that have been shivered by collision, and the dead bodies of those that have fallen in the strife. "No man," says Sherman, "can command an army from the rear; he must be at the front." Hear this, leaders, pastors, ministers, bishops, commanders of the corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies of the army of the King of kings.

**THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.**—Some years since we vented, in the *New York Advocate*, some suggestions on the mode of administering the sub-superintendency, to which no man gave heed. Our conference—the Troy—had then one hundred and fifty charges, calling for six hundred quarterly-meetings in a year, or twelve a week for fifty weeks. On the plan of British Wesleyan chairmanship, twelve stationed elders, conveniently distributed throughout the conference, each having charge of twelve adjacent appointments, and holding one quarterly conference a week on the average, would supervise the whole territory, without expense, except, perhaps, for traveling fees—each pastor to do his own preaching, and administer the ordinances to his own flock, except in the rare cases of unordained men. Five or six of the dozen could be selected, or elected, to form the bishop's cabinet of advisers at the conference session.

The second mode suggested was, to divide the conference into two districts, and give it into the charge of two elders, who should travel at large in their work, holding quarterly conferences, and preaching where the Sabbath overtook them, especially to congregations that needed their services. Three hundred quarterly conferences would fall to the share of each elder, who would have three hundred afternoons or evenings of the year in which to hold them, and sixty-five days, over two months, at command for other purposes. At conference, two or three could be associated with these to form the bishop's cabinet.

Either of these plans would imply a *presiding* eldership, rather than a *preaching* eldership.

**SERMON-BUILDING.**—In criticising our sketch of a sermon, published in the October

number of the REPOSITORY, the *Methodist* insists on less plan and more detail, without considering that the life of a discourse does not consist in either plan or detail, or that plan and detail may both be equally dry and uninteresting, and that without fire in delivery both may be barren inventory. The *Methodist* gives a recipe for sermon-making that will afford a preacher an exhaustless stock of topics, and make him "fresh and attractive at the end of twenty years in the same pulpit." As Methodist preachers only preach three years in the same pulpit, and can use only about two hundred sermons in that time, there is no need of planning for two decades, and no apology for not making a generous use of material in the way of plan, argument, illustration, and exhortation. Out of Acts xxiv, 25, he does not need to make more than one sermon, and that he may make a "great field-day" utterance, and may elaborate and amplify his prearranged points as the Spirit may grant him utterance when he gets into the pulpit. If he turns Episcopalian, and expects to preach twenty years to the same people, he may deem it needful to practice economy in material, and may then carve eight sermons out of this single passage, under the eight following titles, namely:

Paul Reasoned.  
Righteousness.  
Temperance.  
Future Judgment.  
Felix Trembled.  
Procrastination.  
The Convenient Season.  
Felix no Model for Imitation.

This method is exhaustless, surely! It would take a century to exhaust the Bible at this gait. A divine of this economico-fertile school evolved eleven discourses out of the interjection "Oh!"

**REVOLUTIONARY.**—the plan voted for by the Cincinnati Conference looking to a co-ordinate authority of presiding elders and bishops. The bishops now make appointments "by the aid and with the consent of the presiding elders," in all cases except those where an ultimate voice is needed. This plan takes away from the bishops the *veto* power, and makes the bishops presiding elders, or the presiding elders bishops. It would savor of farce for General Conference

to designate twelve men to the episcopal office when we have already four hundred bishops in the field!

**STORM OR CALM.**—Twenty years ago, when about to embark for China, a friend in Philadelphia, who had crossed the ocean, said, "If I were bound for China, and could have my wish, I should like to go in a storm all the way." We thought this a singular statement at the time, and heard the expression of his wish with astonishment, not unmixed with incredulity! Ocean experience confirmed the truth of his words. There is nothing a sailor dreads so much as a calm! It is fearful to lie in the "doldrums," the belt of calms near the equator, where opposing currents of air neutralize each other and produce stagnation; where your vessel lies in a glassy sea, rolling idly from side to side, in the sluggish swells, the sails flapping against the masts, the helm useless, the tropical sun beating down with fearful power, and, day after day, no progress.

Two thousand miles south of Good Hope, we fell into a terrific storm; on the wings of which, with shortened sail, we sped forward with lightning velocity. In two days we made the distance we should have accomplished, with ordinary winds, in four. The meaning of my friend's wish was apparent,—in the calm we wasted days and weeks, in the storm we made progress.

Social storms and calms are like the physical. Tornadoes have their mission as well as calms and sunshine. Storms clear the air of pestilential vapors, disturbed electrical currents find their equilibrium, and voyagers make unwonted progress. The thunders may terrify, the hurricane may desolate, forests and villages may be destroyed, ships may be dismasted, thrown on their beam ends, or foundered and sunk to the bottom, but the average results will be beneficial. In 1844, the Methodist Church was wrecked by a tempest, but purified in the process. A few years later, the Union was rocked in the storms of revolution, but came out unscathed, and stronger than ever for the trial. The fear of agitation and discussion of questions of moral or social order, or of ecclesiastical polity, doctrine, or discipline, is puerile. The boldest warriors and the bravest sailors, those who have fought most

battles and weathered most storms, are those whom history delights to honor. The material progress of the country or the Church has never been greater than in the stormy times on which this generation has fallen. The social atmosphere of Europe has been similarly purified by the war-storms that have broken over it during the last decade. A beneficent mission, under divine guidance, hath storm-controlling and storm-loosing Æolus!

A SERMON of the editor's is thus noticed by a contemporary: "*Fellowship with the Sufferings of Christ.* A Sermon. By Rev. E. Wentworth, D. D. (New York, Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden.) Ripe thought, sound doctrine, clear style, and glowing expression, solidly welded by a master's hand, and then done up in 'granite,' characterize this sermon. It is a truly grand production, full of glorious truth, and treating upon a topic that to-day needs the fresh and powerful elucidation here given it. Its doctrine is, that in every thing but vicariousness Christians may be allied to Christ,—in labors, privations, sufferings, and sacrifices, and in respect of motives in undertaking, heroism in enduring, and glory in achieving. It will do any reader's soul good that is weary of diluted milk. W."

To be had at our book-depositories, single copies or by the quantity.

**CHRISTMAS.**—Reared upon the soil of New England, upon a moral regimen of Watts's Psalms and the Assembly's Catechism, and taught, after the strictest manner of the Puritans, that our holy days were Sundays and fast days, our holidays Thanksgiving and Fourth of July, Christmas, save the casual utterance of the customary salutation, was considered as a day given over to High-churchmen and Papists; hence a day to be ignored by the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. If allowed to attend Christmas Eve service, among our Episcopal neighbors, we felt as though we were walking on forbidden ground. The wreaths, the flowers, and, above all, the crosses, seemed to be devices of the evil one to draw the thoughts of the worshipers from the serious contemplation of Christ and his mission. We wondered at the infatuation of our neigh-



bors, and accounted for it only on the supposition that they were fast going over to the Romanists.

But a change has come over the spirit of New England's dream. Puritan churches, in this year of grace, will decorate their walls with evergreens and exotics; will have responsive readings and prayers; will chant *Te Deums* and *Glorias* in a manner totally unlike the primitive simplicity of the Episcopal Church; for the world moves, and sectarian narrowness must give place to liberality of Christian feeling and sympathy. The cross, the hallowed symbol of our religion, once looked upon with forbidding horror if seen upon a church spire, now crowns the summit of Protestant temples of worship of whatever name, and is no longer the distinguishing characteristic of cathedral or of papal church. This is as it should be; for all who call themselves Christians should unite in celebrating the nativity of Christ, "for unto them is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

"ELECTIVE ELDERSHIP" swept like the epizootic epidemic over the Fall conferences. Erie had, over the question, the most spirited debate we have listened to for some years. General Conference will consider the subject, and perhaps modify the system. Sudden and violent change belongs to revolution, sometimes necessary, but always destructive. Gradual change is the law of healthy growth. It is a perpetual assimilation of the living and new, and a perpetual sloughing off of the worn-out and dead. It is not necessary to destroy a system to be rid of its accidental abuses. *Festina lente* is a good motto for legislators. To give the election of elders to annual conferences would be to confer legislative powers on a body which now possesses none. Is the Church ready for so radical a change?

OUR PICTURES. — Moonlight upon the water! Gentle, peaceful satellite, we love thee, and admire the varying phases of light and shade which thou givest to the ever-changing ocean. The fishing-smack in the foreground is doubtless returning, laden with the shining tenants of the sea that must give up their lives at the bidding of the monster, man; and the ship, homeward bound, echoes to the joyful strains of the

sailor as he chants the songs of home and turns a grateful eye toward the light-house, which, standing in shadow itself, forgets not to cast its rays upon the waters around, warning the sailor of the dangerous obstacles that lie beside his pathway. *Convalescent*.—What joy to the household! The mother, who has been "hovering like a star between two worlds," is returning to life and health. The easy-chair, with its appended comforts, speaks of loving, tender care, and the boy forgets his play that he may read to the dear invalid. We have seldom printed two more instructive and elegant engravings than those which grace the present number.

CORRECTION.—Not many of our readers understand Chinese; a few will. The proof-reader undertook to show his skill in the language, and transposed the syllables of Confucius's proverb. It should read:

"Ki su pok uk uk sie u ing,  
Self what not wish not do to man."

HYMN OF THE CREATION.—Our readers will peruse this with interest. The arrangement is closely imitated from Rorison in "Replies to Essays and Reviews," published in 1862, article "The Creative Week."

OCTOBER QUARTERLY.—Full, as usual, of entertainment and instruction. On page 663, the editor goes for freedom in benedictions. Few things are more wretchedly bungled in the average pulpit. We have heard many specimens of wretched extempore composition in that line. If men have not good "verbal memories," they had better confine themselves to some well-known form. The commonest form in the New Testament, and one sufficient for all occasions, is, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

CRITICISM, dictated by sound judgment and elevated aims, we are always glad to receive, and endeavor to respect. That which is evidently born of a desire to shirk a subscription, or to waive off the agent of a Church periodical soliciting subscribers, is heartily to be despised. The Cincinnati *Gazette*, certainly no prejudiced advocate, in a recent issue, says, "THE LADIES' REPOSITORY was never more adapted to family wants than now."





